

BLOOM

I'm counting the seconds and hours and days,
Picking up the pieces of this mess we've made,
The earth will never mend.

I'm counting the days and the months and the years,
Planning for a future a foundation of fears,
Swept from under my feet.

And now that I've finally stood up on my own,
This feeling a repulsive,
Send me back to home.

Ready to explore, but have I hit defeat?

Cause I won't give it all up,
In a heartbeat,
I'd give it all up,
Wait and see,
Won't give it all up.
Hopes within me.

Feeling misplaced and forgotten and left,
Growing with no guidance just watch where you tread,
I'm trying to bloom.

I miss my friends and my mum and my dad,
I'll keep it a secret you tell me I'm mad,
And I'll just believe.

Searching for an escape,
My garden of trees,
Flowers surround me, birds cry out for me.

Never again will I let it get the best of me.

I won't give it all up,

In a heartbeat,
Won't give it all up
Wait and see,
Won't give it all up.
Hope within me.

Oh Hope is within me.

SINGING THROUGH THE WALLS

Staring at the walls,
Wanting to take flight.
Watching through the windows
Those tiny squares of light.
People in their homes,
Figures standing by,
Making cups of tea,
Hanging washing up to dry.
Are they feeling lost?
Are they feeling trapped?
Are they half asleep?
Has their energy been sapped?
Though we've never met,
If I shout out loud
Will you hear?

I don't know your name,
Don't know who you are,
Not sure I could pinpoint
Your features from afar.
Still from far apart,
Somehow we're the same.
Somehow through this mess
We're both tired of the game.
I don't mean to judge,
Don't mean to project.
All I mean to say is
I think we can connect
So when the darkness falls
We can still reach out
Through these walls.

Though I can't be near you,

In silence I can hear you.
So when the darkness falls,
I'm singing through the walls.
Though the world is breaking,
The world is finally waking.
So when the darkness falls
I'm singing through the walls.

Say that I'm a fool,
Say that I'm naïve,
Say I must be reckless
To say what I believe.
Don't believe in God,
Don't believe in fate,
Don't believe the view
That good comes to those who wait.
Only thing I know,
We are not alone.
We are only human,
Same blood and skin and bone.
Walls are only walls.
If we only try
To reach through.

I can still be near you,
In silence I can hear you,
And when the darkness falls
I'm singing through the walls.
We cannot be broken,
When all of us have spoken.
So when the darkness falls
We're singing through it all;
Reaching through the madness
We can find a kind of hope.
Hope in separation,
But not in isolation.
And when the darkness falls
We're singing through the walls.

Through the walls.
Through the wa-a-alls.

Reaching through the madness
We can find a kind of hope.
Hope in separation,
But not in isolation.
And when the darkness falls
I'm singing through the walls.

EXPLORERS SONG

THIS IS AN EXPLORERS HAT
IT'S HOW EXPLORERS DRESS
IT HELPS US TO BE SAFE
WHEN WE'RE EMBARKING ON A QUEST

THESE ARE MY EXPLORERS SHOES
THEY'RE LACE-UP, CHECK IT OUT!
I LOOK JUST LIKE THE GREAT EXPLORERS
THAT I'VE READ ABOUT

MY HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE WILL BE UNREAL (FASHION ICON)
I'LL HAVE A VOICE LIKE DAVID ATTENBOROUGH COS HE'S A MASSIVE DEAL (LIVING LEGEND)
MAKE UP LOADS OF LATIN NAMES FOR PLANTS
THEN NO-ONE WILL REMEMBER ABOUT THE TIME I WET MY PANTS-

Actually it was just a moist area because it was a very humid day. Humidity means 'wetness in the atmosphere'. So it was that, and not human urine.

I'M GONNA BE A REAL EXPLORER
IF YOU WERE SIX, LIKE ME, WELL THEN YOU'D KNOW
I'M GONNA BE A REAL EXPLORER
THERE IS NOWHERE I CAN'T GO
OH, YOU CAN FLUSH YOUR MAPS RIGHT DOWN THE BOG
OR EAT THEM FOR YOUR TEA
I'M SETTING OFF TO FIND THE WORLD, JUST I, MYSELF AND ME
COS I'M AN EXPLORER
A REAL EXPLORER
YOU'LL SEE.

THIS IS HOW EXPLORERS STAND
WE'RE SERIOUS AND STRONG
IT HELPS US TO BE SILENT
WHEN LISTENING FOR BIRDSONG

THESE ARE MY BINOCULARS
FROM LIDL IN THE SALE
I CAN LOOK AT THINGS UP CLOSE
LIKE MY GIANT AFRICAN LAND SNAIL!

We got him from Pets at Home for my fifth birthday and he's a great explorer too, he escaped his tank three times so soon he'll qualify for a beginners explorers badge.

His name is Marvin.

IF I CAN SEARCH ON LAND AND SEA (LAND AHOY!)
FIND AN UNDISCOVERED PLACE AND NAME IT AFTER ME (NOT YOU!)
BEAR GRYLLS WILL TAKE ME CAMPING IN THE WILD (JUST LIKE ON TV)
I'LL BE TREATED LIKE A HERO, AND NOT A CHILD!

YEAH, I'M GOING TO BE A REAL EXPLORER
I'M NOT AFRAID OF WIND OR RAIN OR SNOW
I'M GONNA BE A REAL EXPLORER
THERE IS NOWHERE I CAN'T GO
SO YOU CAN THROW YOUR MAPS IN THE RECYCLING
OR DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR SETTEE
I'M SETTING OFF TO FIND THE WORLD, JUST I, MYSELF AND ME
COS I'M A REAL EXPLORER
YEAH I'M A REAL EXPLORER
YOU'LL SEE...

REAL EXPLORER, EXPLORER BABY
FEEL THAT AURA, THAT AURA, BABY;
LEIF ERICSON THE NORSEMAN SAILED IN 1000 AD
MARCO POLO WENT TO CHINA ON A BOAT ACROSS THE SEA
SIR FRANCES DRAKE SAILED RIGHT AROUND
THE WORLD AND NOW HE'S WORLD RENOWNED
COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA AND PUT IT ON THE MAP
YOU CAN TELL I'VE GOT THE KNOWLEDGE COS I PUT IT IN A RAP

SO SHOVE OFF WITH YOUR SAT-NAVS
JUST CHUCK EM IN THE SEA (SPLASH)
I'M SETTING OFF THE FIND THE WORLD
JUST I, MYSELF AND ME....

COS I'M A REAL EXPLORER,
YEAH! I'M A REAL EXPLORER
I'LL SPREAD MY WINGS AND SOAR
ON A WORLDWIDE TOUR
TO NEW LANDS GALORE
I'LL SING IT FOR YA!
I'M A REAL EXPLORER
THAT'S ME!

SILVER LININGS

We can't see the sun except through windows
Only the trees can feel the wind blow
But the leaves are getting greener
The air is getting cleaner
Feeling trapped so I look outside and I see I have the time to stop

Time to nourish
Watch the flowers flourish
As pollution clouds are clearing
Silver linings can become a silver sky

Woah
Woah

Water flowing on the earth much clearer
Miles away, but friends feel nearer
Didn't think I could be brave
But now I've got the world to save
It's a journey to recovery so I'll cherish every step I take

Time to listen
Watch the dew-drops glisten
As pollution clouds are clearing
Silver linings can become a silver sky

Woah
Woah

Breathe in - can't you hear the world is sighing?
Seasons change - the hope of spring
Healing makes us stronger
Wait a little longer
Soon we can be one with Mother Earth if we just be patient

Join with us and see the flowers grow
A new world waits for them
We have a future too
Start again

Woah
Woah
Woah
Woah

LEND YOU A HAND

Young Person:

It's the kind of time we need a helping hand,

Those with Girl Guide codes, we're in demand.
Since I was a Brownie, I've turned frowns upside down.
We are always here for you.
Even now I'm twenty two.
They may have banned me from the meetings, but I still have all the
badges,
So I'm certified!
It won't hurt if I
Lend you a hand.

Elderly Person:

Suddenly everybody's just so keen
(Young People, these days)
Either staring at screens, or bothering me.
Don't they have better things to do?
They all drop off gifts,
I don't see their faces,
Although one sent me a "jif"
Twelve care packages, and it's day five,
Without twenty tinned tomatoes, how on earth would I survive?
Let's not forget twelve packs of loo roll and thirty two hot cross buns,
Left outside my door.
They knock and then they run.

Knock at the door

Young Person:

Can I help you?
It's all I want to do.
I was born for times like these,
You don't even have to say "please",
And I'll be there.
Even if you didn't ask me to be there.
So can I help you?
Can I lend you a hand?

Let me see here...

Elderly Person:

I almost want to know if keeping that smile on her face
Is painful.
And why she's squeezed in an eight-year-old's uniform,
Should I worry?
But before I ask, she hurries away.
And I almost wish I'd had the courage to say:

I'd rather you just stayed
And had a chat.
You must have some stories,
If you're dressed like that.
Even if you're a headcase,
It might be more interesting than this place
Alone.

Knock at the door

Young Person:

Can I help you?
It's all I want to do.
I was born for times like...

Elderly Person:

You bought lemonade instead of whiskey?

Young Person:

Mum says whiskey makes you frisky,
But lemonade is better for your soul.

Elderly Person:

Cake instead of bread?
What's going on inside your head?

Young Person:

I bought you a bag of sweeties!

Elderly Person:

Darling, I've got diabetes!
Dear, you know you mucked this up,

But look,

Young Person/Elderly Person:

I can help you / I'd rather you just stayed
It's what I came to do / and had a chat
I was born for times like these / Even if you're a headcase
So let me help you, please / It might be more interesting than this place
And I'll be there / She sure has personality
I'll always be there / I'll give her that
Even if you don't ask me to be there / What are you doing with my doormat?
'Cause I can help you / She's off again
Let me help you / And all I want is

Young Person:

Let me lend you a hand!

Elderly Person:

Look dear, I really just...

Young Person:

I'll be back in a bit - with whiskey this time!

Elderly Person:

Sigh.

TINY LITTLE TARDIGRADE

Music & lyrics Neil Bastian

I see you down the barrel of my microscope
You're magnified right there upon the slide
They told us to investigate the way you cope
With different kinds of pressure from outside

So cancel all appointments that you made today
It's time to test your mettle and your pride

Our scientific plans can't be delayed today
We'll see if you can take things in your tiny little stride

Tardigrade, oh, tardigrade
A millimeter long
Tardigrade, oh, tardigrade
You've never done me wrong
It's just my job, don't be dismayed
Commands are made to be obeyed
I'm getting paid to rain on your parade

We popped you in the oven
And we turned it way up high
You didn't even seem to break a sweat
We froze you in the ice cube tray
But all you did was shout 'hooray'
It seems you give as good as you can get

Tardigrade, oh, tardigrade
I'm must say I'm impressed
In fahrenheit or centigrade
You passed the opening test
But pressure deep down in the sea
Will prove too much, I guarantee
We'll soon see who's 'to be or not to be'

We took you to the scene
In a yellow submarine
A devastating dive

But we brought you back alive
Nomatter how we strive
You always seem to thrive
You came back singing 'I Will Survive'

And even when we blasted you up into outer space
The radiation couldn't make you frown
We stuck you in a vacuum
But you soon came roaring back you must be
Tougher than the toughest guy in town!

Tardigrade, oh tardigrade
You've taught me how to cope
My darling said it's over
And I nearly gave up hope
The more and more I study you
The more I'm sure we'll see it through
Your reputation's made
Your dream will never fade
I'm singing you this crazy serenade
Nobody's gonna rain on your parade!

CAN'T WAIT

Music: Earl Marrows

Lyrics: Kerry Kazmierowicztrimm

I'm stuck inside.
And I'll be stuck inside for a while,
But hey, hey, I'm wearing a smile!
Cuz instead of being shocked or pissed,
I'll knock some items off my "to-learn" list!

Like breadmaking!

I'll have a sour-dough-making feast,
Just as soon as I buy some yeast.
'til then, I'll enjoy my quarantine
By learning how to make eggs florentine!

No, wait – shit - no spinach. Shit.
Oh wait, oh hey - I got it!
There's a skill I've yearned to learn
Year after year,
And now that time is finally here...

Hey, hey!
Oh, I just can't wait,
No way, no way,
No, I just can't wait
To learn how to fucking crochet!
Ooh yeah,
By the end of the day,
I'll know how to fucking crochet!

Time to crochet!
Yeah, I'm gonna crochet right now!
Then everyone else will be like, "wow!"
Cuz all they did was post memes and crap.
So yeah, here I go...but first a nap.

Hey, hey!
Oh, I just can't wait,
No way, no way,
No, I just can't wait
To learn how to fucking crochet!
Ooh yeah,
By the end of the day,
I'll know how to fucking crochet!

Yeah, this bitch will make something idyllic
As soon as I use the finest acrylic!
I'll write a fucking book
On whipping my slip knot onto this hook,
Then rain down the pain
On this here foundation chain,
And make a scarf of fucking thunder
Once I flip this yarn, uh, under - or, wait, no, was it...over?

Shit, I can't, oh fuck, I can't do this! Jesus Christ, the world is changing a hundred times a goddamn day, I don't know what tomorrow will look like, let alone a month from now, and who knows when I'll get to see my parents again-...deep breaths, come on, come on, deep breaths...

Hey, hey,
It's okay,
Okay, okay.
Oh, i can just wait
To learn how to crochet.
Ookay.
Ookay.
Takes a lot right now just to get through the day.
It's okay if i don't learn how to crochet.

Oh, hey, it does go over...

I just learned how to fucking crochet!
How to crochet!
Yeah, I learned
How to fucking crochet!!!

BLUE

Lately the only thing I've felt is blue

Oh so blue
Downright blue
Like the ocean, a berry, or jeans, just blue What to do

With all this blue?

It's crowding up my head And breaking down my heart I want past all this blue
But where to start?

Good times where have they all gone to? I'm just blue
Stuck on blue
Oh bluebirds can you tell me what to do? To get through

So much blue?

Whales and jays and smurfs And specials on a blue plate Ok, fine, I guess
That some blue things are great

But emotions. Blue emotions feel like poo Like a bad review
Or a missing shoe

But I guess when life is full of clouds,
The only thing to do
Is remember that behind them, the sky is blue The clouds will pass
They always do
And you'll go from being blue to seeing blue

CRYING IN TESCO

They said 2 weeks
Or was it 40 days?
When Boris speaks
It's even more of a haze

So in the meantime, I'll stay home
And refresh Twitter on my phone.

But now I'm getting hungry,
Or am I just bored?
The limit's getting blurry,
And now I fancy a cheeseboard.
Holy shit, a cheeseboard!

I guess I'll drag myself off of my sofa
(The only form of exercise I've done so far)

And I'm already on my way to the stores,
My goodness it feels so good outdoors
No need for a list,
I'll see what fits my budget of £8,98.

But when I get to the shop,
It comes as quite a big shock,
People are shouting and pushing
And fighting and grabbing

And I'm crying in Tesco
As the aisles around me empty
Trying to take it slow
Adjust to the status quo,

But I'm grieving for the world that I used to know.

It's not just the milk, the eggs or the bread,
not even the pounding inside my head,
I just wanted a snack,
Not a panic attack.

It's crazier than any movie I've seen,
Don't want to know what happens in the next scene
'Cause I can't get used to it at all,
'Cause the winner takes it all.

And I'm crying in Tesco
As the aisles around me empty
Trying to take it slow
Adjust to the status quo,

And I'm weeping in Tesco
Looking around at this shitshow,
But I'm not letting go.

If we can get through this,
though it may be slow,
I know that this world will grow.

And I won't have to mourn
The world I used to know,
The world I'd love to know,
The world I'll get to know.

I DON'T NEED YOU TO HOPE

Lately the only thing I've felt is blue
Oh so blue
Downright blue
Like the ocean, a berry, or jeans, just blue What to do

With all this blue?

It's crowding up my head And breaking down my heart I want past all this blue
But where to start?

Good times where have they all gone to? I'm just blue
Stuck on blue

Oh bluebirds can you tell me what to do? To get through

So much blue?

Whales and jays and smurfs And specials on a blue plate Ok, fine, I guess
That some blue things are great

But emotions. Blue emotions feel like poo Like a bad review
Or a missing shoe

But I guess when life is full of clouds,
The only thing to do
Is remember that behind them, the sky is blue The clouds will pass
They always do
And you'll go from being blue to seeing blue

INVISIBLE NO MORE (FOR GRETA) INVISIBLE NO MORE.....FOR GRETA By jb

What are you going to do about it?
Sit back and do nothing?
We have a choice
Do you want a world?
A world
Its our world
From what Ive seen of their capabilities
We could be the losers
By we, I mean mankind

We have a choice
Do you want a world?

This is a very serious development
Something must be done about it immediately
We shall have to act very quickly to avert a worldwide disaster

A world
Its our world
Its our world

What are you going to do about it?
Sit back and do nothing?

Weve only one chance
The choice.....is yours.....

TURQUOISE BLUE

The midday clock sounds
But the curtains are still drawn
The Essex sun has soured
Our tiny patch of lawn

Mum and Dad are fighting
The usual racket above
They make up, then fall out
Maybe that's a sign of love?

I wander outside, kicking daisies off stalks
I'm ten and I'm skint, and we all know money talks
I can't buy sweets with just thirteen pence
So I climb up on the garden fence

The neighbour's garden
Has a spot of turquoise blue
Shrieks of laughter
And a radio too
The sound of flesh on plastic
Splashing water looks fantastic
They turn cartwheels on the grass
As if summer will never pass
One day they might invite me to play
Until then I'll just hope my day away

The grass is always greener on the other side
I wish I could join in, take me along for the ride!
One day I could be part of something too
If I could only share your turquoise blue

ANOTHER DAY ('TIL THEN)

Music and Lyrics by Michael Patrick Walker
Track Produced and Performed by Isaac Hayward

The sunrise brings the same old gray light in through my window
I stare at nothing on my phone until i go numb

Is time moving slower?
That's what it does now i guess
But nothing passes faster
Than a moment of happiness
God what a mess

But there will be another day
When all of this has gone away
Yes there has to be another day
Don't know when...
Just gotta make it 'til then

The sun sets, serving up the darkness nobody ordered
I pour myself another drink and wait for the buzz

This world's unfamiliar
Maybe that's always been true
And when i try to face it
I don't know what the hell to do
What else is new?

But there will be another day
When all of this has gone away
Yes there has to be another day

Don't know when...
But i gotta make it 'til...

Then i'll hold you in my arms again
Then i'll love without fear
Then i'll smile and laugh out loud again
When we are finally near
Yes i know...

There will be another day
When all of this has gone away
Yes there has to be another day
Don't know when...
Don't know when...
But i'm gonna make it 'til then

Make it 'til then...
'Til then...
I'll see you then!

CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK

I guess it's funny to think that the things that I miss
Don't cost a penny to do.
It's not the not being able to do things,
It's not being able to do them with you.

To spend a day in your arms in the grass on the heath,
Or go to sleep in the rain and wrap up beneath
My two speakers that play that CD that you made
And we skip to our favourite track:
All of this, I can't wait to get back.

I want walks in the park, we can miss out the zoo,
I want cigs on the hill but I want them with you
Because what's Primrose Hill without someone to share in the view?
To me that is all part of the pack.

Oh my God, I can't wait to get back.
I can't wait to get back!

And it's funny to say that I actually miss
Walking up Gloucester Place to the florists,
And forking out thirty odd quid for some flowers
that never last more than a week.
And of course, I miss hearing you speak.

And then we'll drive to the coast for a pint on the beach,
I know we can't do it yet, but when the time is in reach,
There won't be a day where I don't make the most
out of everything that we now lack.
And for that: I can't wait to get back.

So maybe my point is laboured,
but cantcha cut a guy some slack?
I'll shout it from the rooftops, baby!
I can't wait to get back!

I want nights on the town, I want days in bed,
I want to hear every thought spinning in your head,
I want to dance in the streets until the pavements crack
And nobody can stop me,
I can't wait to get back!
Back!

When I started writing this song,
it was just meant to be about the things that I miss,
Not really about, well, about you,
But maybe it took writing this song for me to realise
What I miss most, as this verse implies,
Is you!
Yeah, it's you!
And I can't help but wonder
If maybe, you miss me too?

So I cannot wait to get back and spend a day with you!

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL

THE CURTAINS BLOW GENTLY IN THE BREEZE.

THEY FLUTTER AROUND, FILLED WITH CAREFREE EASE. BELOW THEM SITS A LITTLE POT,

A PLANT WITH ROOTS ALL IN A KNOT,

HEALTHY AND GROWING EVERYDAY.

LIFE CONTINUES TO GROW; IT REACHES TO THE SUN, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, NEW LIFE HAS BEGUN.

THE WATER, AND THE SEEDS,

AND THE SUNLIGHT ALL TOGETHER CREATE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL THAT CAN BRAVE ANY WEATHER.

THE STORM CLOUDS MAY THREATEN TO ARRIVE.

BUT THROUGH EVERY STORM, THE PLANT STAYS ALIVE. ITS LEAVES REFUSE TO FOLD IN FEAR,

IT HOLDS ITS LITTLE BLOSSOMS NEAR,

NEVER, EVER LETTING THEM GO.

LIFE CONTINUES TO BE;
IT REACHES TO THE SKY,
AND SOON YOU CAN SEE IT, GROWING VERY HIGH.
THE WATER, AND THE SEEDS,
AND THE SUNLIGHT ALL TOGETHER CREATE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL THAT
CAN BRAVE ANY WEATHER.

LIFE CONTINUES TO LOVE;
IT REACHES OUT TO YOU,
AND WHEN YOU'RE SCARED OF THINGS,
IT HELPS YOU PULL THROUGH.
THE WATER, AND THE SEEDS,
AND THE SUNLIGHT ALL TOGETHER
CREATE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU. THEY MAKE SOMETHING
BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU. THEY WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL SO YOU
CAN BRAVE ANY WEATHER.

MY WISH

Lyrics by Nadim S., age 4 - slightly altered, original version at
<https://pbs.twimg.com/media/ETTYkc4WoAABwuj>

My wish
Was that we lived on a different planet
That was calm and quiet
With no countries or cities
Just a whole big town
That wasn't so busy
With lots of cafes and shops
And everyone was magical
Because whenever they moved their fingers
And said something they wanted to happen
It would just come true very quickly

Imagine I was on that planet
And I wished for rainbow glitter to come from the sky
I would just say abracadabra
And it would happen very quickly - for the whole planet

And on that planet
There were no deep craters
And there were beautiful flowers
In all the seasons
Even winter

And lots of beautiful birds
And lots of robins
And lots of beautiful beaches
With pearls and seashells
And lots of warm weather
And lots of love
And the end.

AN ORDINARY DAY

I hope to do the park run in the park again
I'm looking forward to the day I'm in the bottom ten again.
I hadn't understood but now I'm living for when
I get to live an ordinary day again.

I hope to be caught out in sudden rain again

By dressing optimistically, or leaving my umbrella when
Torrential downpours ruin all my summery Zen.
For that will be an ordinary day again.

An ordinary day; I want an ordinary day
An ordinary day; I want an ordinary day
A day of missing buses, and such commonplace things
I know now how an ordinary day sings.

So when I do the park run in the park again,
Or miss a bus, or catch one, but get man-spread by some men again,
I hope that I'll remember how I felt way back when
I longed to live an ordinary day again.

Extraordinary days; these are extraordinary days.
Extraordinary days; these are extraordinary days.
But if this time allows for reconsidering things,
I know now how an ordinary day sings.

LEAVING HOPE MISSOURI

"Now leaving Hope, Missouri".
I could see the sign.

A billboard on the highway out of town.
It pulled me up when I was feeling down.
Every time my mama tried to straighten my foot
After closing the blinds in the den,
Every time the doctors said I'd have to stay put
Like I'd never walk again,
I'd pine for that sign on Route 10.

The letters painted on the rusty green.
I'd see them all in some imagined scene.
Every time the teacher looked me right in the eye
When she mentioned original sin,
Every time the neighbours told us not to walk by,

That the ill should still be shut in.
But in my head I'd be just fine
If I could see that exit sign.

Don't laugh.
Don't you dare laugh.
I decide what I get to dream about.
And I chose to believe I could -
I chose to believe I would get out.

The day that you were born I made a vow.
I'd see you leave as soon as you knew how.
Every time I pushed you just as hard as I could
I was only afraid you might stay.
Every time I hurt you it was for your own good,
If it meant you went your own way.
And you may not believe it's true
But baby, I believe in you.

Don't cry.
Don't you dare cry.
I did not raise a child to live in doubt.
And I am ready to let go.
I'm ready to let go.
I am ready now I know
That you are getting out.

"Now leaving Hope, Missouri".
I can see the sign...!

CHOOSE HOPE

Sometimes life throws a little hurdle
Sometimes they're rather big
And when the last of the milk is about to curdle
You mightn't feel like taking a swig
You're swinging on a wrecking ball like Miley Cyrus
This world's gone to hell where we're all catching a virus
But when even the Pope uses soap on a rope
Will he give up? Nope – he'll choose hope

He'll choose hope
When he's not sure his prayers are working
If he thinks that the church is shirking
And he'll introduce a change of tactics
If he hears they're running out of Catholics
When he's taking your confession
You never see a Pope with manic depression
It's a slippery slope but he'll cope
Cos' he'll choose hope

It's easy to feel that your world is sinking
It's natural to feel let down
And when all that you see are your options shrinking
Torpedoed and you're gonna drown
If you feel your life is getting just a little too manic
Or your band got that gig, but now it's on the Titanic
It don't make you a dope, time to "up periscope"
Reach your hands out to grope and choose hope

Choose hope
When you're not even treading water
Like Danish dolphins swimming from the slaughter
When you're looking for a lifeboat to cling to
Or at the back of the inflatable ring queue
It's not easy to forget your troubles
When you're under and you're blowing up bubbles
It's a slippery slope but you'll cope
If you can choose hope

Choose hope

When your world is shutting down around you
When there's nobody left to rebound to
When you find you've nothing left in the bank
When it won't help you if you Talk to Frank
When you start to hyper-ventilate
'Cos they told you to self-isolate
With no paper, that's a slippery slope
You gotta choose hope

ATTEMPTING A SONG ON HOPE

Music, Lyrics and Arrangement by Emily Rose Simons,
Bass arrangement by Pablo Crespo

So.

This is embarrassing.

I'm usually

Super hopeful.

I'm a pep talker

In a bright sided way.

So when my friends on zoom were like

"Emily, you always know what to say"

I was like

"..."

It is

Pretty embarrassing.

My songs are usually

Super hopeful.

The hero prepares to leap

The heroine pulls through

Protagonist solves a problem

Then knows what to do

But now I'm like

"..."

Hope

It's a privilege.

Hope

It's almost selfish.

Hope

Is not allowing cancellations

Making people fix a future date,

So we can plan for the good things

And hope that they're fate.

So.

Maybe
It's not too embarrassing.
Maybe
I'm still a little hopeful.
With my google calendar
And a downward dog each day.
So what if I still don't know what to say
Yet?

Because I'm still a little hopeful
And I hope
I'll get more hopeful
With some more hope
So maybe
In a week
Or three
You'll get a hopeful song
From me.

WE CAN WAIT

**Birthdays and weddings
Picnics in the park
Parties and holidays
Dancing after dark
Yeah they're fun
They'll still come
They can wait**

**Dinners and date nights
Looks across a bar
Hook ups and honeymoons
Road trips in the car
Yeah they're cool
And although it seems cruel
They can wait**

**We can wait
We can pause**

**We slow down cos it's right for the cause
We must wait
To be sure
That we'll never live our life like before
Take this time
Take this break
We can wait**

**West End and Broadway
Summer-term exams
Cruises and concerts
Reunion plans
It's a shame
But there's no-one to blame
We can wait
We can wait**

**We can wait
We can pause
We slow down cos it's right for the cause
We must wait
To be sure
That we'll never live our life like before
Take this time
Take this break
We can wait**

**Even though we are living apart
We've got time to repair and restart
Knowing we'll reunite
If we wait – we can wait
For the people we know are alone
Be that voice at the end of the phone
Reassure them it won't be long**

**We can wait
We can pause
We slow down cos it's right for the cause
We must wait
To be sure
That we'll never live our life like before
Take this time
Take this break**

We can wait