

# *The Secret of the Open Sky*

© Steve Unruh

Clawing up the deep black well  
toward a shaft of light above  
One canary climbs the coalmine  
gone to mingle with the doves  
Is there anybody there?

Bloodied fingers, broken nails  
muscles shaking from the climb, but  
Soon I'll reach the space to spread these clipped wings and  
sing the strongest song of all time  
Is there anybody there?

Hello, is there anybody there?

Bathed in sunlight, I reach the world  
so bright yellow I can barely see  
I release my melody to these clear skies  
but it seems no one is listening to me  
Is there anybody there?

Hello, is there anybody...

There, there, don't you cry. It's a secret everybody sees eventually  
said the old man deep inside

The secret of the open sky, where the stars at night are shining bright with promise and such purpose  
is how everyone competes for a feeling of completeness – it's so cold here on the surface  
We are prisoners of our dreams for we're taught to gauge the meaning of the song by fame and fortune  
You see that scene that called your soul? It's commercially controlled to hold the wealth out of proportion

Seldom now a day goes by without one more implication I am useless and unwanted  
in this scene that's seen it all (if we need you we will call) as I'm stuck – all progress stunted

Bloodied fingers, broken nails  
muscles aching from the fall  
Every day another little piece of me dies and now I  
sing the strangest song of them all  
Is there anybody there?

Hello, is there anybody...  
Hello, is there anybody...  
hello, is there anybody...

# ***Beyond This Masquerade***

© Steve Unruh

Staring at the tracks, waiting for the train to come  
Plotting my escape, down those distant rails I'd run  
Standing at the ledge, I feel like crossing over  
But on the rumbling ground my feet are frozen  
as another train rolls by

Lion in a cage, how long must we play this game  
Mediocre everything, severing my dreams while I remain  
tame until an atrophy of vision  
Look at me. let this curtain fall  
ah, another train rolls by

Lights out – I feel like the play is ending  
I'm out of any big ideals  
Just let go – the time has come for growing far beyond this masquerade

Singing in the mud, trying every trick I knew  
to save myself by striking something up in you  
Flailing as the both of us go under  
Sinking into ever-deeper blue  
ah, another train rolls by

Lights out – I feel like the play is ending  
I'm out of any big ideals  
Just let go – the time has come for growing far beyond this masquerade

What could I say that's not been said a thousand times?  
What could we play that isn't burned out on our ears?  
What could I sing to bring some feeling back to you,  
so disillusioned?

*Guitar solo: Fran*

ah, another train rolls by

Lights out – I feel like the play is ending  
I'm out of any big ideals  
So, let go – the time has come for growing far beyond this masquerade

# ***Ether***

© Fran Turner. Lyrics by Steve Unruh

I am the ember burning  
underneath your grave

I am the smoke escaping  
from your burial cave

Ether rising

I am the vapor creeping in through tiny holes  
I am what ancient mystics used to call your soul

Ether rising

*Instrumental craziness!*

*Guitar solo #1: Steve*

*Guitar solo #2: Fran*

I am the atavistic reawakened drive  
you are my sleeping vessel soon to come alive

Ether rising

# Mimosa

Music © Steve Unruh and Fran Turner, Lyrics by Steve

canopy leaves ■ beautiful breeze ■ morning mimosa take pity on me  
I'll rest in your shade ■ unfold a new day ■ morning mimosa take pity on me

sever the ties ■ I can feel myself unwind ■ never mind ■ what it does to me this time  
here is a river to eden ■ here is a path to get back where I began ■ ease me into erasing what I am

canopy leaves ■ grant a reprieve ■ morning mimosa take pity on me  
here I will stay ■ unfold the new day ■ morning mimosa take pity on me

sever the ties ■ I can feel myself rewind ■ never mind ■ what it does to me this time  
here is my river to eden ■ here is a path to get back where I began ■ ease me into erasing what I am

*Flute solo: Steve*

wipe a slate clean ■ clear out the memory ■ morning mimosa take pity on me  
enter my veins ■ nothing remains ■ morning mimosa take pity on me

sever the ties ■ I can feel my self unwind ■ never mind ■ what it does to me this time

double trigger darkness suddenly snapping understanding deep is eating me  
little brittle touch-me-not so mistaken taken out and dissolved away..  
...out seems a dream, so surreal out of time

gripping tighter fighting helplessly over-bearing sense of new uncertainty  
river running red I'm feeling my eden speeding spiraling  
a way out seems a dream, so surreal out of time

slipping, tripping, spiral out of control I'm falling farther down the rabbit hole  
to the bottom, blackness total decay I'm feeling conscience slip  
a way out seems a dream, so surreal out of time

*Violin solo: Steve*

a way out seems a dream, so surreal - out of time

chemical breeze ■ everything is not what it appeared to be, as discovery takes its toll on me  
here I decay ■ rusting remains ■ mimosa take pity on me

I severed the ties ■ and I felt my senses die ■ only to find ■ what it's done to me this time  
drowned in the river to eden ■ losing the path I get back a broken man ■ ease me into erasing what I am

*Guitar solo: Steve*

The epic ending, aka **Silkwürm**

*Guitar solo: Fran*

# *The Land of No Groove*

© S. Unruh, F. Turner, R. Winslow, B. Farrands, Lyrics by Steve

## [i. PROLOGUE]

This is the tale of the Land of No Groove  
where music got stuck in a rut  
and four daring travelers desperate to prove  
an inkling that gilded their gut

that somewhere beyond all the drivel and fluff  
blasting from megaphones high  
there might be a land filled with spiffier stuff  
it could be fiction, but they had to try

Get a good rest, at the dawn we're leaving  
off to travel far away  
set a compass for the far horizon  
walk on - out toward the dusty plain

Barry and Francis and Robby and Steve  
packed up their drums on a cart  
With guitars on their backs, and their hearts on their sleeves  
it was off to the lost land of art

Get a good rest, at the dawn we're leaving  
off to travel far away  
set a compass for the far horizon  
walk on - out 'cross the dusty plain

*Flute solo: Steve*

So, get a good rest, at the dawn we're leaving  
off to travel far away  
set a compass for the far horizon  
*walk on - out 'cross the dusty plain*

## [ii. DUSTY PLAIN]

*Guitar Solos:*  
*Steve,*  
*Fran,*  
*Steve*

Walking the whole day, away from the din  
like some ancient caravan crew  
Tired by nightfall, they stopped at an Inn  
but little did they have a clue

The Inn had a megaphone nailed to the wall  
of the lobby where they had to dwell  
blithely rebroadcasting drivel and fluff  
Expanding the boundaries of hell!

So, get a good rest, at the dawn we're leaving  
off to travel farther 'way  
set a compass for the far horizon  
walk on - out toward the jagged mountain

### [iii. JAGGED MOUNTAIN]

Our band of travelers did not get the good rest they had hoped  
Awakened repeatedly by radio chatter, and all-night disco music thumping through the lobby wall  
But that was neither here nor there now; it was morning and they were at the base of the jagged mountain  
daunting, yet with the promise of the great blue sky above

"Heave, ho"... they all pulled together and drug their uncooperative cart up the slope  
No way would they leave their instruments behind (or the canvas tent they bought after the last night's experience)  
As morning slowly turned to afternoon (and their legs into metaphorical gelatin)  
a little white puff came floating by (a magical sight!), as they crossed above the cloud line

Tired-legged travelers were rising to the peak, weak, but still their spirits rose  
like finally they had escaped... they were above it all  
in the land beyond the megaphones and woes

The air was brisk, and just below, the sun lit the tops of puffy little clouds  
"Terra Incognita" – maybe the lost land was found  
When gradually, behind the peak, arising with each step... they spied an ugly metal spire (*argh*)  
Boosting the signal, ubiquitous drivel had scaled these heights and was bringing them right back down

Cursed rebroadcasting antenna, I would smite thee!  
...if only I had a hacksaw.  
No lost land of art, just the backside of a mountain  
Down... down... down.

### [iv. LAND'S END]

Weary travelers tethered to a dream  
feel the energy... ending  
Down the mountainside, to this lonely beach  
resolution out of reach

Now it's evident everywhere we go  
only avarice follows  
Blast the eminent megaphones on high  
far above this tiny cry

Light up a candle, then blow the wish away  
We come down defeated for another day  
Lost at the land's end, lay to rest upon the shore  
a dream forever more

Night was coming and so they built a fire  
mind and body both tired  
Weary travelers put their shoes away, and then  
from the heart they played

*Guitar solo: Fran*

Light up a candle, then blow the wish away  
We come down defeated for another day  
Lost at the land's end, lay to rest upon the shore  
a dream forever more

## [v. OFF TO SEA]

But the sun rose again the next day  
and you can't keep a desperate dream at bay  
They tore their tent into a sail, as persistent winds prevailed - Their cart they converted to a rickety raft  
Rob had once sailed the sea (and none of the other three – but that was OK.... they set sail anyway)

## [vi. SEA MONSTER BATTLE]

The breeze fell in a lull  
The cart floated aimlessly on eerie, calm waters  
Francis couldn't shake the feeling that something dangerous in the deep... was stirring

The ocean swelled, and the boat rocked  
A creature started rising  
Eyes of yellow, a tailfin green – and thirty feet of Sea Monster in between!

*Rrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!*

Ancient, dragon-like eyes fixed on the helpless four  
Terrified, Robbie and Steve froze in the creature's massive shadow  
But Barry was trained in Eastern Meditation, & combined with the adrenaline, he experienced an odd clarity of focus  
He assembled his drumkit and prepared to chase away the beast by unleashing a frenzied flurry of drum fills!

Barry vs. the Sea Monster!

*Sea Monster/Drum solos: Steve/Barry*

*Raaaarrrrrrrrrrghhhh!*

And as the waves subsided, the mighty Sea Monster looked upon them and said,  
Simon: "Hey, your drummer's pretty good! Grab onto my tail, and I'll pull you to a secret island with a bunch of cool musicians you can jam with."

## [vii. THE ISLE APPEARS]

And as the monster towed them 'round  
they raised their eyes and felt the sound  
as out of the mist a mountain peak was rising

Simon: "Welcome to our secret isle of groove"  
"I'm Simon, its protector, and you fellows four have proved  
you've a part to play in my friends' favorite tunes  
which they've practiced now for decades since their jam band got marooned  
back in nineteen seventy-nine  
oh, the times they were a changin'  
mainland music became an assembly line  
'til finally they saw no point to return, so  
they settled here forever, where their songs ring out eternal

"their radios were all shut down  
they formed their own live music town  
and never wondered if the mainland missed them"

And as the raft was pulling in, Steve sensed the battle he must win, was  
to convince this band to go back with them... and play the mainland

## [vii. CONVINCING THE ISLANDERS]

Islanders: "Welcome to our island, we're so glad you're here"  
"we have had no visitors, in over 30 years  
Fire up the barbeque, we can grill some leeks  
drink some cool papaya juice we've been ripening for weeks

"Your tiny raft looks suspicious – if you press your luck you might sink  
so, you're stuck here. Have another drink.

"Come tomorrow morning, we'll give you the tour  
visit the vegetable garden & get a taste of the local allure  
Sail the coastline in our fancy boat  
Simon kindly tows it, since our fuel ran out years ago

"Now go grab your guitar, man... bring those cymbals and drums  
jam in 5/4 'til the morning comes

*Simultaneous guitar Solo: Steve L, Fran R*

Food and music were stunning, as the red sun went down darkness fell on the isle!

Steve: "Listen close to what I tell you: Such a tragic tale of woe  
Our home town's been taken over! Fluff and dreaded megaphones!

Islanders: "Sad, but not our problem, how things have devolved  
"Mainland music is terrible... do you think that's something you'll solve?  
Now do you get it - why we settled here?  
Only groovy live music, and no mega-phonies to fear

Steve and Rob were confounded, Francis just shook his head. Simon suddenly said:

Simon: "What's the point of all the singing if deep down nobody cares?  
"Pale platitudes, friends, to meaningless ends, if this next generation is destined to fend for themselves  
Won't you help? Just one show?"

Islanders: "All right, Simon. Bring the boat, let's go."

## [ix. JOURNEY HOME]

*Guitar solos:*  
*Steve*  
*Fran*  
*Steve*

Simon the Sea Monster's flippers were fleet, as the band played the evening sun down  
His nautical knowledge was true and complete, and he knew of a port close to town

Sailing at twilight and on through the night, back to the Land of No Groove  
They were tired but finally feeling all right, as the hope in their hearts was renewed

From the big quest, at the dawn returning  
grand adventure far away  
at the shoreline, now the sun is rising  
sailing back to the tale's beginning

The band stepped ashore, waving goodbye to Simon. He was off to the sea... they, to lead a revolution



**[x. GROOVE REVOLUTION\*]**

\* Guest musicians, *The Secret Island Band*: organ, congas, tambourine

*Guitar solo: Steve*

Storming home with a 16-piece band  
waves of sound pouring out, sweeping over the land

Blasting out from the town's center square  
the long lost groove moving through the air

Singin', "You can't stop it now, the music's taking over, people!"  
Singin', "You can't fight it now, the Groove is gonna overthrow!"

*Guitar solo: Fran*

One by one the megaphones fell  
from rooftops, retransmitters, distant hotels  
The meaningless music that ruined the sound for a whole generation  
was finally brought down!  
Drivel got drowned out, feet started to move  
then the crowd went contagious and danced to the groove, in the  
RE – VO – LU – TION, 'cause  
You Can't Fight The Music Taking Over People

Singin', "You can't stop it now, the music's takin' over, people!"  
You can't fight it now, the groove is gonna overthrow!

Sing it, "You can't stop it now, the music's takin' over, people!"  
You can't fight it now, **THE GROOVE IS GONNA OVERTHROW!**