

<p><b>Take me to the water</b></p> <p>All the friends that I have known  All of them are left and gone  Nowhere I can find them.  Better times have been here once  When everybody had a chance  to say I love you.</p> <p>But all the people need other people  To take, to give away  All the people need other people  So let them hear you say:</p> <p>Take me to the water  let the sunshine in  Take me to the water  let it shine on me.</p>	<p><b>86 Days</b></p> <p>Hey young love  where have you been  for 86 days I've been searching.  Hey young love  why did you leave  for 86 days I've been hurt and  I asked myself a thousand why's  took it so long to make up your mind.</p> <p>Hey young love  what will you do  will you make up the days you've been wasting.  Hey young love  tell me will it be soon  or do you intend to remain on.  Now ask myself a thousand times  what will you need to make up your mind.</p> <p>Still I ask myself a thousand times  Why 86 days to make up your mind.</p>
<p><b>Eleanor</b></p> <p>Eleanor  well I want to know  can I write your name now freely  deep down in my heart  where it could really be a part of me.</p> <p>Eleanor  well I want to know  will I take this place as long  as a precious love can rest  would you really do the best you can.</p> <p>Then take my hand  reach for a land  where you can pay your court  to someone you adore</p> <p>Don't only pay attention to  the one I've been before  I want you Eleanor</p>	<p><b>Journey to the sky</b></p> <p>Get your hands off  this daily life was made for me.  Please get your hands off  it's not more than a break for me.  Journey to the sky  Journey to the sky</p> <p>If I cut my hair off  for the one I'm expected to be.  Cut my hair off  leaves only what they've made of me  Journey to the sky  Journey to the sky where the eagles fly  and no one hides.</p> <p>I have to get there  I have to get there  Back to the old humdrum way  living, loving everyday.</p>
<p><b>Cinny and the forest</b></p> <p>Everytime you see the woodman  he'll be gazing.  The only child he had was lost  like they are saying.</p> <p>Cinny and the forest  they took his dreams away.  Cinny and the forest  he'll like be the poorest  and he doesn't call on you.  He doesn't call on you</p>	<p><b>Special kind of man</b></p> <p>Sally came in through the door  a smile upon her face.  She said she had to leave me for a while.  Well I was looking at her and  I clearly saw the change  I'd better turned my head and walk a mile.</p> <p>Now in a canyone, without companion  I'm writing a song about shame.  I nearly made it but it entirely faded  And these are the rules of the game</p> <p>You made me feel like a special kind of man  Now you make me feel like I'm no one.  You made me feel like a special kind of man  You make me feel like I'm no one.</p>

**Comfort me**

Come and share another day with me.  
It will make you feel the one you use to be.  
There has changed so much the last few days  
and I've looked for so many ways  
to understand the fact I cannot face.

Listen now you've got to comfort me.  
It makes me feel the one I used to be.  
There won't be needed much more  
than a girl like you be seated at  
my side and with your arms around my waist.

I cannot wait until tomorrow.  
Suddenly time has blown my mind.  
I want to take the highwayroad and step along,  
and sing a song.

Listen now you've got to comfort me.  
It makes you feel the one you used to be.  
There's not much more be needed  
than a girl like you be seated at  
my side and with your arms around my waist.

**Sit and wonder why**

Sometimes I sit and wonder  
am I the kind to hang around.  
But then I also wonder  
could I be the one to settle down.  
What's life gonna bring me before I die.  
Will I have to work on it  
or just sit and wonder why.

Many times discovered  
things are not what they ought to be.  
But then shows your loving  
other things were made to be.  
What's time gonna bring me before I die.  
Will I have to fake it  
or just sit and wonder why.

Sometimes people tell me  
that my heart was made of stone.  
I just can't believe they help me  
it's only driving me alone.  
What's life gonna bring me before I die.  
Will I have to chase it  
or just sit and wonder why

**Laughter**

Master,  
I think this is the end.  
I have done the best I can  
to save you from the laughter,  
cause the only thing I'm after,  
sweet kisses from your daughter  
ahah.

**It will be over**

Your words and tunes, your tender smile,  
your head that bends to mine.  
I must regard it as a part  
of attention passing by.  
The aid I found right by your side  
was like security.  
And now it will be over  
and I wonder where we'll be.

Everytime the smart deep in my heart  
seems to make a mess of me.  
When it breaks me down  
then I'll need that stone  
to lay my head down freely.  
The tears that blind my weary eyes  
will give way to the sun.  
But still it will be over  
and I wonder what we've done.

Well if you knew what a friend can do  
and how much she means to me.  
I think you then  
would understand  
the richness that feel.  
But if you knew how much I'll lose  
within the time from now.  
I will miss you when it's over  
but it seems the best somehow.

<p><b>Olivia the workhorse</b></p> <p>Olivia takes the early train each morning. I think she is the first one coming in. Going straight up to the chest to get her besom and the rest. Who sees her? And then the gentlemen are coming. Set faces and a suitcase in their hands. They just don't see Olivia and everything she's giving up Who needs her?</p> <p>Olivia, a workhorse in the morning. She counts her money in the afternoon. Bound to keep her kids at school to let them be more than the fools around her.</p> <p>Good morning to the desk and the floor, Good morning Goodmorning to the chairs in front, Good morning Good morning like any time before, Good morning But laughing, Olivia is always laughing.</p>	<p><b>Song on the shelf</b></p> <p>Sometimes I'm locked up in my studio. Build up things by myself. I write my feelings down in stereo. Another song on the shelf.</p> <p>When the feeling's gone then the song remains. The writing is done now will I be changed?</p> <p>When I've been working for another while they send my tapes by return. We are sorry too much European style not fit to show the world.</p> <p>When the feeling's gone then the song remains. The writing is done now will I be changed?</p>
<p><b>Light my fire</b></p> <p>Now if you want to light my fire, just make it nice and slow. Because I'll need another way to go.</p> <p>And every time I have to look in someone else his face. Then I count the days I'll be away from you.</p> <p>I'll fly this long way back to you but it occurs to me there is someone too.</p>	<p><b>Mabel</b></p> <p>Mabel, you've been able, my pity is coming to an end. No thinking, you just start drinking. Say you don't need a friend</p> <p>Mabel, you've been able, yes to do the best you can. No hurry, then you won't get further. It only leaves you a way to mend</p> <p>Mabel, don't you fable, you really don't know what you say And the people, I saw them weep for you They'd liked to take all your fears away</p>
<p><b>Rubin picks flowers</b></p> <p>Rubin picks flowers out in the garden. He takes them to the old house down by the sea. That is where Rubin lives, out in the sunlight. He and the woman that took him away.</p> <p>Rubin sings lovesongs just for the people, who are willing an gentle and ready to fight. Civilians and soldiers, the whores and the parson. He just wants to say that he means all of you.</p> <p>To a country life it'll take a long, long ride. Just say goodbye and don't come back. To a country life it'll take a long, long ride. Just say goodbye and don't come back.</p>	<p><b>Silly Boy</b></p> <p>What do you want to do and how long does it take before you get things very clear. Get yourself out of here. Just tell me who you are and why do you still deny the things that keep you here. Keep you close and keep you near.</p> <p>Get along, get along you Silly Boy. Why make your life so hard Do you still believe all those silly grieves that keep you from a start. So long so long to the Silly Boy who could'nt make his life that free. He could'nt loose the habits of his mind which make him look like me. Yes it makes him look like me</p> <p>What do you think of me Could'nt you figure me as someone like yourself. And I don't mean nobody else. Then you will see my face Discover the world between us well it can't be wide it leaves no room for you to hide</p>

<p><b>Too many words</b></p> <p>It's funny girl how the day has come  We've got to finish up this place.  Right at the time you've grown  such a lot to me.  It's funny girl  how things have to be.</p> <p>Woman you gave me lots of love,  even more than I could ask.  I really wish you'd stayed,  but it won't be so.  It's far too soon,  this moment that you go.</p> <p>Woman I ain't got more to say  than that you carry off my dreams.  I think I've put myself  in too many words.  But still I need to tell you how it hurts.</p> <p>I know I drown myself in these endless words.  Still I need to tell you how it hurts.</p>	<p><b>The time to breathe</b> (tekst: Ger Hummel)</p> <p>Well I've been at the time,  when I could not loose  just barely more than you.  But I knew exactly the way to choose.</p> <p>For too many things  I still had to do  the people I still had to meet.  They could give me time  they'll give me time to breathe.</p> <p>Now I can go on  as long as I live,  as long as I stay in love.  With some beautiful friends  whom I wish to give  this carelessness they deserve.  Too many things  we will share to do  and beautiful moments we'll meet.  They will give us time  they will give us time to breathe.</p>
<p><b>Theories on my mind</b></p> <p>We've got to work so hard.  Tearing our days apart.  What can we get tonight.  For everyone the same.  I'm wondering who's to blame  and how to get it right.</p> <p>We've got to stand a lot.  Giving more than we've got.  Who's gonna pay the price.</p> <p>Everyone his share.  No one is still aware.  We're stuck in our own device.</p> <p>We're gonna reach the day,  there'll be nothing but run away.  With theories on our mind.</p> <p>Could it happen to anyone.  Will I turn out to be the one  with theories on my mind.</p>	<p><b>Western Lady</b></p> <p>Who'll knock at the door of my Western Lady  Western Lady it's me.  Who'll hit the floor of my Western Lady  Western Lady it's me.  You've got to learn  to know me better.  So let me in,  we can make it together again.</p> <p>Who'll knock at the door of my Western Lady  Western Lady it's me  Who'll hit the floor of my Western Lady  Western Lady it's me.  I still can show you  the long way to Eden.  That's where you'll find  all the things you believe in.</p> <p>Who'll knock at the door of my Western Lady  Western Lady it's me  Who'll hit the floor  of my Western Lady, Western Lady it's me.</p>

Richard Neal Song on the shelf (1971-1981)

Music and lyrics by : Frans Bronzwaer  
except

“The time to breathe” : Music:Frans Bronzwaer / lyrics: Ger Hummel

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