

Love Bravely, Elizabeth
©1999 Robert J. Franke

C G
There are some who will tell you that love is the province of fools,
C C7
There are some who will tell you that love makes you break all the rules.
F C Am
Well, I guess that's all a little bit true, but the thing I need to say to you,
C G C G
Time makes a diamond, and love makes us heaven's jewels.

First chorus:

C G
So love bravely, Elizabeth. Love when you're crying inside.
C
Hold on to your wishes, but love with your eyes open wide.
F C Am
Love like your mama loved me, like I loved her when I learned to see
C G C
That the love that remains as we change is our surest guide.

G
Now, I don't mean to tell you to love with no love in return.
C C7
There are times for goodbyes, even times when some bridges should burn.
F C Am
There are times when you do what you must, but there'll always be a heart you can trust,
C G C C7
And it's beating inside you, to guide as you live and learn.

Bridge:

F Bb F C C7
You get to choose how to use any gift you've been given.
F Bb F G
No one can steal any feeling you feel while you're living.

C G
There are people who search all their lives for a love that is true,
C
But I hope that you learn that the source of love's truth lies in you.
F C Am
Even when you have to walk alone, as a child becomes a woman grown,
C G C G
Love will unfold you, and hold you, and see you through.

Second chorus:

C G
So love bravely, Elizabeth, love with a laugh and a song.
C
Love is your right when the world all around you seems wrong.
F C Am
It's the hardest thing you'll ever do, but it will be what makes you you:
C G C G
A loving young woman, so beautiful, kind, and strong.
F C
So love bravely.

Israelite
©1999 Robert J. Franke

chorus:

D G D G D G
Israelite, O Israelite, Israelite, O Israelite, Israelite, O Israelite,
C G Bm A
Nobody suffers here another night.

D G
Say to paralyzed, take up your bed and walk.
D G
Say to the silent, now raise your voice and talk.
D G
Say to the blind, look up and find your sight.
C G Bm A
Do not linger here, O Israelite.

To chorus.

D G
Heed not your sorrow, look forward to your hope.
D G
Don't mourn for paradise, just take each day and cope.
D G
Build up the future each day with your own hand,
C G Bm A
Keep on walkin' to the Promised Land.

To chorus.

D G
Don't live in fear of the armies of the night,
D G
Be of good courage. Look forward to the light.
D G
Take up your rod and staff, and struggle for the right.
C G Bm A
You will find your path, O Israelite.

To chorus, then instrumental chorus/fade.

El Niño
©1998 Robert J. Franke

Bm F#
Now a house that is built upon sand has a view of the waters,
Bm
And a rich man sits feasting his eyes on their power and might.
F#
But El Niño remembers the poor, and their sons and their daughters,
Bm
And the waters reclaim what is theirs in the dark of the night.

Chorus:

G D
Beware, Angelinos, the wind of the child is upon you,
F# Bm
So strong and so wild, it has come to the land of the free.
G D
Your waters unshared have returned with a force that may drown you.
F# Bm
Without pity, **El Niño** may blow you back into the sea.

There's a fire in the high chapparal making glass of the mountains,
As the burning bush resins fall into and cover the soil.
When **El Niño** returns with the rain, as the rich fill their fountains,
The mountains will shatter, and roll down a track slick as oil.

To chorus.

Remember the time you refused these poor babies their healing?
Remember the time you refused these poor children their school?
El Niño recalls when you trampled on all human feeling.
So beware, Angelinos, a child without pity is cruel.

To chorus.

Last 8 bars instrumental outro.

Warrior
©1998 Robert J. Franke

Eadd9 B G#maj7 Gm G#maj7 B A
Warrior—standing on the firing line, leaving all the others behind, running to the fray,
E+9 B G#maj7 Gm G#maj7
Warrior—going where no man will go, running to confront every foe,
C#m B Eadd9 E
On another good dying day.

Bridge:

C#m G#maj7 C#m G#maj7
Joy redeemed in courage found, weapons scattered on the ground,
C#m G#maj7 Bm G#maj7
Bearing only solitude and art.
C#m G#maj7 C#m G#maj7
Broken and betrayed again, stranger to the schemes of men,
C#m Dsus Bm G#maj7
Conquering the desert of my heart.

Eadd9 B G#maj7 Gm G#maj7
Warrior—every scar the world may see, every wound is precious to me
C#m B G#maj7 C#m B Eadd9 E
That you suffered to find a way through another good dying day.

instrumental verse, then repeat bridge & last verse w/ extra last line.

C#m B G#maj7 C#m B G#maj7
That you suffered to find a way through another good dying day.
C#m B Eadd9 B G#maj7 B Eadd9
Through another good dying day.

Little White Envelopes
(C)1999 Robert J. Franke

Dm Bb F C
Little white envelopes, row on row, under portraits of Grace and Schwab,
Gm C7 F C Dm Gm6 A
they mustn't be opened before you go, (we don't want to deal with a mob),
Dm Bb F C Dm
Back to your station before you know whether you've got a job

Dm Bb F C
Little white letters all tucked inside, hidden for now from your eyes,
Gm C7 F C Dm Gm6 A
Hidden away from your rage and pride, as your means of living dies,
Dm Bb F C Dm
Open in private so we might hide, from the harvest of too many lies

F C F C
And they say that you're the oldest now, they say, "You cost the most",
Gm A Dm A Dm
they say "you thought you were a man, but now you're just a ghost".
C F C F C
And they say, "We didn't have a clue", they say, "We couldn't sell",
Gm A Dm A Dm
and delectately, with regret, they tell you "go to hell".
C F C F C
And they say, "We built a kingdom here in this Lehigh Valley town,
Gm A Dm Bb Am
but we built it on illusion.and the castle's fallen down.

Bb C Dm Bb C Dm
Or they say "we'll keep you on for now, among the shocked and stunned,
Bb Am Bb Am
Just load this little white bullet, just point this little white gun."
Bb C Dm Bb C Dm
Just lick this little white envelope now that the Steel is past,
Bb Am Bb Am
Just pull this little white trigger, we'll let you be the last.

Acid Polka
©2000 Robert J. Franke

AE

In my home town of Hamtramck back in nineteen sixty-seven,
The drinking and the dancing were a little bit of heaven.
Saturday was polka night down at the VFW,
The crowd was always friendly there, they'd never ever snub ya'.
When Bill Winiewski's nephew cam back home from San Francisca,
He looked a little goofy as he dug into the kiszka.
He passed around some candy to the band and all the crowd,
The crowd got awful rowdy and the band got awful loud, and we went

Chorus

Na, na na Na, na na Na, na na Na,
Do the Acid Polka.

Ommmmmm.....

It's in the Almond Roca.

Was Stosh Winiewski chewing mints, or was he chewing coca?
It gets a little hazy when you do the Acid Polka.

They started making necklaces out of the smoked kielbasa,
The Polecats from Chicago sounded like they were from Lhasa.
My bowl of fresh kapusta was smelling like a rose,
and Uncle Bill and Auntie Sophie started taking off their clothes.
The dance floor turned into a swamp, it felt just like a sauna,
Then Father Matusiewicz turned into an iguana.
The bar went off in fireworks, there were stars in my pierogi,
And Sister Mary Joseph started talking like a yogi, she went

To chorus.

Instrumental half verse, then

It's different in Hamtramck now, with slackers, beats and yuppies,

Around the old Kielbasa Hut, they're selling tofu puppies.

But Stosh's New Age Deli is a little taste of Europe.

Enjoy potato pancakes, but don't order Special Syrup, you'll go

(Last chorus)

Na, na na Na, na na Na, na na Na, Na,

Do the Acid Polka.

Beware the Mrs. Butterworth's, don't drink the Café Mocha.

He says it's all organic now, but he's still chewing coca.

Enjoy it in Hamtramck, but don't do the Acid Polka!

Sleeping Hearts
©2000 Robert J. Franke

Each one a half of a story, each one a half of a fight,
Each one a seeker of something true, sifting wrong from right.
Each one tired of the struggle, each one bound by the past,
Each one needing its daily bread, and a love to hold it fast,
And as the earth turns round another time, through the darkness to the light,
Millions of sleeping hearts, goodnight.

Some in search of a savior, some in search of themselves,
Some in search of a childhood lost in the dust of musty shelves.
Some remembering their maker, some remembering their shame,
Some remembering another life in the land from which they came.
May each be healed of every hurt, may another soothe its fright.
Millions of sleeping hearts, goodnight.

And if I can't open up to a million in the glare of a morning sun,
Give me the grace in that time and place to open up to one.

Millions of beats in a lifetime, bearing a life to its end,
Millions in search of a lover, millions in search of a friend.
And in the "close and holy darkness", as a million dreams take flight,
Millions of sleeping hearts, millions of sleeping hearts, millions of sleeping hearts,
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.