

finding a way

CUTTING-EDGE SONGS
OF SEEKING AND SEARCHING

Words by
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Music by
**ROD
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1 B-b-b Bless this hard city

B-b-b Bless this hard city with laughter,
crack open her frown with a grin.
B-b-b Bless the wide river with giggles
so her banks have to hold themselves in.

B-b-b Bless the school playground with lyrics,
let bins tap their lids to the beat.
B-b-b Bless the wet pavements with twinkles,
telling jokes be the news on the street.

B-b-b Bless the east wind with your kindness,
the frost etch the pane with surprise.
B-b-b Bless the fierce thunder with mercy,
and the storm have a glint in her eye.

B-b-b Bless this whole city as joyful,
the bus, bikes and train, trees and earth.
B-b-b Bless the shut windows with moonlight,
let the nightfall be sparkled with mirth.

2 Beyond words

Beyond words,
a song of silence.
Listening well,
wise and simple.

Beyond hope,
a song of silence.
Closing it shut,
deep and solemn.

Beyond tears,
a song of silence.
Lament is loss,
still and salty.

Beyond truths,
a song of silence.
Gentle with trust,
free and searching.

Beyond life,
a song of silence.
Losing but held,
full yet empty.

3 Bring me your solitude

Bring me your solitude at the brink of the morning,
let me come closer yet leave you alone.

Refrain

You are the one that I love to the uttermost,
you are the one that I treasure.

Bring me your solitude in the anguish of waiting,
let me come nearer yet not in the way.

Refrain

Bring me your solitude in the hope that is opening,
let me stand with you yet not block the view.

Refrain

Bring me your solitude in the strength that is deepening,
let me be present yet give you some space.

Refrain

Bring me your solitude on the edge of the evening,
let me walk with you alone in the mist.

Refrain

4 Don't be afraid

The day is hard and the sky is grey
and the task seems overwhelming.
The angel comes with her sleeves rolled up
and her face is loving kindness.
She simply says by the way she stands,
'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.'

The night is long and the sleep won't come
and the dreams are dark and frightening.
The angel comes with a mug of tea
and a joyful way of laughing.
She says no words but the courage comes,
'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.'

The news is bad and it doesn't dawn,
as we sit outside feeling broken.
The angel comes with an extra chair
and sits for a while without asking.
She holds our hands 'til we understand,
'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.'

The death is long, when it comes at last,
and it seems so unexpected.
The angel comes with a broken heart
and a simple way of listening.
She nods her head in a knowing way,
'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.'

The birth is due and the pain is bad
and the night seems never-ending.
The angel comes with her apron on
and a certain stance of waiting.
She stands by the bed, and her presence says,
'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.'

The angel comes with her knowing ways
and her face is cracked with kindness.

5 Do you love me more?

Oh . . .

Do you love me more than certainty,
beyond status and security?
Could you risk a faith beyond the safe and sure?
Oh . . .

Will you travel to the poor with me,
let those crucified by debt go free?
Could you go the extra mile, open the door?
Oh . . .

Can you close your eyes in prayer, yet see
the need to live more peaceably?
Could you fight injustice without waging war?
Oh . . .

Are you willing to give all for me,
claim the insights of eternity?
Could you break the rules that give oppressors law?
Oh . . .

Can you live your life on bended knee,
yet with stature and humanity?
Could you both stand firm and let your visions soar?
Oh . . .

Then the hope of grace most certainly
is yours within your frailty.
You will give much, but be gifted so much more.
Oh . . .

6 Finding a way

Refrain

Finding a way, just finding a way.

Finding a way in the face of abuse,
finding a way past the latest excuse,
finding a way to speak words yet unspoken.

Refrain

Finding a way through the words still unspoken,
finding a way through the trust that is broken,
finding a way to sing just before dawn.

Refrain

Finding a way to sing into the dawning,
finding a way we can claim a new morning,
finding a way to the light of the sun.

Refrain

Finding a way to the warmth of the sun,
finding a way where the day's just begun,
finding a way where the spirit's set free.

Refrain

Finding a way where the spirit is free,
finding a way to own all that is 'me',
finding a way to live out this new day.

Refrain (twice)

7 Good Lord, deliver us

Refrain

Good Lord, deliver us this side of Paradise.
Let us live fairly this side of Paradise,
so only peace will prevail.

From the lure of corruption to bribe our own ends
and the longing for pow'r to defeat.

Refrain

From the impulse to shove in ahead of the race
and then cheating to reach the first place.

Refrain

From the need to succeed at whatever the cost
and a sense of defeat if we fail.

Refrain

From the push for more land to stake out a fresh claim
and the need to protect our own rights.

Refrain

From creating more guns in the face of our fear,
we are forging more weapons of hate.

Refrain

From a faith that insists it has all of the truth,
and that heaven's restricted to us.

Refrain

8 Hold tight

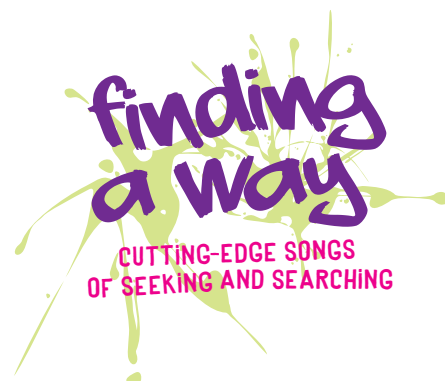
Hold tight with both hands to all that is good,
keep firm with your feet on the shifting sand.

Hold out for the strength to continue to cope,
avoid the bleak lies that the gossips speak.

Hold firm to your nerve when the road is bleak,
let your hope survive 'til you're understood.

Hold fast with your grip on the slippery slope,
keep facing the light of the nearest coast.

Hold on for the time when the weak can boast
of a life well lived when the love ran deep.



9 It's the morning after

It's the morning after the late night quarrel,
the kettle is boiling, the children at school.
In the silence hanging, the trust that was broken,
a home beyond conflict but not yet at peace.

It's the morning after the right-wing rally,
the streets have been swept and the banners are down.
In the silence hanging, the pain that was shouted,
a town beyond conflict but not yet at peace.

It's the morning after the signing of treaties,
the flags have been raised for autonomous rule.
In the silence hanging, the echoes of bombing,
a land beyond conflict but not yet at peace.

It's the morning after the last good intention,
yesterday's ruin, tomorrow's fresh start.
In the silence hanging, the stories unspoken,
a world beyond conflict but not yet at peace.

10 Just dust

Refrain
Just dust. Just dust.

A speck
in your eye
falling star.

Refrain

All that's left
by the car
in a cloud.

Refrain

Like the must
on a plum
dulls the skin.

Refrain

Off our feet,
swept away,
fit of pique.

Refrain

Guests arrive, dust, dust.
When we die, dust, dust.
All we are, dust, dust.

11 Listen up

Listen up and listen out,
listen long and listen wide.
Listen to the silent sigh,
listen to the noisy cry.

Listen up and listen in,
listen deep and listen round.
Listen to the deepest doubt,
listen to the loudest sound.

Listen up and listen late,
listen wide and listen long.
Listen to the voiceless song,
listen to the truth inside.

Listen up and listen high,
listen round and listen out.
Listen past the shouted hate,
listen to the joyful shout!

12 Living water

In an attic, in a garage, in a late night show,
he got high, she got low.

Refrain
Somebody's son,
somebody's daughter.
Living water.

In an alley, in a tantrum, in a drunken fit,
he got tight, she got hit.

Refrain

On the web, in the dark, not yet turned sixteen,
he got caught, she got seen.

Refrain

By a well, out of town, a bucketload of shame.
He eased a thirst, she found her name.

Refrain

13 Make a cave in our souls

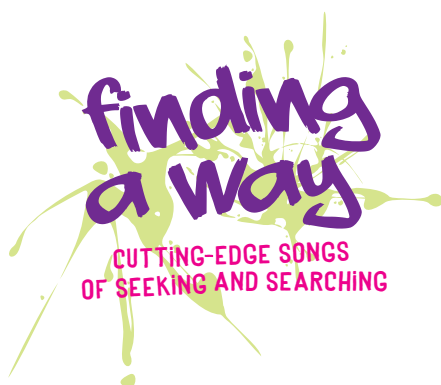
Make a cave in our souls
where a campfire can burn,
our wandering lives can come home.

So our memories spark
like the fireflies above,
we're naming the good in the dark.

Let the stories be told
at the end of the day,
the flickering light of their flame.

Bringing strangers and friends,
sharing laughter in turn,
be safe at the hearth of our hearts.

Make a cave in our souls
where a campfire can burn,
our wandering lives can come home.



14 Open the door

Open the door, let anyone come,
the hurt and the certain, the reasonable ones.

Open the door, come critics, step in,
those wounded by Christians, the profligate sons.

Refrain

Let the welcome be loving, not just for the poor.
Cross the threshold of friendship,
open the door.

Open the door, let sceptics come in,
the reasoned agnostic, the militant fringe.

Open the door, let fresh air blow through,
fling back the shutters, discern something new.

Refrain

Open the door, it swings on its hinge,
from the voice of the doubtful, the truth can break in.

Refrain

15 Set the sail on your boat

Set the sail on your boat
to the soft morning air,
let the dawn's gentle wisp
move you onward.

Let the quiet early gust
take the breath from your lungs,
feel the longing for life
drive you windward.

Refrain

You may feel all adrift
on the wide ocean's whim,
where the currents are driving you wild.

But you're free as the gulls
on the eddies above.
You are buoyed by the tide,
pushing forward.

You will know the deep peace
of a love-whispered breeze,
as the spirit will blow
on and outward.

Refrain

Yet each breath that you draw
brings a voice to explore.
It's the voice that is truth
calling inward.

Set the sail on your boat
to the soft morning air,
let the dawn's gentle wisp
move you onward.

16 The man of the margins

Refrain

The man of the margins says 'Hey!
There's a margin of doubt between proven and real
and a margin for error in certainty.
There's a margin of risk between trusting and doubt
and a margin for grace in adversity.'

Are you strange or deranged, has your brain been short-changed,
a legion of sounds in your head?
Have you been left behind, what's the state of your mind?
What is it the shrink doctors said?

Refrain

Are you poor any more, is that wolf at the door,
is this pile of bad debts all your fault?
Have you mislaid your pills or just not paid the bills?
What is it the money men say?

Refrain

Are you guilty or clean, what's the view at the scene,
are the fingerprints pointing at you?
It's a difficult age, were you driven by rage?
What is it the legal reps say?

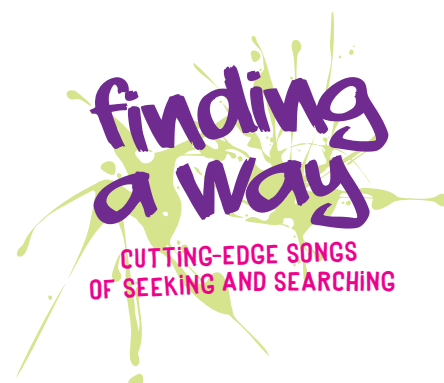
Refrain

Are you homeless or cheat, what's the word on the street?
Are you user or dealer, what's true?
Is there credit or doubt on your need to sleep out?
What is it the officers say?

Refrain

Are you righteous or flawed, can your past be ignored,
are you saintly or tarnished right through?
Are you on the right side of salvation's divide?
What is it the churchgoers say?

Refrain



17 There's a long way

There's a long way between here and heaven
if you travel alone or at night.

Refrain

But the gap between heaven and
here has been breached,
and the bridge has been crossed, so be bolder.
The nearest shore has already been reached
and the friend that you need's
at your shoulder.

There's a fine line between here and heaven
if the dazzle in eyes blinds your sight.

Refrain

There's a brave call between here and heaven
if your courage takes you beyond fright.

Refrain

There's a steep path between here and heaven
if you're climbing uphill to starlight.

Refrain

18 The Tango of our lives

Finding the tempo inside the discord.
Noting the movement, within the longings.
Shifting the balance, pulses and bodies.
Tapping the Tango of our lives.

If there's a rhythm, then let us clap it.
If there's oscillation, let us swing it.
If there's a purpose, then let us find it.
Beating the Tango of our lives.

Grace-full and holy, life-giving movement,
strength moving boldly, flowing together.
Tuned to the other, sensuous beauty.
Dancing the Tango of our lives.

19 We remember you

Refrain

We remember you. We remember you.
Your glory. Your wonder. Your promise.

The barley and the flax bow heads to the vesper,
the harebell and dock laugh gently,
the reeds and the rose-hip join hands with a whisper:

Refrain

The snowdrop and the dew declare to the night air,
the cowslip and grass nod softly,
the woodwind of branches respond with a fanfare:

Refrain

The granite and the grit are drenched by the downpour,
the bramble and briar sing firmly,
the swift and the swallow will dance to the encore:

Refrain

The elder and the larch wave leaves to the wide skies,
the willow and birch rise proudly,
the thrush and the fieldfare announce to the sunrise:

Refrain

20 What can we say?

What can we say, when words feel as loaded as guns?
Let's leave our shoes at the threshold,
and touch our hands to our hearts.
Disarm our suspicion with hope.

Refrain

Salam my sister and brother.
Aman be upon us all.
Peace be with you forever. Amen.

How can we smile, our face seems as veiled as the truth?
Let's leave our fear at the threshold
and touch our hands to our hearts.
Uncover a friendship of trust.

Refrain

Whom can we touch, when heads wag like fingers of hate?
Let's leave our doubt at the threshold
and touch our hands to our hearts.
Reach out in the name that is peace.

Refrain

21 Where you're going I will follow

Where you're going, I will follow,
I am certain of direction.
In denial, I'm in shadow later on,
in the everlasting rhythm
of aloneness and connection.

Refrain

In the taking of the road, in the walking on the water,
doubts and dreams and endless double-binds. Oh . . .

Can I wash my hands of trouble,
remain doubtless in decisions,
then to follow with my heart and conscience free,
in the choices that seem fickle
and the multiple corrections.

Refrain

Seeing you there, standing waiting
on the shoreline of our vision,
with the fishes that we longed for all night long,
in the promise of a breakfast
at the fire of resurrection.

Refrain

So if only you were walking
to the final destination,
solving questions that are hanging now you've gone.
In your strangeness and your friendship
is the gift of contradiction.

Refrain