

Folkways Album FL 9723

# UNDERGROUND STREETS

Words and Original Music  
By Norman Riley

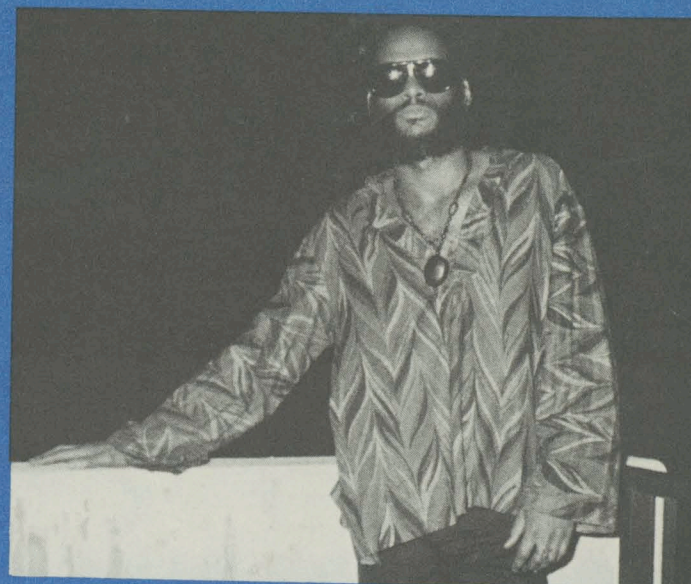


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1980

MUSIC LP



Folkways Album FL 9723



**SIDE ONE**

- 1) SOUNDS OF THE STREETS 7:18
- 2) QUIETLY UNTITLED 3:50
- 3) ...MUGABE 2:50

**SIDE TWO**

- 1) MYSTERIOUS LADY 2:53
- 2) THE ROCK 6:20
- 3) COLORS 4:47

**UNDERGROUND STREETS**

Voice Arrangements.....Norman Riley, Angela Feaster  
Musical Arrangements...Norman Riley, Fred McFarlane

RECORDED LIVE IN PERFORMANCE AT  
CROSSFIRE STUDIOS  
147 WEST 22nd STREET  
N.Y., N.Y.

Engineer.....Peter Darmi  
Produced by.....Norman Riley  
Cover Art.....Larry Moore  
Photos.....Alex Martinez

This album is dedicated to my father, Elwood T. Riley,  
who is solely responsible for its production.  
And to a very good friend, who I hope won't forget me,  
Mary Alice Dillard.  
Special thanks to my beloved Angela.

**SPECIAL THANKS TO THE WARRIORS:**

CLIVE THOMPSON	GYLAN KAIN	MARK RILEY
BILL CURTIS	CLAY STEVENSON	ANGELA FEASTER
OWEN DODSON	CLAYTON RILEY	ALICE DILLARD
VANTILE WHITFIELD		RON MILNER

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# UNDERGROUND STREETS

**Words and Original Music  
By Norman Riley**

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# UNDERGROUND STREETS

Words and Original Music

by Norman Riley

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



NORMAN RILEY IS A TWENTY SIX YEAR OLD TEACHER, WRITER, COMPOSER, AND PERFORMER. HIS MUSIC AND POETRY HAS BEEN SEEN IN CLUBS AND ON COLLEGE CAMPUSES ACROSS THE EASTERN SEABOARD. HE HAS WORKED WITH ARISTA RECORDING ARTIST, ANGELA BOFILL, CHOREOGRAPHER GEORGE FAISON, AND POET/PLAYWRIGHT AMIRI BARAKA AMONG OTHERS. FOUR ORIGINAL PLAYS, "ATTICA/ADVENTURES WITH RICO", "RUNAWAY PEOPLE", "THE CENTER", AND "THE LAST PANTHER", HAVE BEEN PERFORMED IN THE NEW YORK, CONN., AND WASHINGTON D.C. AREAS. MR. RILEY CURRENTLY RESIDES IN MANHATTAN, AND CONTINUES TO COMPOSE AND PERFORM, WHILE WORKING ON HIS FIRST NOVEL, "THE EVOLUTION OF DESSALINES SCOTT".

## SOUNDS OF THE STREETS

SOME OF OUR MOST ARTICULATE, "HARDEST WORKING" POETS, ARE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGED AS SUCH. THEY SIMPLY DO WHAT'S GOT TO BE DONE, WHAT'S NEEDED, WHAT'S FELT. SOUNDS OF THE STREETS IS ABOUT THEM. AND ABOUT A MAN NAMED JAMES BROWN, WHO SOME PEOPLE SAY WAS/STILL IS IN HIS OWN RIGHT, ONE OF OUR GREATEST POETS.....

## QUIETLY UNTITLED

IN NATURE, FOR EVERY "ONE", THERE IS/SHOULD BE "ANOTHER". FOR EVERY BIRD WHO SINGS QUIET MATING SONGS IN THE FOREST, FOR EVERY HUMAN BEING WHO HAS PASSIONATELY LONGED FOR THE COMPANY, THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER, QUIETLY UNTITLED IS AN OFFERING..... A WISH... A DREAM.....

## MUGABE

IN LOOKING TOWARDS THE FUTURE, WE MUST LOOK TO AFRICA. IN LOOKING AT AFRICA, WE MUST SEE ROBERT MUGABE, THE GENERAL, THE PRIME MINISTER, SERVANT OF HIS PEOPLE. MAY THE LAND NOW CALLED ZIMBABWE BE THE GREAT NATION IT ONCE WAS. MAY THE VISION OF MUGABE AND HIS PEOPLE STRETCH FROM SALISBURY TO 145th STREET AND ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE. MAY THE FUTURE BELONG TO THOSE OF US WHO HAVE THE COURAGE TO BUILD IT.....

## MYSTERIOUS LADY

SHE IS NOTICED, BUT NEVER SEEN. SHE IS HEARD/FELT BUT NEVER REALLY LISTENED TO. THE SIMPLE FACT THAT SHE IS HERE "SO YOUNG SO PRETTY" TELLS US A LOT ABOUT HER CONDITION, BUT SAYS EVEN MORE ABOUT OURS.....

## THE ROCK

THIS IS ABOUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL IN THE UNDERGROUND. FROM THE LONELY BAR STOOL AT MIDNIGHT, TO THE CROWDED PLATFORM AND CLOSING DOORS OF THE 8:30 a.m. IRT, THE ROCK SPEAKS OF A HUNGER- A NEED TO BE..... SOMETHING MORE THAN WHAT HAS BEEN OFFERED US.....

## COLOURS

SOON, THERE WILL BE A LONG MARCH, WHICH WILL BEGIN AT SUNSET, AND CONTINUE UNTIL THE DAWN-NEW, FRESH, ALIVE-RISES UP AMONGST US..... BETWEEN THAT SPECIAL SUNSET/MORNING, THERE IS A RIVER, WHICH TOGETHER, WE MUST CROSS. MALCOM, MARTIN, LUMUMBA, MUGABE ARE ALL BEHIND US- PUSHING..... IF WE ALL JOIN HANDS, AND KEEP MOVING FORWARD NO MATTER WHAT THE OBSTACLES, THE FUTURE-THE NEW DAWN- WILL BELONG TO US..... FOREVER.....

CUT#1

SOUNDS OF THE STREETS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NORMAN RILEY

TIME APPROXIMATE 7:18

PERSONNEL:

NORMAN RILEY..... LEAD VOICE, SYNTHESIZER  
FRED MCFARLANE... ACOUSTIC PIANO  
ERIC BUCHANAN..... TRUMPET  
KEVIN HILL..... ACOUSTIC BASS  
ANDRE WORTHY..... SYNARE DRUM SYNTHESIZER  
ANGELA FEASTER..... BACKGROUND VOICE  
JANE SIMMS..... BACKGROUND VOICE  
TROY STROTHER..... BACKGROUND VOICE  
RICHARD ARNOLD..... BACKGROUND VOICE

SOUNDS OF THE STREETS

SOMETIMES I LIKE TO RIDE THE RHYTHM  
AND LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE STREETS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

IT'S STAR TIME AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO

THE CREATOR OF

OH BABY DON'T YOU WEEP PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

THE HARDEST WORKIN MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS

MR. JAMES BROWN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

"CAN'T STAND IT, CAN'T STAND IT BABY"

MISS LUCY MISS LUCY GOOD GOD MISS LUCY

YOU SURE DO LOOK GOOD TO ME

GOIN TO SEE JAMES BROWN OVER AT THE APOLLO?

YEAH WELL I'M GONNA COME SEE YOU MISS LUCY

SOON AS I GET MY NEXT SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK

I'M GONNA COME SEE YOU.....

YO MAN

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE THE HECK YOU GOIN?

YOU STEPPED ON MY SHOES MAN THESE SHOES COST ME FORTY DOLLARS

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S DAMN NEAR TWO DAYS PAY?

YEAH WELL I TELL YOU WHAT

YOU STEP ON THESE SHOES AGAIN AND YOU GONNA STEP RIGHT INTO HARLEM HOSPITAL

" 1 2 3 4 5 LENOX AVENUE DON'T TAKE NO JIVE

6 7 8 9 10 JUMP IN YOUR FACE AND SAY IT AGAIN"

NOT NOW BABY NOT RIGHT NOW I CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW

I GOT TO GO GET MY CLOTHES OUT THE CLEANERS

I'M GONNA GO SEE JAMES BROWN AT THE APOLLO

WHY DON'T YOU GET LOST MOMA? SHOOOOOOOOOOT.....

YO SWEET THING SWEET THING

GLADYS KNIGHT ARETHA FRANKLIN CHAKA KAHN OF MY LIFE

COULD YOU LEMME HOLD THIS QUICK FIVE DOLLARS

SO I COULD GET MY CLOTHES OUT THE CLEANERS?

COME ON BABY I WANNA GO SEE JAMES BROWN AT THE APOLLO.....

SOMETIMES I LIKE TO RIDE THE RHYTHM

AND LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE STREETS

"SAY IT LOUD, I'M BLACK AND I'M PROUD"

SAY IT LOUD YOU BLACK AND YOU WHAT?

YO BROTHERMAN BROTHERMAN

YOU BLACK AND YOU PROUD

WHY DON'T YOU COME ON AND BUY THIS POOR BLACK PEOPLES NEWSPAPER?

HEY MAN WE TRYIN TO PUT CLOTHES ON POOR PEOPLES BACKS WITH THIS PAPER

WE TRYIN TO FEED HUNGRY CHILDREN WITH THIS NEWSPAPER

COME ON MAN IT'S ONLY A QUARTER.....

YO MAN

WHY DON'T YOU COME ON AND BUY THAT FINE LOOKIN OLD LADY A YOURS

THIS FINE LOOKIN DRESS

I'LL SELL IT TO YOU FOR 15 DOLLARS 15 DOLLARS

HOW ABOUT IT?.....

" MOVIN ON UP MOVIN ON UP

LORD HAVE MERCY WE'RE MOVIN ON UP MOVIN ON UP"

SOUNDS OF THE STREETS (CONT.)

MR. JONES MR. JONES

WHAT'S HAPPENIN?

J.B. IS OVER AT THE APOLLO WHAT IT IS YOU GONNA GO CHECK HIM OUT?

OH YOU DON'T FEEL TO GOOD HUH?

YEAH I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT MAN

SAY WELL HOW'S THE JOB GOIN?

OH THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD

YEAH I HEAR YOU I HEAR YOU MR. JONES YOU KNOW SOMETHIN?

ONE OF THESE DAYS SOMEBODY'S GONNA BLOW UP THAT DAGGONE FACTORY

OH YOU DID BLOW UP THE FACTORY! THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

"MAKE IT FUNKY MAKE IT FUNKY MAKE IT FUNKY"

SAY BLACKMAN BLACKMAN YOU BETTER RAISE UP BROTHER

GET UP OFF YOUR KNEES IT'S "NATION TIME" NATION TIME".....

YO MAN WHY DON'T YOU GET UP MAN

THE MAN SEE YOU LAYIN HERE YOU GONNA GET ARRESTED

I TOLD YOU ABOUT DRINKIN ALL THAT LIQUOR

WHY DON'T YOU GET UP MAN?.....

BLACKMAN BLACKMAN THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE YOUR LAST CHANCE

GET UP OFF YOUR KNEES IT'S NATION TIME NATION TIME

"HIT ME"

"MOVIN ON UP MOVIN ON UP LORD HAVE MERCY WE'RE MOVIN ON UP"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

IT'S STAR TIME AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE CREATOR OF

OH BABY DON'T YOU WEEP PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

THE HARDEST WORKIN MAN IN SHOW BUSINESS

MR. JAMES BROWN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

SOMETIMES I LIKE TO RIDE THE RHYTHM

AND LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE STREETS.....

SIDE ONE CUT#2

QUIETLY UNTITLED

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NORMAN RILEY

TIME APPROXIMATE 3:50

PERSONNEL:

NORMAN RILEY..... VOICE

FRED MCFARLANE..... ACOUSTIC PIANO

KEVIN HILL..... ACOUSTIC BASS

QUIETLY UNTITLED

QUIETLY I WAIT I WAIT QUIETLY

JUST TO HOLD JUST TO TOUCH

SOMEONE SOMETHING LIKE YOU.....

WE STAND

ON TWO DIFFERENT SIDES OF A HIGHWAY

AND THE ROAD THAT LIES BETWEEN US STRETCHES SO WIDE

THAT I CANNOT REACH OUT AND TOUCH YOU

BUT I CAN SEE YOU CLEARLY

WATCH YOU FROM A DISTANCE

CAREFULLY SOFTLY INTENTLY

QUIETLY

THE BIGNESS OF YOUR FACE MYSTIFIES ME

TAKES ME TO PLACES I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO

QUIET PLACES DISTANT PLACES CLOSE PLACES

THE IMAGE OF YOUR SMILE

STAYS WITH ME AT NIGHT

WHEN I'M ALONE ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

LOOKING OUT INTO THE CLOUDS PASSING GENTLY THROUGH THE SKY

BUT

WE CANNOT WRAP OUR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER

WE STAND

ON TWO DIFFERENT SIDES OF A HIGHWAY

BETWEEN US

LIES TIME AND SPACE AND EMPTINESS

AND SO I SEARCH



QUIETLY UNTITLED(CONT.)

SEARCH DEEP INSIDE MYSELF

AND QUIETLY OUTSIDE IN THE WORLD

TO FIND SOMEWAY SOMEHOW

TO CROSS OVER THAT WIDENESS OF HIGHWAY

CAUSE I WANT SO BADLY JUST TO TOUCH YOU

YOU KNOW

A MAN WHOSE FEELINGS

TOUCH NOTHING BUT TIME AND SPACE

IS A LONELY MAN

A MAN WITH A SEED

AND NO WOMB TO PLANT IT IN

IS AN EMPTY MAN.....

THE IMAGE OF YOUR SMILE

STAYS WITH ME AT NIGHT

WHEN I'M ALONE ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

LOOKING OUT INTO THE CLOUDS PASSING GENTLY THROUGH THE SKY

I WAIT AND SEARCH AND WAIT

JUST TO HOLD JUST TO TOUCH

SOMEONE SOMETHING LIKE YOU

QUIETLY QUIETLY QUIETLY.....

SIDE ONE CUT#3

MUGABE

MUSIC BY NORMAN RILEY

TIME APPROXIMATE 2:50

PERSONNEL:

NORMAN RILEY..... LOG DRUM

ANGELA FEASTER..... SYNTHESIZER

TROY STROTHER..... CABASA

RICHARD ARNOLD..... COW BELL

UNDERGROUND STREETS

SIDE TWO CUT#1

MYSTERIOUS LADY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NORMAN RILEY

TIME APPROXIMATE 2:53

PERSONNEL:

RICHARD ARNOLD..... VOICE

ANDRE WORTHY..... VOICE

TROY STROTHER..... VOICE

FRED MCFARLANE..... SYNTHESIZER

NORMAN RILEY..... ACOUSTIC PIANO

KEVIN HILL..... ACOUSTIC BASS

ANGELA FEASTER..... BACKGROUND VOICE

MYSTERIOUS LADY

BIG CITY LIGHTS BIG CITY LIFE

SKY BLUE SKY BLACK CLOUDS FLOATING

AND SHE THERE

SO YOUNG SO PRETTY

EYES SOFT BROWN EASY

A BLACK BEAUTY MARK SPOTS HER BRONZE CHEEK

CLOUDS FLOAT OVER TALL RECTANGLES OF BRICK AND STEEL

SHEETS OF UNBREAKABLE GLASS MIRRORS

BIG CITY LIGHTS REVEAL BIG CITY LIFE

NEON FLASHES

SEEING THE SCAR ON HER NECK

AND SHE THERE UNDERNEATH THE LIGHTS

IN FUR COAT AND PLATFORM SHOES

STANDING BESIDE A CIGARETTE STORE WINDOW ALONE

PEOPLE PEOPLE IN CONSTANT MOTION

PEOPLE WALK PAST HER AND SEE NOTHING

MEN IN SUITS AND TIES

MYSTERIOUS LADY(CONT.)

PURCHASE HER SERVICES ON A BASIS OF NEED

DON'T FROWN LADY

YOU ARE NOT REALLY THERE

HE PURCHASES THE DREAM IN HER FACE

GREEN FIELDS SUNSHINE QUIET MUSIC

ELEGANT WINE SOFT LIPS DARING WHISPERS

NO WITNESSES NO CONSEQUENCES NO RESPONSIBILITY

LIKE CASTLES IN THE SAND SO SOFT SO FREE

HE PURCHASES

THE NIGHTMARE IN HER FINGERNAILS

FINGERNAILS THAT SCRATCH THE SKIN

AND LEAVE NO BLOOD

THICK LIPS THAT SLIDE EASILY ACROSS THE BODY

BUT NEVER DRY OR CHAFE

A SERPENTS TONGUE BUT NEVER THE SNAKES BITE

DON'T FROWN LADY

TAKE HIS ARM GENTLY YOUR HANDS ARE SOFT AND EASY

NO LIES NO PROMISES NO COMMITMENT

SHE

NAMELESS FACELESS NOWHERE

A REFLECTION OF NEON LIGHTS IN GLASS WINDOWS

BIG CITY LIFE IS BIG BUSINESS

DON'T FROWN LADY

YOU ARE NOT REALLY THERE

WHAT WE DO NOT WISH TO SEE DOES NOT EXIST

ONLY SHE

FACELESS

BLACK BEAUTY MARK ON HER CHEEK

LONG SCAR ON HER NECK

SKY BLUE SKY BLACK CLOUDS FLOATING NEON LIGHTS

DON'T FROWN LADY

YOU ARE NOT REALLY THERE

ONLY SHE

STANDING

UNDERNEATH THE NEON

MYSTERIOUS LADY(CONT.)

ONLY SHE

STANDING

ALONE.....

UNDERGROUND STREETS

SIDE TWO CUT#2

THE ROCK

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NORMAN RILEY

TIME APPROXIMATE 6:20

PERSONNEL:

NORMAN RILEY..... VOICE

ERIC BUCHANAN..... TRUMPET

KEVIN HILL..... ACOUSTIC BASS

THE ROCK

EVERY EVENING I LOOK FOR A WOMAN

LOOK FOR A WOMAN WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND

AND SIMPLY DANCE WITH ME

CAUSE IN THE EVENING I DON'T WANNA BE ALONE

EVERY MORNING AT 8:00 a.m. I AM ALONE

I AM ALONE A ROCK A SHADOW

I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN

AND TRY TO BE DIFFERENT

I AM ALONE

LIKE A ROCK THROWN INTO THE OCEAN SINKING SLOWLY

THE JOB?

YOU GET UP AND YOU GO TO WORK

BE THERE BY 8:30 BE THERE BY 9:00 OCLOCK

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME TIME EARLY

THE ROCK(CONT.)

I FILL SOMEBODY ELSE'S HOURS  
WITH MY SWEAT MY TIME MY DIRTY HANDS  
I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN  
AND TRY TO BE DIFFERENT  
TRY TO MUSTER UP SOME KIND OF MORALE JUSTIFICATION  
FOR THE LITTLE THINGS I DO  
BUT IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO THE SAME OLD SAME OLD NOTHIN  
I PRODUCE SOMEBODY ELSE'S PRODUCT  
AND DIE SLOWLY  
FOR THE FEW MATERIAL COMFORTS  
HE TEACHES ME I SHOULD NEED  
A T.V. SOME CLOTHES  
A RECORD PLAYER SOME SIDES  
IS THIS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?  
YOU COME HOME FROM WORK SO TIRED  
YOU CAN'T DO NOTHIN  
BUT GET HIGH AND GO TO BED  
TRYIN TO MAKE YOUR WOMAN THINK  
THAT THE WORLD BELONGS TO YOU  
I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN AND TRY TO BE DIFFERENT  
I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN.....  
TEACHERS NEW YORK TIMES IN THEIR HANDS  
GETTING READY TO TEACH REBELLIOUS YOUNG ONES  
THAT THEY CAN NEVER LEARN  
I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN.....  
BUSINESSMEN YANKEE DOLLAR SIGNS IN THEIR EYES  
RIP OFF IN THEIR HEARTS  
IN THIS COUNTRY IT'S ALL ABOUT  
THE PRODUCTION OF AND THE PROTECTION OF  
PRIVATE PROPERTY  
I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN....  
MUSICIANS ACTORS WOULD BE MODELS  
MEN FOR SALE WOMEN FOR SALE  
KEEPING US ALL ENTERTAINED

AND FORGETFUL OF THE LIVES THAT WE LEAD  
AND I AM ALONE  
STILL STILL IN THE STILL WATER  
I PRODUCE SOMEBODY ELSE'S PRODUCT AND DIE SLOWLY  
WONDERING  
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE LIVES WE WANTED TO LEAD?  
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO OUR PARENTS AND THE DREAMS THEY NEVER SPOKE OF?  
WHAT ARE WE GOING THROUGH THIS FOR ANYWAY?  
TO BUILD A BETTER NATION?  
TO CREATE A BETTER WORLD?  
WHAT LAND CAN WE TOUCH AND CALL HOME?  
WHAT AIR CAN WE BREATHE AND FEEL FREE?  
WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE POSSESSIONS WE HAVE LIVED FOR  
AFTER WE DIE?  
OR ARE WE DEAD AND DYING ALREADY?  
I TRY NOT TO ASK MYSELF QUESTIONS LIKE THIS  
CAUSE IT'S DANGEROUS  
BUT I SEE THEIR FACES ON THE TRAIN  
AND JUST CAN'T STOP ASKING MYSELF WHY?  
I AM ALONE A ROCK A SHADOW  
EVERY MORNING AT 8:00 a.m. I AM ALONE  
SO IN THE EVENINGS I LOOK FOR A WOMAN  
LOOK FOR A WOMAN WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND  
AND MAYBE JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE  
DANCE WITH ME PLEASE DANCE WITH ME PLEASE  
DANCE WITH ME



UNDERGROUND STREETS

SIDE TWO CUT#3

COLORS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY NORMAN RILEY

TIME APPROXIMATE 4:47

PERSONNEL:

ANGELA FEASTER..... VOICE  
JANE SIMMS..... VOICE  
KEVIN HILL..... ACCUSTIC BASS  
NORMAN RILEY..... ACCUSTIC PIANC  
FRED MCFARLANE..... SYNTHESIZER  
ERIC BUCHANAN..... TRUMPET  
RICHARD ARNOLD..... PERCUSSION  
ANDRE WORTHY..... CHIMES

COLORS

THE SUN IS RED IN ITS' CANDLE LIKE FIRE

THE EVENING WILL BEGIN SOON

YOU AND I MUST MOVE ALONG NOW

WE ARE ALONE

AND MUST FIND OUR LOST TUNE

WE SEEK EACH OTHER

AND A WORLD WE ONCE KNEW

COLORS OF OUR PAST

BRING ME CLOSER TO YOU

YOU AND I MUST MOVE WHILE

WHILE THE SUNS' FIRE IS RED

THE BRILLIANCE OF WHAT COULD BE

PASSES QUICKLY THROUGH OUR HEADS

ORANGE PURPLE

RED BLACK AND GREEN

AWAIT US WHEN WE CROSS THIS LONELY RIVER TO OUR DREAMS

WE' VE SEEN FIGHTING

SO MUCH WE FIGHT OURSELVES

OUR LIVES WANT THEIR FORTUNES

OUR SELVES AN EMPTY SHELL

YOU AND I CAN'T STOP MOVING

THOUGH THEY BEG US TO STAY

OUR DREAMS WON'T BE REAL

TILL WE FIND A BETTER WAY

ORANGE PURPLE

RED BLACK AND GREEN

AWAIT US WHEN WE CROSS THIS LONELY RIVER TO OUR DREAMS

TIME IS SHORT NOW

WE'VE GOT TO GET HOME

IF ALL WOULD JOIN THE SEARCH

NONE OF US WOULD BE ALONE

YOU AND I ARE TOGETHER

OUR WORK OURSELVES ARE ONE

WE WILL NOT REST

TILL THE NEW WORLDS' BUILDING HAS BEGUN

ORANGE PURPLE

RED BLACK AND GREEN

AWAIT US WHEN WE CROSS THIS LONELY RIVER TO OUR DREAMS

ORANGE PURPLE

RED BLACK AND GREEN

AWAIT US WHEN WE CROSS THIS LONELY RIVER TO OUR DREAMS

FOR CONCERT INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT:

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