

Music of a Past

A photograph of musical instruments. On the left is a light-colored acoustic guitar. In the center is a red electric guitar with a white pickguard, leaning against a large black Marshall amplifier. On top of the large amplifier is a smaller black Marshall amplifier. To the right is a vintage wooden chair with a brown leather seat. The floor is made of dark wood. The background is a warm, textured wall.

Music, once admitted to the soul,
becomes a sort of spirit and never
dies

Smiling Assassin (Chris Reeves)

Was that you or just your angel I felt so close tonight life tapped me on
the shoulder, and I am going to be alright

The past goes like a mail train along my veins of tracks of doubt I am
just a rocket in the rain, my glory has all gone and fizzled out

Standing in the doorway like some smiling assassin
Is this where love lives baby it all depends whose asking

Am I going cynical or am I just getting older?

Clean, white and clinical, an angel with a chip upon his shoulder
I surrendered to the mystery do not need what's going to be You
condemn me to the misery if you ever thought I was free

Standing in the doorway like some smiling assassin
Is this where love lives baby it all depends whose asking

Was that you or just your angel I felt so near tonight life tapped me on
the shoulder, and I am going to be alright

The past goes like a mail train along my veins of tracks of doubt on
I am just a rocket in the rain, my glory has all gone and fizzled out

Broken Roses (Chris Reeves)

Nothing I wouldn't do for you
I tell myself I'd like you to ask me too
There's still no place I rather be
Deep in love you and me
Don't write to me I've got demons on my tail
Don't write to me I am so afraid
Of broken roses in the mail
You just took too much of me babe
You had to leave life of pain
Love will come and go this way
I hope one day that it might come to stay
Don't write to me, I've got demons on my tail
Don't write to me. I am so afraid
Of broken roses in the mail
I saw some saviour on the cross
The world was weeping for his loss
Baby let me tell you about the pain
What is counted is lost and gained
Don't write to me, I've got demons on my tail
Don't write to me. I am so afraid
Of broken roses in the mail

Forbidden (Dave Jackson)

Forbidden is word of destiny
Not to touch, to feel, to be,
Not to help or not to see
Forbidden is the agony
Not to look but feel the stare
Eyes so deep a mystery
Question what is really fair
Forbidden is the agony
The heart the love so true
to be without to be denied
to rise above this want of you
Forbidden is the agony
The call of life's longing bell
the breath of wind tells no tales
Who will know and who will tell F
Forbidden is the agony
Love and feelings burn so strong
Unfound love is not so sad
Sweet smile is this so wrong
Forbidden is the agony

Nothing At All (Dave Jackson)

Living life in conscious moments
Murmuring out in solidarity reason
Nothing at all Really matters
Nothing at all Really matters
Your heart is like a rhythm prison
Singing out into the lea
Nothing at all Really matters
Nothing at all Really matters
So you look at the world so full of sorrow
You live for today no needs tomorrow
Nothing at all Really matters
Nothing at all Really matters
And you look at the view from your own mountain
You have what you got don't lose it forever
Nothing at all Really
Nothing at all Really
It doesn't matter now