Paradox

Words and Music by
KERRY LIVGREN
and
STEVE WALSH

Moderately, with a strong beat

I'm on
been

I ain't

burning with a question in my mind.
I had to take my time and change my style.

I'm

feeling

it feels the same, as finding out the key.

Strange

Now

I'm
sire:

wonder,

reelin',

seems there's nothing else for me to find.

is something going to make it all worthwhile?

think of the things that I might see.

F(no3rd)

C♯

D♯/C♯

'Cause I've been here and I've been there.

I know there's more than meets the eye.

I'm not afraid to face the light.

I'm not afraid to face the light.

E/C♯

B/F♯

F♯

G♯

seems like I've been everywhere before.

like to see it before I die for sure.

I've not afraid to think that I might fall.
seen it all—a hundred times; still I think there surely must be more.
Something tells me it's all right; only one step farther to the door.
I was going nowhere fast; I was need-in' something that would last.

[1, 2]

No chord

[3]

There

N.C.
Point Of Know Return

Words and Music by
STEVE WALSH
PHIL EHART
and
ROBERT STEINHARDT

Moderately bright

heard the men saying something. The captains tell they pay
say the sea turns so dark that you know it's time you see
day I found a message floating in the sea from you

you well. And they say they need sailing men to
the sign. They say the point demons guard is an
to me. You wrote that when you could see it, you
show the way and leave to-day. Was it you that said,

ocean grave for all the brave. Was it you that said,
cried with fear the point was near. Was it you that said,

cresc.

"How long?"  How long?  How long?

They

How long?

How long to the point

of know return?
Your father, he said he needs you.

Your mother, she said she loves you.

Your brothers, they echo the words:

"How far to the point of return?"
To the point of know return?

Well, how long?

How long?

To the point of know return?
How long?

How long to the point of know return?

Know return?

Repeat and fade

How long?"
The Spider

by
STEVE WALSH

Moderately fast
Portrait (He Knew)

Moderately, with a strong beat
No chord

Words and Music by
KERRY LIVGREN
and
STEVE WALSH

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He had a thousand ideas. You might have heard his name.
He was in search of an answer. the nature of what we are.
He had a different idea. a glimpse of the master plan.

He lived alone with his vision. not looking for fortune or fame.
He was trying to do it a new way. He was bright as a star.
He could see into the future. The true visionary man.

Never said too much to speak of; he was off on another plane.
But nobody understood him; his numbers are not the way.
But there's something he never told us. It died when he went away.

The words that he said were a mystery; no body's sure he was sane.
He's lost in the deepest enigma; that no one's unraveled today, but he
If only he could have been with us, No telling what he might say.
knew, knew more than me or you. No one could see his view.

Where was he going to?

Where was he going to? And he tried, but before he could tell us, he died. When he left us, the people cried. Where was he going to?
knew. You could tell by the picture he drew. It was totally something new.

Oh, where was he going to?

Twice as fast

Ah.

N.C.

fff Three times

Three times

Three times
Lightning's Hand

Words and Music by
STEVE WALSH
and
KERRY LIVGREN

Moderately bright, with a triplet-feel (\( \begin{array}{c} 3 \\ 3 \\ 3 \end{array} \) = \( \begin{array}{c} 2 \\ 3 \\ 3 \end{array} \) )

No chord 3

Am(no 3rd)

Can you see me? Do you know my position? How quick is your
north wind rises;
old man's eyes wandering deep as he locks his

G(add A)

eye? I have no home, no reason to roam yet I
door. He knows the fear when I'm too near him. He's

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travel the length of the sky. I stretch my fingers jag-
seen me angry before. The black intruding clouds

god icy white, till my energy's all a round. My
approach as I release a destructive blow.

cresc.

clinch my force is fearful. I convey it without a sound.
All the crashing, all the flashing light reigns terror upon my foe.

mf cresc.

I live to free the skies from ev'ry one. Watch me run.
Am(no 3rd)

I command the lightning's hand!

Run for cover. Oh, your life is in vain if you try to escape me.

Don't look back. Oh,

your wealthy world cannot save you, 'cause I'm gonna break you.

I
hear them moan; I hear them weep because they feel I belong to the devil.

They feel the pain; they will again till they stop reaches up for this level.

No one will defeat me; no one can. I command the lightning's hand!

I command the lightning's
hand!
I command
the lightning's hand!
I command
Closet Chronicles

Words and Music by
KERRY LIVGREN
and
STEVE WALSH

Slowly, with a beat

Once carried through the current, and
proud and full of passion, he
Day-dreams filled his night-times and

being swept away, the king is in the closet; he's
fought the cause of man, many people loved his courage; many
night-dreams filled his days, confusion and uncertainty, a

hiding from today, and though he owns all fortunes, this
followed his command, he changed the old into the new, and the
puzzled mind of haze, you thought he was so powerful and
room is where he'll stay. And his world is filled with darkness turning
course of things to come. But then, one day they noticed he was
set up on his ways. Well, he left us all to follow through this

grey. gone. Gazing out the window of the
maze. At first it didn't matter. No

forty-second floor, he is separate from all others. No one
body seemed to care. They all became too busy to
heard the king was dead. And with him died the chronicles that
knocks up on his door. And it might as well be raining, 'cause the
find him anywhere. So no one knew, not even him, the
no one ever read. The closet's fully empty now; it's

C G7 Dm Eb sus2
sunlight hurts his eyes, and his ears will never hear the children's
problems he would find on the day he journeied deep into his
occupied by none. I'll draw the drapes; now destiny is

1. F 2. F C/Gb
cries. Once mind. I close my eyes; I go far away, a-
taste of freedom from the pain of
way from the battlefield.  

everything here I see.  

In my dreams, well,  

Life is sweet, but I

here I will enjoy it.  

Where innocence plays with all the laughing

took it all for granted.  

And now I don't know if I can ever

children.  

tell you.  

The just kind who are crying right now.

what we permit, we allow.  

Allow me to forget the life I've
Dust In The Wind

Words and Music by KERRY LIVGREN

Moderate Folk style

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Am       Am/G        D/F♯       G
wind      |          Dust in the

All we are is dust in the wind.

Am       Am/G        D/F♯        G
wind      Ev'rything is dust in the

Ev'rything is dust in the wind.

Am       wind

Repeat and fade

Am

Repeat and fade
Sparks Of The Tempest

Words and Music by KERRY LIVGREN and STEVE WALSH

Moderately bright, with a beat

C#m  Bsus4  C#m  Bsus4

C#m  F#  C#m

F#  C#m  F#

The sparks of the tempest rage a hundred years on.

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C\#m

do\n
voice of the dream\-er screams the cause of the pawn._ The

C\#m

King and the Queen_ are gone; each piece is the same._ The

C\#m

dif\'-rence be\-\nt\-\n\nus is a part of the game._

C\#m

Dark\-ness is spread\-\ing like a spot on the sun._ The

\nfuture is man\-\aged, and your free\-dom's a joke._ You

Broth\-er is watch\-\ing, and he likes what he sees._ A
dead are the living in the age of the gun.
don't know the difference as you put on the yoke.
world for the taking when he's ready to squeeze.

everyone clamours for the justice they seek,
less that you know, the more you fall into place.
King and the Queen are gone; each piece is the same.

Word is corrupted and the strong take the weak,
cog in the wheel, there is no soul in your face.

mold you and shape you, so watch what you do.
Run for the cover, millennium's here.
Sooth-sayer saying, now tell me no lies.
Sparks of the tempest are burning you through...
Spreading like wildfire,
What is the madness that is filling the skies...
Spreading like wildfire,

fall-in' like rain; though they may promise, they only bring pain.
fall-in' like rain; though they may promise, they
fall-in' like rain;
Blood in the sand, a cry in the street

now the cycle is nearly complete.

Ten thousand years; nothing was learned. No turning

back; now the wheels have turned.
E    G#7    C#m    G#m    A7    E    G#7

C#m    B sus4    C#m    B sus4

D. S. B al Coda

though they may promise, they only bring pain.

Coda

Repeat and fade

C#m    A    B    E    F#    E    F#
Hopelessly Human

Words and Music by KERRY LIVGREN

Moderately slow, with a strong beat

No chord

Cm

Gm/D

Db/F

Ab/Eb

Db

Ab/C

Gm/Bb

N.C.

Cm

Gm/D

Db/F

Ab/Eb

Db

Ab/C

Gm/Bb

G#7

Am7

Am/E

B

It's a strange aberration,
It's a strange situation.

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1400 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019
this brain-storm of youth, though it's lost in translation
There's no cause for alarm. All these hot licks and rhetoric

from fancy to truth, It's hopelessly human
surely do you no harm. They're hopelessly human

both inside and out, A joyous occasion
both inside and out. A joyous occasion.
No reason to doubt. It's easy somehow; what once was elusive is calling me
There's no reason to doubt. When each word is read, would you know the diff'rance if nothing was

I am waiting; I am patiently,
All is rhythm; all is unity.

doing nothing, in a reverse,
I am laughing, as it's meant to be.

climbing higher, seeing everything,
just musing, I am using. The
Interacting, slowly spiral ing.

Word was given, making harmony.

I am giving slowly, while I'm watching the

dancing aimlessly;

Living, precious energy

Ending, turning fearless ly.

Esca lat ing. What was once just a
game, it's never the same; no one's to blame.

decresc.

Resurrected, falling down again.
Introverted, I am stating my views. Now you can choose. What do you feel? Is it for real this time?

Repeat and fade
Nobody's Home

Words and Music by STEVE WALSH and KERRY LIVGREN

Moderately slow, with a beat

\begin{align*}
C &\quad Dm &\quad F \\
Cmaj7 &\quad C &\quad Dm &\quad C &\quad Am &\quad G \\
\end{align*}

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It's empty now; no friendly face, and nothing lives within.
I came to learn, perhaps to teach, but I can tell somehow,
the world that I was sent to reach has got no future now.

So far I've come to find there's no one here; no life, I fear.
Across the galaxy to spread the word, and no one heard.
no eulogy was read. No monument was carved in stone in memory of the dead. For those who made this place do not remain; they feel no pain. A stranger fate was never known.

\(\text{Fm} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{E/G#} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{G}\)