

Booze and Psychedelics

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I Love Money !

I love money. Makes me feel so good.
I love money. Helps me sleep well at night.
With pockets so full. And each day more and more.
I love money.

I love money. Just can't get enough.
I love money. Spending and sharing it up.
It lets me help others. Let's me help myself.
I love money.

I love money. Gets me all sorts of stuff.
I love money. Sets me free, oh yeah.
Brings a piece of mind. Brings a warmth inside.
I love money.

I love money. Oh, yes indeed.
I love money. It's not about greed.
Makes me feels good. To have more than a lot.
I love money.

It's A Winter Sky

It's a winter sky. (2)
The days sleep early and the skies cry ice.
It's a winter sky. (2)
People run away and they hide inside.
It's a winter sky. (2)
The boats are all tied up and the grey tides rise.

It's a winter sky. (2)
Every sound sharp and so steely-white.
It's a winter sky. (2)
The wind cuts like knives and burns like a fire.
It's a winter sky. (2)
The snows drift through the heart and the veins pump ice.

Any other day and it would be.
Any other way, it would be seen.
On any other day it would be fine. It would be fine.

It's a winter sky. (2)
A path that's gone away and lost to sight.
It's a winter sky. (2)
The stream frozen over and caves of ice.
It's a winter sky. (2)
The creatures all have fled and the forest goes quiet.

Leverage

I screwed up. I need you to come back.
I need you, no one else, I need you.
Not for any other reason but, but you.
I don't know who I am.
When I was chasing you I knew.

I need to tell you. Tell you who I am.
And tell me if, if I've gone too far, tell me.
It just gets out of control but, but you.
You've always been my compass.
Will you tell me, who I am.

I lost it. I need you to understand.
I want you, no one else, I want you.
No more lame excuses, just you.
I look around me and when.
When I was with you, I knew.

And you've got leverage, yeah. You've got a way.
You've got a beautiful movement. You sway.
Yeah, you've got the leverage baby. I'll do what you say.
You've got a beautiful movement. You got a sway.

Thomas Had It Right

There are no fish out there. Stop looking where it's bare.
You'll only find disappointment. Yes, you'll only find being lonely.

Thomas had it right. (3)

There's no cure for blindness. Stop looking to the dirt.
You'll only find it's lightless. Yes, you'll only find you're in the dark.

There's always wondering; what you know and what you see.
There's always doubting; the new and the never seen.
There's always questioning; the unknown and the in-between.
There's always doubting; what you know and what you see.

There's no walking away from death. Stop looking at the stone.
You'll only find it's not rolling. Yes, you'll only find there's no more.

Berlin

I remember Berlin. When the wall was still there and the sadness
You felt was the tension in the air.

I remember Berlin. As we walked through the East and the faces
Followed wondering what it was like to be free.

I remember Prague. When the curtain lifted. And everyone there
was asking is this real ?

I remember Prague. We saw the beauty hidden so long.
And the people walking out of their fog.

I remember Lucerne. On the Chapel Bridge that stood
so long. And before it was burnt and in ruin.

I remember Lucerne. We wept with the lion laying in stone.
And thought of those that died on that day.

In Your Heart

When it's all coming together and there's no reason or rhyme.
When it all falls into place and you just can't see why.
Don't question it. Your way now is there.
Never give up. Your feelings are clear.

Inside, sometimes it's hard, in your heart.
Inside, sometimes it's dark, in your heart.

When you're feeling it's just right and it couldn't get better.
When you're asking for nothing and your head seems so clear.
Don't question it. Your way now is there.
Never give up. Your way is so near.

When the sky is the limit and no higher you can fly.
When the stars are all around you, filling your eyes.
Don't question it. Your way now is there.
Never give up. Your feelings are clear.

Disconnected

We used to be unable to know what everyone thought.
From the whims that they say, to their crazy drunken slurs.
It's too much information. Just too much empty talk.
Speaking out with keystrokes what you'd never say to anyone at all.

Tell me something new. Tell me anything at all.
That will move us as a people, that will move us forward now.
Put aside your hate and your acid vitriol.
Get face to face with people and try to share some of your love.

Everyone's ungrateful and they want it all at once.
No one's ever happy about being where they are.
Life is just a blur. Today's a speed untold.
Everyone is running from a feeling or running from a soul.

Wandering through the sites. A wilderness of one.
Connected to all but in a room alone.
Longing to know what it's like to interact.
Afraid of the connection you can only turn your back.

Forest Song

Walking down that quiet forest trail.
Wondering about life and things.

And I feel like I'm dying over here.
And I feel like your crying is bringing me near.
And I feel so afraid to stay inside.
Feel like I should open up and try.

Walking down that noisy city street.
Wondering about life and things.

And I feel like I'm wasting over here.
And I feel like your fear is bringing me near.
And I feel so afraid to go outside.
Feel like I should bury my head and hide.

Don't Erase Your Past

So you want to cut all ties ?
Say the past was a mess.
Maybe it's not all outside.
Maybe the inside needs fixed.

So you're searching the cosmos ?
Say, you need a new address ?
Maybe it's not so easy.
Maybe now comes the test.

Wandering the city streets in fear.
Unsure of why, when, how or where.
And everyone says, "Hey look there."
And everyone stares at you in fear.
And everyone walks away, wondering what you're doing over there.

So was your find a treasure ?
Say, is that smile real ?
Maybe it's just the same mess.
Maybe change won't help you heal.

You know you shouldn't erase your past.
Because most times your best was good enough.
Good enough for me, oh yeah, and better than the rest.

Lust For Life

Voices in my head. Voices telling me.
Change is good. Even change that you can't see.
Words like a whisper. Words that paint a scene.
Feeling is good. Even if you're feeling like me.

And I will bring to bare all my lust for life.
I will bring to bare,... all.

Visions in my eyes. Visions showing me.
Sight is good. Even sights that you can't see.
Images a scent. Images that start to bleed.
Seeing is good. Even if you're seeing me.

I will bring to you all you need in life.
I will bring to you all the love and strife.
I will bring to you all there is tonight.
I will bring to you all the lust in life.

Touch so sensual. Touching your needs.
Feeling is good. Even feelings you want to be.
Touch like a feather. Touching starts to creep.
Feeling is fine. Even if you're feeling like me.

Sur la lune

Sur la surface de la lune.
Mon pas est léger et doux.
Tout le monde compte sur moi.
Tout le monde va voir.

Sur la face caché de la lune.
Une base découverte, par hasard.
Les extraterrestres voudrais... la terre.

Et je n'ai meme pas peur.	Mourir serait nouveau.
Je vais mourir dans la gloire.	Si je rate tout est perdu.
Et je n'ai meme pas peur.	

Dans la station X, nous nous préparons.
Essayons de sauver tout le monde.
Tout le monde dépend de nous.
Tout le monde va voir.

Sur la surface de la lune.
La bataille est longue et disputé.
Tout le monde compte sur moi.
Notre destin est entre mes mains.

Oh, My Chameleon Perceptions (Poetry by D.L. Lang)

Perceptions (Part I)

Lying in the leaves,
Music flowing through her bones,
Thoughts, ideas swell inside,
Visual creation.

It needs no explanation. Springtime day at noon,

Life begins to bloom,
Kicking stones straight down,
Laughing now.

She's such a clown.
World is ending.
She cares not.
Life blooms on.
That's her sole thought.

Drumming on,
Marching on,
They shoot.
She feels not.
They've died.

She knows not.
They're in pain.
Alone. Forgot.

Chameleon (Part II)

In a new world
devoid of devotion
to tradition and song
lost in illusion
forgetting the wrongs
of a generation's past.

Into the night
we step into darkness
seeking the light
of the sun and the moon
forgiving the world
for it's only doomed.

Sadly awaking
I look to my left
seeing the dragons
breathing fire at dawn
clutching my chest
beginnings are gone.

Strong evolution
revolutions gone past
escaping the prison
of timing and space
into the reasons
we all leave this place.

Nonsensical murmurs
of the front porch light
piercing mosquitoes
illuminating misdeeds
from men who seek evil
but play good in the light.

My My (Part III)

My, my.
What do I actually care?
Because I don't!
Not in this vast darkness
in the infinite corridors
of my mind.

I cannot care.
For when I cease
to care, my
my head is free!
Yes, freedom
slowly cut out
surgically removed
from
the national
conscience.

Subconscious are my,
my thoughts.
Silent protest on
the lawn
picketing---fences.
The dull ache.
The notion.
Yearning.
Screaming.
SHUT UP!

Alas, refrain!
Innocence.
Impolite.
There is no right
to silence.

Silence your pain.
Memories.
Screaming.
Aching.
Nervous breaking.
Flood.

Unexnon (Part IV)

I am uncertain.
Day to day.
Are you true?
Why do I ponder?
No importance.

I trust your words.
Your actions confuse me.
Sanity is but a dream.
Nonexistent. Labeled.

Tell me who I am.
Who are you?
I cannot say what I want for I do not know.

I walk among earthquakes,
pondering the purpose, but not seeing one.
Joy is fleeting.

Why do you use me so?
No, I like it. Overwhelmed. No time.
Have I misjudged everyone?

Or is the world more skeptical than I?
I am a fool.
Damn my inhibitions.

They lead me into a cage.
Trapped for no reasons.
Destined for a lonely world.
Thousands walking.

Paths collide. We are blind.
I fear what you'd think.
Do you know?
I retract my harsh words.
You were right.

Booze and Psychedelics

It's the booze and the psychedelics,
making us feel like we don't know who we are.
It's the booze and the psychedelics,
Slowing everything up and speeding everything down.
It's the booze and the psychedelics,
Once you get a taste for it you can't stop.
It's the booze and the psychedelics,
When it's in you it feels so good.

It's the booze and the psychedelics. (5)

It's the booze !!

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Booze and Psychedelics

The eleventh album is one that was written about, and sometimes while I was partaking in, "Booze and Psychedelics". The subject matter of the songs covers everything from what we think or dream about in our everyday lives, to the memories of my past and all the way to sci-fi. The hope is to follow this album with videos so that both the music and the image of what I was thinking when these songs were written, and later recorded, could be heard and seen by all. One departure on this album is that I took four poems by D. L. Lang and put music to them in a medley-type of format. It is the song entitled "Oh, My Chameleon Perceptions" after the title of one of the poems. I am very pleased with it and hope everyone will search out her poetry and enjoy it as I have.

Special Thanks: Joseph "Mikey" Harbour, Steven Harwood and Dave Skinner for helping me to once again re-create the music that I hear in my head and making the songs even better than I could imagine.

Greg "Grey" Perkins,
October 2016

Musicians:

Greg Perkins: 6 & 12 String Electric & Acoustic Guitar,
Mandolin, Piano, Synthesizers, Bass,

Vocals

Mikey Harbour: Drums and Synthesizers

Steve Harwood: Piano and Organ

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between August 2014 and January 2016.

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Skinner Audio Services in Enid, Oklahoma between January and
June 2016.

CD Cover concept by Greg Perkins

Visit Grey online at www.GreyHavensMusic.com

Visit D.L. Lang online at poetryebook.com

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