

SAVE YOUR PRAYERS

By Doug Mishkin

Save your prayers, don't worry about me Yes, I've been bumped and I've been bruised, repeatedly

But if I ever needed you, I know you'd be there So save your prayers

Save your prayers

For the brittle bodies, whipped by a wind

they never saw

Save your prayers

For the tired and tattered, left out in the raw

Save your prayers

For all those shivering souls, searching for

the warm

Save your prayers

For all those unsuspecting sailors in the

storm

Save your prayers, don't worry about you Oh, you'll be bumped and you'll be bruised, but you know we'll see it through 'Cause if you ever needed me, you know I'd be there

So save your prayers

Save your prayers

For those deprived, of service at the store

Save your prayers

For those denied, the key to the courthouse

door

Save your prayers

For those we find convenient to ignore

Save your prayers

For those who just can't take it anymore

But save no prayers

For those who preach of heaven, while they damn our souls to hell

Who lack the simple grace to wish the rest of us

well
Who blur the false from true, the real from the

absurd

Save no prayers

For those who pray our prayers won't be heard.

If we save our prayers, we can save the day
We can save us all, we know the way
May our deeds be worthy of the words we say
Oh, let us pray
May our deeds be worthy of the words we say
Oh, let us pray
Oh, let us pray



SMITTEN

By Doug Mishkin

Smitten
It's akin to being bitten
By the cutest little kitten
Who won't go away
Smitten
I've got a crush that isn't quittin'
It won't leave me to my knittin'
It's here to stay

Smitten
You're a peach without the pit in
I'm a nitwit who's unwittin'
Aren't we a pair
Smitten
Doesn't matter where we're sittin'
In Bratislava or in Britain
Pull up a chair

Let's look how you
Won my vote, when you
Floated my boat, and you
Crossed my moat, to put the
Lump in my throat, 'cause
You're the GOAT, and
You can quote me
Girl, you smote me
So I've written

Smitten
You set me up, then you entrapped me
You snuggled in and then you zapped me
As I hoped you would
Smitten
Somehow you slipped through my defenses
And now the happy consequence is

I believe that
As your beau, from
Long ago, it's
Apropos to let my
Feelings flow, 'cause by
Now you know, it's
Not all show, girl
Since you bit me,
I've stayed bitten

This boy feels good

Smitten
No other word for it, I'm smitten
By now you may have heard, I'm smitten
Smitten with you
Smitten
Do you wonder why I'm beaming?
Am I awake or am I dreaming?
Did I hear you say you're smitten too?



TIP OF THE SPEAR (Why Do You Think I Put You Here)

By Doug Mishkin

I gave you creation and thus it began My daring experiment based on a plan I wanted to see what you humans could do If someone like Me put their faith in you

I blessed you with every power I know
To care and to reason, to love and to grow
But you act like you're weak and riddled with fear
Why do you think I put you here?

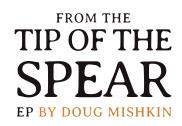
Your children dream dreams while they sleep in the street Then they head to the bread line for something to eat They're looking for home on a lonely frontier When they look for you, you disappear

Your oceans are rising, your skies are on fire Your battle for breath's coming down to the wire You're losing a war with your own atmosphere What must I do to make myself clear?

You think true believers must worship like you And the only true lovers must love like you do You hold in contempt those I hold dear Why not embrace all who live here?

Here, where there's no place to hide Now's, when you humans decide What will My Book of Life say? Did My experiment bloom? Or fade to doomsday?

I gave you creation on your own little sphere
But now you're adrift in a void and you're struggling to steer
Will you find your place at the tip of the spear?
Why do you think
Why do you think
Why do you think I put you here?



POUR ME ANOTHER YEAR

By Doug Mishkin

What do you do with a year like this
This year took two of my friends
I've prayed and I've cried, trust me I've tried
To move on as a voice recommends
Still, what do you do with a year like this
If this year were a bottle of wine
I'd find a way to say to the sommelier
Find me another vine, and

Pour me another year
This one just won't do
Pour me another year
Better than what we've been through
Two friends, too young
Said so long
Pour me another year
This year's wrong

Paul is amusing the angels who see
What a jokester for justice can do
His wit could lampoon a platoon of buffoons
While harpooning the rest of us too
Listen tonight for the laughter that levels
Our devils all flat to the floor
That's what our better angels are doing
But he's left me down here needing more, so

Pour me another year
This one just won't do
Pour me another year
Better than what we've been through
Two friends, too young
Said so long
Pour me another year
This year's wrong

Debbie ascended to angels in song
Leading the heavenly choir
She sang her way and helped us to pray
To a place where our spirits aspire
Listen tonight for the singing that's bringing
The healing we all hunger for
That's what our better angels are doing
But she's left me down here needing more

Pour me another year
This one just won't do
Pour me another year
Better than what we've been through
Two friends, too young
Said so long
Pour me another year
This year's wrong

It's wrong when we'd all least expect it It's wrong when we'd never suspect it And though we can never correct it We can reach for a new glass, and say

Pour me another year, we'll drink as dreamers do Pour me another year, we'll toast our dreams anew And all our angels will join somehow Pour me another year, pour it now And all our angels will join somehow Pour me another year, pour it now



WOODY'S CHILDREN

By Doug Mishkin

CHORUS:

We are all Woody's Children
We are all glory-bound
When we smile, when we sing his songs
We show we know the truth he found

In your Oklahoma home A troubadour, all set to roam You and your family felt the Dust Bowl blow You sang your songs, and let us know

CHORUS

You rode the rails as hobos do Saw hard-hit people, scraping through Took scattered voices, feeling small You made a glorious chorus of us all

CHORUS

Every business man and woman in a suit Every migrant farmer picking fruit If they'd listen to your songs They'd know there's one family where we belong

.....

Now we children know what to do
It takes hard work, to make a song come true
Our time is now, to follow through
It's time to make this land for me and you

We are all Woody's Children
We are all glory-bound
When we smile, when we sing his songs
We show we know the truth he found
When we smile, when we sing his songs
We show we know the truth he found