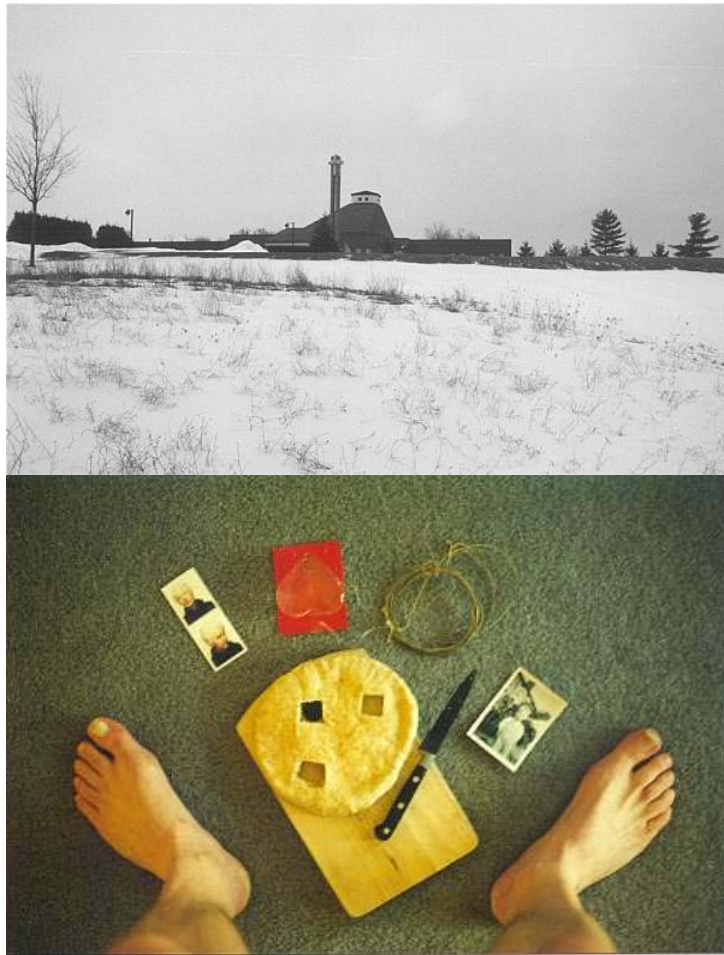


Orangeville and The Crowded Night

Song Lyrics

Michael Cook



The Dunbar Press

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After Leaving Don's Place

Moving and grooving and passing the time,
Walking and talking and mingling your mind,
Is so sweet and loving and joyful and fine,
But sooner or later, Baby,
Everything comes to an end.

Exciting and writing and chasing the wind,
Treescapes and cloud shapes and pouring the gin.
Moments like oysters, pearls so hard to find,
But sooner or later, Baby,
Everything comes to an end.

I've been on the outside, always looking in.
Inside it's lonely, peace is so hard to find.
Meaning and listening and sharing good times.
But sooner or later, Baby,
Everything comes to an end.

I knew a girl once,
She lived in a dream.
Everything attractive,
Always a scheme.
Always an angle,
Her silence like gold.
I wanted her to hold me
When I grow to be old.

Desiring and lying and feeling so cold.
Crying and why-ing and trying not to fold.
A simple decision, just dare to be bold.
Turn all the wreckage into pieces of gold.

Elizabeth and David, they live in a shack.
Stanley Kubrick's neighbors, they're under attack.
Making the goat cheese, feeding the swine.
Children around them, they work hard all the time.

I wanted a woman so much better than you.
Wanted her friendship, her companionship too.
Walk in the forest, walk in the rain.
There ain't no way my life will never be the same.

26 December, 1997

404.

Well I recognize this highway,
Yes, I've been down here before,
Trying to keep up with a big Mercury,
But I don't do that anymore.
Well, she moved out to the West side,
And I moved out to the East.
It's a little bit of a hard luck story,
But she brought me such sweet relief.

Now every bridge must have a weakness,
And every curve must have an end.
And every pothole that gets deep enough,
Some road crew comes along to mend it.
For every plain and simple straight-away,
Highway department, they got a plan,
And every bitty little highway got a number,
Just like every grain of sand.

Well she took me someplace
I don't know.
Showed me all my weakness,
And the way to go.
Standing out there crying
In the pouring rain,
There ain't no way my life would ever be the same, no.

Now every road it got a surface.
It's just sometimes there ain't no drain.
And one man's happy little highway,
To another man is full of pain.
And every time you lose direction,
Someone else can find their way.
And every single memory you got, Baby,
Is locked away inside your brain.

Well, inside, outside, looking at the weather.
Coming up fast, the signs all say,
Last exit before the end of your tether,
The edge of the world, and the end of pain.

Well, I recognize this feeling,
Yes it's been a long, long time.
Trying to figure out what's my stuff,
Separating yours from mine.
And the sorrow that life brings to you,
Sooner or later turns around.
Just like the sunshine and the seasons, Baby,

Sweet love coming down.

Good things running into the past.
Looking for the future in the bottom of a glass.
Looking for a number, recognize the signs.
Got to make sure I get it right next time, yeah.

Yeah, I recognize this highway...

1 March, 1998

Orangeville

Oooh-yeah, well, I remember leaving Orangeville,
Little old Cistercian monastery [of Notre Dame],
Perched way high upon a hill.
Floats above the world and time and space on a sea of green.
Those are some of the most beautiful views I've ever seen.
Oooh-yeah, well, I remember leaving Orangeville,

Well I took me my cough down the walk-in clinic
Just a few weeks back.
Doctor says you're looking bad,
And, hey, won't ya promise me ya ain't gonna hurt yourself?
Sent me down to Sunnybrook Emergency,
But they didn't want to take me in.
That's when the nightmare began.

So I went up see Father Marcel floating on his sea of green.
"Fruit cakes are our business here", he says
Poker-faced, and then he cracks a grin.
Spent the long weekend with all the pilgrims floating on the sea of green
Must've been a big black spider writing that letter,
Though it looked like my hand.

Well, I never will forget the look upon her face
A little earlier that night
Girl doesn't show her feelings much
But right then, well, she was blinking a lot
And right after someone closed the meeting down
Man, she hit the washroom fast
Took a little while 'til she come out o'there
And we both left there last

Well, she told me, Mike we're gonna hafta cool it now or else we'll both go crazy
And me I'm crazy enough for both of us, and I agreed
Told her that I never meant to hurt her heart, not willingly
Told her if I broke her trust that I was so sorry

And Sister Theresa, well, she was like a mother to me.
Long hours talking on the hillside,
Watching the green trees sway.
And she pointed out to me "Hey Mike, you can't expect
This girl to care for you.
Sounds to me like she's got problems too.

And Lucy says, "Hey, Mike, your Higher Power, He don't make no shit
But you got your own program to run
And you better get on with it".
And Eddie says "For sure you know

There's somebody out there just for you.
But you can't expect them to do for you
What you must do for yourself".

And Sister Theresa says "Well, Jesus is like a lover to me
Yes, and He's the best and only perfect lover there can ever be.
He's the only one who can ever give it to you
Each and every all the time
But people folks like you and me, Mike,
Us human beings,
We were made to give it up"

So I made it on back down the dirt road back to the world again.
Hollow and empty feeling, all over losing that girl.
Got to 9 and Airport Road
And the whole place turned to black.
Sooner or later, somehow,
I've got to find my way back.

1st October 1997

The Pheromone Girl.

Bell got a hole in the road now, Honey,
14th and Warden Avenue.
I guess the phone line must be broken, Honey.
That's why I can't get through to you.

Big geese, they're flying South for winter, Baby.
All the blackbirds they left long ago.
I hope you're keeping safe and warm now, Honey.
I hope you never get to feel the cold.

I went out fishing, looking for trouble.
And trouble done found me, Baby, right on time.
She took me all the way, half way to Heaven.
Yeah, she took me all, hook, sinker, and line.

The pheromone girl
The pheromone girl
The pheromone girl
The pheromone, pheromone, pheromone girl.

She looks so peaceful, and honest, and truthful.
She looks so pure, and she smiles her sweet smile.
You'd never know that her life's so complicated.
But catch one smell of her, man, it'll drive you wild.

The pheromone girl
The pheromone girl
The pheromone girl
The pheromone, pheromone, pheromone girl.

We went to movies, and dance shows, and restaurants.
We went to art shows, I spent money in style.
We went out walking, and people started talking,
But I kept right on, I drove many a mile for

The pheromone girl
The pheromone girl
The pheromone girl
The pheromone, pheromone, pheromone girl.

Went to Montreal, we went to Burlington,
We went to Dorset, and we saw the grave.
She was electric then, I was a man again.
We drove back to Toronto, and it all went bad.

The pheromone girl, is often unavailable.
The pheromone girl, she can't fit you in.

The pheromone girl, she call blocks her number.
The pheromone girl, she won't say where she's been.

You know, you're a cute little angel.
You know, you broke my heart.
You know, my love for you meant everything,
Somehow we'll never, ever be apart.

Your forgiveness, seventy times seven, Baby.
Your approval is all I crave.
I hope you're keeping safe and warm now, Honey.
Gonna carry your name on my heart to my grave.

The pheromone woman.
The pheromone forest.
The pheromone moon.
The pheromone, pheromone, pheromone girl.

October through December 1997

You Can't Keep Your Love From Me

Well if it's to be one of them sad tales,
Then let it slip away.
I know your instincts far too well,
My darling, who can say?
But under God's wide open sky
All truth shall be revealed.
And the privacy you try to keep
Is like an open field.

You can't keep your love from me.
No, you can't keep it hid.
I know your instincts far too well,
And it's written in my blood.

Well, if it's to be one of them sad tales,
So let it end this way.
It ain't the end of life on Earth
It happens every day.
Am I at fault to say it's so?
Words don't come easily
But what was once so clean and pure
Should it now get washed away?

But you can't keep your love from me.
No, you can't keep it hid.
It's written in your every move,
And it pours out through your skin.

I came across this wounded dove,
It got hit by a car.
And a crow was pecking at it's eye,
And it's head just dripped with blood.
Comfort it, ah, I tried to do that,
But I forgot to pray,
And I broke it's neck to set it free, Babe,
And I regret that day.

But you can't keep your love from me,
No, you can't keep it hid.
It's written in your every move
In everything you did
How beautiful you are in truth
In your sweet un-complex self
And knowing you brought me the truth
And brought me to my knees.

I told the woodland everything.

I told the swallows too.
I told the river all of it,
And I told the sky the truth.
I whispered to them runaway lanes,
And I told the highway too.
And someone whispered to someone else,
And now I'm not with you.

Carolina Beach, September 1997

Live in the Now.

Well, I'm headed on the downtown slide,
I wanna know where I'm going to ride,
Say Baby, aw help me Baby,
I wanna to live in the Now.

Well, walking out of the Y. one time,
I saw this lady and she blew my mind,
I said Baby, aw help me Baby,
I wanna live in the Now.

Well I don't like your beans in the morning.
Though I loved your apple pie.
Gonna keep on moving down the track,
A little further down the line
Further down the line.

Well gimme them fine expensive clothes,
The sort where they come from nobody knows
Well Baby, oh help me Baby,
I wanna live in the Now.

Well the East's in the West
And the North's in the South
I don't know why I can't control my mouth
But Baby, aw, help me baby,
I wanna live in the now,

Well I don't like your beans in the morning.
Though I love your apple pie.
Gonna keep on moving down the track,
A little further down the line.
Are we having a good time?

Could it be, yes it could,
The winds of change they're gonna blow me good,
Well Baby, help me Baby,
I want to live in the Now.

21 February 1998

You Know and I Know.

You know, and I know, what makes us feel good.
Walking, and talking, and babes in the wood.
Movies, and music, and all kinds of stuff,
But you got one thing I need I just can't get enough.

I'm in love with you, Baby.
I'm in love with you, Baby.
Yes, it's true.
I want to make sweet love to you.

I'm sitting parked by this broke down factory now,
Laird Avenue and somewhere's else.
Man, they broke it down,
They broke it down good, now Baby.
Things ain't working out
The way they should.

But I'm in love with you, Baby.
I'm in love with you.
I'm in love with you, Baby.
Yes, it's true.
I want to make sweet love to you.

When you hold me right down there,
You take me some place I ain't never been.
Volcano smoking by the edge of the sea,
A wild piece of loving in the nth degree.

I saw my doctor just the other day.
She said, let's freeze that habit,
Let's just shrivel it away.
I been working on it, but it's oh so hard.
It snuck back to me
When I let down my guard.

But I'm in love with you, Baby.
I'm in love with you.
I'm in love with you, Baby.
Yes, it's true.
I want to make sweet love to you.

Right now I'm working,
But it might not last.
Bad news coming down the radiocast.
Coming right off of that big old mast.
Good things have a habit of sliding
Into the past.

But I'm in love with you, Baby.
I'm in love with you.
I'm in love with you, Baby.
Yes, it's true.
I want to make sweet love to you.

Can't tell the future by the signs gone past.
No way of telling if this thing might last.
I could end up broken and blue.
I might never ever get to meet another woman like you.

But I'm in love with you, Baby.
I'm in love with you.
I'm in love with you, Baby.
Yes, it's true.
I want to make sweet love to you.

Going to keep on working on it, day by day.
Keep showing up there,
It might be o.k.
Pretty maybe all this heartache and pain,
Will soon fade away, and I won't feel the same.

I'm in love with you, Baby.
I'm in love with you.
I'm in love with you, Baby.
Yes it's true.
I want to make sweet love to you.

When you hold me right down there,
You take me some place I ain't never been.
Volcano smoking by the edge of the sea,
A wild piece of loving in the nth degree.

16 March 1998

All Right Now.

Mama's in the hospital,
Trying to deny,
All those little changes
That're going on inside of her.
Scared about the future,
And haunted by the past.
Looking for the way out
In the bottom of a glass.

It's gonna be all right now, Mama.
It's gonna be all right now.

I unlatched the window,
Keys in the door.
Punching out your number
While I'm looking at the floor.
Calling you up in
The middle of the afternoon,
You're painting a picture,
I'm looking forward to June.

It's gonna be all right now, Baby.
It's gonna be all right now.

Watching the movie,
Lovers on TV.
Doing that laundry
Is how it's got to be.
And I'm teaching that computer
To recognize my name.
Suddenly, now Baby,
Everything done changed.

Mama's in the hospital
And she ain't coming back
She's crazy, and she's lonely
And she's under attack.
And all the doctors and the lawyers
They got little time to spend
Life ain't so hungry
As when you just don't have a friend.

When you ain't got nothing left at all,
It so hard when you have to take that fall.
You don't know where you're going,
And you can't take your stuff.
Just a pocketful of memories

That cost you so much.

The program must've run now.
It's time to go check.
Wonder if the whole thing's
Still all soaking wet.
I put in all the white stuff
With the colored stuff too.
Maybe everything just turned into
A dirty shade of blue.

I got a feeling,
Deep inside of me.
Maybe it's the way
That it's supposed to be.
Standing in the bathroom,
Looking at the mirror.
Thinking about my schedule
Nothing much is clear.

When I hit the airport to catch that flight,
I know everything's
Gonna be all right.
Yeah, you got the lovin' that I need.
You touch me right where it's supposed to be.

Never felt so lonely.
Never felt so bad.
Never felt so broke up.
Never felt so sad.
You come in from the rain
And you get yourself dry.
Wait until midnight,
Then you start to cry.

12 May 1998

She Was Right

[Well I called up the lawyer on the Avenue
Gonna paint the Town of Markham a dirty shade of blue
I flew back over there last week
Put Momma in a home
Called Meriel up in her brand new place
On her brand new hi-tech phone
She was right
She wasn't ready
And I wasn't no Mary Baker Eddie.
O-oh, she wa'n't the woman for me, then.]

I got back home to TO
On a hot and sticky Summer evening.
Got to face the music in a week or two.
Driving up Yonge Street,
Past Blake's house after the meeting.
Lord it feels like I'm coming back to you.
Back to you, yeah.

Yes, she was my sweetheart
Back in nineteen hundred ninety seven.
Then we were lovers for a month or two.
How I cried and cried,
Yeah, the sad old day she left me.
But it was the best thing she could do.

She was right.
She wasn't ready.
And I wa'n't no Mary Baker Eddie.
O-oh, she wa'n't the woman for me, then.

People talk about it
Like they just don't seem to know the meaning.
I never claim to know the Truth myself.
If Love's the answer,
Hell, I wonder what's the question
Unless'n of course it's the key to my health.

She was right.
She wasn't ready.
And I wa'n't no Mary Baker Eddie.
O-oh, she wa'n't the woman for me, then.

[Presidents and interns and
The lady giving you the Wal-Mart greeting.
Lawyers in the office
Picking up your wealth

Gotta keep on bopping
Down this crazy little road I'm travelling
I never know if I'll got to get back to you
Back to you]

I touched the sky...

Yeah, right.

Not ready.

No, no, no , no - Mary Baker Eddie.
O-oh, she wa'n't the woman for me, then.

27 September 1998

Learning To Let You Go

Sure it's hard to be in love one moment
Sure it's hard to try to stick around
Sure it's hard to figure out where your heart went
Sure it's hard to get up when you fall down
Sure there must be easier ways of growing
Learning all the things I need to know
Sure I must be crazy just like they tell me
That's why I'm learning to let you go

I'm learning, I'm learning
I'm learning to let you go

Sure I never thought about it for an instant
Sure I had the whole affair planned cold
Sure I knew you'd tell me it was over
Sure I knew they'd say I was too old
Sure I knew they tell me I was being selfish
Self-centered and self-serving in every way
Sure I knew I'd lose some so-called friends along the way, child
Sure I knew I'd have to pay and pay
Sure I had it coming for a long time
Sure it might not last and I could lose
Sure it wasn't ever going to be the right time
That's why I'm learning to let you go

I'm learning, I'm learning
I'm learning to let you go

Sure I never did do too much talking
Sure I used to travel all the time
Sure I used to drink to kill my feelings
Sure I never could get home in time
Sure I never could find ways to love her
Sure I never could be very kind
Sure I never did a single useful thing for her
Sure I never did pay her any mind
Sure there were some good times in there somewhere
All mixed up and flavoured with the wine
Sure I never did have gifts to bring her
Sure I was morose and I was lying
Sure I used to scare her with my drinking
Sure I never could figure out what was mine
Sure she had a way to hide her feelings
Sure sometimes we both would end up crying
Sure along the way I'd wish I'd never met her
Sure the whole damn thing was just a crime
Sure there isn't anything left, it's over now

That's why I'm learning to let you go

I'm learning, I'm learning
I'm learning to let you go

970626

Your Green Hat

The erudite elephant and the pig on a stick
She got a trunk full of literature and I feel just like a prick
Offered me her green hat and I said "No thanks
I got a lot of good friends and money in the bank".

Went out riding with the girl one day
I fell in love again on that 404 highway
Chased her all through Fall and the Winter too
Spring time come and you know what we got to do
All over again...

Your green hat, your green hat
You know it fits on your pointy little head like a helmet
Does your green hat
When it's cold you go walkin' your dog
You gotta wear somethin' like that.
Eh, yeah, yeah. Your green hat

Your green hat, your green hat
Makes your pretty golden hair lie down all flat
And I save each piece of gold that I find in my room.

Soon we're all comin' to the End of Days now
Y2K - that must be in Nostradamus someplace now, huh?
Your green hat is gonna help you make it thru somehow
And it doesn't matter what the Thought Police are gonna do to us now

Your green hat, your green hat
Makin' you look like a huntress when you walk your dog
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Your green hat.

Your green hat, your green hat
Well you must tell me baby how your head feels under somethin' like that
Your green hat, your green hat
Making you look like a killer when you walk your dog
Just walking down Yonge Street in the freezin' snow.
Your green hat.

99/10/13 & 14.

NOTICES

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