

## 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

*"Don't miss Doug Mishkin. He is a great singer, performer, song-leader, story-teller, musician and a longtime friend with whom I have shared many a stage." -TOM CHAPIN*

## 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  
This boy feels good

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

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?

*"Doug Mishkin gets what folk music is all about and he passes it along with energy and humor. He is a splendid and engaging performer. You will love him." -TOM PAXTON*

**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?

*"...All of his songs have the unmistakable ring of truth that all songwriters strive for, but Doug achieves every time. And he was born with a beautiful singing voice, which makes his performances all the more stirring and pleasurable." -CHRISTINE LAVIN*

## 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

*"From the 1987 Soviet Jewry rally on the Mall in Washington, D.C, to his singing at the 50th anniversary of Bloody Sunday in Selma, Doug's songs and voice have been an important part of the American Jewish soundtrack for social justice.." -RABBI DAVID SAPERSTEIN*

## 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

*"Outside of Noel Paul Stookey and Mary Travers, I have seldom sung with someone who is so heartfelt, empathetic, and who carries on the tradition of folk music with such sensitivity and taste. Besides that, he has a beautiful voice. Doug is a rarity. He successfully pursues a career as an attorney, a teacher of law and stalwart advocate for justice in this arena and, in my opinion, it is this conjunction of activist lawyer and folk singer that makes him so compelling a performer. He walks the walk as few others do and therein lies his enormous appeal to our hearts as well as our ears." -PETER YARROW*