



# THE YEAR OF SEEING CLEARLY



ERIC MARING

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9. Gonna Be Just Like You

10. Barbed Wire, Rt. 134

11. O'Sullivan's March, Coalminer's Reel

**SUNSHINE:**

**Eric Maring** - *Guitar, Keys, Vocals*

**Leo Maring** - *Sax, Violin, Viola, Keys, Vocals*

**Julian Maring** - *Keys, Accordion, Vocals*

**Steve Fox** - *Drums*

**Dan Griffin** - *Bass*

Greg Heelan - *Vocals #1*, Steve Steckler - *Elec. guitar #3*

Music and Lyrics by EM except:

#3 Lyrics - Maring/Ivatury/Heelan/Fox

#7 & #9 Lyrics - Maring/Olson

#11 Traditional, arranged by EM

Audio engineering/mixing - EM with

Steve Steckler at Asparagus Media Studios.

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Mastered by Steve Steckler.

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## SON OF IT ALL

I am the Son of war  
Son of riches  
Son of slaves  
Son of bitches  
Son of luck  
Son of drunks  
Son of mills and  
son of ditches

Son of the believers who believed in love  
Son of the grievors who said it was enough  
Son of the highs and the higher  
Son of the eyes of the crier, Son of it all

I am the Son of the winners  
Son of the losers  
Son of the high flyin' refusers  
Son of the crazy  
Son of the sane  
Son of the dried out drifted grain

Son of the believers who believed in love  
Son of the grievors who said they'd had enough  
Son of the highs and the higher  
Son of the eyes of the crier,  
Son of it all





## SON OF IT ALL

Son of the glory in the Pacific Sea  
Son of the gripped in misery  
They survived, couldn't believe it was real  
They arrived, son of the sealed deal

Son of the believers who believed in love  
Son of the griever who said it was enough  
Son of the highs and the higher  
Son of the eyes of the crier

Sun shone on San Francisco  
And on the Chesapeake  
And the stones were thrown and  
the debtors groaned all week  
The owners owned, put on the kettle  
And the boiling it would unsettle  
Who'll call you weak  
if you call it bleak?

Son of The Depression,  
the angst came pouring out  
Son of the confession  
Not a shred of clout  
Son of the whips  
Son of the chains  
Son of the sadness, the remains





## SON OF IT ALL

Son of the bills and testaments  
Son of the spills and negligence  
Son of the rows of tenements  
and raping redevelopments

Son of the sick laying out on the floor  
his wife had died three days before  
Son of the damned and departed  
Son of the cruelest of hearted

Son of the believers who believed in love  
Son of the grievors who said it was enough  
Son of the highs and the higher  
Son of the eyes of the crier  
Son of it all





## YOU DON'T DIE FROM A BROKEN WING OR A BROKEN HEART

I can see you as a boy in the old general store  
A few pennies in the dish, whatever you could wish  
What was it there in that hour?  
Your mother held a flower  
and it gave you the power to go on,  
when the store is gone  
and you wake at dawn  
and pray to know your part  
You don't die from a broken wing or a broken heart  
You don't die from a broken wing or a broken heart

These are the days we'll remember when we say "remember when"  
When my bones creak, and I can't play the keys like I used to pretend  
But something will remain it will, that song about the train, it will  
What was it he was going for in that sound?  
That drew us around, brought us to the ground,  
was it really all that hard?  
You don't die from a broken wing or a broken heart...

Trying to find a way through the danger inside of you  
Trying to find a way to the changer inside of you  
Trying to find a way to the stranger who will creep beside and leap  
she said "I'm crying, dying, trying just to sing myself asleep...  
It's the fraud I keep, cutting too deep, and tearing me apart"



## YOU DON'T DIE FROM A BROKEN WING OR A BROKEN HEART

There's the letting go that teeters on the edge  
There's the fretting though it sometimes drives a wedge  
There's no forgetting getting to have the kinda time  
like when your grandfather cried reading his poems to you  
just before he died  
You can hear 'em there,  
barely there in the air  
and never will they part  
You don't die from a broken wing or a broken heart...

We took a trip to Canyonlands and you took us out to the wrim  
You said close your eyes and realize where deep time begins  
And it set me loose, no excuse for the thoughts and the oughts  
I shoulda coulda bought when I was young and in my prime  
But the art and time are long and wide and have been since the start  
You don't die from a broken wing or a broken heart...





## MEDAL OF FREEDOM

He fought for us all, stood so tall, we're hushed in awe  
of Rush Limbaugh, he got a Medal of Freedom!

Ooh ooh ooh, He got a Medal of Freedom!  
Ooh ooh ooh you got a Medal of Freedom!

Free men tried for the Medal of Freedom  
Free men died for the Medal of Freedom  
Free men cried for the medal of freedom  
Free men hide, you'd never meddle with freedom

Wipe your eye, it's the Medal of Freedom  
Don't you cry, it's the Medal of Freedom  
You're the guy, Medal of Freedom  
Medals! and Freedom! Medal of freedom!

Jesus Christ, got no Medal of Freedom!  
Harriet Tubman, got no Medal of Freedom!  
Frederick Douglas, doing an amazing job  
and is being recognized more and more  
but got no Medal of Freedom!  
Rush Limbaugh, you got your Medal of Freedom!

Years from now what will they say about us?  
Who stood their ground, wouldn't go to the back of the bus?  
Who stood for good, never to brag and waved the American flag?







## THE YEAR OF SEEING CLEARLY

Nobody's ever seen anything like it  
On this the two sides could agree  
On the rest forget about it  
Again, the two sides would agree  
Was it love? Was it pain?  
Was it your heart or the rain?  
Was it the fault of the hour or the powers that be?

And who's to say what is and is not? Sincerely,  
Who's to say what should be held most dearly  
Taking to task the truth or nearly  
General Lee generally tearily salutes  
John Lewis on the bridge for one final crossing  
Now show us a light we all can be  
In the year of seeing clearly

Twenty twenty was the one, the one that could shine  
Like somewhere 'round 1999  
Where all would be refined our best brought to mind  
Everyone crossing the line  
Everybody has a meal  
Noone's storming the bastille  
No fantasy of a steal  
Imagine how it all could feel



## THE YEAR OF SEEING CLEARLY

And who's to say what is and is not? Sincerely,  
Who's to say what should be held most dearly?  
Taking a chance on going the distance  
love and care making all the difference  
empathy and strength a waking resistance  
Now pull us out of the misery  
In the year of seeing clearly

Bless this land for all it's sorrows  
For all it's bojangled, fandangled ways  
Bless the hearts of the dreamers  
May they be remembered beyond their days  
John Prine and RBG  
Bill Withers, Lean on Me  
We'll miss you all for what you brought  
That dream that we hope we've sought

And who's to say what is and is not? Sincerely,  
Who's to say what should be held most dearly  
Taking to task the truth or nearly  
Stonewall clearly teary and weary salutes  
John Lewis on the bridge for one final crossing  
Now show us a light that sets us free  
In the year of seeing wearily,  
the year of seeing merely,  
the year of seeing clearly



## BOOTS ON THE GROUND

Let me see your boots on the ground  
Let me see the place where you're found  
Let me see you not make a sound,  
Don't need the tears all around  
Let me see your boots on the ground

Let me see you not make a sound  
Let me see you walking around  
Let me see your boots on the ground  
Let me see you lost then found  
Get your boots on the ground

Like a flash of lighting it came so fast  
"What's gonna last?" you ask  
Time tells, it will  
Time kills, it will  
Get your boots on the ground

Get your head out the ground  
Listen to the sound of walking around  
How they pound and pound  
How they wound around  
Gets your boots on the ground





## BOOTS ON THE GROUND

Nothing to take from you  
But for the sake of you  
The tears  
The years  
The fears

Where's the snow on the hill?  
Where's the will and thrill?  
Time tells, it will  
Time kills, it will  
Get your boots on the ground

The ghost is here today  
It's getting in your way  
I can hear it near before you say  
You're flying away and you're flying far  
There you go and there you are  
Get your boots on the ground





## THE SADDEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES

Once was a man went out for a run  
Went out for a run in the sun  
Have a little fun on a run  
y'know sun and fun and out for a run  
And that's the end of one man's son  
that's the end of one man's son

'Cause another man went out with his son  
Went out with their brains undone  
Went out with a gun in the sun  
And they shot him down, and now he's done  
Down and done, down and done

That's the end of one man's son  
That's the end of one man's son

They say everything changes  
And yes it does  
But some kinda changes ain't good because  
What once was has blown to grains  
Blown out into the rains

These must be the saddest days of our lives  
The saddest days in so many ways  
They must be trust me they must be  
the saddest days of our lives



## THE SADDEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES

It's such powdery failure  
Such a pickled response  
Such limp musings  
Such watery wants  
Truth is easy when it's up in the sky  
Nothing in here we can try to deny  
Come on up close you can see its inside  
Hold it in your hands hold it up to the light  
This is the end of one man's son  
That's the end no more run in the sun  
That's the end of one man's son  
That's the end of one man's son

They say everything changes  
And yes it does  
But some kinda changes ain't good because  
What once was has blown to grains  
Blown out into the rains

These must be the saddest days of our lives  
The saddest days in so many ways  
They must be trust me they must be  
the saddest days of our lives











## GENEVIEVE

I don't know what to say  
Don't know where to start  
You've got your arms around me  
You always get through to that part

But I don't know where to start  
I know I'm not alone  
You said it might get to be too much  
But now there's nothing to call our own

I know I'm not alone  
But don't know how to grieve  
'cause talk is cheap, I need something to reap  
Not just words only you and I can believe, Genevieve

You don't know what to say  
You say it all looks the same  
But it's a different game  
Caught up in these memories we all claim

Things all look the same  
But it's a different game  
And the game you gotta play, that's the way it is today  
Honey you can't leave, Genevieve





## GENEVIEVE

How long will this go on?  
How long's this gonna last?  
How long will the clown in town  
Keep us all in his cast?

How long's this gonna last?  
We were travelin' fast  
What type of shred of that past  
can we hope to retrieve, Genevieve?





## GONNA BE JUST LIKE YOU

Gonna be just like you

Big smile warm dress  
The last days where you confessed  
So sweet so pure  
The best of me  
The best of her  
The blue eyes  
The clichés  
The blue skies  
The deep gaze  
Take my breath away

Gonna be just like you

Sometimes you need a rainy day  
And sometimes you don't  
Sometimes it's good to sleep late  
Sometimes you won't  
Sometimes the stars align  
And they put your name up on a sign  
Or you dig in deep until it all falls apart  
And you bring the worst of the worst out of your heart





## GONNA BE JUST LIKE YOU

He's watching you  
Will do all you do  
It's what he'll do  
he's destined to...  
take my breath away, take your breath away

The blue eyes  
The clichés  
The blue skies  
The deep gaze  
Take my breath away  
take your breath away

Gonna be just like you





## BARBED WIRE, RT. 134

Cuttin' barbed wire listening to the Dead  
Who got the watches who got the time instead?  
Concerned that the bridge is a little bit burned  
and there's nothing we have learned

Wish I could take away all the pain  
Wish I could sing and make it rain  
Wish I could know when I can't  
Wish I could know how to see the plan

I wished I had a way to talk to him  
Tell him I'm sorry that it got so grim  
The forces were fiery and fierce to a fault  
And that tired ol' wound was calling for salt

Man, can the news tear us apart  
Who can lay a claim to a brain and heart?  
The confused will always refuse  
and the chickens will always come home seduced

I finally think I understand why you drank  
Noone to pray to, nobody you could shank  
Lost your son just before the war  
Nothing you could thank anyone for



## BARBED WIRE, RT. 134

Do we think we can be here by being half-here?  
Are we sorely fakin' and mistaken, my dear?  
It's like an earthquake has taken a break and  
We're wakin' from the bakin' of the bread  
With a stormy something brewing in our head

I wanna run, run, run run run run til i'm blue  
I wanna walk walk walk and talk talk talk to you  
I've had fights with my friends  
But we made up in the end

We all have a part in it falling apart  
You can shine it and show it and call it art  
But can you measure the blather on the net  
or the treasure of the laureate?

I want to propose a toast  
To those we love the most  
To those we hold so dear  
Year after year

I want to raise a glass  
To those who have passed  
Who loved without fear  
Year after year

