

SOUVENIRS & POSTCARDS
ANDREW OSENGA

LYRIC SHEETS

I MISS THOSE DAYS

I miss those days,
I miss those days,
Autumn is falling, and I won't be going away.

I miss those years,
I miss those tears,
the tears that were falling,
cause no one was calling my name.

a thousand people just like me,
all frightened and excited to begin,
I miss those days,
they won't be coming back again.

I miss that life,
I miss those nights,
looking for someone to hold and to cherish,
to love me despite

the thousand people I tried to be,
just like all the rest, I was looking around for me,
I miss those days,
felt good to be sad and lonely,

I Miss Those Days - 2

but I am happy now,
oh so happy, since I've found you,
And I'm quiet now,
yes, quite content, since we've been living here,
and I've got everything I've ever needed,
and half the things I'd ever want.
and I may miss those days,
but if they came back, I would miss you so much more.

ROSES IN A DEAD MAN'S HAND

1.

there's a sadness in these mornings
that drips into your bones,
and you start to feel the secrets
that you long ago were told,
and you know the end is coming,
and with trumpets, fire and gold,
but the day washes your vision into sand,

and it's ashes to ashes, and it's dust to dust,
and all the broken promises that kill a young man's trust,
are laying there with Judas at the feet of crows and cross,
like roses in a dead man's hand,
like roses in a dead man's hand.

2.

let's light another fire if it only takes a spark,
cause I left mine burning somewhere
in the shadows long and dark,
and I am just a criminal, who's waiting to be caught,
let justice bring its hammer down,

cause I feel just like a graveyard,
with a tombstone and a rose,
for all the things I should have said,
the love I should have shown,
and I am scared of passing with my faith upon my tongue,
like roses in a dead man's hand,
like roses in a dead man's hand.

Roses in a Dead Man's Hand - 2

can I sing it hard enough that it will finally sink in?
the promise that I'm loved, and the promise I'm forgiven?
what I'm trying hard to say is that
I'm wanting to believe in you again.

3.

cause I feel it in those mornings,
and I feel it in these nights.
when I would run from all my wrongs
into the arms of all your rights,

and your grace would make a warrior
of the petty little fight
that I gave up years ago, and...

it's ashes to ashes, and it's dust to dust,
and I am nothing but a promise lying broken at the cross,
praying to be rescued from the fear, the pride, the lust
of roses in a dead man's hand,
or roses in a dead man's hand.

IF I HAD WINGS I WOULD FLY...

Sometimes I feel like I don't belong here,
sometimes I know I'm right,
sometimes I'm angry, sometimes I don't care,
sometimes I slip into the night.

if I had wings I would fly...

climb an oak tree, and carve a pumpkin,
light a candle for its eyes,
Hello November, I need surrender,
I need to let October die.

if I had wings I would fly...

and I'm sitting in a city where I used to dream,
I used to dream, I used to dream...
I still feel it in the places where the lies can't reach,
where the lies can't reach, where the lies can't reach...

if I had wings I would fly...

THE BROADWAY BARTENDER

1.
The Broadway bartender
has served the greatest pretenders,
and he's seen when they start to forget
that they're Avery from Brooklyn,
Tom of Tom and Heather McNeil,

and their two little kids.

and a beer for RuthAnn, one fine woman,
and man, how the boys love to pass her around,
but when she sings and she dances
all the flings are romances
that she would not trade for the world.

2.

oh, the Broadway bartender
has seen the greatest pretenders,
and he's seen a few on the way down,
and they laugh a bit louder,
and they drink a bit harder,
but he's caught not a glimpse of a frown,

cause the world's full of vultures to a man on his back
who lives from one break to the next,
and if you show them you bleed,
well, that's all they need,
and buddy, you blew your last chance,

The Broadway Bartender - 2

and in that dusty old bar there's a man in the corner
who's writing down all that he sees,
and he's been there so long he blends into the walls,
and that little, sad man is me.

3.

the Broadway bartender
has seen the greatest pretenders
and he says I could give them a run,
though I'm not too good-looking,
and a terrible dancer,
I know how to string them along,

I've told so many stories,
and been so many people,
I don't know if I have remained,
but I'm tired of this bar, and I want to go home,
If I can remember the way...

tag:
cause the Broadway bartender
has seen the greatest pretenders,
and he's seen when they start to forget...

THE PRIEST AND THE IRON RAIN

now the bombs have been falling
the last seven or eight days,
I'm supposed to drive my ambulance,
but with this iron rain
there's simply no way,
and I'm seeing guys who would kill their mothers
start looking afraid,
and my good friend Rinaldi
still getting drunk but not laid,

and they all grew up in the mountains
just north of here,
on the slopes and hills of Switzerland,
me, I grew up in Minnesota,
and came here just to get away from it

the priest, he takes a ribbing,
but we all know that he loves us,
he may not have seen the fighting,
but he knows well what the fight does,
and I told him that I used to be a praying man,
and he told me he thinks that I still am,
I said, "Priest, you know I am your friend,
but I've seen no prayers answered round here"

cause if they flew up to the mountains north of here,
they must have got shot down in Switzerland,
mine went up from Minnesota,
and I came here just to get away from them
the priest and the iron rain - 2

so what's the glory of dying,
round here, it all just looks like dying,
and my friend, I can't keep from trying

to believe it isn't real,
but we all know that it's real.

well, every day she writes a letter,
and she's carrying my baby,
and I don't want to be a father,
but I won't let it end that way,
Priest, my friend, will you let me in,
how do you keep from going crazy?
I don't talk like this to anyone
but I can't hide, and I can't run,
and it's no use asking what it means,

so tell me that my kid grows up in the mountains
just north of here,
and I get married on the hills of Switzerland?
right now I feel like Minnesota,
and I came here to get away from that,

Priest, I came here to get away from that.

BABY, DON'T WORRY

Ma'am, it must be your machine,
there was money in there yesterday,
Ma'am, it must be your machine,
I'm telling you, I swear, I just got paid.

all she wanted were some flowers to plant in the yard
a shovel, hose and spade,
and to watch her walk those aisles,
putting them back on the shelf,
well, something in me broke that day.

Baby, don't worry,
I know we're going to make it if it kills me,
Baby, don't worry,
I know we're going to make it all right,
Baby, don't worry,
I know we're going to make it if it kills me,
so Baby, close your eyes, sleep and dream tonight...

there's a message on the telephone,
like the one they left yesterday,
we sent them fifty bucks two weeks ago,
but they never seem to go away,

this is just like the stories our parents told us,
Babe, you know they're doing fine,
as long as we're together we've got it all,
the rest will just take a little time.

Baby, Don't Worry - 2

so Baby, don't worry,
I know we're going to make it if it kills me,
Baby, don't worry,
I know we're going to make it all right,
Baby, don't worry,
I know we're going to make it if it kills me,
so Baby, close your eyes, sleep and dream tonight...

dream of children growing, getting married,
and children of their own,
dream of a back porch, a new couch, whatever you want,
I'll keep these old cars running,
and I'll wear those sad, old clothes,
we'll get out of this, Baby, we'll show them who we are.

THE LETTER

well, I found an old letter
from a couple years ago,
you were such a different person
than the man I've come to know,

you were so bright-eyed and hopeful,
so in love with all the world,
naïve, but just enough
for all the passion you did hold,

and you said,
"no one can be sad enough

when they really look around,
and no one can be glad enough
when they really look around,”
oh, sad boy,
oh, glad boy,
are you on your way home?

you got tired of all their silly fears,
got tired of all their rules,
so you set out to feel the fantasy
grab every inch of life you could,

have you found the thing to fill your heart?
have you found that deeper peace?
if you read this old letter,
would you smile or would you weep?

The Letter - 2

cause you said,
“no one can be sad enough
when they really look around,
and no one can be glad enough
when they really look around,”
oh, sad boy,
oh, glad boy,
are you on your way home?

and everybody changes,
but there are things that stay the same
I hope the writer of that letter
is still out there somewhere