

## **Road To Everafter**

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Produced by Dan Oakenhead. Recorded, mixed, and mastered at Northern Sky Music, Boulder, Colorado, USA. Photography by Margaret Lamont.

Dan Oakenhead: vocals, acoustic guitars, synthesizers, percussion Irish whistle, Tibetan bowl, piano.  
Graham Webster: bass on After Everafter.

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### **1. Isn't He Someone**

I'm most famous for being anonymous  
I spend a lot of time at home  
accepting ovations  
from crowds who never show  
its standing room only because I have no chairs

so I wrote some books  
that have never been published  
but I still get the looks

from a curious public

isn't he someone, isn't he someone  
couldn't he be someone, from long ago  
isn't he someone, isn't he someone  
couldn't he be someone we saw once in a show

I went back to my hometown  
for a big reunion  
where I heard I'd been in some terrible disaster  
so I started asking around  
to see what had become of me  
but no one seemed to have the answer

because I'm best known for being anonymous  
I get around from place to place  
I have my fans, no I mean honest  
they just can't seem to place my face

Isn't he someone, isn't he someone  
couldn't he be someone, from long ago  
isn't he someone, isn't he someone  
couldn't he be someone we saw once in a show

well the crowds got to me  
so I took to being invisible  
and I could go wherever I wanted to go  
after awhile, I just didn't like it  
so I went back to my anonymous show

then I was out one night  
when I was recognized  
and they laughed and yelled and slapped me on the back  
they said they remembered me from somewhere on TV  
they just couldn't seem to name the show

I'm most famous, for being anonymous  
I get around from place to place  
I have my fans, no I mean honest  
they just can't seem to place my face

Isn't he someone, isn't he someone  
couldn't he be someone, from long ago  
isn't he someone, isn't he someone  
couldn't he be someone we saw once in a show

## **2. The Road To Everafter**

From this old porch I can soar the wind blowing through the trees

back to old October nights of memory  
I feel the last warm ray of summer  
I watch you fade into the breeze  
and I wonder, I wonder how this can be  
I wonder, I wonder how this can be

I see the smoke of your shadow down the path between the trees  
and the ghost of a reminder of the way you'd look at me  
I feel the rough dry bark of pine  
I see your eyes up in the sky  
and I wonder, I wonder how this can be  
I wonder, I wonder how this can be

and if you should hear me calling  
you should hear me calling  
it's not for loss but love I send my heart to you  
you're the one who taught me  
you're the one who taught me  
the road to everafter, the road from me to you

so long, its been so long  
since this old heart came flying apart  
on the night that you were gone  
hold on, like the last steam train whistling in the dawn  
here in the dawn

at least once every day I feel like crying  
over sorrow and sadness we all see  
the rest of the time I feel like laughing  
and I wonder, I wonder how this can be  
I wonder, I wonder how this can be

and you may hear me calling, sometimes  
you may hear me calling  
its just my loving song to carry you on your way  
you may hear me calling  
you may hear me calling  
from the road to everafter, the road from me to you  
the road to everafter, the road from me to you

### **3. Rose**

She had innocent eyes pleasant and nice  
alive as her namesake Rose  
and one boy admired her from a nearby window  
wishing he could just say hello

at the age of fifteen she met a man who turned mean  
so they moved her to some other home

and the boy painted pictures, became a well known artist  
with a lifelong memory of Rose

he saw her years later by chance at a theatre  
there was hurt in those innocent eyes  
and she spoke with him once on the avenue bus  
said she'd just like to have one good night

she took a beating at the hands of a husband  
and became all dazed and confused  
and he left her next morning, no kindness and no warning  
in an empty old house badly used

one day she rose and put on all her layers of clothes  
closing the door and leaving her key on the floor  
she walked out to the town's open roar

one day a rose from an unknown hand  
was left by the grate where she froze  
there are cracks in the wall where the thorny vine crawls  
a red flag along concrete rows

now there's a painting hanging in the shelter on Main Street  
of a girl with innocent eyes  
its a view from a window, in colors of sorrow  
and its signed "To my Rose, Good night."

#### **4. An Daingean**

*(Thanks to Con Durham and Mike, and An Conair Lounge and Bar, Dingle, County Kerry, Ireland)*

There are hills in the west reaching as high as heaven  
and the rocks and the green make love with the sky and wind  
there's a fire of birth from the soil of the earth burning low  
its the great poet's breath whispering call to come home  
and its all ashes of light, ashes of light

there's a man on the pipes playing the reels and the airs  
and there's one on guitar moving the rhythms and patterns  
the traditional songs take hearts for a long long ride  
and they keep it alive deep into the night through the year  
and its all in the night, all in the night

there are stones in the fields carved with the lines of the ancients  
and a fort 'round the Head by the cliffs overlooks the Atlantic  
the waves on the shore tell of the oars of the men of the sea  
and the tide chants their names over endless turns of the ages

and its all in the years, all in the years

now the castle is down but one tower stands to witness  
the march of the age, the stones and the pages of history  
and over the hill where Brendan set sail for the far and wide  
the mountains reach up embraced by the fog and the sky  
and its all in the rain, all in the rain

in the pub and smoke, the bodies and heat pressing closer  
the jigs and the reels pitch higher to turn the night over  
the bodhran drums and accordion joins from behind the bar  
and even the hills hush and lean closer and closer  
and its all in the night, all in the night

now the strangers come for the snapshot and souvenir season  
and the longer it goes the spirit recedes to its heaven  
where its out in the hills free as the gulls in the air  
and its inside the songs of the pipes and guitar sounding fair  
and its all ashes of light, ashes of light  
and its all ashes of light, ashes of light

## **5. Undetected**

Some girls can fly in the light like an angel  
some stay and cry alone in the night  
some boys walk the line between good and evil  
some bow in hope to hold to the line

all the young boys and young girls  
trying hard in this world to be accepted  
all the old men and old women  
go flying alone and rejected

how many secret sighs there are  
that go undetected  
undetected, hidden from view

sometimes I sigh when the wind comes a blowing  
whisper the trees like waves through my mind  
somewhere up high there's a storm in the making  
the distance is cold, but the cleansing is fine

there will be times when your wings  
lift you into the evening  
there will be times when the darkness  
is heavy and torn with grieving

how many secret hearts there are  
that go on believing

go on believing, carry us through

## 6. After Everafter - instrumental

### 7. Captain Rush And The Queen of Dreams

Well I met a man, he was 95  
he had a contact lens in his third eye  
he was as far sighted as a man can be  
he had a long gray beard and leather sandals  
and a walking stick with an owl's head handle  
and a red t-shirt that said "God Save The Trees"  
I ventured forth to ask him the time  
and he said whatever you find in your mind  
is good enough to get you on your way  
and he made me a crown of fallen leaves  
of gold and purple and brown and green  
and said "I hope at least you've time to play"

we walked into his wooded haven  
where he danced with a bear and talked with a raven  
and I decided I was glad I came along  
his arms were strong like a hickory bow  
and he filled his pipe with sage and cloves  
and he knew every verse to a thousand songs

deep in the forest a stream is running  
drink the cool waters on your way home  
autumn leaves and tumbleweeds don't know where they go  
take to the wind when it blows

we sat and talked by a thorny bush  
and he said his name was Captain Rush  
and he pointed to his home beyond the sky  
there appeared a lady along the stream  
the Captain called her the Queen of Dreams  
there was a kind and ageless look in her eye  
now her beauty was so bright and strong  
that I couldn't bear to look too long  
but it was just as hard to look away  
and she touched my hand and kissed my cheek  
and showed me places I go in my sleep  
that I can't seem to recall when I'm awake

so we all joined in and walked that day  
and sang and talked along the way  
Til we came up high upon a hill  
then in a flash of heavenly light

the Captain and the Queen of Dreams took flight  
and left me all alone upon this trail  
well I couldn't help but shed a tear  
for the Captain and the lady fair  
as they floated into the sky above  
at last I cried "Please take me home"  
but the Captain called, "You're on your own"  
as they disappeared into a silver cloud  
so I sat awhile and sighed and heaved  
and then recalled my crown of leaves  
and the songs I'd learned from  
Captain Rush and The Queen of Dreams

deep in the forest a stream is running  
drink the cool waters on your way home  
autumn leaves and tumbleweeds don't know where they go  
take to the wind when it blows

### **8. The World Ends Every Morning At Sunrise**

The end of the world is a red and purple sunrise  
it comes into your eyes and breaks your heart  
every time your heart breaks the world begins again  
it opens up like sunrise through the tears

out on the path of the broken heart  
you don't know where it ends or where it starts  
and everyone walks the path from time to time  
when you wander in the dark  
it seems to every aching heart  
that the world ends every morning at sunrise

the end of the world is a red and purple sunrise  
it comes into your eyes and breaks your heart  
every time your heart breaks the world begins again  
it opens up like sunrise through the tears

can you see the colors rise  
as the clouds fall from your eyes  
and the day breaks open your heart is on the mend  
and you see that in the end, everything begins  
when the world ends every morning at sunrise

what comes of a broken heart  
a chance for another start  
an emptiness that washes you clean  
down the path where no one goes  
when you think you're all alone  
your heart will shine like a silver light on a stream

the end of the world is a red and purple sunrise  
it comes into your eyes and breaks your heart  
and every time your heart breaks the world begins again  
it opens up like sunrise through the tears  
when the world ends every morning at sunrise

## **9. Karoshi**

5:00 a.m. and no sun, go in early for the day  
pour down the coffee before the next deadline comes your way  
re-work the budget for the fifteenth time this week  
how to squeeze out more work for less cost from the underpaid and meek  
the pressure is on you to succeed  
why is it so hard to breathe?

work so long the night just bleeds on from day to day  
work so hard the heart pumps to the jerky rhythm of pay  
bow down to profit lines ignore the warning signs along the way  
becomes habit of expectation fear and shame of not pulling your weight  
you know what they call this overseas  
they have a word in Japanese

one more time through the plan and one more shipment to make  
what can you get done before the real drop dead date  
slump over desk in the night, family loss, family cries today  
just bring a new one in change the name on the door and start again  
you know what they call this overseas  
they have a word in Japanese  
who's going to profit from this pain  
how is this loss explained away?

## **10. Generations**

I once knew a man  
of ordinary courage  
sacrificed all his dreams  
all his life of days  
he labored through the gray  
holding out for destiny  
all the time he tried to be  
someone he never knew  
holding down the duties  
handed down through generations to you

how could any man not go under  
the force of a thousand years  
how could anyone keep his eyes on the sun  
through the flood of a thousand waves



but I saw him one night out under the moonlight  
when he thought no one was near  
and his arms were raised to the starry heights  
and his face was wet with tears  
he saw me standing in night shadow by a tree  
so he pointed to the sky for me to see  
just at that moment a star fell across the night  
I never saw on him a finer light

I never told him how I loved him from that day  
but I think he knew  
from then until he passed on into the blue

now as the years have gone  
I'm the pattern of the man  
holding on as best I can  
feel the generations roll  
the waves of a thousand years  
holding on as best I can  
all the time I seem to be  
someone I never knew  
holding down the duties  
handed down through generations to you

how could any man not go under  
the force of a thousand years  
how could anyone keep his eye on the sun  
through the flood of a thousand waves  
but I was out last night under the moonlight  
when I thought no one was near  
my arms were raised to the starry heights  
and my face was wet with tears  
I saw him standing in night shadow by a tree  
pointing to the sky for me to see  
just at that moment a star fell across the night  
and I never saw a finer light

I never told him how I loved him from that day  
but I think he knew  
from then until he passed on into the blue  
I think he knew  
from then until he passed on into the blue

### **11. Letters From A Friend**

I heard some news from a friend who still writes letters  
he said he can't understand the madness all around  
behind everyone's eyes they look uneasy  
like they'll jump out of their skin at the slightest sound

he said “Do you think the noble red man suffered neurosis?  
did the natives of this land sit around and whine?  
maybe its just that we make our lives so damned important  
instead of raising our gaze to something more divine”

he said “Everyone I see just looks like a candle  
with the flame out and smoke rising to the sky”  
when I read his words I finally got a handle on it  
I’ve been a fool while trying so hard to be wise

He said, “I walked out to the cottonwood in the lowland  
its been struck by lightning twice since you were here  
and I just saw the web of many futures  
rolling out like waves over the hills”

I heard from my friend again last Wednesday evening  
he said he'd rather write by hand than type it in  
and there's something all around that feels uneasy  
but he feels okay with a hammer in his hand

he said his old mom's doing fine at the age of eighty  
she still grows most of her food out by the fence  
she always says to take it a little easy  
she says the candle burns a little brighter near the end

He said “Everyone I see still looks like a candle  
with the flame out and smoke rising to the sky”  
when I read his words I finally got a handle on it  
I’ve been a fool while trying so hard to be wise

## **12. Stones, Streams, and Trees**

Late one night when I was out walking  
far away into the trees  
a wise old man with beard a flowing  
had these words to say to me...  
whenever I'm blown out and busted  
when I'm a torn and ragged fool  
when I'm down to old confusion  
there's just one thing I need to do, I find  
stones to make me strong again  
streams to wash me clean  
trees to give me courage  
and love to set me free

now when time begins to pressure  
when space gets much too close to see  
when I'm caught up in the fire

and the dust and ash of all the old routines, I find  
stones to make me strong again  
streams to wash me clean  
trees to give me courage  
and love to set me free

when you're down and blue and lonely  
you feel so bitter tight and cold  
everyone has times of trouble now and then  
weighed on down by a heavy load

if I could take your blues away  
and I could give you anything  
I'd take your hand and we'd go walkin  
far away into the trees, give you  
stones to make you strong again  
streams to wash you clean  
trees to give you courage  
and love to set you free, well have  
stones to make us strong again  
streams to wash us clean  
trees to give us courage  
and love to set us free

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