

Dan & Faith / Dreaming of Another Path

Sleepy Town

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At the general store you can get / Dog-house roses
and cigarettes / Rods and reels and fishing nets /
Movie rentals and snacks for pets / In this sleepy
little town / In this sleepy little town

This old town that time forgot / With its winding
roads and flower pots / Neighbors who never lock
their doors / But the trains don't stop here
anymore

At the general store it all goes down / Social hub of
this small town / Where the gossip goes around
And policeman makes his daily rounds / In this
sleepy little town / In this sleepy little town

This old town that time forgot / With its winding
roads and flower pots / Neighbors who never lock
their doors / But the trains don't stop here
anymore

At the general store you'll find it all / Snow shoes
hanging from the wall / Gas your car, rakes for fall
What you need, though it's no mall / In this sleepy
little town / In this sleepy little town

Highway went by years ago / Factory moved to
Mexico / Quarry's closed and the motel too / Quiet
settles like the morning dew

But the general store has closed its doors / Dust
collects on creaking floors / Can't shop in this town
no more / And we don't know what's in store / For
this sleepy little town / For this sleepy little town

This old town that time forgot / With its winding
roads and flower pots / Neighbors who never lock
their doors / But the trains don't stop here
anymore / In this sleepy little town

I've Missed Me

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I've missed me / I've been away / Been in a dark
place / Don't want to stay / I've missed me / I'm
coming back / Back to me

I've missed you / I've been alone / Been in a dark
place / So far from home / I've missed you / I'm
coming back / Back to you

Where do you go when there's nobody home? /
What do you do when you can't face your life? /
How do you wake from your own reality? / Where
am I? / Who am I?

Disconnected / Locked up inside / Been in a dark
place / My soul had died / Disconnected / I'm
coming back / Back to me / Disconnected
I'm coming back / Back to me

South Of Spain

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It was after graduation, spring was on the breeze /
Got a case of wanderlust, headed out across the sea
/ Rail-pass and guitar in hand, I set out to explore /
Beauty of a foreign land, gentle curves of distant
shores

And I still remember, Elisa was her name / It was
mid-September, in the south of Spain / And I still

remember how she said my name / Making love
among the heather, in the pouring rain

'Twas the latter days of summer, at a guesthouse
on a hill / A captivating lover, I dream about her
still / Flowing hair and deep brown eyes, heart
with love to share / Sculpture of suntanned thighs,
embrace in cool night air

And I still remember, Elisa was her name / It was
mid-September, in the south of Spain / And I still
remember how she said my name / Making love
among the heather, in the pouring rain

Many years have come and gone, many loves along
the way / 'Twas my fate to move along, another
town, another day / The open road, another mile,
yet I dream about her still / Miss the curves of her
smile, and that guesthouse on the hill

So many miles, so many nights / So many smiles,
none of them right / I strum this guitar, write
songs to play / Wonder where you are, wish I had
stayed

And I still remember, Elisa was her name / It was
mid-September, in the south of Spain / And I still
remember how she said my name / Making love
among the heather, in the pouring rain / In the
south of Spain

Old Cabin

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I'll visit old dreams again / Of imagined places seen
before / I'll take a walk there with new friends /
And visit those who have gone before

I walk along a narrow, muddy track / Grass grows
up the middle, not used anymore / This old cabin's
owner's not coming back / Through the mists of
time I find its door

This old cabin yearns for company / For the feel of
little feet upon its floors / In the cold winter
without its family / Waiting for a friendly knock
upon the door

The cabin watches over the trees / Guards the un-
kept yard and rocky soil / Listens to the sounds
upon the breeze / And dreams of when its builder
did once toil

In the back yard is a rock with piled stones / Marks
the place where ashes laid to rest / Now its master
has left it all alone / The cabin guides him on his
spirit quest

The children have all moved away / They come to
visit when they get the chance / The old cabin
wishes they would stay / Wishes to feel little feet
dance

Will there be another generation? / Will new
children come and run and play? / The old cabin
doesn't want to be forgotten / Will someone come
and stay another day? / Will someone come and
stay another day?

Amish From The Stars

© 2007 Daniel Senie

Did you ever stop to wonder, just where we all
came from? / Did we crawl out of the ooze, or from
a distant sun?

What if humans really came to Earth / From homes
among the stars / Looking for a simple life of worth
Without TV sets or cars? / What if our ancestors
really were / Amish from the stars?

Maybe they were runaways / Escaping the bonds
of machines / And decided to live a simpler way /
To grow organic coffee beans / What if our
ancestors really were / Amish from the stars?

Had they left a life of enslavement / Ensnared by
robotic chains / Led to a new promised land / By a
Moses with star-drive planes? / What if our
ancestors really were / Amish from the stars?

Have we in time repeated the past / And
reinvented what we once abhorred? / Will we
again be outcast / To seek a new world once more?
/ What if our ancestors really were / Amish from
the stars? / What if our ancestors really were /
Amish from the stars?

Brittle Bones

© 2009 Faith Senie

She was strong once / Strong enough to make a
little kid believe in flight / As Nana lifted me up off
the ground and spun me with delight / Never up
too high or low, but always just right / She was so
strong

She was my hero / Widowed at an early age, she
raised her son alone / Kept a home and ran a
corporate kitchen on her own / Threw the biggest
parties that the neighborhood had known / She did
it all

But now I sit with her / And she reaches for my
hand / And I feel the brittle bones beneath her pale
white skin / She tells me she's done everything
that in her life she'd planned / And her eyes say
she thinks it's time to pack it in

We do not mourn / Mourning is for lives cut short,
potential unfulfilled / Not for those who did it all,
inspired, charmed and thrilled / We celebrate a
spirit that flowed free and is now stilled / We
celebrate / We celebrate

Last Walk

© 2006 Daniel Senie

In my mind I see your face / Echo of a warm
embrace / Take one last walk with me / Through a
lifetime's memories

Come walk with me through time / Through
starlight and sunshine / The seasons fill our sails
As we follow separate trails

Mystic music fills the air / Close my eyes and you
are there / A link opened through sound / Two
souls for a moment bound

Come walk with me through time / Through
starlight and sunshine / The seasons fill our sails /
As we follow separate trails

Feel you here with me tonight / Spirit ready for
final flight / Always tried to make you proud /
Though never spoke of it out loud

Now say a last farewell / The stories mine to tell /
You pass a final door / And I'll miss you ever more

Come walk with me through time / Through
starlight and sunshine / The seasons fill our sails /
As we follow separate trails

Come walk with me through time / Through
starlight and sunshine / The seasons fill our sails /
As we follow separate trails

No Blues Blues © 2007 Faith Senie

My baby plays the blues harp / He learned the
bluesy scale / So I want to write a blues song / So
he can bend and wail

But I got the no-blues blues (it's true!) / I got the
no-blues blues / I got the no-blues blues / Got no
reason to be blue

It's hard to write a blues song / When you ain't got
no blues / My baby he's been faithful / Ain't got no
dog to lose

I got the no-blues blues (it's so sad!) / I got the no-
blues blues / I got the no-blues blues / Got no
reason to be blue

My house has just been fixed up / My car it runs
just fine / My baby feeds me good food / I even
drink good wine

I got the no-blues blues (I do!) / I got the no-blues
blues / I got the no-blues blues / Got no reason to
be blue (take it, babe!)

My job was not the greatest / There might have
been blues there / But in high tech, we all change
jobs / Like we change our underwear

And I'm back to the no-blues blues (but a much
better job!) / I still got the no-blues blues / I got
the no-blues blues / Got no reason to be blue (let's
take it home, boys!)

I got the no-blues blues (who!) / I got the no-
blues blues / I got the no blues blues / Got no
reason to be blue (yeah!)

Into The Light © 2006 Daniel Senie

Let us never forget / Let us always forgive /
Though we harbor regret / Let us remember to live

Let us treat all as friends / Let us seek common
ground / Through efforts to mend / Let us tear the
walls down

Let us never neglect / Let us strive to unite /
Through grace and respect / Let us come to the
light

Into the light / Of a new day / Sharing the love /
That shows us the way

Let us all come together / Let us always be free /
Toward harmony forever / Let us all be at peace /
Toward harmony forever / Let us all be at peace

The Old Hall © 2008 Daniel Senie

This old hall has heard it all before / But it's been
thirty years or more / Will the sound still ring
clear? / Will the sound still ring true? / Come play
for me / And I'll come play for you

For a hundred years, they'd come to hear / Music
filled the hall, filled their hearts with cheer / Along
came radio and the movie screen / Then they all
stayed home and watched it on TV

*The old hall was locked up. Dust settled on the
floors.*

This old hall has heard it all before / But it's been
thirty years or more / Will the sound still ring
clear? / Will the sound still ring true? / Come play
for me / And I'll come play for you

Through the years, the hall slept and dreamed /
Remembering the notes that echoed in its beams /
'Til one day came a knock upon the door / New
hands cleaned the windows, swept the floors

The old hall wondered what was in store.

This old hall has heard it all before / But it's been
thirty years or more / Will the sound still ring
clear? / Will the sound still ring true? / Come play
for me / And I'll come play for you

Now some nights there's blues and rock & roll /
Other nights acoustic tunes, voices of gold /
Sometimes a musical filled with pizzazz / Or the
cool sounds of a trio playing jazz

And the old hall welcomes it all with glee.

Long ago the hall brought together neighbors /
Connected them in song after their labors / Now
once more the doors welcome community / Young
and old together, their spirits dancing free

And the old hall says...

This old hall had heard it all before / Though it'd
been thirty years or more / But the sound still
rings clear / And the sound still rings true / Come
play for me / And I'll come play for you / Come
play with me / And I'll come play with you

In My Dreams © 2008 Daniel Senie

I close my eyes and dream of unknown places / Of
fairy tales and nightmares in Technicolor hues /
Crowds filled with strange, familiar faces / Starlit
skies and empty spaces, and I find you

A hidden path within the mazes / Vivid colors
hidden within the morning dew / Moon shines
bright in all its phases / In deep blue dreams, I will
find you

Through the years my dreams recur / I've seen this
all before, yes, it's true / Some nights, life seems
just a blur / But for the time I spend with you

The days and nights, they slip away / Still I can't
feel sad or blue / And though our hair is turning
grey / In my dreams, I dream of you

It seems a lifetime since that day / And yet it also
seems the time just flew / Together as we work
and play / Forever in my dreams, forever I love
you / I love you

Halo Of Peace © 2009 Daniel Senie

Let a halo rise forth from this place / From this
crowd filled with joy and with grace / We come
here tonight / With the moon shining bright / Fill
the world with a message of peace

We share in the music we bring / Together we
make this hall ring / Brought together by tunes /
That we play and we croon / Share our lives
through the songs that we sing

With the wars that rage everywhere / With the
suffering and the despair / Let us help others cope
Let us reach out with hope / With our songs filled
with love and with care

And let a halo rise forth from this place / From this
crowd filled with joy and with grace / We come
here tonight / With the moon shining bright / Fill
the world with a message of peace

And once more shall liberty be / A beacon for the
whole world to see / As she lifts up her lamp /
From the cold and the damp / To remind us this
place must be free

Let a halo rise forth from this place / From this
crowd filled with joy and with grace / We come
here tonight / With the moon shining bright / Fill
the world with a message of peace / Fill the world
with a message of peace / Fill the world with a
message of peace

Tumbleweed © 2008 Faith Senie & Daniel Senie

Rolling down the highway, going nowhere fast / I
drive to this same nowhere every single day / Just
for once, I'd like to make the current trip my last /
To exit from the daily trek and find another way

I'm taking the first tumbleweed whichever way the
wind blows / I'm hopping on my wanderlust and
going thataway / I'm taking the first tumbleweed
whichever way the wind blows / I'm following the
next road whichever way it goes

Thumb a ride to everywhere along the open road /
Rambling 'round the back roads of this amazing
land / Follow the next river whichever way it flows
/ Just a backpack on my back and guitar in hand

I'm taking the first tumbleweed whichever way the
wind blows / I'm hopping on my wanderlust and
going thataway / I'm taking the first tumbleweed
whichever way the wind blows / I'm following the
next road whichever way it goes

But today I drive the line; a schedule I must keep /
Through sunny days and rainy nights, and even ice
and snow / I run this route so often I could do it in
my sleep / Dreaming of another path, another way
to go

I'm taking the first tumbleweed whichever way the
wind blows / I'm hopping on my wanderlust and
going thataway / I'm taking the first tumbleweed
whichever way the wind blows / I'm following the
next road whichever way it goes / I'm following
the next road whichever way it goes