

1. Days Of Honey, Days of Onions © Jan. 2013

There are days of blue herons, days of owls. Days of laughter, days of scowls,
Days of honey and onions too, And we never know what kind of day will come.

When she woke in the morning, saw the bright sunshine, She could almost think the day would be fine
But together with the birds' song, she could hear the guns, And we never know what kind of day will
come.

Chorus:

Yom asl, yom basl, yom tov, yom ra, Can't live in fear, life's kind of a see-saw
Yom asl, yom basl, yom tov, yom ra, Just get right back up, after the fall.

They say red sky at night, sailor's delight, They say red sky in the morning, sailor's warning.
But when there is a shooting, there is no sky at all, And we never know what kind of days will come.

Chorus

Muslims say it's not important, good days or bad, Christians say bad days are maybe 'cause you've sinned
Jews say if it's bad, we've got to fix the world, 'Cause we never know what kind of day will come.

Bridge:

Every year in spring, I see the same old thing, Little dove chases the hawks away.
Dashing across the sky, not afraid despite her size, Making sure her babies are safe

We can learn from nature, and from old folk sayings, We can read the holy books, do the praying
We can watch the little dove as she beats the odds, 'Cause we never know what kind of day will come.

Chorus

2. Mother Earth and Father Sky © 2001

Mother Earth and Father Sky, Dancing on the shoreline
Dancing in the heat of day, Dancing in the night time
Mother Earth and Father Sky, Calling us to join them
Dancing in the wind and rain, Dancing in the sunshine.
Mother Earth and Father Sky (2x)

Mother Earth and Father Sky, Always here to heal us
Lay your bodies on the earth, And feel the pulsing drumbeat.
Mother Earth and Father Sky, Bringing all we need
Asking us to play our parts, As stewards of the keys.
Mother Earth and Father Sky, Mother Earth and Father Sky,

אור וחושך – אור וחושך Mother Earth and Father Sky

ביום השני – שמיים וארץ Mother Earth and Father Sky

שלישי רביעי – עצים כוכבים Mother Earth and Father Sky

חמישי ושישי – חייה ואדם Mother Earth and Father Sky, Mother Earth and Father Sky

וביום השביעי אלוהים נח, כי נברא אדם, ואדם לקח לידיו, את העולם הזה Mother Earth and Father Sky

Mother Earth and Father Sky, Begging us to heed them
The steward's key is ours to hold Not do with as we please
Mother Earth and Father Sky, Bringing all we need
Asking us to hold and love, Not plunder and deceive.

3. **Crazy Dreams** © 2012

Well I woke in the morning from a crazy dream
And I was wondering what it means
I dreamt that I was flying
Above the grass so green.
Below I saw the oceans blue, the mountains tall and high
Everything looked peaceful from way up in the sky

So what do I need to do, To make this dream come true? What do I need to do?

Well I woke in the morning from another crazy dream
And I was wondering what it means
I dreamt everyone was happy,
In a field full of trees.
Everyone was smiling, holding hands and dancing around
Every different color, like the flowers in the ground

So what do I need to do, To make this dream come true? What do I need to do?

Well I woke in the morning from a crazy dream
And I was wondering what it means
I dreamt I was in a city
But not like one I'd ever seen....
The streets were clean and quiet, you could even hear the birds
People were out walking along, you could smell the fresh green earth.

So what do I need to do, To make this dream come true? What do I need to do?

So how come dreams of life being fine make me sound like I'm naive?
How come our world's so full of pain, with no sense of relief?
I still believe in childish dreams, that we can get along
I still believe we can heal the world, don't tell me that I'm wrong.....

So what do I need to do, To make these dreams come true? What do I need to do?

4. **Two Wolves**, © 2015

A young man sits angry at the world, in the firelight,
Listening to the quiet flute, still smarting from his fight.
Grandfather shares his wisdom, about the war we have within
An evil wolf, a good wolf, which wolf will win?

Chorus:

Which wolf will win, which will it be? The one that you follow, the one that you feed.
Which wolf will win, which will it be? The one that you listen to, the one that you heed.

The evil wolf is like the angry sun, burning with false pride.
Snaking through the darkness of our mind, always trying to hide.
The good wolf is a quiet day, calmly daring to hope.
Sunrise on a misty morn, this wolf helps heal and cope.
Chorus:

Bridge:

The grandson nods, anger gone, Takes a deep breath in.
Looks in to the quiet flames, Knows which wolf will win.

Grandfather's flute sings in the moonlight, as the flames dance low.
His quiet voice so full in years, feel the night breeze blow.
It's true the world is full of pain; so many live in need,
But hate in our hearts just poisons us, so which wolf do we feed?

Chorus

5. **Thou Shalt Not Kill** © 2021

Chorus:

This gun's just meant for hunting squirrels, birds, raccoons, It helps feed my family just a little extra food
It's not meant for resolving people's strife, This gun won't take a human life.

It was 1863, and the war was raging on, Papa'd gone to fight, Grampa ran the farm.
Union and rebels, needing weapons and men, coming for the farm guns, you just hand them over when
Tired men knocked on the door, horror in their eyes, Taking a human life makes something inside you die
Each side believed their cause was worth the fight, No one dared question if all this bloodshed was right
chorus

Grampa answered the door, always offered a drink and a chair,
No matter the uniform, he saw the human there
But the farm guns stayed here at home, he politely said no,
To let his hunting rifles kill a human soul, he said...chorus

Sorry boys, he said, I don't believe in war, This gun stays on the wall, bullets stay in the drawer
Like I said before, I use it to hunt food, But I live by the Bible, and in that good book....
It says, "Thou shalt not kill, nor shed the blood of man."
"If you live by the sword, you will die with sword in hand."
War and hatred, anger and fear, I won't take part in that, so the gun stays here....chorus

At the end of the war, Papa made it home, Grampa passed that gun down, it's purpose always known
I passed it on too, but now we've got enough food, It stays up on the wall, not even shooting squirrels or
raccoons...chorus

6. **Hobo Genes**, © 2000

Grampa rode the trains, from Mother Russia to the ship
That would take him across the sea to the new life waiting there.
Sixteen when he left behind the only world he knew
The oldest son who mourned a mother buried by her woman's role.

Grampa rode the trains from that New York entry-port
His aunt's address scribbled on a scrap of Yiddish book.
Shoved into his sweaty hand by his father in his good-bye,
A grim, tired man who knew he'd never see his first-born again.

CHORUS 1

But the young man faced the wind, The hobo genes burned in his blood
With the confidence of youth, He knew he'd find his way.

Grampa joined the Wobblies, it was time to change the world
But every cent he earned went to the family across the sea
Hopping trains from strike to strike, nights around the campfire
He learned the codes of when to jump to miss the rail-yard thugs.

Grampa had no sons, no heirs to ride the trains
His daughters sang the union songs and married restless men.
The grandkids came of age, the world begging for more change
Grampa's old train stories sent them off on rail and air.

CHORUS 2:

Always face the wind, that's what my Grampa taught us
The hobo genes burn in your blood so the road will always call.

Grampa didn't live to hold the newest generation,
A crop of young explorers with the travel bug running strong.
How he would have laughed to see all of their toy trains
How he would have loved to sing them the songs of his hobo youth.

Grampa knew adventure could cure any ill
Grampa's quest for justice taught me to carry on.
When Grampa's time to leave arrived he fought like a Russian bear
That wind of his had blown me round the world, so....I wasn't there. CHORUS 2

Grampa's ashes spread and blew all across the sea
His beloved wind now carried him round the world, back to me. CHORUS 2

7. **Salaam and Shalom**, By Joanie Calem © September 2005

Chorus:

Sa'alaam, Sa'alaam, Sa'alaam Aleikum, Shalom, Shalom Aleichem, Shalom u Sa'alaam.

Flat tire, in the searing August heat, my car limps down the street,

The highway stretches steamy straight, Israel 1998.

Israeli soldiers hitchhiking, their guns slung across their backs.

Drivers stopping to give them rides, I'm stuck with my flat.

And off to the side an Arab worker awkward, far from home,

No one stops to pick him up, he's enemy, he's the unknown.

Chorus

The soldiers all get rides, and I'm still trying to change my tire,

I feel his eyes watching me, wheels stuck, I can't get it free.

But I can hear the war inside his head, though he doesn't make a sound.

"She's a Jew, she's the enemy, why should I help her out?"

But then he's there beside me; we barely speak each other's tongue.

Working together to free that wheel, sweating in the desert sun.

Chorus

A soldier comes walking through the sand, offers to lend a hand.

They brush me away, they're two men now, "Stand back woman, this is not your job!"

The Arab in faded workers' clothes, the Israeli in army green,

Working together, grunting and laughing, they get that old tire free.

No words are said about peace, no political statements made,

But the two of them worked to change the tire, and both forgot to be afraid.

Chorus

The event didn't make the evening news. It was all about Arabs killing Jews,

But the three of us knew we'd dissolved some hate in Israel, 1998.

And then of course when I drove off, the two of them came along:

The field worker with the PHD, the soldier who wrote peace songs.

Chorus

8. **Gesher Tzar Me'od**, © 2020

Kol ha-olam kulo gesher tzar me-od, Kol ha-olam kulo gesher tzar me-od.

V'ha ikar, ikar, lo lifached klal, V'ha ikar, ikar, lo lifached klal.

The whole wide world around, every little bit, The whole wide world around, is one long narrow bridge.

Kol ha-olam kulo gesher tzar me-od, 2x V'ha ikar, ikar, lo lifached klal, 2x

We're gonna walk along, we're gonna sing this song,

We're gonna walk along, this one long narrow bridge.

Kol ha-olam kulo gesher tzar me-od, 2x V'ha ikar, ikar, lo lifached klal, 2x

And we will not fear, not now, not next year. No we will not fear, on this one long narrow bridge.

Kol ha-olam kulo gesher tzar me-od, 2x V'ha ikar, ikar, lo lifached klal, 2x

9. **Leaps Of Faith** © 2000

Chorus

Standing on the edge of a cliff, Peeking over the side

Watching all those before me, Who jumped, and knew they'd fly

How I love Terra Firma, This safety suits me fine,

I want to hold on to the illusion, That we weren't meant to fly

But there's this place deep inside me, That knows the angel call

To reach beyond the familiar, And let go of it all.

Chorus

Everyday brings a glimmer, Of each leap required

And when I sail off from these cliff banks, The clouds carry me up higher

I used to envy those around me, Who led quiet lives

I craved that predictability, When I was trying to live a lie.

Chorus

Bridge:

I can't speak for you, Don't know what you should do

My soul begs me to soar, Turn walls into doors.

Chorus

In every age there are the brave, Who know to find the way

Sometimes it's hard to hear them, But they echo yet today

I know there is no final leap, And growth is never done

Each jump makes me stronger, And my fear and faith become one

Chorus

10. Refugee, © 2016

Shu ismek? What's your name? Kulu kwais? Are you okay?
De donde eres? Where are you from? Porque veniste? Why did you come?

Refugee, there is room for you here. My grandmother's family also fled in fear.
When life implodes, and home's not safe, You do what they did, come to a new place.

Covered head, babe in arms, Just tryin' to keep her child safe from harm.
No money left, just one boat more, Husband waiting on the other shore.
Home is gone, family dead, Rubble covers her once-pretty bed.
Summer sky, calm, blue sea, But will they live through this journey?

Refugee, there is room for you here. My grandfather's family also fled in fear.
When life implodes, and home's not safe, You do what they did, come to a new place.

Each border's got fences, dogs, and guns, But home's not safe, no choice but to run.
The gangs have filled the streets with drugs, Abuela says go, escape these thugs.
Papa's gone north, try to find him there, He called from Texas, said don't be scared.
Travelin' alone, pretend you're brave, Pray every second, to stay safe

Refugee, there is room for you here. My grandparent's family also fled in fear.
When life implodes, and home's not safe, You do what they did, come to a new place.

Drunken Cossacks, pogroms and horses, My grandmother hid beneath the floorboards.
Her mother holding her baby sister tight, Praying her family would live through that night.
Though Gramma lived here for years, Nothing washed away those early fears.
Every noise, every surprise, Brought that pain back to her eyes.

Refugee, there is room for you here. My family also fled in fear.
When life implodes, and home's not safe, You do what they did, come to a new place.

11. Sea Shells On The Shore © 2016

Rough and crusty on one side, The seashell on the shore
Tells a tale from far-away, From long-ago, no more.
The inner side is pearly blue, Dazzling in the sun
Gleaming through the quiet waves, Content, needing no one

The quiet shore, the summer sky, The lazy August sun
The waves that gently lap the sand, Content, needing no one.
It's true that there are sea storms, That roll and lash the land
The wind that whips up suddenly, When rain clouds pelt the sand

And in the land of poetry, You know I am that shell
A side of me a peaceful blue, The other a storm from hell!
Rough and crusty on one side, The seashell on the shore
Tells a tale from far-away, From long-ago, no more.

12. Old Love © 2008

Old love is like a treasure chest, Under the sparkle is all the best
And when I think I know all of you, You pull out another jewel to see me through

Chorus: Old love just is, Old love just is, Old love just is, Old love
Old love is like the surfer's tide, Some waves you leave but some you can ride
And like the softness of the moonlit beach, Old love is there within reach.
Chorus

Old love is that proverbial wine, The bottle's dusty but the contents are fine
So let's take a tiny sip, And let old love play it's tricks
Chorus

Bridge:
After years of scraping by, After the fights and all the tears we've cried
After meshing two galaxies, Old love just lets us be.....

Old boyfriends tell me I'm strange, 'cause I'm not out playing the game
but I sit here gazing at you, old love carries through
Chorus

course there're days when everything's wrong, days I want to tear up this song
times I look and can't understand, how we're still here hand in hand.....
Chorus

13. **Lo Yisa Goy El Goy Herev**, © 2020

Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama
Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama.
Nations of the world don't have to choose the sword
Nations of the world don't have to study war no more.

Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama
Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama.
The leaders of the nations don't have to choose the sword
The leaders of the nations don't have to study war no more.

Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama
Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama.
The people of these nations don't have to choose the sword
The people of these nations don't have to study war no more.

Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama
Lo yisa goy el goy herev, lo yilmadu od milchama.

14. **Everything'll Be Alright**, © 2015

Chorus:
A wise man said, "In the end, everything will be alright,
And if it's not alright, it's not the end."
A wise man said, "In the end, everything will be alright,
And if it's not alright, it's not the end."

Israel and Palestine, China and Tibet,
India and Pakistan, no forgive and forget.
Liberals and Conservatives, Blacks and whites,
My way or the highway, But who is right?

Chorus

Tamils and Sri Lankans, Turks and Kurds,
Democrats and Republicans, Cats and Birds,
Every story has a drama, like Jerry and Tom
Do we get the point, 'cause the lists go on and on.....

So what's gonna make us, Reach across the aisle?
Stop the fighting, Shake hands, maybe smile?
Chorus

Sittin' round the table, gotta work things out
Making peace with enemies, that's what it's all about
We all need the same things, We all bleed red
Safe food, safe water, safe place to rest our head....
Chorus