

There's a Storm Liner Notes

Come To The Land

Sometimes I think there should be another Statue of Liberty placed in the Southwest facing Mexico. How soon we forget that we are a nation of immigrants. This is a complex issue, but I wondered what the angels would think about it.

There's a Storm

I finished this song as Hurricane Ivan made landfall at 130 miles per hour. This led to the wider political and social storms sweeping our land. This started out as a finger picking song, but one day I tried the flat pick and decided that it needed more horsepower.

Makerman

We don't know who it was, but we know that someone had to be the first to put two lines of language together and make them rhyme. The word poet comes from the Greek and means literally maker. I started thinking about how poets long ago may not have been on the margins of society as they are now in our country.

Shawnee Farm

This is a true story of a couple in their eighties who had a farm surrounded by suburbs. The city built a street through their farm. They couldn't afford the assessment, and lost their farm. In the paper, the wife was quoted as saying, "What do we need all those street lights for?" This is her story.

Winter in my Soul

This song takes me back to when my daughter, Robin, was young enough that when the bread was ready be covered with a cloth to sit and rise, she would kiss the bread goodnight. Songs that have helped me get through hard times, are some of my favorites. I hope this song helps others.

The Front Porch Song

When we searched for our midtown house, we told our realtor that a big front porch was a must. We feel very lucky to have a big stone porch to share with friends and neighbors.

Last Letter Home

Sometimes when what you're going through is too painful to talk about it, others are prompted to fill in the gap with their life stories. For me, I imagine going to visit my mom for the last time.

Just a Breath Away

Love can sneak up on you even when you know that schedules will force a separation. This song tries to keep the faith.

Like a Prayer

I wrote this when the Republican Party took over Congress. It was too depressing, so I put it away. I decided it was time to bring it out again.

Therapy

I sing this song to remind myself to slow down once in a while. I always felt it needed a full arrangement. This track was fun to put together on the CD.

Stairway of Time

Every once in a while the past throws us for a loop. In this mini-novel the older, separated parents choose their daughter's wedding to reconnect. I hope people have fun with this one-line refrain and with filling in the gaps in this narrative.

Fire Creek Lullaby

This was written for my wife, Karly, on our honeymoon. It still rings true today.

Save the Lady

This was written during the refurbishing of the Statue of Liberty. The fundraising slogan was "Save the Lady." It was my first of many songs about immigration. I felt it belonged on this project.

Earthmover

This song by the talented Forrest Whitlow gives voice to my own disgrace and disbelief at our country's failings at a time when we have so much power to do good in the world. My contribution was a harmonica solo that echoed this feeling.

Come To The Land (capo up 5 in C)

G G/C C G G/C D

Storm in a bottle. Shine on his shoes.

Carlos meets the Governor. Paying all those dues.

Ink on the paper. Now law of the Land.

(But the) tongue of his fathers, this man will never understand.

Em C Am D

There's no Statue of Liberty where the Armadillo play.

Can't you hear the angels calling to Maria and Jose?

G D C D

Come to the land where freedom is so frail.

Come to the land where the angels sit in jail.

refrain

G G/C G G/C G G/C D

Come to the land. Come to the land. Come to the land.

Jack is Immigration. The Border looks so wide.

There's no Ellis Island dignity, just a lot of room to hide.

There's a legal way to do it, brown, white or black.

But he hates to see the faces of those he sends back.

There is no fence or rifle that is stronger than this lure.

Can't you hear the angels trading dollars for a cure?

Come to the land where medicine is magic.

Come to the land where the angels can't afford it.

refrain

Turban on his forehead. Sand in his blood.

Dr. Ahmed mops the fellowship hall. Patience against mud.

His English is still broken. His spirit is like steel.

He dreams of a little practice, another chance to heal.

But when people see his face, the TV headshots come.

Their enemy within, their hearts beat like a drum.

All they see is Palestinians cheering 9/11.

Men strapping on dynamite as their passport into heaven.

Come to the land where no man serves a king.

Come to the land where the angels are waitressing.

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There's a Storm (partial capo on 2nd fret, in E)

D7

G2

D

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.

G2, sus4

D

It's roaring in from the ocean.

Won't leave much in its way.

Where the big storms have names like "Charlie",

Ar3,4

Ar3

D

Ivan the Terrible arrived today.

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.

There are profits from military spending.

There are prophets of hate on every shore.

There are poor willing to wear bombs or rifles.

This twister is knocking on our door.

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.

It's way past the point of the spear, now.

It's way past the point of prayer.

It's way past the broken guardrail.

We're sailing out into air.

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.

Our voting is controlled by governors.

They lean left or they lean right.

Their handpicked count votes in secret,

the machinery kept out of sight.

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.

Where are the saints when we need them?

Do they care about you and me?

Do they care that Power and Corruption

are washing over the Land of the Free?

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.

I go down to see my doctor,

for this hailstorm in my head,

wait in a long line at the drugstore,
then go and get some Jim Beam instead.

There's a storm, saints alive, running wild. /There's a storm, saints alive, running wild.
My neighbors meet under the streetlight.
There's a break in the clouds above.
We shake hands and look into faces
and remember the power of love.

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Makerman capo on 5th fret in C

G C
Long ago before there was writing
G C D
there lived a man who couldn't hunt or run.
G C
But in his tribe he held his head up.
G C G
They called him Maker and their favorite son.

Em C
He made the braid so the rope was stronger.
G D
He made the knot that held it tight.
Now they had milk as well as cow flesh.
He built the fire that warmed the night.

C G Em C
Makerman, Makerman, play on your lyre.
Makerman, Makerman, weave the music so fine.
Makerman, Makerman, tell us a story.
C D G
Make our hearts dance & the words all rhyme.

One day a girl begged the Maker,
"I want to be a maker, too."
"Well you must pray and ask the spirit
to find your heart and come to you.

For when I make a tool that sharpens,
the Great One sharpens me.
And when you finally cage the tiger
then the Spirit will set you free."
refrain

There was drought and there was hardship.

There came a tribe across the River Fear.
Their first taste of theft and violence.
But he would not make more deadly spears.

They brought him wood to build a stockade
to keep them out and to shoot from.
He built a bridge across the water.
He went over and learned their tongue. (and they said,)

Refrain

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The Front Porch Song (capo on 5th fret, in C)

G C G
Crickets in the morning, cicadas at night.

D C G
Squirrels all scampering out of sight.

the world on my front porch looks just fine
with the trees all swaying to this song of mine.

C G C G Am C D
G

On the front porch, on the front porch, the world looks better on my front porch.

You're never too old for that front porch swing.

That gentle rocking is a sacred thing.

(We've a) place inside needs a steady hand
till we plant our feet down and take a stand.

D C G
(There's) poor and hungry all over the Earth

D C G
and ethnic wars making all this worse.

Em C
I bring them to the porch and I want to cry

D

but I lift them up to the blue in the sky.

Chorus

Friends and all my neighbors know they'll find me here,
strumming my guitar when the weather's clear.

Singing to the sparrows swooping in the air.

Everybody's welcome to a front porch chair.

Tell me how you're doing. did your basement flood?

Thanks for the ladder and the two-by-four stud.

Thank our lucky stars we can share this block
and count on each other when we need to talk.

chorus

Everybody's front porch has a different style,
hammocks or cupboards or toys in a pile,
tablecloth dining or tools of the trade,

but we're one big family in our front porch shade.

Gladiolas, Morning Glories, stars and stripes,

Glowing jack-o-lanterns, Christmas lights.

Sweep it out in spring to begin anew

when the Daffodils riot and the Crocus bloom.

chorus

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John is turning 80 and still my hero.
He didn't take the assessment lying down.
They took a hundred thousand dollars for that roadway
and paid us twenty nine for that 3 mile strip of ground.

He went to court to fight the city lawyers.
And he came back with a lot, well a little, more.
Now, they claim we made a killing on the improvement.
Tell me, what do we need all those streetlights for?

refrain

Friday last John talked to our banker.
Then he drank his health until he was a little tight.
He sat out on the back porch with his rifle
and shot out three or four of those damn lights.

His family's owned this land through feast and hardship
from the days of the great Civil War.
It's not a place we get our mail it's our homestead.
Tell me, what do we need all those streetlights for?

Words And Music By David B. Hakan 9-14-93

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Last Letter Home (Capo on second fret, in A)

G C
I met Kori on the way to C'Oeur de Lain.

G D
My silence set her talking of her life.
She drove a cab in Buffalo. Now she's started letting go
of voices that had trapped her deep inside.

I asked her if she'd lost somebody close.
She said she was the one who slipped away.
In her dreams her friends all cry around her casket asking why
they could not find the words to make her stay.

refrain

C G
Letting go, slipping away.
D G-Am-G
I just had to see you, one last time.

C G
Almost home, I'm on my way,
D C G
just to say hello one last time.

Well, I must have listened to her talk for hours.
Nothing else to do while on that train.
She finally started winding down, a little mirror to my frown.
She took my hand as if she guessed my pain.

refrain

Words and music by David B. Hakan 8-9-2004
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though I hide my heart
I will keep it safe/ in your hands.
I'll try to let you know.

When they come from all sides,
panic as thick as a snowstorm,
I count on you to lay me down
and bundle the day in promise
so our love stays warm.

refrain

Words and music by David B. Hakan 8-12-91

Therapy (capo up 5 in C)

G G/C rocking

A comfy chair, a cup of tea

G G/C D C

a book about a place I'll never see.

G G/C

How'd that cat get curled up in my lap?

G C D G G/C

It's therapy, therapy.

A gentle rain all day long.

I get my poncho and slosh along.

An hour later how'd I end up at my door?

It's therapy, therapy.

Refrain

D C G D C G

Take a long slow breath. Wind on down.

Spare no expense. Lose that frown.

Em C D

Just let the world just turn a little while without your push.

It's therapy.

Friends are singing, by firelight.

Hearts are lifted up into the night.

How'd we stay up till the break of day?

It's therapy, it's therapy.

Camping tent, coffee on the stove,

Alpine meadow where no car goes.

Now those Republicrats don't bother me.

It's therapy, it's therapy.

Refrain

The next time your heart is sick. Find whatever does the trick.

It's not selfish. It's what you need.

It's therapy, it's therapy.

refrain

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Stairway of Time (capo up 5 in C)

G

C

He stepped off the bus in a stubborn-jaw town,

D

C

G

Boards on the windows, the wind blowing round.

His cell phone said nothing, so he packed it away.

His watch only told him he was ten years late.

He walked down a gravel road and stuck out his thumb.

A rusty El Camino picked him up on the run.

He pushed his Dad's doorbell, heard a wedding bell chime

And fell to the bottom of the stairway of time.

Dr3 C G G Dr3 C Dr3 C D Dr3 C G

The cab at the airport was a new minivan.

In her one good pants suit she felt dressed like a man.

The hotel was bigger than her town stacked up high.

She carried her own bags, thank you, and they didn't ask why.

In six lanes of traffic for an hour or more.

She found her Mom's townhouse and knocked on the door.

It swung wide with perfume and silk satin shine

And she fell to the bottom of the stairway of time.

He looked at his sister, and she looked at him,

the gray in his hair. She once was so slim.

But this church held them both like the whisper of home

As they looked at Baby Sis now with a man of her own.

"Do you think Dad will come?" "Lord only knows."

"Do you think Mom will come?" "She promised to show."

But the music had started and the bride looked so fine

As they fell to the bottom of the stairway of time.

Parched to the bone, the old man stopped for a drink.

He'd traveled this far, but still had to think.

She couldn't believe the old soda fountain survived.

Adding Coco to chocolate, she wafted inside.

You'd have thought that lightning had struck that place,

When after ten years they finally stood face to face.

At their table they didn't notice a car with tin cans behind

'cause they fell to the bottom of the stairway of time.

Like a Prayer

G C
Jenny starts to wonder if a woman's right to choose
D C G
will go the way of handwritten love letters.
Steve says maybe it's time to revive the ERA.
We all agree, but we know better.

REFRAIN

C D
Johnny picks up that old guitar
G Em
and our voices settle in there
C D G
(to that) old familiar song like a prayer.

Betty says her partner, Kris, told her news of the adoption.
It's illegal in this state, the lawyer said.
Frank offers to marry Betty, just to put the papers through,
then the child could have a loving home with 2 moms instead.
refrain

Peter says the oil companies have finally got Alaska.
His friend up there doesn't have the heart to stick around.
To see the end of the caribou and the last wild place on earth.
The bill's not even passed but they're clearing ground.
refrain

C D G Em
Young folks say we've failed in our hopes to change the world.
C Am D7
That compromise is our Achilles heel.
C D G Em
Yes, radical changed to rational, or maybe we just got tired.
C D G
But our love of truth still governs how we feel.

Refrain

Words And Music By David B. Hakan 11/15/2000
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You must all share the dream that you've now harvested,
to keep the winds of prejudice at bay. Oh, at bay.
Oh, save the Lady. Oh, save the Lady. Oh, save the Lady.

Words and music by David B. Hakan 6-11-86

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Earthmover by Forrest Whitlow

A2

Em

I saw a tiny soccer mom driving an earthmover today,

G6

D2

Polluting the landscape with intimidation and waste.

In-flight movies for her 2.2 kids.

Cell phone headset because you know conversations can't wait.

Refrain

Em

C

This is us. This is who we have become.

G2

D2

Plasma TVs and our million-dollar homes.

Em

C

Bigger better stronger, always the best.

G2

The world is a safer place

D2

Em

all because of the good old USA.

C G2 – D2 – Em – C – G2 – D2

Hey hey hey.

Big-city buildings lavishly composed,

Brand new stadiums for our football rodeos,

Traders exchange capital for products they never see.

While some family farm goes on the market today.

Refrain

We throw our weight around all because we can.

Find some easy scapegoat and bomb the heck out of them.

Thank God in our churches that we have the biggest guns.

Security comes with a price of our daughters and our sons.

Refrain

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