

ALLEN POWER • ALL OVER THE MAP • SONG LYRICS

1. DANCING ON THE WIRE

She's got the grace of a ballerina, and the art of the sly coquette,
She likes dazzling lights and dizzying heights, and working without a net.
You can find her down at the hip hop clubs and she can dance the minuet,
And when she smiles, strangers ask her name.
Her voice is sweet as a violin with a ring of castanets,
And the Gypsy blood runs deep inside her veins.

*And tonight she's drivin' some two-lane road to a place she's never been,
Tossin' her hair in the cold night air and howlin' at the wind.
She could climb back down to familiar ground, but that's not her desire.
She'll keep dancing - dancing on the wire.*

There's a lost lover out in a Midwest town, and another by the Shore.
There's a cowboy who tried to tie her down, and probably many more.
And there's a man she'll see when the demons rise, 'cause he calms her vertigo,
And he brings her wine and peace of mind, but he can't give her the road.
She's heard the tales of falling stars, seen the ravages of fame,
Still, she hovers like a moth around a flame.

*And tomorrow's just another town when you're living on the road,
So she drives the Lakes the long way 'round, just to see what the day might hold.
And she's at her best when the lights go dim, and the curtain starts to rise;
When there's no time to dream, when there's no time to cry,
When there's no time to wonder how she got so high.*

She's got the grace of a ballerina, and the art of the sly coquette,
She likes dazzling lights and dizzying heights, and working without a net.
And if you ask, "Is it all worthwhile?", she'll show you no regrets;
She'll just smile and step on out again.

Chorus

©1993 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

2. DAKOTA LOVES THE SNOW

Dakota loves the snow -
It's a trait handed down from her father.
Across the fields it blows -
Formed from the rains, swept across the Northern Plains,
And down into the land of Hiawatha.
A passing flock of crows -
Black-on-white and white-on-black together.
She breathes the frosted air
As her senses revive, feeling more alive and more aware
Than in the summer weather.

Dakota loves the snow -
In a land where living's work and work's your hobby,
With piercing eyes aglow,
A face of Celtic lore, and red hair like the ore
That her forefathers mined in the Masabi.
She's wedded to the earth -
A jewel of the North Woods, roughly crafted.
The city's not for her -
You won't find her on the town, in lace and satin gown, or wrapped in fur,
Unless she's the one who trapped it.

Dakota loves the snow -
And walks out to the woods when she is able
A secret place she knows;
A bright enchanted glade where in childhood she played,
Guarded all around by friendly maples.
Spring will soon be here;
Wildflowers wet with dew, like sparkling diamonds.
But sorrows disappear,
The pathway lies clear, the infinite spirit draws near,
When bathed in winter's silence.

Dakota loves the snow.

©2005 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

3. SECRET

Seal it in an envelope, lock it in a safe,
Sink it to the ocean floor below.
But time and tide will raise it up into the light of day
Did you really think no one would ever know?

Dress it up in camouflage in a jungle deep
In some far-off archipelago.
But wind and rain will wash it clean for all the world to see
Did you really think no one would ever know?

*Fly it to the southern pole, dig a wintry grave
Underneath a frozen mound of snow.
But the warming sun will bring a thaw, and melt the ice away
Did you really think no one would ever know?*

Cloak it in a mystery, write it up in code,
A puzzle that would even fool Poirot.
But someone always comes along, the secret to expose
Did you really think no one would ever know?

*Take a vow of silence, sign an oath in blood
Keep as quiet as Marcel Marceau
But even as your lips are sealed, your thoughts still shout out loud
Did you really think no one would ever know?*

So, circle up the lawyers, plausibly deny—
No tit for tat, no quid pro quo.
But the truth you've locked inside your heart is written in your eyes
Did you really think no one would ever know?

©2019 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All rights reserved

4. LOVE YOU LOST

Intro:

*I used to live for passion and the pleasures of the day,
And I was known as quite the early riser.
But lately, I just lie around and moon the hours away-
A hopeless fantasizer - sad, but so much wiser...*

Don't sing of loveknots and valentines,
Don't sing of moondrops swimming in the wine,
Sing of the rocks where our wayward ship was tossed,
Seems the only love that lasts is love you lost.

I'm through with dances under starlit skies,
Through with glances from dark enchanted eyes,
I've weighed my chances and added up the cost,
And the only love that lasts is love you lost.

*Young love is a fire burning
That fades with the chill of night.
When love is gone, there's a hungry yearning
That stays by your side and holds you tight.*

No dream of riches or battles I have won,
No stolen kisses, or seasons in the sun,
I dream of bridges - the ones I never crossed,
Seems the only love that lasts is love you lost.

©1998 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

5. COWBOY LULLABY

for Sean

When the sun sets on the prairie and the dogies settle down,
We make our camp beneath the risin' moon.
Throw some sagebrush on the fire, as the cowboys gather 'round
To say "good night," and sing a favorite tune:

*Lay me down when night is fallin'
'Neath the starry blanket of a western sky
Where a warm breeze blows and the ol' coyote's callin', callin'
That's a cowboy lullaby*

It's a hard-time occupation, ridin' herd across the range,
Through the blazin' sun, through snow or drivin' rain.
But a feather bed with a roof overhead starts feelin' kinda strange,
And so I'm headin' down the trail again.

Chorus

Bridge: Another dusty day chasin' longhorn strays;
Seems like it never ends.
Is there a shady tree for my pony and me
Waitin' around the bend?

When I'm too old for ropin' cattle, I don't want to linger,
Rockin' on the front porch all my days.
Lift me up into the saddle; slip the reins into my fingers.
My trusty Hermanito knows the way

Chorus

©2005 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

6. HALFWAY THERE

There's a half-moon smilin' over Half Moon Bay
I'm eatin' oysters on the half shell for my birthday
You see, I just turned fifty, but it don't seem fair,
'Cause no matter how you slice it, man, I'm halfway there.

I was sayin' this morning to my better half
Thinkin' 'bout half-lives makes me laugh.

Don't need carbon dating to tell my age -
Just look at all the ways the world has changed.

*We've gone from bobby socks to X-Box
JFK to Y2K
Playboy to cyberporn
From Ozzie Nelson to Osborne*

Now I'm starin' at a clock readin' half-past,
Feelin' like my efforts have been half-assed
Like I'm playin' in some half-hearted halftime show
Stuck a half-beat behind the video.

Wonder where those old bands and their studios went,
We went from half-track to four bits to 50 Cent.
By the time your new recording is all complete,
Odds are fifty-fifty, it's obsolete.

Now there's a half-pint dude with a saxophone
Blowin' hemidemisemiquaver half-tones;
Got some semi-sweet chocolate and a demijohn,
And my semicentennial is on!

*We've gone from black lights to terabytes
Hash pipes to half-pipes
Flintstones to South Park
From Dick Clark to...Dick Clark? (Wait a minute!)*

The glass is half-empty or it's half-full
And this song is semi-autobiographical
So I'll write a nice ending to start my year
And be the happiest fella in the hemisphere.

'Cause there's a half-moon smilin' over Half Moon Bay
I'm squeezin' lotta livin' into every day;
If I die tomorrow, then my epitaph'll say
"He lived a full life, though he only got half."

©2006 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

7. SLEEPING

A man is sleeping, he is sleeping
Though the world around him rises every day
The lawn needs mowing, the weeds are growing
And the mailbox overflowing with many bills to pay
The roof is leaking, the floorboards creaking
As his lover's sneaking softly out the door
Though his world is falling down, he doesn't hear a sound
He just pulls his covers 'round
And goes on sleeping...

We are all sleeping, we are sleeping
Though we live each day just like the one before
Peacefully dreaming, no vigil keeping
While the fox is in the henhouse, the wolf is at the door
We should be waking, we could be taking
A closer look at those who mind the store
Will we open up our eyes, see beyond the lies
Or will we stay hypnotized
And go on sleeping...

©2004 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

8. ECLIPSE

Chalk one up for Science - it's there in black and white;
An alignment of the sun and Earth with our rocky satellite.
We know just how they happen, and plot them through the years,
Predicting every date and time, and where they will appear.
There's an empty sense of longing no one can quantify
When songbirds all fall silent and day-stars fill the sky,
And ocean waters rise upon the land,
And shift the shoreline like a giant hand.

*And there's a strange light that wraps this world in day-for-night;
That alters form and distance like a mist upon the shore.
There's a new tide that washes fragile dreams aside
As the moon erases all that's gone before.*

A promise is a promise, a lie is just a lie.
A thief can steal the morning with soft whispers in the night.
I used to view the moon, full of romance and surprise,
I never saw things clearly, till his shadow crossed your eyes.
And though I'm told that Time will lead me to a brighter day,
The birds have all gone silent and these stars don't point my way,
And I roam the grassy cliffs above the shore,
And feel my life go drifting, like a boat that's lost its moor.

Chorus

I can see your love-light fading - it'll shine on me no more,
And the moon's erasing all that's gone before.

©1996 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

9. STAR-EYED STELLA

When Star-Eyed Stella starts to smile, you hear the call of distant trade winds beckoning.
She steers through all your guile, and sails the reaches of your soul with perfect reckoning.
When the sun is high, the ringing of her laughter is the very breath of spring,
And when the moon is low, she'll take you to that moment where the angels sing.

When Star-Eyed Stella gets the blues, the stardust hangs suspended in a mist of tears.
All your overtures refused, and stormy weather clouding up the atmosphere.
There's nothing you can do but embrace the roaring tempest, and just hold her near.
And if you see it through, the glow of starlight soon will start to reappear.

*Days go rushing past; evenings sighing softly as the whippoorwill.
Occasions fill your glass; you think you might forget her, but you never will.
For, somewhere, the embers of her eyes smolder inside you still.
The memories may come and go, but your heart will always know...*

Farther down the path, where autumn leaves drift over days of auld lang syne,
You're captivated by a laugh, or a tattered photograph, or some funny valentine.
Then, like some old beguine, your thoughts go slowly swaying, slipping out of time,
As you glide on moonlit beams through luminescent dreams of starry eyes that shine.

When Star-Eyed Stella starts to smile...

©1996 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

10. WICKED MUSE

My wicked muse keeps me on the run
From break of dawn to the setting sun
Sometimes she wakes me at half-past one
My wicked muse keeps me on the run

My wicked muse is the Queen of Pain
She drops a lyric into my brain
Where it rolls around till I'm half insane
My wicked muse is the Queen of Pain

My wicked muse drives me 'round the bend
She rips my tunes with a critic's pen
Then she disappears for months on end
My wicked muse drives me 'round the bend

*But, oh, the times when I get it right
We have a sweet romance
She tells me she's always believed in me
And we dance, we dance*

My wicked muse is a little brat
She leads me on like a Cheshire cat
She builds me up, then she leaves me flat
My wicked muse is a little brat

My wicked muse is a part of me
We love, we fight, we make harmony
We'll dance this dance through eternity
My wicked muse is a part of me

My wicked muse keeps me on the run

©2005 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved

11. KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

He's burning the tar up Route 81, out of the darkness, into the sun
Of a summer day, far from the mines and the mills.
He's high on coffee, and low on gas, pulling out of the current, and into the past;
Looking for his people - the People of the Hills.
Their songs are reaching out to him - the grasses wave with the sound,
And their faces watch beneath the sacred ground.

*He's riding the wind of another time where he's known by a different name,
Going home to the Keepers of the Flame.*

It's sixteen years since he left this town, chasing a dream that wouldn't slow down,
And leaving behind the ancient ways of his brothers.
But the White Man's world is drivin' him mad;
The work is unhealthy, the medicine bad,
And the only true love he ever had found another.
Now he feels the beat of the water drum pulsing through his veins,
And he longs to sit by the longhouse fire and close the circle again.

Chorus

Where the otter swims and the river bends, there's a spirit journey - a life on the mend
Down in the heart of the Onondaga Nation.
The elders sit by the council fire; tobacco smoke billowing high
With a prayer for the seventh generation.
And Time may take him far away, but no matter where it flows,
His heart's ablaze and his eyes, they shine like coals.

Chorus

©1998 Al Power/Night Wind Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved