

Randy Brown .. .- -- But Wait, There's More...

Lloyd

(Absolutely no religions were harmed in the writing of this song. Well maybe their feelings, but that doesn't count.)

The people cried Lord, Lord, Lord
We all feel guilty, sad & poor
We feel we've been ignored
We could use some help here

He appeared, leaning up against the wall
In holey faded overalls
Big cheek full of Redman chaw
One gallus swinging free

He said "the name is not Lord, it's Lloyd"
But I don't get annoyed
In fact I really do enjoy
I'm unexpected

The people said, "You can't be the Lord"
You're just some dumb-ass country boy
Who must be nuts or unemployed
He started grinning

There appeared a pile of lumber



And he laughed so loud, it thundered
They stood slack jawed in wonder
As he built a Ferris wheel

He said "Life is like this wheel"
The ups & downs seem so real
No matter how they make you feel
It's all illusion

There is no beginning & no end
No death, no hell, no sin
That old wheel just spins & spins
& on & on forever

As he turned & walked away
He said "I'll leave you kids to play"
Enjoy every single day
They are my gift, the present

And the people cried Lloyd, Lloyd, Lloyd
Our faith has been restored
We no longer feel ignored
Please visit every day

So, what if God were a country boy?
& his name was really Lloyd?
& he told us life was to enjoy?

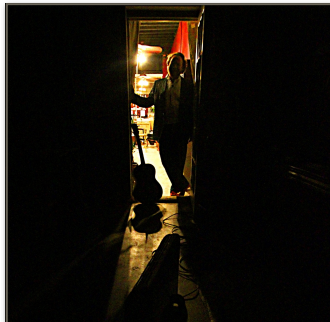
& don't feel guilty...

But Wait, There's More...

(Inspired by the novel, Gilead by Marilyn Robinson and every late night infomercial ever.)

The suns light never falters
The earth spins around & then
Creates morning & then evening
From one light that has no end
I am my own civilization
Built on ruins of those before
Ancient voices in the distance
"but wait, there's more"

We are all secrets from each other
Deeper than a thunderstorm
Darker than a midnight call



Each with a language all our own
Cold & hungry castaways
Washed up on this shore
I can't tell you how I know
But wait, there's more

I watched my children's birth
Buried loved ones in this mud
Tell me, what is this sound in my cupped hand?
Is it the sea or only blood?

Don't touch that dial, don't change the channel
This is not finished yet
Far more here than meets the eye
More than even hope expects
Let the TV chant it's mantra
The pitchmen plead & skills implore
The never ending recitation of
"But wait, there's more",

Gravity's Engine

Randy Brown & David Hendley
(I may never get over being angry at Isaac Newton)
The moon, the sun's pale daughter

Steps out from behind the ridge
The stars bow down & dim themselves
As if humbled by the light she gives
I know her light is a reflection
She holds no fire, only cold & barren stone
Taking all she can steal or borrow
Giving up the thing she never owned



Gravity's engine
Must we know everything?
Take the magic. Take the wonder.
Only gravity remains, only gravity remains

Can't blame the sun when I walk in darkness
Can't blame the darkness though you know I try
Stars & planets wheel above me
Only cogs inside this clockwork sky

Can I celebrate the mystery
& pray to never understand
It's lonely in the middle of infinity
Between nothing & the great I Am

Snowflake

(It took me 7 years to finish this song. Finally got it, thanks to the birth of my grand daughter, Gracy.)
Snowflakes are falling
Like feathers from the sky
I hear them calling
Singing as they tumble by

I am a snowflake I fell from heaven
There is no other just like me
I am in wonder of my existence
My perfect symmetry

Here on this hillside are many snowflakes
We are all different but the same



When we have melted we'll flow together
Back to the crystal stream

Snowflakes, water, oceans tide
Sunlight to clouds & snowy skies

We are all snowflakes, God's purest water
We wait here for the sun
To send us racing back to the ocean
Where we'll again be one

..

Shrodinger's Cat

(No animals were harmed in the writing of this song. Though the cat was pissed off for quite a while I understand)

Erwin Schrödinger a scientific gunslinger
He did his best work in his head
He conceived of a test where his kitty would rest

Where no one would know if he's alive or he's dead

If you should seek to take a quick peek
To know the cat's fate then perhaps
That kitty I fear might no longer be here
When his quantum wave function collapsed



*Sometimes I feel like Schrödinger's cat
Stuck in my box, trapped like a rat
Uncertain when the curtain will fall on this act*

I feel just like Schrödinger's cat.

Erwin passed on in 1961
As far as the cat I can't say
But for argument sake, time gives and it takes

And maybe just maybe he is here still today
After deep introspection I now feel a connection

With the victim of Erwin's mind games
His kitty lives on in the words of this song
Though I never found out his name

Einstein said that God does not shoot dice
No, I think he plays that roulette wheel
The most elegant of vice
When my last chip has been wagered
& the rest are lost and stacked
Just like that cat my fate is sealed
By one single random act

..

Border Radio

2am on border radio
God, is talking to me
He says, save your soul, send me money

Already knew it, ain't anything free
I tuned that dial a little bit higher
DJ sends out Bobby McGee
Alone, no headlights in my rear-view mirror
I know that voice, she's agreeing with me



*Crackling static, failing reception
Messages lost in the atmosphere
Distant whispers, fading connections
The answer to nobody's prayer*

On XEG in Ciudad Acuna
Wolfman Jack then Garner Ted
Tell me what's to come in the world tomorrow?
Graceland is 80 miles ahead

*What I need is a stronger signal
One clear station on this AM band
I'll pull over, check my antenna
Then keep on driving, keep on driving*

..

I Am

(OK, OK I'll admit it; I was a peculiar kid and unfortunately only the kid part is gone)
I flashed my light at midnight
Up towards Sirius steady glow
And if I was lucky & someone was watching
They saw it 20 years ago
So on this July hillside
Once again I stand
Pray to see by the powers that be
A light from unknown hands

*Dot Dot, Dot Dash, Dash Dash. I flashed into the black
What I would give to see those same 2 words come flicker back
I AM... I AM... I AM*

Who they it doesn't matter
That can forever be unknown
But to think as I do they watch their sky too
Makes me feel a little less alone

*I AM awake, I AM aware
I AM alive. I AM still here*

..

Leaves of Aspen

Randy Brown & Matt Meighan
(Freedom comes in many forms. Some not

easily accepted.)



Across the great divide
I hear their voices rising
In a song I do not know
But the harmonies entice me
All inhibitions lost
Fire burns within them
Soon they all will fly
Singing freedom, freedom, freedom

*Across this countryside I see
Dancing in abandon
Glowing golden in the sun
Like these autumn leaves of aspen*



Leaves of aspen on the wind
The air is filled with their surrender
They will always come again
As if by holy scripture
their secrets written on the sky
The trees no long need them
I would follow what they taught
If only I could read them

Leaves turn, hearts yearn
All things struggle to be free
Some bright day, I too will fly away
Do not waste your tears on me

*Across this countryside I'll be
Dancing in abandon
Glowing golden in the sun
Like these autumn leaves of aspen*

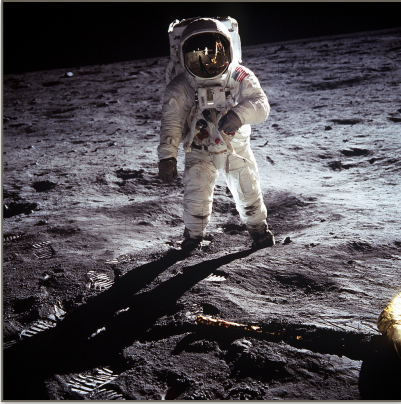
..

Walked on the Moon

Randy Brown & Jim D Bush

(Dedicated to the memory of Neil Armstrong; a true hero)

A half billion people all held their breath
We watched it together as he took that 1st step
It was not one man, left his prints in that dust



In the flash of a camera no more them, only us

*We were together, we had forever
We said we'd never back down or retreat
But here in the future it seems hope seldom
blooms?
Not like those days when we walked on the
moon*

How is it we strayed so far from our plans?
More than a few miles short of the Promised
Land
We sold out our dreams then we gave up too
soon
Not like the days when we walked on the
moon

That was one small step, one giant leap
We had all the right stuff, the stars in our
reach
Am I being foolish to say I believe? I believe
That together we can dream the same dream

*If we stand together then we have forever
& we will never back down or retreat
In that bright future, hope will flourish and
bloom
Just like the day, we walked on the moon*
..

The Sparrow

(I have no idea where this stuff comes from)
Asallah pulls her cloak up tighter
Like loose feathers to her skin
She shivers in the evening chill
And the memory of the men
One by one they traded places
Backed by guns & holy law
They left her here a broken bird
Alone against this wall

He said his eye is on the sparrow



*His eye is on the sparrow
He eye is on the sparrow
But still the sparrow falls*

Asalah is now silent
No one will say they heard her calls
They will find her here tomorrow
So shattered, still & small

*For everything there is a season
& a reason, we are told
But what of those, whose only purpose
Is to receive the hammer's blow?*
..

Too Much Love

*(I sang this song at my Dad's funeral despite
the ban on musical instruments in the
church)*

Voltaire didn't get it right, in my humble
estimation
When he wrote those famous words, "All
things in moderation"
I will admit I excel in excess
If a little is good then a whole lot is best

*I've had too much laughter, too much pain
Too much of a good, good thing
Too much sunshine, streaming down from
above
But I've never, never, never had too much
love*

Sometimes I get it all wrong or maybe I only
forget
I worry & I'm troubled over little things that
aren't here yet
I overdose & overdo everything I touch
Never just a little, always too much

There's no bottom to that well,
It can't go dry, it won't go down
Seems the more I give away,
The more there is to spread around...
..

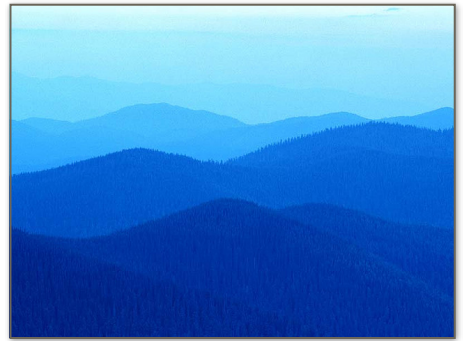
Beyond These Hills

*(I spent hours as a child watching dust in
sunbeams. Dust to dust...)*
Every speck of dust will settle
After dancing in the light
Rest upon some windowsill
Against the fall of night

Till the sunrise warms the shadows



When that dust will rise once more

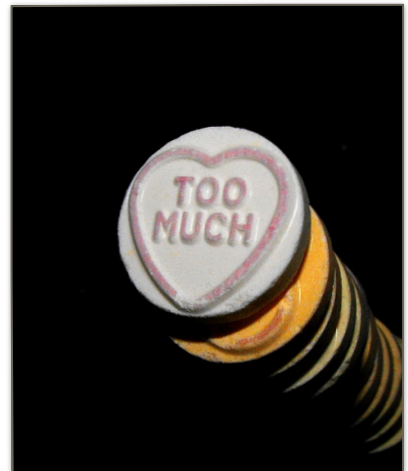


To float & spin in joy again
Just like the day before

*There is a sea beyond these hills
I have never seen
I smell it on the night wind's breath
Tears & sweat & dreams*

I gaze into the distance
To blue hills & troubled skies,
Evening light through kitchen windows
Sunlit dust & last goodbyes

*Though mountains stand between us, I can
taste that salty air*
..



Dream In a Dream

*(Inspired by a real dream and a subversive
children's song)*

You'll get used to this damp weather
Though, I'll admit that it get old
Make sure you bring a sweater
The road can get so cold
If they ask you where you're going
Just tell them, "I don't know"
Wrong answers may upset them
And our progress will be slow

Then... I awoke & I awoke again
It was like coming up for air
I gasped for breath & scanned for signs
The dream was no longer there

Like the layers of an onion
I am peeling back the skin
To peer inside each awakening world
To see what lies within

*Inside this dream in a dream
Dream in a dream, in a dream*

No, I can't predict the future
And if I could I wouldn't say
But I wrote down this dream I dreamed
Before it could fade away
That's all this my pen could capture
Before the pieces fled from view
Just sitting waiting to awake again
Like some prophecy come true

Could it be we are asleep?
Could it be that we don't know?
Could we awake from these fitful dreams,
In our bedsheets safe at home.

..



But Wait, There's More...

Was Produced, Recorded, Engineered, Mixed & Mastered by Rhandy Simmons
@ Siesta Ranch Studio, Gilmer, Texas - Email: rhandy@etex.net - 903.725.3883

CD Original Artwork - Karen Hendley CD Graphic Design - David Hendley
CD Photography - Dee Hill

THE MUSICIANS

Rhandy Simmons - Bass (4 string fretted, fret less & upright)

Brian Ferguson - Drums & Percussion

Fred Howard - Guitars (classical, electric & 12 string)

Leanne Mills Bryant - Harmony Vocals

Jenni Mansfield Peal - Accordions

James Sanghoon Park - Piano & Organ

Randy Brown - Acoustic Guitars & Vocals

The Quantum Chorale on Schrodinger's Cat (Shannon Monk, Alan Prazak, Fred Howard & Rhandy Simmons AKA Miss Demeanor & the Groove Felons)

This recording was done very much like recordings from the 1970s. There are no edits, no moving of notes to make them perfectly in time or tune or comping of multiple takes to create a perfect take. Fingernails on my pick guard and that damn chirping B string are all here for your listening pleasure. Nope, what you have here is me in total reality with no net. What you hear is real and I mean really real. All the music was played by real musicians who were more concerned with feel than perfection. Nothing could be fixed except by playing it again. Tuning and timing is as it happened. To quote Rhandy Simmons, "I got plugin for you; it's called practice!".

I owe much to many people for these songs and this recording. To my co-writers and dear friends Jim Bush, David Hendley and Matt Meighan. The songs we wrote together touch ideas and places I could never have gone alone. To Rhandy Simmons; friend, producer, engineer, bassist and chili master. Your vision is true and I'm really glad that "I got a guy". To all the musicians and artists who played on and lent their artistry to this project. If there is magic here, you are it. To the hosts and participants of the weekly songwriting critique group in Dallas; Lisa Markley, Cary Cooper, Bruce Balmer, Tom Prasada-Rao and Alan Gann. These songs would not be what they are without your honestly given opinions. You guys have made me a better writer, despite the fact my ego got a little bruised a couple of times. To Barbara, my wife of almost 40 years who puts up with my constant futzing over these little songs, often to the detriment of time and other things that require my attention. I can't express how much you mean to me. To all those who read my columns. support my music and performing now, in the past and on into the future. You keep me looking forward to what I will do next and make me a better person and artist. And, last but not least, to my mom, Carolyn and my late father, Henry who taught me that most certainly "there can never be, too much love".

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY BROWN & LUTHOR SIMMONS

No animals or religions were harmed in the making of this recording
(Though the cat was a tad pissed off)

All songs by Randy Brown - ASCAP - Quantum Valentine Music - Copyright 2013 - All rights reserved
Except co-writes on Leaves of Aspen (Matt Meighan), Walked on the Moon (Jim Bush) & Gravity's Engine (David Hendley)



This Free Lyric Sheet is Available @ www.brownrandy.com/BWTM

Email: randy@brownrandy.com - Phone: 903 571 2374

www.brownrandy.com