

I Want To Sing

© 2020 G. McFarlane

I want to sing, I want to play
Every minute of every single day
I want to sing, I want to play
And chase my cares away

It gives me hope, it shines a light
It lets me know everything will be all right
It gives me hope, it shines a light
Every morning, noon and night

So strike up the band and listen
They're playing my favourite song
This is what I've been missin'
So come on and join along

I want to sing, I want to play
Every minute, every hour, every day
I want to sing, I want to play
And chase my cares away

So strike up the band and listen
They're playing my favourite song
Take out some spoons from the kitchen
And come on and join along

I want to laugh, I want to smile
I want to have a little fun for a while
I want to laugh, I want to smile
Like a happy little child

I want to sing, I want to play
Every minute of every single day
I want to sing, I want to play
And chase my cares away

I want to laugh, I want to smile
I want to be so carefree and wild
I want to laugh, I want to smile
Like a happy little child

I want to sing, I want to play
Every minute, every hour, every day
I want to sing, I want to play
And chase my cares away (x3)

Just Your Average Existential Crisis

© 2019 G. McFarlane

“Be careful what you wish for” the genie said
“It’s best to quit while you’re ahead”
“It is what it is” I replied
So he punched me right between the eyes
“Do what you want, just don’t get caught”
Said Moses up upon the rock
Henry the Eighth is wondering where his wife is
Don’t sweat the small stuff so they say
But I still do it anyway
It’s just part of my existential crisis

Ch: I don’t want to go down that rabbit hole where noone ought to go
I don’t want to wonder how the hell my life is
I think I know which way to go but without change you cannot grow
It’s just your average existential crisis

Hamlet can’t make up his mind
He gets advice from a pantomime
Sisyphus can’t climb up that hill
He wants to stop but never will
It’s better to give than to receive
But that depends on what you need
The consumer balks when he finds out what the price is
Bullshit beats brains every time
Which makes it hard to unwind
And deal with my existential crisis

Ch: I don’t want to go down that rabbit hole where noone ought to go
I don’t want to wear a mask or no disguises
They say two wrongs don’t make a right but still it keeps me up at night
It’s just your average existential crisis

I’m at the crossroads singing the blues
At Hell’s Half Acre – which way to choose
Descartes wonders if it’s real
Sometimes I know the way he feels
No use crying over milk
That someone else already spilt
The cat will lick it up, it’s in its vices
They say it’s all just in the mind
But I can’t leave it all behind
It’s just part of my existential crisis

Ch: I don’t want to go down that rabbit hole where noone ought to go
How does Santa know what’s naughty and what nice is?
Here’s to you and here’s to me and if by chance we disagree
It’s just your average existential crisis

Ch: I don't want to go down that rabbit hole where noone ought to go
I never dug a Virgo or a Pisces
So if by chance we disagree the hell with you and here's to me
Just leave me with my existential crisis

Solitaire Blues

© 2020 G. McFarlane

I want black, I get red
I want high, I get low instead
I need a king, I get a queen
I want an ace, not something in between
The deck is stacked against me, I know I'm going to lose
But still I keep on playing
Those time wasting, frustrating, head shaking solitaire blues

I flip the cards three at a time
But nothing moves when you've got four of a kind
And there's no spot to move my king
With it on top I can't do anything
Hand after hand I continue to lose
But still I keep on playing
Those time wasting, frustrating, teeth grating solitaire blues

I don't know why I do it, it's like I've lost control
I need to win a hand and so I play some more
And still the clock keeps ticking it's amazing how time flies
I've played so many rounds I'm seeing spots before my eyes

I need an ace to start to score
But they're all buried just like the hand before
Another card, another chance
And still it's hard to get those cards to dance
I'm stuck in this big rut, I can't help but lose
But still I keep on playing
That time wasting, frustrating, heart breakin' solitaire blues

Anniversary

© 2018 G. McFarlane

A chance stop, a gift shop, ocarina made of clay
Phone calls, concert halls, walks along the bay
Starry nights, candlelights, stealing one last kiss
Courtship, engagement, newly wedded bliss

A new home, a car loan, a new life begins
Birthdays, holidays with family and friends
Castles, festivals, traveling overseas
Hand in hand to England, making memories

Time goes by, snow flies, summers come and go
Through illness and wellness watching love grow

Twenty years of teddy bears, music and song
Chapters of laughter, two hearts beat as one
Loving hugs, back rubs, aging gracefully
A tender kiss, a special wish, Happy Anniversary!

Hibernatin'

© 2020 G. McFarlane

They told me there's a really nasty virus going round
They gave me a laptop and said to work at home
My wife she was worried I'd become an angry bear
I said no I'm fine I'm really happy here

I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
It's a better word for it than isolatin'
I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
It's just like taking one big long vacation

I call into the office every day at nine
We have lots of meetings and so we chat online
I can bring my laptop out in my back yard
When I need a break I pick up my guitar

I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
I'm thinkin' of my own self preservation
I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
From this COVID virus I'm escapin'

I tried to find some ways to make things better here
I started makin' chili and brewing homemade beer
I can have a beer at lunch or any time I choose
And if I get sleepy I go and have a snooze

I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
It's a paradigm that I'm formulatin'
I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
Making the most of the trouble we're all facin'

Now I get to sleep in, I don't need no alarm
I can work under the covers where things are nice and warm
I don't have to drive to work now, my keys stay in the hall
I don't have to wear my work clothes or anything at all

I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
It's a life style that I'm celebratin'
I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
I'm just dealin' with this situation

We like to go for walks when my working day is done
We keep our social distance we don't bother anyone
At night we watch concerts from our living room
As that saying goes there ain't no place like home

I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
I'm just following rules and regulations
I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
Tell me when it's over I'll be waitin'

I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
It's a way of life I find so captivatin'
I'm hibernatin', hibernatin'
It's just like taking one big long vacation (last time: staycation)

A Suburban Life

© 2017 G. McFarlane

It's Saturday, I'm at the picnic table
I've got burgers and corn up on the grill
I wave "hi" to the dog next door Mabel
And her tail wagging says she loves me still

My wife says the flowers needs watering
Which reminds me I'm ready for a beer
She spent all summer doing gardening
And I'm glad that we spend our summers here

Chorus: it's a suburban life with my suburban wife
 Everything's all right the way it is
 A suburban life on a saturday night
 It's the kind of life I know I want to live

There's a cardinal on our neighbour's antenna
While Mabel is stretched out on the lawn
Behind me I see a flag of Canada
And I know this is where I belong

I see the flowers that are budding
And reflect upon the beauty of the day
Til I notice the grass needs cutting
But all in all everything's okay

Chorus

Bridge: And a beer on the dock would sure hit the spot
 But I don't even have a swimming pool
 Still just like my friend Dave I know I can't complain
 I've got plenty other ways for keeping cool

They say it's going to rain tomorrow
But tonight we're under a blue sky
There's a ladder cross the street I need to borrow
But it's Saturday and I am feeling fine

Chorus

The Shipbuilding Song

(C) 2004 Glenn McFarlane

(based on "How to build a wooden ship...New Brunswick Style" (c) 1998, Dorothy Dearborn)

You start with the keel for it needs to come first
You place in the stocks your finest cut birch
Then the stern and the bow posts are fitted right in
For to carry the timber to market

Next come the framers they work in two gangs
On either ship's sides the skeletons hang
Hoist them together then the fore and the aft
For to carry the timber to market

Chorus: way, ho, shipbuilding we go
From Bathurst and Shippagen and Richibucto
Saint John and St. Andrews (2, 4: St. Martins) and all in between
We're the shipbuilding men of New Brunswick

The plankers divide to work on each face
They start with the top sides then pick up the pace
Boring the holes and driving the nails
For to carry the timber to market

Dub off the rough spots to make a fine line
Caulk up the seams in plenty good time
Strengthen the ship with great iron knees
For to carry the timber to market

Chorus

Next comes the deck boys and put her up fast
The cabins and houses to go fore and aft
The spar makers finish by raising the masts
For to carry the timber to market

Now she's ready for launching come gather about
Ease her in gently as you knock the props out
The tugboat will guide her to her berth at the wharf
For to carry the timber to market

Chorus twice

Wag Your Tail

© 2019 G. McFarlane

Look at Rover go, he's having a mighty fine time
You never hear him bark, you never hear him growl or whine
You can tell he's happy by the way he moves his little behind

Look at Rover go, he's running round the yard all day
You never see him stop, all he wants to do is play
He just wags his tail; maybe we should do the same

Ch: Wag your tail, wag your tail
Go ahead and make it go
Wag your tail, wag your tail
Shake away all your woes
When you wag your tail you'll feel good from head to toe

Rover never bothers to worry about bad news
He just licks your face to wash away all your blues
When you're feeling down, he knows just what to do

Ch.

So whenever you have problems all you have to do is wag your tail
Just think happy thoughts and all your troubles start to pale
Before you know it you'll be singing like a nightingale

Ch. Twice

Once Upon a Song

© 2015 G. McFarlane

Dark clouds are rolling in now
The storm's about to burst
I've got this sinking feeling
We've gone from bad to worse
The time it is upon us
The seeds have all been sown
The enemy is rising
We've got to hold our own

But take no mind
We still shall shine
And we shall still be strong (overcome)
United we shall meet (sing) again
Once upon a song

The passion and the fury
Are gathering within
We've not lived the whole story
For we shall rise again
It may not be tomorrow
But it won't be too long
Before we're reunited
Once upon a song

What's right is right, what's wrong is wrong
And that's worth fighting for
Stand up to every battle
Until we lose the war

They can take all my possessions
And all my money too
But one thing they will never take
Is my own point of view
So if perchance we meet again
When everything is gone
Tell them that you knew me when
Once upon a song

Windrow Blues

© 2019 G. McFarlane

Well I saw it on the radar, they forecast lots of snow
As if that weren't enough, it was really going to blow
The weatherman predicted 'twas the worst storm of the year
It knew it'd be tough going to get my driveway cleared

So I got up extra early and put on my winter boots
A scarf around my neck and my warmest winter toque
It took me over an hour to clear it to bare ground
Then just when I had finished that old snowplough came around

Ch: For I looked out the window only to see a windrow
So now I have to shovel out again
For it weren't so long ago I cleared my driveway free of snow
And I wonder will this shoveling ever end
I've got the windrow blues

So I heaved a heavy sigh and put those boots back on my feet
To clear out all the rubble where the road and driveway meet
The snow's so dense and heavy it's just like shoveling bricks
But I had to do it right away before it starts to stick

Half an hour later I finally cleared it all
By then my driveway's snowbanks were getting pretty tall
My back was sore and aching my fingers numb and cold
But then the snow plough came again and dumped another load

Ch:

So I ran up to the snowplough and told him what I thought
'Bout how he keeps on coming when I'd rather he would not
He said it's nothing personal he's got a job to do
But would it really hurt him to hold off an hour or two

Next year I'm going to buy myself a snow blowing machine
Then it'll be less trouble to keep my driveway clean
I can clear it anytime, as often as I choose
But for now I have to suffer those winter windrow blues

I Wrote a Song Today

© 2017 G. McFarlane

I wrote a song today
I saw the world in a new and different way
I said the things I needed to say
When I wrote this song today

But nothing changed today
Everything remained exactly the same
It didn't make a difference either way
When I wrote this song today

There's still prejudice and violence
Discrimination, racism
Poverty and crime and hate and war
There's still homicide and suicide
Terrorism, torture
And nobody can even say what for

I saved the world today
I played a song that made everything okay
But noone heard it when I played
So nothing really changed

I tried my best today
To make all life's problems go away
But it's no use, they're here to stay
Just like they were yesterday

There's still hunger and famine
Pain and suffering
Greed, disease and living in fear
There's still cruelty, hostility
Heartlessness and homelessness
Seems my song has fallen on deaf ears

I wasted time today
I tried to make all these evils go away
But nothing changed, the world's still the same
Full of sadness, grief and sorrow

So I'll end this song today
With hope that maybe there can be a better way
And maybe someone else will have something new to say
That'll change the world tomorrow

A Long Weekend

© 2017 G. McFarlane

Ch: I want a long weekend
I need a long weekend
Give me a long weekend
I just need more time to unwind

Friday doesn't seem so long ago
And where the time went, goodness knows
All I know is here it is Sunday
In just a few hours it's going to be Monday
I left work with the best laid plans
But somehow things kinda got out of hand
I never got all my errands done
Guess I spent too much time having too much fun

Ch.

I work so hard, it doesn't seem fair
How time speeds up when the weekend gets here
There were so many things I wanted to do
Now I look at the clock and I'm only half through
I grind out a living day after day
Just to see that weekend go slipping away
I can't face the start of another week
I'm so damned tired I just need some more sleep

Ch., solo

Imagine the time I would have
With one more day just to kick back
You know I'd give most anything
If I didn't have to hear that alarm clock ring
I tell you what I'm gonna do
I'm gonna call up my boss tell him I've got the flu
I'll say I'm sick and gotta stay in bed
Then have myself a nice long weekend instead