

Takin' The Side Road

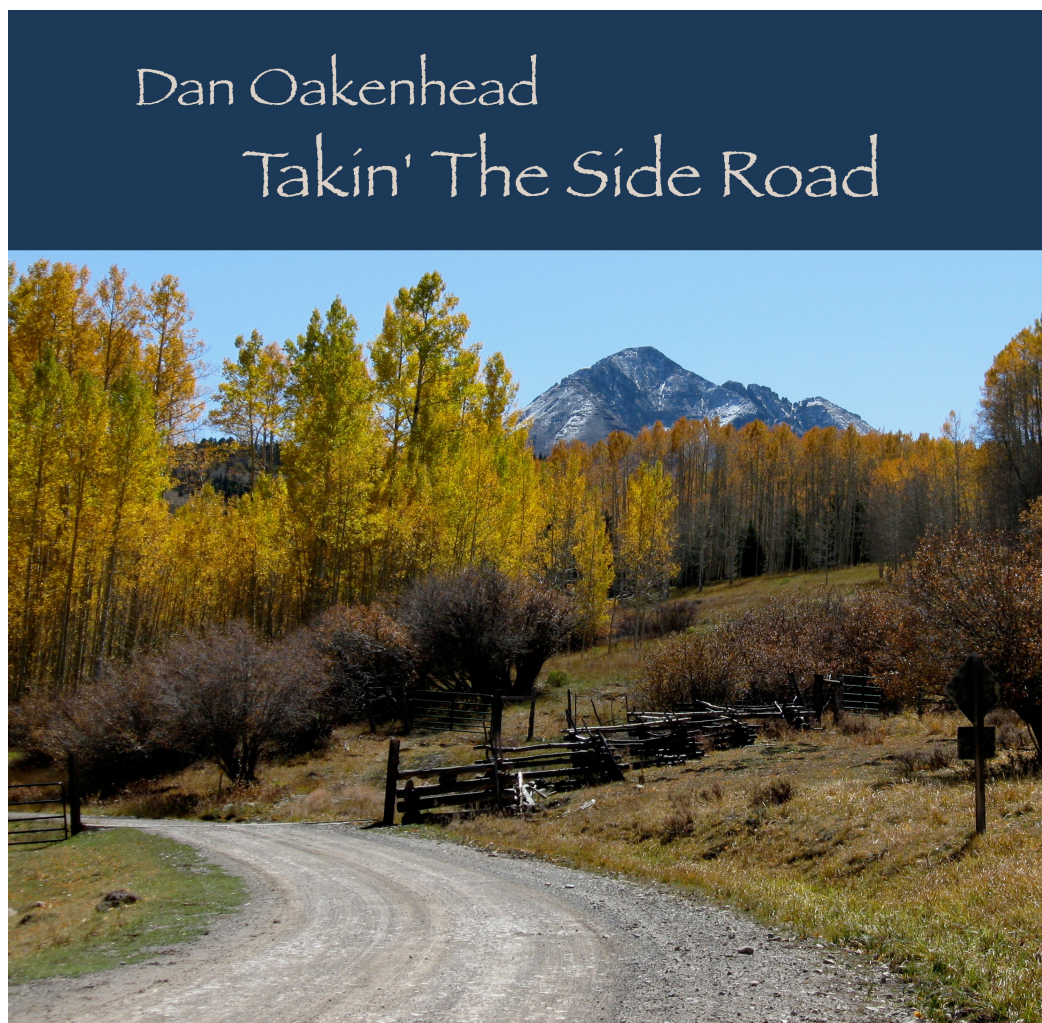
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All music composed, arranged, and performed by Dan Oakenhead.

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Recorded, mixed, and mastered at Northern Sky Music, Boulder, Colorado, USA.

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Dan Oakenhead: vocals, 1971 Martin D-35 guitar, D.W. Stephens 44-H Custom guitar, 1997 Taylor 410 guitar in DADGAD tuning, High Spirits flutes, synthesizers, high D brass Burke Irish whistle, PRS SE-245 guitar, Cervantes PE Crossover guitar.

Special Thanks to: Margaret Lamont, Graham Webster, Paul Martin, Mike Lipsey, Mark Hickey, The Arrowhead Sessions, Scott Bechtold, Thomas Huke, James DeCamp, Hank Wierman forever and always, Mike Calabrese, Paul Kuehnel, Rick Burgess, Chris Piper, Craig Thorn, HB Woodsongs Guitars, John Eaton and Woodsongs Lutherie, High Spirits Flutes, D'Von Charley, the flute music of Travis Terry, Longmont Acoustic Music Society, everyone at the Left Hand Grange sessions, and SGRY. Extra thanks to Mark Hickey of the great north for audio review and insights during final mixing/mastering.

Takin' The Side Road (4:44)

Here comes the wind
gonna blow me down
here comes the river
sweep me off the ground
there goes gravity
I'll be floating around
don't know where I'll end up
or how to get back down

standin' here on a side road
in the dust and the wind
these old shoes are worn down in the sole
just like all my friends
I'm takin the side road
out beyond lost and found
takin' the side road
to some lazy old town

all the trollin' and hackin'
robs a body of peace
just feels like symptoms
a new kind of disease
some day we'll all know
how to get on from here
I'm taking the side road
shiftin' in to low gear

here lies common sense
from a terrible fall
weapons of mass delusion
in the thick of it all
this ain't no beginnin'
no kind of end
just going round in circles
again and again

they were puttin' up fences
while I was makin' for the door

got me some new lenses
'cause the view was so poor
now I'm taking' the side road
goin' down this ol' way
where folks say please and thank you
and pass the time of day

I take advice from the noonday sun
always knows what to say
tell my troubles to the old oak tree
just to ease the pain
when I lay it all down at night
get a crazy old dream
way up in the clouds in the sky
like a fool in these wings

gettin' off the main road
it's crowded and insane
keepin' to the side road
in the dust and the rain

I'm takin the side road
out beyond lost and found
takin' the side road
to some lazy old town

Long Way From Home (5:56)

A long way from home
and the sun doesn't shine
lonely two lane road
ahead and behind
come send us hope
come send us signs
a long way from home
way down the line

cold refugees
we walk and we pray
call to be free
and some find the way
there's no turning 'round
and nowhere to go
so it's here we're found
a long way from home

way up ahead
around the next hill
one open hand
sleep and a meal
then up in the night

there'll be stars for the soul
oh what a sight
a long way from home

away...

if we could fly
rise up on wings
up to the sky
in the heavens to sing
some find faith
some find love
some find grace
in light from above

a long way from home
and the sun doesn't shine
lonely two lane road
ahead and behind
come send us hope
come send us signs
a long way from home
way down the line

Canyon Solitude (2:51)
(instrumental for flute and guitar)

Visions Of Mass Delusion (6:10)
To: the Department Of Injustice
Division of Paranoia
Bureau of Anxiety
Section of Incompetence
From: the George Carlin Honorary Office of "I Told You So"
Regarding: Hysterical Perspective....

Met a man along the way
had only so much to say
he had a beard like macrame
and played dulcimer like a Stratocaster hanging down to his knees

he said stop being someone
in a woven web of illusion
under all these wonderful shiny new toys
and the misplaced hopes and dreams of mass delusion

bunch of brains with no lights on
halfway here and halfway gone

everyone's hollering I want what's mine, I want my turn
well, nothing is yours, and this is your turn

speed knows nothing of forgiveness
flies by too fast to see the light
anger is everyone's business
pushing harder just to be right
in these days of hype and strife
with visions of mass delusion

no drummer no bass
no one here to keep the pace
spiritual schnauzers yapping their tails off
vision beyond common sight
occluded by the business mind
devolving into homo sapiens nitwit

every conversation's some kind of contest
it's the addiction to contradiction
coming to an argument near you
and it just ain't entertaining any more
in the time of weapons of mass delusion

well that ol' bearded one misses the gentle colors of October
the smell of forest in the rain
he has a hat that lives in the garage
and an old '50s Buick parked down by the cantina
finds his comfort as near as he can get to the sky

there's a woman with a cerulean face
and flames rolling up behind her
she's a painter without a canvas
poet without a pen
she said: in this loom of fate and life
why think when you can buy
and if you're smart enough to be a wise ass
you just may be smart enough to wise up

somewhere between Gomer Pyle and Gandalf
she came to her conclusion
reading Upanishads in shoulder pads
without concussions or contusions
we've all been had in this sanctified mass
as the gibberish bird sings the newest pop song
of mass delusion

then there was a grifter, maybe a corporate whore,
he was all built up for failure
when success walked through the door

he said I don't know
what I would do with you any more
he's the king of I don't give a damn
the conductor of the nowhere express
and a has-been who never was

now every day comes high and fast
and hits the glove before he can swing
or even see it pass
he has kaleidoscope vision of the future
a foggy view of the past
and he's just making a grab for it all
under the cloak of mass delusion

and the difference between that one and me
as far as I can see, is
he talks to bully his case
and I, so we can raise this place
when there's anything to say at all

there's no longer any confusion
or maybe that's all there is
as a land of critics and cynical tools
with their jargon of mass delusion
carve up the psyches of countless willing fools

now just living in the space of a broken heart
this may be the way to blow it all apart
'n I'm just the idiot passing by in these wings
left here with my karma and my keys
surfing far above the waves of mass delusion
gazing down on high mountain trees

heaven loves a low one
heaven loves a fool
plenty of love goin' round
for the likes of me and you

so light it up easy
light it up slow
these the words of you know who – and he said –
“damn, now didn't I, didn't I just tell you so.”

Sometimes Freedom (4:57)

Last time I saw Steven
he was drivin' straight up north
90 miles an hour he went
like running from a ghost

he stopped off in Wind River
to pick up a woman there
and they lit out for Alberta
fires burning in their hair
god only knows, god only knows
if they made it all the way
sometimes freedom slips away

the spirit of old Henry
is down in Santa Fe
looking around for artifacts
to explain what's happening today
and artifacts are the only facts
that he'll be bringing round
while everyone talks like lizards
cowering underground
god only knows, god only knows
what Henry's gonna say
sometimes freedom fades away

far away in the distance
and right here, here within
through the power and pain
and the pouring down rain
sometimes freedom calls your name

just down the road from Eden
Jessie made a sudden turn
and headed on back to perdition
like it was a reward that she'd earned
but some kind of redemption
something far beyond any creed
lifted her up, shook her around
and left her there on her knees
god only knows, god only knows
what Jessie saw that day
sometimes freedom comes to stay

far away in the distance
and right here, here within
through the power and pain
and the pouring down rain
sometimes freedom calls your name
through the power and pain
and the pouring down rain
sometimes freedom calls your name

Faith, Love, and Grace Calling (3:47)

Faith weaves her light in the sky
she lifts every wing aloft in flight
hear her callin'
out of the night, with every love
into the dawn

Love holds the universe in place
she opens every heart through time and space
feel her callin'
out of the dawn, with every grace
into the day

hold the light,
hold the flame
in a breath
and a touch
and a gaze

Grace moves like clouds in the air
formless taking form then disappears
hear her callin'
out of the day, with every faith
into the night

Moonlight Chant (1:55)

(instrumental for three flutes)

No Excuse (5:05)

I try to start off with kindness
in anything that I do
and the first thing is to get a laugh
tumbling out of you
and to my way of thinkin'
coming straight from the heart
that's how everything should start

but sometimes I just don't get it right
say something crazy, everyone gets uptight
and sometimes when I'm called I'm just no use
in my defense, I have no excuse

most the time I'm out of place
except when music comes along
and then I'm home, my mind gets to roam
and hang out nowhere at all
when everything is everywhere

and nothing goes missing when it's gone
and the big blue sky paints itself into my song

sometimes I'm twisted around inside
do something stupid and make you cry
and at times like that I'm just no use
but in my defense, I have no excuse

I went off and sang a song
that I truly thought was sweet
but brought everyone sorrow instead
so I went alone up the mountain
and there beside the old creek
took a long look inside my head

I found the wind and sky and a midnight high
and the kindness and laughter inside
and to my way of thinkin'
coming straight from the heart
that's how everything should start

and now and then I fall flat on my face
and try make it look like natural grace
when I'm playing the fool, I'm not much use
but sometimes I'm up bright and early
seeing things just a little more clearly
and times like that I just may be some use
and it comes down to this
it may be hit or miss
and in my defense, I have no excuse

I try to start off with kindness
in anything that I do
and the first thing is to get a laugh
tumbling out of you
and to my way of thinkin'
coming straight from the heart
that's how everything should start

Face In The Tree (5:12)

Up on a mountain in a cool moonrise
ghost light feels so at home
shadows stretching out into darkness
and voices rise up from below

open arms to the sky
feel life flowin' within
way on down in the deep of the land

reach in and drink
drink it all in

down in the valley, beyond the old road
hidden away, a lonesome grove is callin'
a whispering, creaking, droning old song
a chorus of trees carries along the way
along the way

long ago, an old one at the end of the road
where even a short way is a long long way to go
for the knotted old wizard, the face in the tree
who looks on forever so wild and free

open branches to the sky
feel light flowin' within
way on down in the heart of the land
reach in and drink
drink it all in

walk down, walk on down the old wooded way
in the sunlight that follows the early morning rain
out to the old one, the face in the tree
hidden, so wild, and free

Ponderosa Sky (3:23)

Is it true that clouds are the faces of gods
made by spirits with nothin' to do
hey look up there
that one's a lot like you

now stand by the water side in the glimmer of moonlight
under the early evening blue
come look now
it's a lot like you

and call your heart home
where the bald eagle flies
just one breath is all you need
in this ponderosa sky

any time you come by a troubled heart
when everything is flying apart
just come on up
to this ponderosa sky

call your heart home
where the bald eagle flies

just one breath is all you need
in this ponderosa sky

yeah it's true that clouds are the faces of gods
made by spirits with nothin' to do
hey look up there
that one's a lot like you

so call your heart home
where the bald eagle flies
just one breath is all you need
in this ponderosa sky
just one breath is all you need
in this high western sky

Song From The Highest Tree (2:09)
(instrumental for flute and synth)

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