

High School Heart

by Tom Farley

I sit alone on the window sill.

I think you'll be by like you say you will.

It's cold and it's hard....I can feel the beat.

Play the fool....watch the cars cruising down the street

Waiting for you to come around.

Come around.....come around

Verse/Chorus Instrumental

How can I say what I really feel....

When you look at me like I'm unreal.

Maybe it's a waste of time.

I can only pray that you will awake to a better day....

Hoping that you will come around, come around, come around

Making Diamonds from the Coal

by Tom Farley

Took a stroll along Lynnhaven on a windy summer night

Surrounded by my family....not another soul in sight

We looked out on the water....saw the ships that came to stay

Their light shone bright like diamonds that were cast upon the bay

I reflected for a moment and remembered why they came

And I realized my hometown would never be the same

For a never-ending water casts its waste upon the shore

We will work to cleanse their memory for a thousand years or more

Chorus

It's the rumble in the distance; it's the calm before the storm

We've been blinded, we've been beaten, we've been taken, we've been warned

Some men look to drilling oil and some men dig for gold

While others fill their coffers making diamonds from the coal

The kepone in the rivers plague the fishermen each day

The garbage and the sewage make a cesspool of the bay

They're talking oil refinery....ways of moving sand

The waste and spill and overkill are creeping to the land

For wherever there are people, mistakes are surely made

Wherever there is progress, a price is sorely paid

Wherever there is money, there's a fortune just in reach

Filling up their greedy pockets....raining death upon the beach

Chorus

Over the Falls

by Tom Farley

Thirty years of working....too many keys

Too many visions that nobody sees

I see the writin'....and it's all over the wall

I'm gonna put it in a barrel and send it over the falls

I caught her lying...I caught her cheatin'

I caught her beggin' for it down on her knees

I should do something....but the man is too tall

I think I'll put her in a barrel and send her over the falls

Politicians lying....everybody's dyin'....no one finds good help anymore

Where are the prophets? I guess they're down at the mall

We oughta put'em in a barrel and send them over the falls

Media is wired....take a look at the news

Journalism driven by the corporate views

They think we're stupid....but that's a terrible flaw

We oughta put'em in a barrel and send them over the falls.....

Seventeen Times

by Tom Farley

I get out of bed with a thought in my head,
That'll carry me all through the day;
Sometimes it's good, like everyday should,
And sometimes it's too bad to say.
When I feel alone, I take my cell phone,
And push me a number or two;
I don't really care, I just hate dead air,
Please answer on one ring or two.

Chorus

I'm callin' you seventeen times,
Just to hear your voice on the line,
Please answer when you hear the chime,
I'm callin' you seventeen times.

If I'm naked or dressed, if I'm cursed or I'm blessed,
My cell phone is right by my side.
I tell all my friends all the places I've been,
I take 'em along for the ride.

I have tried face to face, but it just can't replace,
The sound of the beeps and the rings;
The pictures and songs will last all day long,
No end to the joy that it brings.

Chorus