

# 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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**Acoustic guitar and vocals: Mike Laureanno**

**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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**Acoustic guitar and vocals: Mike Laureanno**

**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

Acoustic guitar, cello, viola and vocal: Mike Laureanno  
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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**Bass: Frank Laureanno**

**Cajon: Tom Laureanno**

**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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## **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

**Words & Music: c 2016 M. Laureanno ASCAP**  
**Piano, acoustic guitar, bass, vocal: Mike Laureanno**