

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8583

STEREO

SOME OF US HAD TO LIVE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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MICHAEL COHEN

Side One

Soren 2:31 Poison Darts 3:32 Oracle (on Main St.) 2:58 The Riddled Song 1:57 Dvin' Day 5:00

Side Two

Spend Your Love With Me Ward Six Revisited 3:00 Don 3:25 Sole Inheritor 5:05 In A Dream, Again 4:06

All songs composed by Michael Cohen © 1975 Common Thread Music, BMI (except The Riddled Song: music — P.D.; lyrics — Michael Lobel)

Produced by Michael Cohen

Cover Photograph by Vivien Rabin

Booklet by Sue Apter

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 8583

STEREO

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Photograph by EDWARD SELINGER

Michael Cohen SOME OF US HAD TO LIVE

side one side -

Soren 2:31 Spend Your Love With Me 2:30

Poison Darts 3:32 Ward Six Revisited 3:00

Oracle (on MainSt.) 2:58 Don 3:25

The Riddled Song 1:57 Sole Inheritor 5:05

Millstone 2:15 In A Dream, Again 4:06

Dyin' Day 5:00

Lobel is to be congratulated, paraded along Fifth Avenue and made subject to further humiliation for "Striking more than a match" for himself, for adding the "elegance", and for "God Only knows". Thank you.

- * All songs except "Sören", "Dyin Day", "Sole Inheritor", and "Don" were engineered by Michael Lobel.
- ** "Sören", "Dyin' Day", and "Sole Inheritor" were engineered by K.K.
- * "Don" was recorded live in concert at WBAI's Free Music Store by Judith Sherman.

Michael Cohen plays piano, guitar, and arp synthesizer.

Contributing musicians:

- * Michael Lobel guitar, dulcimer guitar, harmonica, chimes, and flute
- * Lucas Mason-flute (The Riddled Song")

*** John Henry Curry - bass and guitar

- ** Bill Letang-drums and percussion
- + Tra Epstein-organ

All songs composed by Michael Cohen @1975 common thread music BMS (except "The Riddled Song": music-p.d; lyrics by Michael Lobel @1970 Lobel Productions)

Michael Lobel arranged and co-produced "The Riddled Song" and "In A Dream, Again".

Produced by Michael Cohen

M 1630.18 C678 S693 1976

MUSIC LP

Do you wake up in the morning and water your plants with the american flag staring at you?

Do you fake it by adoming your persona with make up Ain't you tired of playing the catcher?

-me too, I get weary And sometimes we clash head on But you're the only friend I ever had I hate to hurt you loabe, it saidles me sail But you get me so dominad mad

Short-circuited, quick-tempered
malfunctioned, washed out
so you pop some pills and rest for an hour
Then you wake up regretful
so mournful and sad
And you blame it on the moon and its powers
-- not me, I don't buy that one
It's just a matter of your ego and my will
And whose is stronger?
It's supposed to be me
And who's wrong here?
my eyes can't see
In all this cloudy mystery

But I would meet you on the corner of submission and goals where Hemingway and Barbie Doll are in summit But we won't play the mourner we'll petition our roles and be grateful that we got something from it move back to sunnyside And I'll bring you some Kuhlua and Milk And some works and some white powder frost on, let's forget it, that was yesterday's loss come across

Do you wake up in the morning and water your plants with the american flag Staring at you?

Poison Darts

I left with your hat on But my head was hurting And my thoughts were grim you sat there trying to put a smile on But I could see the dark you were sinting in

Beneath the flickering lights and the tinsel and the strangers caught in the grind lies one man trying to love you finding it so hard just to be kind

Poison darts and liberation play your part for the stimulation for the stimulation

I hear you're working real hard at reception but you're playing remote to me once again with your accusations of deception and you claim a heart once broken can hever mend

you know, to really like to talk it all out with you louse our roles were never pre-disposed and you can blame it on the full moon or the crack in my mirror Blame it on me but who the hell really knows

I think you never really trusted yourself from the start
I think you were scared away
by the rumblings of your own heart
rumblings of your own heart

I think you never really trusted yourself Pright from the start
I think you were scaned away by the rumblings of your own heart
Rumblings of your own heart



Oracle (on Main Street)

Vision to my eye
first fragmanted journey
passed me by
teaching me to love
and soaring like a falcon
or a dove
Soaring like a falcon
or a dove
Swooping down
you teach me how to love

Come into my life and I live for you for you i'd gladly die need not ask me why I only know it as the mist that's in my eye know it as the mist that's in my eye linto my life you feach me how to fly

In my wonderland
felt time and tide
were slipping through my hands
But in the hush of night
unhoaded falcon robbed me
of my sight
Gouged my eyes
and prophesied my doom
like Jocasta—
absorption into womb

Vision to my eye
first fragmented journey
passed me by
teaching me to love
and soaring like a falcon
or a dove
Teaching me to love
and soaring like a falcon
or a dove
Teaching me to love
Teaching me to love

The Riddled Song*
I gave my love and giving was all that I could spare.
I lost my love and living was all I could bear.

Love, that thou a token. The many-martyred ways. A heart that is broken Gives half-hearted praise.

I shall sing songs of love unrequited In the Phrygian mode.

I shall dance out of step and without a partner In an awkward two time.

I shall paint your portrait In oil and vinegar.

Still, I shall never forget the architecture of your body In your blue print dress.

Millstone

You're lying somewhere on an un made bed soiling the sheets wahing the dead demons you planted wish they were buried can't get off to sleep All your strongholds been strangled you'll remain a mystery locked in your history a mill stone around your very dignified neck

you're somewhere alone with a gun in your hands blood stained and shaking there's a rumble in the land and an edge to your voice when you ain't got no choice your hollow heroin calls and you stare at the crumbling walls and think: you're beyond reproach; Do you ride a cast-iron coach to your suicide?

To your own suicide

you would like to explain.
but it's all such a mess
was I part of your pain?
was I one of your best?
or did I just craw!
into the rainbow of your waterfall?
you're hiding way in your sname
so you can fake a deeper yow
but you know it's all over now
except for the lie
and the stone
and the rain.

* the complete poem as written by Michael Lobel

Dyin' Day

Feel like I'm riding and everything's fading fast ain't no one 'round me to tell me that it just won't last But this time I'll close my eyes and tell my self everything's really alright I'm just a nail on the cross I don't mean what I do

But I feel like I'm drowning
Man I just can't seem to get back on my feet
on my corner's a mourner
eulogizing all my defeats
And fine heat's on
Damned inferno fire
steaming on my windowpand
washing me in these beads of sweat
when all I ever wanted was some cleansing rain

Feel like I'm dyin'
least it gives me something to do
so just one sad song for me
Lord, you know I done that for you
In my life —
my loves, send them all away
just tell me where to go
I'll lay me down
this dyin'day

So sing that sad song for me Lord, you know I done that much for you in my life my loves, send them all away just tell me where to go I'll lay me down this dyin! day

Sole Inheritor Don O poor Don ain't it hard to carry on An army of outlaws a band of outsiders were wishing their work to be done the air cuts thick you're thinking everybody's gone one fell from heaven one rose from hades
my love was a beam from the sun
mistreated lovers all
with many a wound left to show cneap hotel room sleeping till the afternoon spitting blood into the sink howling at the fullest moon they joined together They can cart you off to Bellevue Let you know that you're mad But they'll never make you harmless for to seek what no man will ever know But I hear you in the hall They'll leave you hungry And if you're down Don't it get you sad throwing shadows on my wall heroes in the fall once travelled with them That moon can shine like silver I wanted to give them my body but your eyes, they're filled with rain mugned and mytima you're scarred, you're scared and lopely but the closer I came leaves you searching for the vein that much deeper the pain they wanted to ruin my mind 50 you steal night down that hollow path acid-bound and starry-eyed where the lost and broken poets hide with hardly a song left unsung but you're just grazing your flesh them. (Still a loner) coming out the other side thriving off of the fantaby being eternally young They can cart you off to Bellevue Let you know that you're mad But they'll never make you harmless But I hear you in the hall throwing shadows on my wall heroes in the fall They'll leave you hungry nesolarmies of outlaws these dreamers united still long for their work to be done And if you're down Don't it get you sad o poor Don first declaring the war than claiming they're pure aint it hard to carryon the waves may pull you under now there ain't nothing left here but no one's really sonz
you can cart him off to Banevue
Let him know that he's mad to be won teruded losers all you'll never transcend your own minds But you're never gonna make him harmless you'll leave him hunory scalged begging for some kind of afterlite And if he's down Don't it get you sad and you're lame and you're lost and you're blind If he be down But I hear you in the hall Don't it get you sad throwing shadows on my wall heroes in the fall But 1 still think about them reant live without them when all my mainline sorrows unfold sof climbed on their altar my footsteps, they taltered as spon as the word had been told I am the sole inheritor of their aust and destruction and gold but my armour lies twisted nusted and cold But I hear you in the hall throwing stadows on my wall heroes in the fall all you heroes in the fall

In a dream, again

you stopped by in a dream, again you're really quite a card always playing tricks on me, my friend whenever i'm off guard

To find me with a growth of beard and a body drugged and numb from memory loss and contact fear and living on the run

from songs of you to songs of sue sive never really changed the same old chords the same old blues they've just been rearranged

Won't you set me free to love again o you make my life so hard five years and three thousand miles, sweet friend of catching me off guard

Sdon't claim to have an alibi
I just hide behind my hair
when I look down and release the tie
that held my sanity thread bare

Once again I kneel down in a mist and pray that you will leave but my prayers are easy to resist and my heart is on my sleeve

Once again I kneel down in a mist and I pray that you will leave but my prayers, they're so easy to resist and my heart is on my sleeve