

Fumes

August the 4th

We met at a wedding
Back on August the 4th
Her cousin Bobby
Was marrying the girl next door
She wore this pink
Flowered dress I adored
Her hair was up, her eyes were dark,
One look, I was floored.

We danced all night
Out in the field
I could just tell what I felt
It was real
As the moonlight trickled
Across her eyes
I cudda sworn I was dancing
With an angel that night.



So, I'm gonna take that chance,
And ask her for one more dance.
"Would you care to dance with me?"
"C'mon girl, take a chance on me..."
"Would you care to dance with me for life?"

I know it was just one summer night
But to me it's all the same
Cause the girl I met August the 4th
Will someday share my name.

Fumes

God

I saw a rainbow today,
Shining on the city.
I saw a rainbow today,
And I thought of you.

Untouched, unbrushed,
The hand of God,
Made me think of you.



Passion can't explain how I feel tonight.
With my soul on fire, the flames hot white.
Shadows of the past, dance within the light.

It is here that I find my desire.
It is here that I am lifted higher.
It is here that I find you, sire.

So far from where I thought I'd be.
So wrapped up in misfit fantasy.

I saw a rainbow today, and I thought of you.

From out of the shadows, I have come.
From out of the shadows, I have run.
From out of the shadows, I have won,
The courage to embrace myself.

Untouched, unbrushed,
The hand of God,
Made me think of you.

Handed Down

In a small fishermen's town off the coast of dreams,

Lives a father and his son, the sea their only means.
Each morning, they sail for Emerald Bay,
Through the channels, beyond the sound,
And work to the rhythm of a life handed down.

This ain't the life the boy would'a chose you see, it sorta chose him.
He used to follow his papa home thru the salty darkness,
And in the crescent light of a broken sky his papa'd
Carry him through town,
Whistling the melody of a life handed down.

By the fall of '75 the boy looked more like a man.
He'd settled down, taken a wife and had three boys with Joanne.

Still each dawn he'd rise to harvest the bay,
And make his daddy proud,
As they weathered the storms, of a life handed down.

The best of friends they became, after a quarter century of tides,
But as it goes, one gray day the papa got ill and died.
So out through the channels the boy'd ride his sons,
Until he reached them fishing grounds,
And there in the Lord's sacred light,
He taught his boys the life,
My daddy taught us a life handed down.

