

# VOTING DAY

We didn't vote last time, we left it all behind  
Instead we chose to hide in a bunker in our mind  
It was quiet there, no breaking news to hear  
Close the hatch, be detached, pretend to disappear

Sometimes the world is just too big  
You need a place to hide from it

But now we can't ignore a brewing civil war  
And if you pick a side you lose a friend or maybe your in-law  
There is outrage, treason is on stage  
But these are just the trial runs, putting children in a cage

Sometimes the world is just too big  
You can not run away from it

Today is voting day but we won't hide away  
This time we will rise up and join the tidal wave  
We're gonna make a sound, not go gentle to the ground  
Our voice will be counted, we will tear a mountain down

Sometimes the world is just too big  
You have to stand up to it

Sometimes the world is just too big  
You have to stand up to it

**Words and Music: c 2018 M. Laureanno ASCAP**

**Mike Laureanno: vocals, acoustic guitar, organ, drums**

**Tom Duval: electric guitars, bass**

# ONE BY ONE

One by one they lined the docks  
They sailed away like the ark  
One by one, to the promised land

One by one in single file  
Names were changed on Ellis Island  
One by one, millions, one by one

And that brave new world held hope  
They kissed the ground, God bless the immigrant

One by one they spun and wove  
Mile by mile they built roads  
One by one, a new nation

One by one in fields they slaved  
Working jobs no one would take  
One by one, freedom

And that brave new world held hope  
They kissed the ground, God bless the immigrant

Now they come by dark of night  
Chased by dogs and flashing lights

Memories fade  
Battles fought, prices paid  
One by one, forgotten

But that brave new world held hope  
They kissed the ground, we're all immigrants  
One by one, one by one

**Words and Music: c 2017 M. Laureanno ASCAP**

**Mike Laureanno: vocals, piano**

## **What to do ?**

A semi-automatic rifle makes the news  
A gun raffle at a churchyard barbecue  
What to do? What to do?

A thirty round magazine takes down a lot of cans  
This ain't George Washington's musket in your hand  
What to do? What to do?

Praise the Lord, pass the ammunition please  
Guns are here to serve democracy  
Cried the kid in jail who bought his ammo clip on sale  
At Walmart for nearly free

That smoking gun trail leads to the blues  
There's nowhere to run, we can't keep 'em safe at school  
What to do? What to do?

There's a pioneer back three hundred years  
He's about to shoot a deer  
No special gear, no bandolier  
His grandfather used a spear

A semi-automatic rifle makes the news  
A gun raffle at a churchyard barbecue  
What to do? What to do? What to do?

**Words and Music: c 2016 M. Laureanno ASCAP**

**Mike Laureanno: vocals, acoustic guitar**

**Frank Laureanno: bass**

**Tom Laureanno: cajon drums**

**Tom Duval: lead acoustic guitar**

# DECEMBER

December closed her eyes, blew out the candle  
Went to sleep to find some peace of mind  
The year had been unkind, manhandled  
She reached beyond her grief for one good sign

Though days grow shorter, hope burns longer  
Darkness can not fight against the light  
Gather in love, fan the embers  
Help December's winter sun shine above

Weary frightened doves on the icy branches  
There are hawks who have no heart peering down  
But there is a holly bush past the cold park benches  
Where the old, the sick, the weak, are safe and warm

As days grow longer, hope burns stronger  
Darkness can not fight against the light  
Gather in love, fan the embers  
Help December's winter sun shine above

**Words and Music: c 2018 M. Laureanno ASCAP**

**Mike Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar**

**Cathy Clasper-Torch: fiddle, cello**