

TIGHTROPE

Between the Twin Towers
Philippe walked the high wire
In a universe of clouds
Where faith replaces doubt

The crowd looked up at the cold steel wire
When he stepped out they became a choir
A thousand voices rose up to his
Together they crossed the abyss

Humanity a symphony
Rise above religion and race
The give and take a tightrope makes
Meet in the middle in peace

They strung a wire in Jerusalem
Tension high end to end
Through the quarters that divide her people
He crossed between them over the valley of hell

They stood apart the Arabs and the Jews
Philippe balanced above in view
They did not know he would release a dove
They did not know they'd cheer out of love

Humanity a symphony
Rise above religion and race
The give and take a tightrope makes
Meet in the middle in peace

Words & Music: c 2016 M. Laureanno ASCAP

Acoustic guitars, cello, viola and vocals: Mike Laureanno
Bass: Frank Laureanno
Cajon: Tom Laureanno

MARIA DO MAR

Maria do Mar of Sao Miguel
Sang her blues in her black laced shawl
For the shipwrecked souls in their tangled nets and poles
She was their Madonna, they called to her from the shoals

She could salvage their fate, take them home
Her voice was a prayer, her voice was a poem
With a mother's hands she could command
A host of angels to lay them down on dry land

And she answers to their call
She cradles them in song
She wraps them in her shawl

She sang for the whalers adrift in their boats
For their wives by the shore with their rosary hopes
For Antonio who had drunk his last porto
Who never saw the widow-maker that swallowed him whole

- CHORUS -

A tear shaped Portuguesa guitarra
Starts the song for the fishermen at the bar
Then Maria begins her benediction
Delivers them from their fears and their scars

- CHORUS -

Maria do Mar of Sao Miguel

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Bass: Frank Laureanno

Cello & fiddle: Cathy Clasper-Torch

TROY (for Michael Troy)

I said a prayer for my friend, he's hangin' tough
He always said "Keep the faith" it served him well enough
We'll take one more ride in my fifty Chevrolet
Go back in time before the light begins to fade

He greets me with a bear hug, his hair is thin
Though he's lost his lion's mane, he's still a king
The old Chevy groans but she won't let us down
I ask him where he wants to go he says "Our Hometown"

Now we're rolling along down these Fall River hills
He and the Chevy are holding on still
Hard-knocks and granite blocks and these tired old mills we call home

The cars's got no seat belts, it don't matter to him
"There's worse ways to die" he says, then he laughs like a fisherman
When life threw a punch, he knew what to do
He just kept on casting his hope into the blue

There's a pushbutton radio at his knee
The tubes hum, we sing along to a song from sixty-three
Is this the fourth of July? Are we in the parade?
Is this the last time we get to feel this way?

CHORUS

There's pride in the name for the town you were born
Ya can't rip the roots out of what's bred in the bone
In eighteen o' four our city was called Troy
Ya can't take the Fall River outta the boy

All those cliches and sympathy cards
Holding back the tears, trying so hard
To find a way to say goodbye to you
Guys from our hood don't cry, yeh that aint true

Now you're rolling along down these Fall River hills
You and the Chevy, forever still
Hard-knocks and granite blocks and these tired old mills you call home
You are home

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DIG A LITTLE DEEPER

When I think of my old granddad
In the cotton mills as a boy
A twelve hour day at a lunch-pail wage
In torn overalls

I can still hear him say
God Bless the WPA
A dirty shirt is honest work
It's not about the pay

When times get tough, dig a little deeper
Never give up, dig a little deeper

Grandma cooked alone
Her cupboard bare to the bone
She could still make soup from whatever she found
And make it smell like home

Her first born nearly died
Just granddad by her side
With weathered hands the working man
Delivered his son alive

When times get tough, dig a little deeper
Never give up, dig a little deeper

Granddad shoveled at dawn
Building bridges and roads for a song
He moved a mountain of stone to feed eight kids at home
I wanna be that strong

When times get tough, dig a little deeper
Never give up, dig a little deeper

When times get tough, dig a little deeper
Never give up, dig a little deeper

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NEVER SAY NEVER

She was the prettiest in the fifth grade
Even at our age we knew that
She purred like a cat

She smelled of summertime on a cold day
She'd walk by, make our heads snap back
We were wolves in a pack

And every one of us boys had the same dream to reach her
It didn't matter that she was our fifth grade teacher
Miss Smith, our teacher ...

Never say never, while the wheel's in spin
CHORUS If lady luck's a little tough cut your losses and try again
Never say never, it's a deal you might win
And there's a blessin' in the lesson of losin' Amen!

Miss Smith became Mrs. Roundtree
She got married over Christmas break
Our little hearts ached

But now the girls who once could annoy us
With their ponytails and cotton dress
Made us little guys sweat

We made Valentines in art class for the chosen
We felt our first butterflies of love when they were opened
We were hopin' ...

CHORUS

I finally found my own Mrs. Roundtree
It took forty years, she showed up late
But it was worth the wait

My wife kissed her share of frogs but she's a real queen
I may be no prince but I make her feel sixteen.. Ah sixteen

CHORUS

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Bass: Frank Laureanno

Cajon: Tom Laureanno

Electric guitar: Tom Duval

FIRST TIME TEARS

Have you ever wondered old friend where we would be instead
Would we share the bed we made way back when

Would the rapture of our young hearts be a steady northern star
Could we hold our teenage wish so high and far

Fifty years in hindsight light, twas the summer of love, a virgin night
In autumn we cried upon goodbye, first time tears seldom dry

Then we traveled separate highways to this New York street café
And we speak of life we made along the way

Showing photos, trading stories, bittersweet history
Though we part this eve our hearts will never leave

Fifty years in hindsight light, our summer of love, a hot August night
Today we smile upon goodbye, with yesterday in our eyes

Fifty years in hindsight light, twas the summer of love, a virgin night
In autumn we cried upon goodbye, first time tears seldom dry
First time tears

c 2016 ASCAP Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: Roy Champagne & M. Laureanno

Acoustic guitar, harmonica and vocals: Mike Laureanno

Bass: Frank Laureanno

Cajon: Tom Laureanno

Fiddle: Cathy Clasper-Torch

MAPLES

Look around my dear this year is nearly done
Our old maples sleep again
Their sugar coats the cakes and melts upon the tongue
And their leaves paint the breeze at autumn's end

Our Johnnie's wife gave him a son
And he has your eyes my love
Ah what a life it was when you were well and young
And the springtime sap would run

But now I sit alone beside the winter fire
In your threadbare chair
I wear your flannel shirt warm against my side
And dream you're here

Our grove still thrives by Johnnie's steady hand
Now the store runs year 'round
No more buckets just tubing stand to stand
When the lifeblood is boiling down

As I walk among our gently bending trees
They whisper to me
Your song sung among these spent and falling leaves
Sweet history

I remember loading wooden buckets on the sled
In the cold dawn of spring
And the blowing snow on the day we wed
Please know I would not change a thing
Oh my love I would not change a thing

© 2016 ASCAP Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: Roy Champagne & Mike Laureanno

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Bass: Frank Laureanno

COMFORT OF AN OLD FRIEND

The old man and his cat are eighty, their hips are shot, their hearts are heavy
Who will care for two old broken men?
They share a can of tuna fish, they eat it from the same old dish
Less to clean between two old friends

His wife went in the old folks home, now the cat and him live all alone
War movies and westerns they do share
They spend their night beside the glow of the TV screen blue halo
Each asleep in his own easy chair

And everything was calm when the cat lay in his arms
Just the peaceful sound of a hymn
And all their raging storms suddenly were gone
The comfort and the warmth of an old friend

The old man wore his pants up high above his waist then he coughed and tried
To light another Lucky Strike and sing
The cat meowed out in protest as the second hand smoke filled its chest
But it stayed there cause they shared everything

And everything was calm while he lay in the old man's arms
Just the peaceful sound of a hymn
And all their raging storms suddenly were gone
The comfort and the warmth of an old friend

Now they sit in silence in their chairs, the cloudy stare of golden years
They don't need to talk to show their love
The postman found them just that way when their mail piled up for several days
One clean dish between them said enough

And everything was calm when he raised them up in his arms
Just the peaceful sound of a hymn
And all their raging storms suddenly were gone
The comfort and the warmth of an old friend ...
The comfort and the warmth of an old friend

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Electric guitar: Tom Duval

ENGLISH ROSE

I sailed away to fight for God and Queen
I left my love behind
She was my sea of hope, my red-haired dream
That English rose of mine

On my midnight watch I'd sing to her
As our haloed moon would rise
Back in London town she could hear
Across the ocean sky

I prayed to God, she'd save my heart
With her eyes of indigo
Watching me from above
To keep me safe down below

A Spanish galleon took us by surprise
Their cannons broadside roared
Our oak deck shattered but I survived
As their prisoner

I prayed to God, she'd save my heart
With her fiddle and bow
She played so I could escape
And for a moment I was home

The Grand Armada was turned around
To the stormy Northern sea
The galleon I was on ran aground, in Ireland I was free

I thanked God, she saved my heart
On bended knee I told her so
She said that I may have her hand
My cup overflowed

I sailed away to fight for God and Queen
I left my love behind
She was my sea of hope, my red-haired dream
That English rose of mine ...that English rose of mine

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Fiddle: Cathy Clapsler-Torch

SHINE A LIGHT ON WASHINGTON

Hear the marchin' in Washington
A million women up in arms
Don't need opinion polls to know right from wrong
Or a choke hold to show whose strong

After the hashtag campaigns are done
And the bandwagon news teams pull out of town
Keep the fires alive, and keep marchin' on
Shine a light on Washington!

Who will dare to cross the aisle?
Who will hear beyond rank and file?
If all lives matter on the chamber floor
Try and work together or get voted out the door

Don't let the fundraising orgies go on
Or let the lobbies buy and sell everyone
When a Super PAC is a loaded gun
Shine a light on Washington!

Hate and fear are at the polls
Building walls, digging holes
They're like seeds of Monsanto
And evil breed if you let 'em grow

Don't give us your poor tired daughters and sons
The Golden door won't open
The torch is out, you're not welcome
All is dark in Washington
Shine a light on Washington!

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Cajon: Tom Laureanno

Brother Leonard (for Leonard Cohen)

November is grieving, Brother Leonard you're leaving
Will they bury you with a new felt hat?
Your house is in order, you'll soon cross the border
Impeccably dressed in black

There's be caviar and an open bar when you pass through that door
And enter the Tower of Song
A glass of Bordeaux, a Marlboro
You'll be coughing with Hank Williams till dawn

You were born in a suit, it's your class attribute
Old school, honor and pride
You did not like your voice, but you had no choice
You were holy and broken inside

And we are so grateful that you were able
To drop to your knees and sing
To hold it up to the light and testify
To be free as a songbird in spring

You're heading back home on the wings of a poem
Break open a hole in the sky
When Old Montreal wraps you up in her shawl
You will arrive

The Saint Lawrence river will sparkle like silver
The bells of Notre Dame will ring
Our Lady of the Harbour will pray in your hour
And a drunk in the choir will sing

November is grieving, Brother Leonard is leaving
Through a crack of light in the sky

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Piano, acoustic guitar, bass, vocal: Mike Laureanno