

DAVID MUNYON

7 CROWS AGAINST A GREYER SKY
VOL. 2



1. Seven Crows Against a Greyer Sky

So your Chevy II was seen again on the Avenue of the Stars
The smoky windows whispered vibes to "party on..."
And a traveler from Lake Geneva said the engine sounded good
Though she didn't know you or even know you had lost your guns

After thirty years of dragging cool around
You are empty, just this cross hangin' from the mirror
Like a knight in rusty armor, with defiance in his eyes
And seven crows against a greyer sky
Seven crows against a greyer sky

Ah, the bourbon was your buddy, but you had to put it down
Then the meetings in the cellar changed your heart
But your teeth are still brown
The patrolman saw your dragons, as he signed your DUI
And as you drove off Jesus mentioned of a possible new start



Well, you drove past Vietnam, Christmas bombings and protests
And you laughed at all the STP it took to smooth you out
You keep her picture in the corner of your warehouse bedroom
You ain't got no cable TV, just a Hi-Fi that is doomed

An' her picture always whispers out your name
I betcha don't take love for granted like you did
Just to hold her once again there in the rain
Just to hold her once again there in the rain

Well, you heard a legend had been born, from both your tears
Well, he follows the rodeo and has your smile and her ears
Ain't it funny you don't even know his name or his plan
But her memory says it's better off him not knowing you just yet



DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
JUSTIN CIUCHE viola
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
BEO BROCKHAUSEN bowed psaltery
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

2. Let Me Rock Before I'm Too Old to Roll

I started as a youngster with my Epiphone
Living in a home learning right from wrong
Grew up with the Beatles and the Monkees too
Now I'm over 60 playin' the blues

Let me rock, let me go
Let me rock rock rock rock
Before I'm too old to roll

I got to New York City with a big apple wind
Done a couple records with some help from my friends
Now she's joined the army, just to pay the rent
She's my Dixie woman she must be heaven sent

I want to go to Paris, I want to go to Rome
I want to go to Meckesheim and a Hamburg town
I want to go to London and maybe Tibet too
I want to go to Motown, Moscow, Memphis too

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

3. Mr. Tambourine Man

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass
MARTIN MORO mandolin, banjo, guitars, accordion, tin-whistle, percussion

4. Road Song #333

You were raised up spoiled in Louisiana
When Elvis drove down Heartbreak Lane
And the radio dial was your only night light
You used to dream about love and rock 'n' roll in the rain
Pretty soon you hired on with a traveling band
And you woke up here, about a broken man
But the cowboy songs and a Corvette smile
Carried you over all them lonely miles

Put the stuff in the truck
And get the show on the road
Put your blue jeans on
Your boots and your hat
Leave the telephone alone
We gotta put on a show
Put the stuff in the truck
And get the show on the road

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
JOJO SCHULZE electric guitar, clavinet
BEO BROCKHAUSEN jew's harp
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass
TOM DYBA drums

Heard the mockingbird call from a lonesome hill
Hangin' by all paws, behind a steerin' wheel
Picking up the threads, packing up the duds
You were staring at the window looking for the dreams an' dust
You were wired to the max, on a highway south
Wouldn't trade it for the world, or a brand new house
Where a coffee cup is your only friend
Well, I wonder if this cautious road will ever end

5. When You Know

So we made it through another Summer of Love
Seems everyone but you has gone country
I heard you traded in your VW van for a truck
I hope you kept your Lynyrd Skynyrd albums in your luck
I saw The Allman Brothers Band last night
Your memory agreed with your vision
I thought I saw you with your wings, alright
Probably just another hidden hallucination

And when you know, and still have to stand in line to go home
When all is new
Like these some kinda wonderful leather western boots
I still love you
Do you still love me?

I like the way they prepare country food
With eyes so anxious just to be with Krishna soon
They keep their tractors until they just about fall apart
Then make a cool deal about fixin' it with a grandson and callin' it art
I love Merle Haggard and the Judds
I'm getting old, don't fell like movin' much
This broken heart still pumps some blood
We left some in a jungle in Southeast Asia

I was thinking maybe George Jones and Pink Floyd
Should get together for some artistic collaboration in joy
Maybe they sang there on a summer night in Music City
They call it Music City, because there is so much music

And when you know, and still have to stand in line to go home
All will be new
Like these some kinda wonderful leather western boots
I still love you
Do you still love me?
I still love you
Would you still love me?

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
PETER FUNK lapsteel guitar
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG hammond b3, keyboard
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

6. Jimmy Hoffa

I really didn't know him
But my sister worked for him
She was a secretary
For the Teamster man

Jimmy Hoffa, Jimmy Hoffa
Jimmy Hoffa, Jimmy Hoffa
Jimmy Hoffa
We love you
Working for the union
Has its ups and downs
Jimmy Jimmy Hoffa
He can't be found

He was workin' for the truckers
The truck driving man
Fought for fair wages
And their insurance plans

Where are you?

On the highway in Cleveland
There's a traffic jam
One angel's tryin' to fix it
He's a union man

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
BEO BROCKHAUSEN tenor saxophone
JOJO SCHULZE electric guitar
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH electric bass
TOM DYBA drums

7. People Are Sleeping All over the World

Just do today, the past erased
Don't do no crimes, just make up rhymes
Cause people are sleepin', sleepin' all over the world

Don't fake no shoes, we all get the blues
Don't fake your shoes, some do get blue

Don't make no noise, don't start no war
If you're in love, please stay in love

Just do today, just do today
Don't fake no games, here comes that rain

If you look like him, well you just grin
If you wanna get rich, just get a job

Just do today, just do right now
Don't spook the horse, don't scare the cows

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
BEO BROCKHAUSEN soprano saxophone, tambura
PETER FUNK dobro
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

8. I Just Wanna Scream

I wake up in the night, things are in my head
Lying in my bed, thinking about the Reds
I don't own no road, I've been around the world
I sit on my divan, I've got to make a plan

I just wanna scream

I think about the band, I got my can of spam
And all the free beans, from my friends in Birmingham
All of my life, I keep it in inside real loud

Checking out my chains, while staying in my lane
Staying in my lane, checking out my chains

19 years on a hippie's theme
I changed it all, I changed my scene
I guess I'll have to finally vote
No please, I don't want no token

I wash my frying pan, I dust a lot of dust
I drive here to the store, she don't work there no more
I once looked into her eyes, she had a bad tattoo
She said I was kind and cool, but kinda goofy too

19 years on a hippie's thing
I changed it all, I changed my scene
I guess I'll have to finally vote
No, please, I don't want no token

I just wanna scream
Laughing in my head
Power napping in my bed

I ain't rappin', I'm power nappin'
I ain't doin', I ain't worth knowin'
I ain't smoking and I sure ain't drinkin'
And I ain't using

I'm sitting on my bed, thinkin' what she said
Power nappin' in my head
Lots of folks are dead
Thinkin' 'bout the Reds
Thinking about the Reds

19 years on a hippie's theme
I changed it all, I changed my scene
I guess I'll have to finally vote
Please, no, I don't want no toke

I just wanna scream
I just wanna scream
Don't wanna make a scene
I just wanna scream

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

9. From a Letter to Leather Feather to Smokey Bob

Smokey, I'm here doing just today
I know you've been workin' so darn hardly some say
And everybody wants this or that from you
I don't blame you for hidin' out with the truth
I never got the chance to explain away
The reasons for the bribes and the money things
I guess it was greed or something to do
I guess it was a gift from me to you

I heard they closed down parts of Route 66
But I betcha the vibes will still supply the kicks
I'm holding out like a wounded dream
Goin' back to the west coast

Smokey, I'm here in 1957
When Southern California was just like Heaven
And we all had lemon trees in our yards
And we took those lemon trees for granted
So I'm old an' heavy, an' I still got the frown
I'm so tired at what's happening to me and ol' Townes
I knew you thru a couple of curves my way
And you know Bruce, he never did like bunting

I guess if I could call ya I wouldn't need this song
I guess I'm sorry for doin' you wrong
I ain't got no money
All I got is guitar love for you an' all the gang

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
PETER FUNK lapsteel guitar
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG Hammond b3, keyboard
HANS-JORG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

10. Love Is Only Love

Paint the fragile ways
A lover says "I love you"
Like the many seasons, love is what it is
These are moments of a dream
To be forgotten, or remembered
At the moment of a kiss
Like a fire in the night to keep us warm
There are many reasons love is like a storm
When all of everything is said and done
Love is only love
After all love is only love

When the test of time
Sends you to your memories
And a broken heart sends you to your tears
And the rushing of the crows
Are just an echo
Of the conversations engaging
Through the years
There is hope that rises from the dust
Once again you know that you can trust
What it might be isn't what it was
Love is only love

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

11. I Am This Old Guitar

I am this old guitar
Your father gave me as a gift
His son's a country star
I am this old guitar

I played five thousand shows
I made some women weak
I rock and I roll
I am this old guitar

I am this old guitar
I sit alone in my case
I wake you up in the night
My strings, your heart embrace

You know my hidden face
We share the same scars
I keep our secrets safe
I am this old guitar

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

12. Hallelujah

DAVID MUNYON vocal, guitar
LEA MORRIS backing vocals
THOMAS HIRSCHBERG hammond b3
HANS-JÖRG MAUCKSCH fretless bass

All songs written by David Munyon & SP Standley, EXCEPT:
"Road Song #333" written by David Munyon & Gary Don Smith
"Love is Only Love" written by David Munyon & Jay Patten
"I am This Old Guitar" written by David Munyon & Wolfgang Malende
"Mr. Tambourine Man" written by Bob Dylan
"Hallelujah" written by Leonard Cohen

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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.



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| 1 Seven Crows Against a Greyer Sky 7:28 | 7 People Are Sleeping All over the World 5:23 |
| 2 Let Me Rock Before I'm Too Old to Roll 4:29 | 8 I Just Wanna Scream 8:00 |
| 3 Mr. Tambourine Man 4:25 | 9 Leather Feather to Smokey Bob 5:31 |
| 4 Road Song #333 3:51 | 10 Love Is Only Love 3:38 |
| 5 When You Know 6:08 | 11 I Am This Old Guitar 4:19 |
| 6 Jimmy Hoffa 3:43 | 12 Hallelujah 4:43 |

TOTAL 61:56



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