

DAVID MUNYON

7 CROWS AGAINST A GREYER SKY
VOL. 1



1. Savannah Purple (1929)

Is it cool, Magnolia honey
Your love's all over me
Is it cool, Magnolia honey
Your love's all over me
Your skin is like a rainbow
Your green eyes are a silent mystery

Why life ain't simple
As his shark skin suit
You can hear the pavement ripple
From his snake skin boots
Take me off this rollercoaster
Please, Savannah Purple

They say your daddy was a banker
Spanish horse an' fancy saddle
Gave your mama lots of money
Then he skedaddled
Your touch is so electric
Your lovely legs should be illegal

Is that rain, Magnolia honey
Do you hear the thunder rumble
Is that rain, Magnolia honey
Can you hear the thunder rumble
If you steal his knife an' shotgun
It might just be worth the gamble

Grace can give you sanctuary
We can hide beside the highway
If we move among the twilight
Angels will keep us in their mercy
Leave this shanty-town behind us
You know love is always risky

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG hammond b3
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass
TOM DYBA drums

2. Song for Cher

Yesterday I saw you hiding some old boots
You used to wear
I could see you still think some of him
How I wish I was there
We can't go back to 1965
Except in our hearts
I don't see why some old memories
Seem to tear our love apart

Come to me, dance with me
Come to me, dance with me

I saw you looking through some old briefcase
Of photos and poems
I could say that his love for you ain't about our love song
We can go on to new dreams dreaming
I'm hearing this now
Let's pretend I'm with her and you're with him
And just fool around

We have these moments
Regardless of the times
We can't make our old rhymes

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
JOJO SCHULZE electric guitar, fender rhodes
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass
TOM DYBA drums

3. Real Fast Train

It's raining on the train tracks
All night long
My baby's gone and packed up
And she's real gone
I'm standing on an old sidewalk
My hands in my pockets give up
Why my life has left me all alone again
Why my life has left me all alone again

On a real fast train

Wondering if she'll come back now
On a real fast train
She left me just a few things
I'm talking to myself again
Gonna figure it out
And when she comes back I'll jump and shout
My baby's real back again

Sunrise always comin' up
As it always does
I'm tired of these gambling and losing blues
And this one eyed truck
Staying with the coffee man
Only dealing with the news
My baby's coming back
On a real fast train

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass
TOM DYBA drums

4. February Songs

When the nightlights in the sky
Does the dance things in the clouds
And the woman that you're thinking of
She's dreaming next door
And doesn't want to be involved
That's what guitars are for
Even if she's knockin' on your door

February songs begin in January
Songwriters on the job
February songs bring another spring
And the past is very gone

When the science gives you clues
And sitars echo and you grin
It's all in the hope of love's hope
Maybe she'll visit you
This time love will win
That's what guitars are for
Even if she's knockin' on your door

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
PETER FUNK lapsteel guitar
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass





5. The Song

Walking through this city
Thinking about my lady
My lover from years ago
She still drives me crazy
She left me for some reasons
We blamed the '67 - '68
Then I got weary, wound up in the army
Mama please hold me close
She joined the FBI
I'm so proud to see her
She's always been most likely to succeed

Memories of the heart
Long distance love
When there's nothing, nothing, nothing on TV
High school was hard
But love, love, love makes the coffee real sweet

Driving through the country
Observing all the scenery
Listening to the radio
My phone's off and lazy
I keep my nose from sneezing
I keep my eyes on the road

I wonder how I made it, here to this moment
It must have been amazing grace
I think about her kitty
Her fantastic kisses
Lord help me don't go off this road

Memories of the heart
Long distance love
When there's nothing, nothing, nothing on TV
Sometimes life is hard
But love, love, love makes the coffee real sweet

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
JOJO SCHULZE electric guitar
PETER FUNK lapsteel guitar
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass
TOM DYBA drums

6. From Me to You

We left the heavens, one night
With dreams and plans
I've had you in my soul
Your love for me has never let go

I have your picture in my heart
I have your smile in my mind
I have your kisses inside of me
I'll find you again, you'll see

This age is no thing as before
And we all sigh some days
The fight for love is very real
I have you in my soul

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
BEO BROCKHAUSEN saxophone
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

7. Woodstock Without the Rain

We walked in the sun in Montgomery
We stood in the rain in Rome
We drove all night to Tallulah
Drinking Mountain Dew to Tulsa time
We fall in love 3 or 4 times a day
The ladies' eyes give them away
We got through two years of a pandemic
And the springtime's here again

I won't tell you what I'm thinking
You can tell me if you think I'm wrong
We're here for the learning
Lovin' without these songs
It's like the pain you think you are dealin' with
Somehow goes away
It's like Woodstock without the rain
Woodstock without the rain
Woodstock without the rain

Grateful eyes inside old eyebrows
Looking for a very nice something to do
Real old veins on wrinkling hands
It's like Woodstock without the things, or the beer, or the drugs
It's like Woodstock without the rain, again

We tune our guitars each Monday
And sit around with expensive phones

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
MARTIN MORO mandolin, banjo, guitar
LEONORA SCHULZE backing vocals
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass

We walk from the kitchen to the bedroom
We imagine what went wrong
We ain't much for exercising
This world goes by real slow
We are the next generation
And we still love Jack Kennedy and Joe

Grateful eyes inside old eyebrows
Look around for something special to do
Real old veins on wrinkling hands
It's like Woodstock without the things, or the drugs, or the beer
It's like Woodstock without the rain, again

We can play Hotel California
He can play Johnny B. Goode
We can just hold our guitars and stand around
Observing what we could
We all came from TV and nightmares and establishment
We ain't involved with no war, no more
And we're strugglin' to pay the rent

Grateful eyes inside old eyebrows
Look around for something to do
Real old veins on wrinkling hands
It's like Woodstock without the rain, or the marijuana, or the beer
It's like Woodstock without the rain, again

8. The Pickup Truck Song

In 1957 I was parked in the parking lot
I waited and I listened for life's moments of hope
They carried you home in a blanket and shoe box
The blessings of a new birth
I am that pickup truck

In 1962 I carried you to school
You didn't want to fight and all the girls thought you were way cool
You shaved your daily struggles with your papa's wisdom
He changed my brakes and oil and transmission

Summer nights, outstanding days
There's a silence at the traffic signals
Hope of a highway
Life wakes up each coffee cup
I am that truck, this pickup truck
I am that truck, that pickup truck

We drove to Danny's funeral though we didn't want to
We cried all the way back home silent tears that men do
And the months and years kept coming
Some tuned in and some tuned out
And I'd sit there in the driveway never opening my mouth

We drove to Austin, Texas, then on to Pasadena
We drove to Arkansas when Frank went on vacation
I drove to Birmingham to attend the state convention
And I drove to New York City
On that day and I don't wanna forget that one

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
JOJO SCHULZE electric guitar, hammond b3
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

9. Try

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
KATJA WERKER backing vocals
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass
TOM DYBA drums, backing vocals

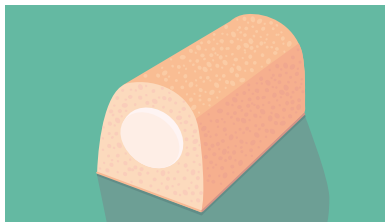
10. Diamonds and Rust

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG keyboard
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass



11. Here (World Blues)

If you don't want that Twinkie, I'll be your friend
You can count on my smile with Twinkies in hand
Cause Twinkies can keep this world from falling down
And keep dictators busy while we tech with the clouds
When the world turns to blues and world blues
I'll still be there for you



If you don't want me here, well just turn me off
I'll just sit in my room and listen to my clock
Cause I've no place to go and I'm too tired to run
My youth has given in to old age has begun
And I still don't like guns, and I'm still stuck in this mood
I've been praying my head off thinking of you

When the world at sundown turns to world blues
And the love letters written get dust on them too
And the note that you sent in a bottle to the sea
Is still floating around trying to find me

If this song is too long I'll just stay in my truck
Cause you're up in Rhode Island and I'm lost in this muck
I see you fall in love every two minutes or so
Try to get this mix to Leonardo DiCaprio

You know I saw Mickey Mantle in 1961
And I saw Roger Marris and I still miss them some
And I think about my friend Humphrey, he died seven years ago
And it's the day after Christmas and you're there and I'm here alone

I'll be settling down now, well I think to myself
I'll be trying to get it to Twitter to better this world
You know if Hillary had won that last election
We'd be all eating cake, out there in the sun
But the boogers of war and the warmongers
All silently grumble and maneuver in chairs
I'm here on my sofa and you're up in Rhode Island
I was born there too, you know, Rhode Island

My desire for big money has left me begging online
When the storms come around, I think we'll get through it this time
So I Facebooked and messaged you and you called me back real quick
It's the day after Christmas and I love showbiz



DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG hammond b3, keyboard
BEO BROCKHAUSEN hang, tambura
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

12. The American Blues

Of all of the highways, in the old Midwest
There's a country road, goes on for a mile at best
To a mobile home, there are some dogs sleepin' there
Under an old surfboard, no one says a word

And a grouchy old man
Oh the American Blues
Lordy mama don't cry
The American Blues

Like yesterday's laundry, underneath the stairs
My shirts and my T-shirts, just floating there
People living and dying, some are friends of mine
Oh lordy lordy, some are doin' time

We all do what we can
Oh the American Blues
Lordy mama don't cry
The American Blues

Now I wrote me a letter, Mr. President
Said Elvis was gone, don't know where he went
I saw him in a choir, in a heavenly scene
He said "Go on to Memphis. I'll meet you there"
My dog he don't bark, the cat don't care
There are bones in the kitchen, bones everywhere



DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
PETER FUNK blues harp
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG hammond b3
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass
TOM DYBA drums

All songs written by David Munyon & SP Standley, EXCEPT:
"Diamonds and Rust" written by Joan Baez
"Try" written by Michael Busbee & Ben West

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With all blessings, to song writers, without borders, and hopes for peace, between nations, and self realization, worldwide.

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Spiritual Vibes, JESUS the CHRIST

Thanks so much to everyone on Planet Earth, & Heavenly Kingdom, for helping me, along these 55 years of playing guitar and writing and singing songs.



- 1 Savannah Purple 6:11
- 2 Song for Cher 4:23
- 3 Real Fast Train 5:05
- 4 February Songs 4:45
- 5 The Song 4:38
- 6 From Me to You 6:06

- 7 Woodstock Without the Rain 4:38
- 8 The Pickup Truck Song 6:19
- 9 Try 4:21
- 10 Diamonds and Rust 5:04
- 11 Here 8:12
- 12 The American Blues 4:25

TOTAL 64:33



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