

Mp3 John Lyle - Cool Fire



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Soulful, folk-blues, roots-rock performances featuring poetic lyrics set to memorable melodies. 10 MP3 Songs POP: Folky Pop, BLUES: Blues Vocals Details: Headed for a career as an English professor in the mid 1960s, John Lyle was broadsided by Bob Dylan and The Beatles. His degree went out the window, and so did he, playing in a series of bands and then performing on Canadian network television and radio as a solo act. He was also signed to two record labels during this era, but realized that because of his highly sensitive nature he was not cut out for the performing life. John returned to his home in the Vancouver area, and devoted himself to his family, supporting them with a career that may have been more dangerous than the performance stage. He became a postman. John Lyles wonderful body of work is evidence of a life lived on the streets and in the home, filled with all the love and loss and joy and despair that are part and parcel of being alive. The songs are vital, not written to imitate a commercial trend or to fulfil a contract, but to reflect the intensity of experience and to remain sane. Magnificent! The late Robert Altmans word for John Lyles music, 'I like you, John!' - the late Pat Paulsen. 'John Lyle will take you gently to your safe place, and then sneak up on you with a song as uncompromisingly ferocious as a grizzly in a maternity ward. Dennis Albo, in his reality novel One Bullet Left, 'Wonderful, odd genius...I hate to think what they'd find if they opened up his head'-American comedian Heywood Banks. COOL FIRE lyrics- WHEN THE WIND GETS HIGH The carousel is finally winding down Theyve pulled up stakes And scraped the makeup off the clown Not even time can mend this broken-hearted town I would run away and quit the circus now If I could overcome the things that make me proud I would stand so tall my head would be a cloud Ive been counting backward in my sleep Breaking down the horror of belief Ive been laughing at things that give me grief Im gonna shave my head And put my hat on backwards They say that works When the wind gets high You and me, were lost inside a bud Dizzy with a fever in the

blood Let me close my eyes And sink into the flood My old red rooster crows at dawn When everything
I've prayed against is gone He leans his back against the fence And sings a song I'm gonna shave my
head And put my hat on backwards They say that works When the wind gets high WALK IT ON DOWN
Scientists are coming, there's a Mormon at the door There's a Witness counting heads but he doesn't
know what for The glory train has left the track, it's barreling down the street Scaring the bejesus out of
everyone it meets Walk it on down, walk it on down Walk it on down to the best guy in town The sound of
distant thunder makes him dream about his past Just how many blunders can one guy amass? He
searches for his Bible in the rushes, sweet and low A desperate guy is liable to find anywhere to go Walk
it on down, walk it on down Walk it on down to the best guy in town If I told you the dye was cast you'd
laugh into my face You'd write my name upon the wind and turn another page The book of life is filled with
lies claiming to be true I'll bet you any money the biggest lie is you Walk it on down, walk it on down Walk
it on down to the best guy in town A DOG LIES DOWN SOMETIME You scream around the corner, like
Little Jack Horner Who knows what's down the line? It's a stone-cold fact, they'll be bringing you back In a
box of yellow pine We all have our moments, but yours takes an hour If it does not take a day I'd cut you
some slack, but it's down the track Where my best intentions stay Meet your maker, he's an undertaker
With an old Econoline He's got a black pomade, a Tibetan maid, And he loves his life of crime You run
around in circles like a dog in a circus But a dog lies down sometime If you swear at the moon and it
breaks in two You can take it as a sign Scrape the haggis off the wall at the lesbians ball Take your big
foot off my throat Write a letter to the Pope, we gotta legalize dope And don't forget to vote Meet your
maker, he's an old heart-breaker With his own line of clothes He's got a straw-bale shack, by the railroad
track And he breathes through his nose You run around in circles like a dog in a circus But a dog lies
down sometime If you swear at the moon and it breaks in two You can take it as a sign DO WHALES
HAVE SCALES? Do whales have scales? Do they go do-re-me for so long? Or, are they the avant-garde
guard? Do they go do re me? Do whales tell tales? Do they meet and sound and then go round To Namus
bar and shoot the bull Until the cows come home? Of the many mammals in history Could there be one
smarter than me? Was it wise for whales to surmise They'd be better off back in the sea? I gotta know, do
whales feel frail Do they start to blubber Like a real land-lubber When they think about the journey's end
Then, do they get the bends? Of the many mammals in history Could there be one smarter than me?
Was it wise for whales to surmise, Was it shrewd for whales to conclude, Was it bright for whales to think

they might Be better off back in the sea? TOO MUCH COMPASSION The biggest bully in the yard Could
always put me off my guard By pulling out a hanky with his hand This guys not half so bad, hes got a cold
just like I had And some sisters, and a mother with a womb Then hed turn into a viper, and Id wish Id
stayed hyper As a seismograph about to overload Lift the veil of paranoia and the devils damn destroyers
Zero in and aim to blow me off the globe Too much compassion can kill a nervous man And too much
pity bound to drown him on dry land Tender-hearted heartlessness is how it all began It takes two to
tangle in this cock-eyed caravan Trillions of gifts beneath the tree And there was only one for me Just a
cap gun, but it really rang the bell Id wanted it like sin, since my last pistold packed it in Brand new, it bit
the dust, and rusted in the rain Then somebody said, aw, honey, We just could not find the money to give
you your due That broke me up inside Drop the veil of paranoia, and the devils damn destroyers Zero in
and aim to blow me off the globe Too much compassion can kill a nervous man And too much pity bound
to drown him on dry land Tender-hearted heartlessness is how it all began It takes two to tangle in
this cock-eyed caravan NOBODY'S BABY (Garry Macpherson) Well, she was nobodys baby She wasnt
even anybodys child I met her in her garden on my way to kindergarten And I said, aint you no ones love
at all She said, no, no, no Im only waiting Like we children gotta do Im nobodys baby, Im nobodys child
Im all alone like you Well, she was nobodys lover She wasnt even anybodys whore She was walkin
through the door, though From the time that she was four And she heard the hobos call She spent a lot of
time at her window Lookin through her window pane Saying, Im nobodys baby, Im nobodys child To me
its all the same She was nobodys honky-tonk lady Nobodys pride and joy I met her in the ocean, when I
took a secret potion I said, Id like to be your boy She said, no, no, no Im only waiting Like we children
have to do Im nobodys baby, Im nobodys child Im all alone like you Im all alone and blue BLIND LOVE
Evil forces gather in the half-light Dark with blood, but only in the mind In the cold desert bloom Theres
nothing left but room For pride in knowing love is blind Tongues so thick, They cannot speak of weather
Bodies ache, with things they have not done To see what is true, and have to live it too Is a fate that
should not befall anyone Ive lived most of my life paralyzed Pretending I can see When Ive been looking
through The wrong set of eyes When I can just let go Like an angel in the snow Ill be the King of the
Cowboys On this sweet little pony of mine OLD HONTANA ROAD Inga said a mouthful when she said I
could get her back after shes dead You should hear what people say About her now shes gone But I will
take the high road from now on Rain comes down like bullets from above Money cant buy this kind of love

Some old twister, spinning like a top
The way he moves, you think hell never stop
Just when you think you know someone
You find out they're like you
Living in a room without a view
Sun burns down on Old Hontana Road
Turn your head, and you won't see them go
You won't see scarecrows smile
At nothing in the dirt
You won't see them leave a world of hurt
I WON'T BE LONESOME WHEN I'M GONE (J. Lyle J. Murray)
I may have been in China
When you came to break the news
Trying to give me something I can use
I remember kind of peeling back into my blues
Fetching for a pail to fill my shoes
All graven images, from sea to shining sea
Another smiling Christ, smiling back at me
Woke up this morning with a hammer and a tong
I won't be lonesome when I'm gone
I'm gonna backslide til I find an open door
Backslide til I can't backslide no more
Every cold idea that thinks it knows the score
Don't seem to mean so much no more
It must have been a foggy night, when you fell for me
Everything you could forget, you managed not to see
Woke up this morning with a hammer and a tong
I won't be lonesome when I'm gone
One hand on the shovel, one foot in the grave
Watch another breath go down the drain
If you see my double, ask him if he has a name
And if he's taking rest inside the shade
Everything you love in me, you hide inside yourself
Turn it outside over, you don't need no one's help
Woke up this morning with a hammer and a tong
I won't be lonesome when I'm gone
SPARKLING RIVER
Like a faded leaf, hanging by a thread
I blow into the wind and tumble down like I was dead
I say I'm not a thief but I won't stand in the light
So you can wash my face and give my empty mouth a bite
How can I be angry with someone so nice
Are my fingers made of silver, is my heart made of ice?
I hide beside the fire with tears in my eyes
Mourning the desire I've learned to despise
You know where I'm going, you know where I've been
You know which winds blowing and you know it's not a sin
You make a good sheepdog moving me along
All tangled up in what don't last long
On the outskirts of the meadow, in the shadow of fright
Crazy wolves are mending fences in the starry, starry night
You know where I'm going, you know where I've been
You know which winds blowing and you know it's not a sin
There is a sparkling river flowing through my head
Bringing understanding who I thought I was
is dead Rollin and a tumblin, through wind, and stone and sea
Laughing like a baby when a baby is free

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