

The McKenzies: *Where Have You Gone?*, c2009

Lyrics

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1. Fathers' Fathers

c1988 Woody & Marcia McKenzie

They grew strong in the clear mountain air,
Sawin' down the trees with the help of the hands
Of fathers' fathers,
Generations of sweat from the clearin' of the land.

And they worked when the dawn lit up the sky,
Breakin' up the sod with the help of the hands
Of fathers' fathers,
Growin' up in the fields from a boy to a man.

CHORUS: And the tales that they told were ageless and bold,
They put lights in the eyes of the listeners.
Now the tales that I hear aren't nearly so dear
While my fathers are lost in time's distance.

Livin' in the middle of the sprawl,
Workin' for a day without the help of the hands
Of my fathers' fathers.
Grandpa's picture's on the wall. Oh, would he understand?

CHORUS

Get a better job in a town so far away.
Move onto another place without the help of the hands
Of our fathers' fathers.
Would our fathers all approve of this life of modern man?

CHORUS (*our*)

2. Song for Dad

c1988 Woody & Marcia McKenzie

Wrinkles on your forehead, temples turning gray,
A twinkle in your eyes, and a smile from yesterday.
I watched you growing older, but I was growing up too fast.
I leaned upon your shoulder, and I thought the time would last.
But my dreams took me away,
And I almost lost touch with you.
Now I'm back again today,
And I'm a little older too.
I can't begin to give you all that you have given me.
But even though that's not the way it's supposed to be,
Sometimes I get to wishin' that I could find a way
To give to you what you have given me.

My own children gather 'round me now and look up into my eyes.
They lean upon my shoulder for the answers to their cries.
When I look for strength within me, my thoughts go back to you.
You used to be my pillar, more than you even knew.
There's so much left to say,
But I could never say it all.
The days just fly away,
And I hear my children call.
I can't begin to give you all that you have given me,
And now I know that's not the way it's supposed to be.
The strength and love you gave to me are mine to pass along.
And in my children's children you'll live on,
Long after all the wrinkles are gone.
And they will know your love in this song.

3. Where Have You Gone?

c1988 Woody & Marcia McKenzie

Drinkin' and laughin' and telling a tale,
Singin' and playin' 'til the embers were pale.
Firelight flickered and smiled in your eyes
While the stars burned bright in the big western skies.
Then the night passed to day, and we roamed it away.
Time was our friend, and we had time to play.

CHORUS: Where have you gone?
Why didn't you write me?
I thought you would call.
Did you take us so lightly?
Do you still roam around
With the wind in your face
And the sun on your back,
Or have you found a new place?
Have you left me behind 'cause I've settled down?
You don't need any roots to keep you stuck in the ground.
You know your roots won't grow
If you keep movin' on.
Will I see you someday?
Oh, where have you gone?

We traveled together all over the land,
Camped by the ocean and ran through the sand.
Hitched through the desert and up to the hills,
Held onto each other to fight off the chill.
And we loved in the quiet of the night.
But then you were gone with the morning light.

CHORUS

Will I see you someday?
Will you sing me a song?
Oh, I love you still.
Where have you gone?

4. Wordless Love

c1988 Marcia McKenzie, rev. 2007

Too many are the times I've sat alone and full of pain,
Living with a broken heart, yet wanting love again,
Pouring out my sorrow into some sad sweet refrain,
Filling up the pages with melancholy phrases.

And I can't count the hours I've spent creating lines so sweet
To unknown lovers in my head that I would never meet.
I'd fantasize the words we'd whisper walking down the street,
So many lines composed for my imaginary beaux.

CHORUS: But now there's you, and suddenly I find
I can't express what's in my heart and mind.
But I would rather live with wordless happiness
Than live a pain that's easy to express.

Yes, now that long-awaited love is finally here, its seems
The lines don't flow as freely as when sent by pain and dreams.
I'm wordless in the happiness that my face betrays in beams.
No matter how I try, I can't describe the love inside.

CHORUS (*Cause now...*)

Yes, I'd rather lack the words for love, it's true,
Than to live without the wordless love for you.

5. I Can't Find My Way Back Home

c1988 Woody & Marcia McKenzie

I went back to my home on the mountain where I'm from
On a cold and dreary, chilly autumn day.
I thought I'd see a tree that I had climbed when I was young,
But the tree was gone, and the sky was cold and gray.
I felt a chill run through me, and I felt a little old,
And I wondered if I still knew how to play.
The fields and woods I used to know had all been bought and sold,
Well, I might as well been standin' far away.

CHORUS: And I can't find my way back home anymore.
The times have changed, the past has closed its door.
My memories are all that's left, I've lost what I'm lookin' for.
And I can't find my way back home.

Home to me was settled in a sleepy little town,
Down a dirt road only children would explore.
With fields of wild strawberries and pastures all around,
One school, a couple of churches, and a store.
But now the road's paved over all the secrets of my youth,
The berries are uprooted, just like me.
The shopping malls and highways came and ate up all I knew.
And all that's left's a childhood memory.

CHORUS

We travel down a road that's always changing with the times.
It's curves and hills show more than we can see.
Our journey always takes us ever farther down the line,
And what we pass becomes a memory.
I used to think I'd turn and find the places I call home,
With the happy times and loved ones I had there.
But now I know I've got to just keep headin' down the road
And hope the changes aren't too much to bear.

CHORUS: (*we/our*)

6. Waiting for an Answer

c2008 Marcia McKenzie

Dear BJ, I write to say, I miss you in so many ways.
Your smilin' face, that voice I know – you're there no matter where I go.
I kept your room, it's still the same; nothing here has really changed
Except the world I had before, and all the dreams I had in store.

CHORUS: Check mail, nothing yet. Oh, how easy we forget,
Waiting for a message, for a sign.
If I could just pick up the phone, ask you when you're coming home,
Tell you everything will turn out fine.
They say it will get easier with time.

Remember when you skinned your knee? A band-aid and a kiss from me
Was all it took to ease the pain. A kiss could make things right again.
No kisses now will make this heal; no band-aid for the way I feel.
But how I wish for one more day to say "I love you, it's OK."

CHORUS: Click. Send. And off it goes. And where it stops, nobody knows.
I hold my breath and wait for a reply.
"No such name." Nowhere to go – the words mean more than you can
know.
"Error" "Fatal Error" – can't deny.
But there's no one to really tell me why.

I never saw it coming, and it doesn't fit, it makes no sense.
Was s'posed to be the other way: you watchin' me grow old and gray.
And so I write, with some small hope that you can hear, that I can cope.
What else am I supposed to do? Send up a prayer? Will that get through?

CHORUS: Cry, "Why?" And off it goes. And where it stops, nobody knows.
I hold my breath and wait for a reply.
Maybe one will come to me in time.
Maybe one will come to me in time.

7. FIVE STEPS DOWN

WOODY MCKENZIE

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FIDDLE

The musical score is written for fiddle in the key of G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of six staves of music, with measure numbers 6, 12, 18, 24, and 31 indicated at the beginning of their respective staves. The score includes various chords and triplets:

- Staff 1: Measures 1-5. Chords: G, Em, Bm. Triplets: 3.
- Staff 2: Measures 6-11. Chords: G, Em, (tr) Am, D, G, Em. Triplets: 3.
- Staff 3: Measures 12-17. Chords: Bm, C, D, (tr) G. Triplets: 3. First ending bracket over measures 15-17.
- Staff 4: Measures 18-23. Chords: C, D, (tr) Am, D/Bm, C. Triplets: 3. Second ending bracket over measures 21-23.
- Staff 5: Measures 24-30. Chords: D, (tr) Em, (tr) Am, D, Em, Bm. Triplets: 3.
- Staff 6: Measures 31-35. Chords: Am, D, (tr) G. Triplets: 3. First ending bracket over measures 33-35.

8. Gravediggers

c2008 Woody McKenzie

Bare feet on a pinewood floor, well, the fiddle tune ends and they call for more,
And the old man wipes the sweat off of his bald head.
'Baccor juice and banjers ring. "Cluck Old Hen" somebody sings.
The next time I saw Poppy he was dead.

I was only four years old. At his wake some tales were told,
The then Peanut Carter lifted me up to see.
And I looked down at my grandpa, but he wasn't really there at all,
And his head just looked like a ball o' wax to me.

CHORUS: And the gravediggers got some work to do.
Oh, the gravediggers, they could bury me and you.
The gravediggers, watch 'em walk away.
And if you're lucky you just might live and see another day.

Nine years old in the summer sun, bored to death, lookin' for fun.
Another man died, and we had to dig his grave.
The young bucks dug, and the old men joked, and all around the fun was poked.
We sure were havin' a fine time that day.

But four feet down they hit bedrock. They stopped and cussed and started to balk,
And then an old coal miner come up with some dynamite.
And they made me hide under a car, and when the blast went off the rocks flew far,
And the rocks in the sky sure made for a beautiful sight.

CHORUS

Well, a young teenager in a brand new suit, the youngest nephew, wasn't I cute
To be a pall bearer for some o' my dead old kin?
Carry that coffin up to the grave; walk real tall and be real brave.
And after it was over we'd throw our flowers in.

I've seen a lot of grief and cryin', shed some tears for the dead and dyin',
But, you know, some of those tears are shed for you and me.
But when I'm dead and stretched out lyin' take the advice from old John Prine,
And chop my body up for chicken feed.

CHORUS: And the gravediggers won't have work to do.
Oh, the gravediggers won't have to bury me.
Oh, the gravediggers, they can just walk away.
And if you're lucky you just might live to see another day.

9. The Road

c1988 Marcia & Woody McKenzie

The road leads through the valley.
The road leads round the bend.
The road meanders through my memory
And brings me back again.

Pictures hung up on the mirror:
Memories on the glass.
A journey through the photo album
Sends me reelin' to the past.

CHORUS: And my love for you is like the ocean.
But your love for me is like the sand.
In dreams I'm reaching out to hold you,
But the grains slip through my hand.

Letters started, never finished.
Words can't tell you what I feel.
Wrap myself inside a letter.
Send me through the mail.

Songs forgotten, now remembered
Bring back scenes of long ago.
Songs of love we sang together
Now I sing alone.

CHORUS

The road once brought our paths together.
The road led us apart.
You will have my love forever,
But I will never have your heart.
I will never have your heart.

10. Favorite Season

c1988 Woody McKenzie

I used to run through the woods, my life was just a game,
When the Indian summer sun melted off the frost
From the sour wild grapes.
Sometimes I'd pick me some,
And I'd taste 'em one by one
While the wind would sway the trees,
And fall would turn the leaves.
I'd watch the maples flame.

Goin' huntin' in the fall, even if it rained,
I played a man's game as I listened to the sounds
In the quiet misty air.
Sometimes I'd hear a scream
Off the rocks down on the stream
Or hear a shotgun's roar.
It sounds so far away
To be just over there.

CHORUS: I love when the summer leaves get bitten by the cold
And the dew turns into frost. It makes everything change.
In my mind those leaves are just like tales untold
Of a favorite time to me when I watch the maples flame.

I don't hunt much anymore, never really did before.
Just didn't know the reasons for stayin' in the woods.
But now that I know why,
The days just fly right by,
And I haven't got the time
To go ramblin' through the trees.
Oh, but still I believe
It'd do me good.

CHORUS (*'Cause I love...*)

11. Enter Right Here and Now

c2008 Marcia McKenzie

They're sayin' that the end is comin',
Get ready, it'll soon be here.
And if we just believe in heaven
There is nothin' we need to fear.
But why should we wait 'til tomorrow
For somethin' that's always been?
Take a look - it's all around us now.
We just need to enter in.

CHORUS: If we open our eyes ... We can see the wonder.
Open our hearts ... Everywhere around.
Quiet our souls ... Life is calling us.
To enter right here and now.

I took a little hike in the mountains,
Looked out on the open sea,
Got lost in the still of the autumn woods
And the smell of the fallen leaves.
If we just take a break from our hurry
To gaze at the setting sun.
Each moment we take to pause is worth
A million moments on the run.

Just listen to the call of the music,
And join in the dance and song.
Be carried away by the poet,
Deep within and far beyond.
Open up to the view of the artist,
A message of what could be.
The signs are all around us if
We just take the time to see.

There are lots of needy folks around us
That could use a little helpin' hand.
If not for the fall of fortune
We could be the ones in a jam.
We can think of a world that's comin',
Where sorrow will fade away,
Or we can try to make a difference,
Bring some heaven to the world today.

12. Oh Ginny!

c2007 Woody McKenzie

Blue glass jewels on the telephone poles shine in the bright sunlight.
And the railroad tracks along old 460 sure make for a rusty old sight.
But the train still runs all the way from the mountains to the sea.
I wonder if it's takin' you away, and I wonder how you will be.

I climb to the edge of the Old Blue Ridge with the world stretched out below.
Orchards and fields of Christmas trees, and little country roads
This ancient land where so much began, now told in songs of old.
Museums hold its history, but how will it unfold?

CHORUS: Oh Ginny! Please don't leave me.
Torn between the old and the new
Oh Ginny! Please believe me.
If you go, I don't know what I'm gonna do.

There's a blue glass jewel in the windowsill, come down from a telephone pole.
And the evening sun shines through it, like a movie into my soul.
And the sights and sounds of old Virginia dance inside my mind.
Paint a picture of the home I love and the treasures you can find:

BRIDGE: There's deep green woods and valleys wide,
Big tall ridges with caves inside.
Rusty red clay and ocean sand.
What will stay of this treasured land?
Broken down barns and fields of corn,
Old tobacco farms that'll soon be gone,
Rivers old, once lined with forts,
Now pour their souls into city ports.

CHORUS

I've lived here a score and more, you know I'm not a native son.
Now even more new people come, and they speak in foreign tongues.
They bring new tastes and color here, and now it's just not the same.
I don't know if it's good or bad, but I sure can see a change.

CHORUS

And I need to start carin' more for you.

13. On the Inside Lookin' Out

c1988 Marcia & Woody McKenzie, rev. 2008

Walkin' down a city street on a busy afternoon,
I got the feelin' that you get when someone stares.
I looked up and met her gaze from the institution room,
And I wondered if she knew someone who cared.

CHORUS: She's on the inside lookin' out, wonderin' what the world's about.
If only she could once walk it free.
She's grown up, but still a child, a little crazy, a little wild,
And I wonder what that woman dreams.

And I saw him in the news as they led him off to jail,
Just a boy out lookin' for some fun.
Drank a few too many beers, and then he got into his car.
I'm not sure he even knew what he had done.

CHORUS: Now he's on the inside lookin' out, wonderin' what the world's about.
If only he could once more walk free.
Broke the law and has to pay, and now they've got him locked away,
And I'm sure he must have had a bigger dream.

And I watch the children play in their open, honest way,
Unafraid to show just what they feel.
And I wonder how it is that, the longer that we live,
The more we seem to hide behind a veil.

CHORUS: We're on the inside lookin' out, wonderin' what the world's about.
Do you remember being young and being free?
We all have doubts, we all have fears that keep us captive through the
years
And hold us back instead of reaching for our dreams.

We're on the inside lookin' out, wonderin' what the world's about.
Locked behind our worries and our scars.
But if we listen and we try, we just might find the child inside
That can help us to remember who we are.
That can help us to remember who we are.

14. Goin' To the Woods

c1988 Woody and Marcia McKenzie, rev. 2008

The noises blare, and the bright lights glare
While the people on the streets are full of blank stares.
Shift and the shuffle, and the hiss and the scuffle
On the concrete slab is makin' me mad.
I'm goin' to the woods

CHORUS: I'm goin' to the woods, to the cool green woods,
Where I hide in the shade and it feels so good.
And I walk all alone where no one's gone.
On a trail of my own, sing a silent song
In the wood, in the woods.

The road gives a groan that's sick from the moan
From a thousand black tires just rollin' right along.
Car in front, and a car behind,
I'm stuck in between and frozen in time.
I'm goin' to the woods.

Stuck in the frame of a crazy game
Where the rules all seem to change and change.
I don't care if I'm left behind,
I can hide in the trees inside my mind.
I'm goin' to the woods.