

# Mp3 Cara Tower - And Then...there Is A Bridge



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10 inspired songs celebrate of the gift of our existence within a world beat/pop genre. Sweeping string arrangements, tablas, bass, guitar and organic electronic instruments accompany Cara's soulfull, beautiful vocals. 10 MP3 Songs POP: Today's Top 40, WORLD: World Beat Details: " And Then...There is a Bridge" followed Cara's debut CD "Living on Bread Circus." Through this body of work, Cara stays focused on articulating and appreciating the generosity and kindness of life itself. Honesty, hope, true freedom and gratitude for this existence, all serve as reminders of what is of value to the human heart. This CD takes on the nuances of world beat rhythms and melodies, as well as classical influences such as Debussy, Schubert, Brahms and Mozart. Sweeping orchestral arrangements, tables, guitars, bass and space accompany Cara's soulful vocals. This CD is elegant and understated in delivery, delicate yet powerful, gentle yet strong within a timeless message of hope. FOR LYRICS SEE BOTTOM Biography: Cara Tower Singer/Songwriter/Composer/Producer History: Cara Tower is a native of Santa Barbara, California where music found a way into her heart as a small child. Cara's first touring experience was a series of convalescent homes throughout the greater Los Angeles area with a small ensemble of 2nd graders known as the Pied Pipers. By grade 4, Tower took up an esoteric, self-taught study of the classical guitar (privy only to 10 year olds). In High School Cara was awarded a coveted vocal scholarship with noted opera star Madame Bobonia of The Music Academy of the West. After developing chronic laryngitis, Cara began a quest to find her own voice. Bored with learning material already written, Cara started to explore the mystical world of original music composition, where she began a life long journey down the expressway of her own unique vision. Weird Historical Excursions: While vacationing in Britain, Cara's then dance oriented recordings, received airplay on underground radio stations throughout England and France. As a result in 1989, Tower signed a 3 year publishing contract with Virgin Music

(London). Tower recorded in studios throughout London, completing her Virgin audio sojourn in Scotland, where she worked on her recordings with producer Terry Adams. In 1992 Cara took off for Germany where she found herself unexpectedly stranded for cash with no real command of the German language. Cara began busking in the streets of Frieburg, inadvertently returning to her roots as a singer songwriter with an acoustic guitar. Alongside Peruvian quintets, classical conservatory students and Irish rovers, Tower was swiftly plucked off the streets and invited to play local spots lights including the famous Blaus Band nightclub located in the heart of the Black Forest. In 1993, upon returning to the United States, Cara continued to perform as a solo artist where she quickly caught the attention of famed music producer Mike Clink; Guns and Roses, Heart, White Snake, Sammy Hagar etc. Together they formed an unusual musical team, producing demos and eventually recordings for Hollywood Records from 1994 to 1996. During the fall of 1999, Cara matured into the exciting realm of independent production and recording, founded Raw Dog Records, and brought her debut street wise CD "living on bread circus" into fruition by the spring of 2001. Materials: Living on Bread Circus is the debut and first solo flight production from Cara. Here, Tower's lyrics articulate the cry of the heart through a beautiful, funny and poignant sojourn of the human experience with a collection of social chronicles that sing in and of our time. Though the atmosphere is at times gritty, the CD is moving, thought provoking and fun to listen too. Home made organic electronic instruments, both modern and mid-evil create for a special listening experience. Cara's sumptuous 2nd CD, And Then...There is a Bridge, followed Bread Circus two years later. Through this body of work, Cara stays focused on articulating and appreciating the generosity and kindness of life itself. Honesty, hope, true freedom and gratitude for this existence, all serve as reminders of what is of value to the human heart. This CD takes on the nuances of world beat rhythms and melodies, as well as classical influences such as Debussy, Schubert, Brahms and Mozart. Sweeping orchestral arrangements, tables, guitars, bass and space accompany Cara's soulful vocals. This CD is elegant and understated in delivery, delicate yet powerful, gentle yet strong within a timeless message of hope. Tours: Since the release of, And Then...There is a Bridge, Cara has been the invited guest and performer of 10 countries including, Germany, Austria, Slovenia, Croatia, Canary Islands, Wales, England, Ireland, France and the USA. This year alone she has shared her music and the source of her inspiration in 25 cities throughout Europe, the United Kingdom and the USA. Fruits of Labor Two tracks from the debut CD, Living on Bread Circus, have been placed, by request, in the recently completed film, Searching for Angela Shelton.

"Searching" was currently previewed on national news program 48 Hours and included both of Cara's songs. Writer and Director Angela Shelton was the winner of the prestigious Sundance Film Festival with her previous film, Tumbleweeds, which was also nominated for an Oscar the following year upon the film's release. Work in progress: Today, Cara is writing her debut soundtrack Blue Kentucky Girl, a feature film by writer and director, Spike Stewart. This will highlight many original songs that weave an intimate and symbiotic tale with the script. BKG is a haunting tale about the Blue people of Kentucky. Almost forgotten, their story weaves together a lost thread of American history. Set in the romantic Appalachian Mountains, a struggle between love verses hate ensues, which as it unfolds, reveals the on-going and fragile human ability to choose between the two. Lyrics to "And Then...There is a Bridge" 1

And Then...There is a Bridge  
When Ignorance comes Shadows fall where they may  
Without you Unconsciousness knocks  
As I open the door, To the constant drums of distraction  
And then, there is a bridge, and then there is...  
Every time the light grows dim  
And still we usher in faith, there is a bridge  
This life... Would be spent running like a rat  
On the wheel of illusion Without you. Deaf, blind and numb  
Begging for some crumbs  
Lost on the trail thru the woods, thru the woods  
Without you. And then, there is a bridge, and then there is...  
Every time anger comes knocking at our door  
And still we usher in peace...there is a bridge.  
This heart... Would be looking for a door  
Like a ship searching for a shore  
Tossed by the waves  
Without the anchor of your love. And then, there is a bridge, and then there is...  
Every time we face the squalls, and we face the squalls  
We face the squalls of hate  
And still we usher in love...there is a bridge.  
Every time the light grows dim  
And still we usher in faith ...there is a bridge. 2

The Infinite Inside  
Never you shall I abandon  
In fact I will carry you in from the cold  
You may not know it yet  
But you house a perfect treasure  
So come in, come in, won't you come in?  
Come in from the cold. Never the door shall I lock  
In fact I will give to you my keys  
To cross the threshold that your heart  
So softly whispers through  
Come in, come in, won't you come in?  
Come in from the cold. Never your cry shall I refuse  
My love harbors all the seas  
If you should sail the great divide  
Still you I am beside I am the breath  
your ship always Has access too, I am the infinite inside of you  
The infinite inside. Never your faults shall I address  
For this is not "the you" of interest  
There is a dance under your steps  
And a passion under the drum  
There is a song of longing  
That only the heart can strum  
Never your cry shall I refuse  
My love harbors all the seas  
If you should sail the great divide  
Still you I am beside I am the breath  
your ship always Has access too, I am the infinite of inside you  
The infinite inside. 3

Exactly Where You Are

(Salvation) Let's just walk away from the ruins of anger And far from the ashes of grief There is a sea of understanding beyond The stagnate pools of belief...there is relief. I've got...a parachute for the freefall Just untie the noose round my wings There is a sky where the light is never blinding And love fills everything...and you can hear the heart sing Oh, I can almost hear it...if I'd ever shut up, shut up... You don't have to travel very far Exactly where it's at ...is exactly where you are. Keep me a laugh ahead of ignorance And the tight clenched fists of hate Into the arms of my affinity Where love is thundering at the gate Saying, "it's not too late...to stop chickening out, stop chickening" 'Cause you don't have to travel very far Exactly where it's at...is exactly where you are. Bubbling underneath the static drone of the humdrum Churning waves of ecstasy delighted that you've come Why question how you got there, just surrender to the flight I know that you want too...you know that I need too I know that we're going too...enjoy the flight...so give up the fight Around and round and round we go, until we understand Salvation lives here within the heart of every man. So you don't have to travel very far Exactly where it's at...is exactly where you are You don't have to travel very far Exactly where it's at...is exactly where you are.

4 If I Am A King If I am a king And my mind is the kingdom What kind of ruler am I? Do I govern my thoughts Or do I simply attack Do I crush every opposing view So my fears don't bite back? If I am a king And my body is the land What kind of sovereign am I? Preoccupied by conflict Or am I in a place of peace Am I serene in the midst of chaos Before my oppositions cease? Do I have the courage to say... I am simple, I am fragile, and from this I gather strength I may be bruised, but I'm agile, so I know I can go the length. If I am a king And my heart is the province What kind of guardian am I? Do I hide my vulnerability Or do I wear it on my sleeve Wear it even when my confidence suddenly takes leave? Do I have the courage to say... I am simple, I am fragile, and from this I gather strength I may be bruised, but I'm agile, so I know I can go the length If I am a king And my hands are the country What kind of builder am I? Are my stones made of love Are they strong even when I break Or do I point and blame the mason who leaves me Crumbling in my wake?

5 Secret Garden I'm longing To speak of things I dare not tell So I'm hiding The secret garden of my love Where I go to freely feel Our soulful waters run, our soulful waters Running... Here inside The secret garden I hide Here, I can feel you here Between the rise and the fall Of this breath, that moves us all No up sense or down In this secret garden I've found. I am burning Like a fire in the wind Following the pathless course That yearns within its ardent flame For the downpour of your ecstatic rain Raining... Here, inside The secret garden I hide Here, I can feel you here Between the

rise and the fall Of this breath that fills us all No above and no below In the secret garden I know. Slipping  
in Between the shadows and the light I can feel you taking flight The opening is sheer And our secret  
garden Is waiting here, waiting here... 6 If Love Is Just A Waltz Is the moon far too brilliant And our hearts  
too resilient To usher this waltz without aim? Will the mystery unfold Down a path we keep trying to mold  
Has our faith secretly started to wane? Can a kiss still blush the skin Or is life growing pale and thin  
Waiting for the music to begin? If love is just a waltz, take this dance If love is just a waltz, take this  
invitingly irresistible chance Or is rain too consistent And doubt too persistent For a break in the storm to  
appear? Will the thorns still surrender Or is the rose far too tender Silently yearning for years? Can a kiss  
still blush the skin Or is life growing pale and thin Waiting for the music to begin? If love is just a waltz,  
take it's anxious palm in your hand Love is just a waltz, come dance me to your foreign land Love is just a  
waltz, it offers a long stemmed rose Lets dance all night, lets follow wherever it goes If love is just a waltz,  
there's no sense of time Love is just a waltz, Let's drown in it's endless wine Love is just a waltz, it's feet  
hardly touch the ground If love is just a waltz...then I want to go around and around... 7 Freedom  
Freedom to be true to yourself Freedom to follow your heart and run with the ball Freedom to go beyond  
the pale and most of all Freedom and the freedom to feel it, the capacity to feel it, the ability to feel And  
find the joy that's independent of everything somehow Living here inside of us in the universe of now.  
Freedom, freedom From the lie that lives outside Freedom, freedom From the stigma of black and white  
The image of wrong and right, freedom From the swagger of yes and no The difference of high and low,  
Freedom To hear your own voice Freedom to know you even have a choice Freedom to say what you  
mean Freedom to mean what you say 'cause everything's OK When you plant the seed the garden grows  
around that perfect home The path becomes so obvious when the heart's your stepping-stone to  
Freedom, freedom From the mental merry-go-round Freedom, freedom From the concept of good and  
bad And all the doubts to be had, freedom From the stigma of black and white The image of wrong and  
right The swagger of yes and no The difference of high and low Freedom To be true to yourself, to follow  
your heart and run with the ball... To go beyond the pale and most of all Freedom and the freedom to feel  
it, the capacity to feel it, the ability to feel 8 Thank You Thank you for holding the door open for me Thank  
you unconditional generosity Thank you for carrying me across the threshold of my love Thank you  
authenticity. 'Cause I thought These dormant winds of mine Would die before their time I thought these  
clouds of bitter rain Would never wane I thought this turbulent sea was the real me Thank you. Thank you

for pulling the wool off my eyes Thank you stark stone reality Thank you for clearing these mud filled waters Thank you unbreakable mirror Thank you that which is undeniable Thank you that which is immeasurable Thank you unwavering truth. 'Cause I thought This dry riverbed Had not one tear of joy to shed I thought these ragged wings of light Would never take flight I thought this turbulent sea Was the real me Thank you. As these dormant winds of mine Dance the waltz of time As these clouds are sweet with rain Their bitter cries wane Through turbulence I see I can see the real me... Thank you. 9

**Courage To Love** In this life Between the joys and strife There is a solid core, An ever-opening door Coming in, coming out It's taking the direct route, Making love, making love, making love From both below and above But if you've ever had your heart trampled on And you can't find the strength to trust again Don't lose the courage to love... If it's frightening out on the branch When passion is shaking your tree Don't lose the courage to love... Find the courage to love... And you'll be taken care of I can hear a steady sound In spite of all the ups and the downs It's gentle, shapeless form Is impervious to the storms It's breathing in and breathing out Always taking the direct route Making love, making love, making love From below and above. But if you've ever had your heart trampled on And you can't find the strength to trust again Don't lose the courage to love... If it's naked out on the branch when passion is shaking your tree Don't lose the courage to love Find the courage to love And you'll be taken care of 10

**The Owl And the Swan** Deep in the heart of a jungled wood The thickened pines of darkness stood Their cloaks a safe haven to a family of owls Where only the shadow of the moon dare prowl. Until one day a swan flew thru a break in the trees And found a little owl hemmed in by the leaves. The owl cried, "Who are you and from where do you come?" "I am the swan. I can show you radiant light of the sun. I journey the deserts, over mountains I roam I travel the earth for the world is my home I fly with the dawn as morning light wings Across oceans of vast existence I sing. Come with me as the sun wakes up the world Come to me, as each veil of it's breath un-furls." Color, light, a ball of fire The owl flew with the new wings of desire. Until his Mother's words sank on his faith like a stone She said, "The Sun is no more alive than a river of bones, Like folklore, it doesn't exist, but go ask your Father if you insist." "Father, Father I want to see to the sun, I want to play in the fields where it's golden rays run." "My poor boy", was his father's reply, "There are no colors that light up the sky. You'll never find a Sun if it doesn't exist, But I'll go to the Elder Owls if you persist." "Old wise ones, it should come as no surprise A Swan has swooned my boy with lies Whimsical providence fills his head Illusions of light feather his bed." "Tell your boy, tell him, tell your boy... There's

no such sun in existence No such heat spans the distance No such warmth spills over the earth There is no such dawn of a day's rebirth" The little Owl scorned the sky And cried like a homeless waif Broken as his rags of light Lay torn beneath his faith. "Beautiful Swan, why did you lie to me? I'm waiting impatiently For the sun to take flight For a flake of it's light To shine thru the pines, thru the pines For the warmth of it's kiss For a thread of it's bliss To shine thru the pines, thru the pines." "Oh my boy, come here by me We'll wait in the towering trees We'll look to the sky As doubt rolls by And you're safely gathered into thee. (Wake up, wake up and see...) A flicker of light thru a crack in the dawn Shines in a dewdrop as a new day fawns A whisper of blue thru a petal of green A faint breath of rose over aquamarine". (Wake up, wake up, wake up and see...) "The luminous palette that cradles the sky The lavenders that blossom and fly Veils of pink weaving from orange into gold In a sweeping moment of truth to behold." Copyright 2002 FuryBuddhaMusic/BMI

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