

The End of the Beginning By John Flynn

Like river stone it may be that some edges get worn smooth
Or maybe it's just these days you don't have as much to prove
So you try to pick your battles 'cause some fights just ain't worth
winning

When you reach the end of the beginning

From dwelling on the tears to being thankful for the smiles
The journey of a single step can begin with a thousand miles•
And you ain't sure where your going, but you're making good time
grinning •

When you reach the end of the beginning

Oh, the journey you make
From the first breath you take
'Til your last dying day
And the mystery takes your breath away•

Ain't much can't get settled sitting down over a cold one
You got no time to pick a grudge up, let alone to hold one
You've seen desperados genuflect and caught the sainted sinning
When you reach the end of the beginning

You might regret mistakes you made but don't mistake regret
For turning from those lucky stars you ain't done thanking yet
Or old friends you can count on even though their ranks are thinning
When you reach the end of the beginning

Oh. the journey you make
From the first breath you take
On your last dying day
And the mystery takes your breath away•

You've got so much to tell them that you don't know where to start•
And you can't always find the words to say what's in your heart•
So you love them just as hard as you hope this old world keeps
spinning•

When you reach the end of the beginning

Like river stone it may be that some edges get worn smooth
Or maybe it's just these days you don't have as much to prove
So you try to pick your battles 'cause some fights are still worth
winning
When you reach the end of the beginning

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A Song from the Subliminal Hymnal

by John Flynn

© Flying Stone Music

There's a bug walking smack down a railroad track
But it don't know what a railroad is
And the track is rumbling cause a train is coming
But it don't know what a train is
And the train's bearing down on a sleepy little town
But it don't know what a town is

And all along it sings the song
Lie ta die die die die die
It sings, Lie ta die die die ta die die die

Well the town's got people underneath a steeple
But it don't know what a church is
Where they kneel and pray every seventh day
But it don't know what a Sunday is
When the church bell tolls trying to save your souls
But it don't know what a soul is
And the choir beneath the spire sings
Lie ta die die die die die
They sing, Lie ta die die die ta die die die

So if you happen to be going my way
I'd be grateful for the company
Cause sometimes out here on this lonesome hi-way
I can feel the ground shake under me

Like a bug walking smack down a railroad track
And the song that I start singing is
Lie ta die die die die die
It's a lie to die die die to die die die

Crazy as Ever by John Flynn
© Flying Stone Music

I'm just an old piece of hickory
Time is just God's pocketknife
But years ain't taken what I need
To have the time of my life

CHORUS:

'Cause after all these years together
And after all we've been through
I'm still as crazy as ever
Crazy as ever for you

My gold is the sunlight in your hair
My silver, the moon and the stars
Those vagabond midnight companions
That whisper your name in the hours
When all of the miles are lonesome
And all of my dreams still come true
As long as this road that I travel
Still leads my love back to you **chorus**

Darlin' they say what don't kill you
Just makes you strong in the end
I'm not sure that's true with a lover
I'm not sure that's true with a friend
So thank you for not giving up dear
On this aging fool or his song
I know my love ain't always easy
But I swear to God it is strong **chorus**

The Giving Stone
© Flying Stone Music

by John Flynn

A little boy held out his hand
And gave a pebble to a man
He said, Now it's your turn to own
This pebble called the Giving Stone

The Giving Stone, the Giving Stone
My pebble's called the Giving Stone

Surprised, the man looked at the stone
And at the child's face which shown
With joy and generosity
And asked, Why give this stone to me?

The Giving Stone, the Giving Stone
Why give me your Giving Stone?

The child shrugged and shook his head
That's just the way it works he said
Now if you need a smile today
Just give the Giving Stone away

The Giving Stone, the Giving Stone
Just give away your Giving Stone

The man said, But what if I keep
This pebble in my pocket deep
For just me and myself alone
And never give the Giving Stone away?

The little child began to frown
But in a moment he bent down
To pick up one more pebble there
And hand it to man with care

The Giving Stone, the Giving Stone

My pebble's called the Giving Stone

The child took his mother's hand
And with a smile he left the man
To learn in this world which we live
The greatest gift is just to give away

The Giving Stone, the Giving Stone
The greatest gifts the world has known
Aren't ours to keep, they're just a loan
To give just like the Giving Stone

My Horizontal Smile by John Flynn
© Flying Stone Music

I ain't gonna let nobody bring me down
I ain't gonna let nobody bring me down
If they don't like my horizontal smile they can
kiss my vertical frown
I ain't gonna let nobody bring me down

I'm digging this world like a diamond mine
I'm digging this world like a diamond mine
'Cause you got to believe in something
hard enough to shine
Digging this world like a diamond mine

They don't make them like us anymore
They don't make them like us anymore
Our tattered flag of freedom is the
song we came here for
They don't make them like us anymore

Life's a town and I'm just passing through
Life's a town and I'm just passing through
Love's the road and moving on is
what I'm bound to do
Life's a town and I'm just passing through

So I ain't gonna let nobody bring me down
I ain't gonna let nobody bring me down
If they don't like my horizontal smile
they can kiss my vertical frown
I ain't gonna let nobody bring me down

Democracy (The Weed)

By John Flynn

© Flying Stone Music

Democracy is growing, growing like a weed
Right up through the barbed wire and crumbling concrete
Where the rubber bullets and tear-gas grenades
Cannot keep the kids from singing on the barricades

Let the weed grow wild in the backyard child
It don't ask much, just a little bit of sun and rain
Let the weed grow tall by the old stone wall
If you cut it down it'll just grow back again
It'll just grow back again

The seeds were thrown by martyrs, carried by the wind
From places like Chile and Tiananmen
Where the blood of poets, scoundrels, fools and saints
Stains the whitewashed walls of history like graffiti paint

Let the weed grow wild in the backyard child
It don't ask much, just a little bit of sun and rain
Let the weed grow tall by the old stone wall
If you cut it down it'll just grow back again
It'll just grow back again

Some folks want folks to stand in rows
Again
But you know I ain't one of those
My friend
And somewhere off the beaten path
All the ones who have not cry out to the ones who have

Let the weed grow wild
Let the weed grow wild

Democracy is growing, growing like a weed

The Crow

by John Flynn

© Flying Stone Music

There's crow in the tree and he's laughing at me
From the field by the house where I stay
His eyes black and cold know the lies that I've told
And his song mocks the music I play

It's not far from your heart to hers as the crow flies
It's not far from your heart to hers
The roads that you choose tear the soles from your shoes
But it's not far from your heart to hers

Seven days past from the first to the last time
I saw him from my window sill
Seven nights long since I first heard his song
And it echoes inside of me still

It's not far from your heart to hers as the crow flies
It's not far from your heart to hers
The roads that you choose tear the soles from your shoes
But it's not far from your heart to hers

This morning I searched but he'd flown from his perch
And the tree stood alone in the wind
How can a thing hurt so much then take wing
And make you feel like you've lost a friend

It's not far from your heart to hers as the crow flies
It's not far from your heart to hers
The roads that you choose tear the soles from your shoes
But it's not far from your heart to hers

The roads that you choose tear the soles from your shoes
But it's not far from your heart to hers

But it's not far from your heart to hers

Prison Bible

by John Flynn

Jesus has no truer disciple than the lonely man who reads a prison bible

His cell mate wears a skull cap and he quotes from the Koran
but his momma raised him up to be a Christian man
And he'll call "brother" anyone who in humility
bows his head and asks for heaven's help on bended knee

He'd strayed from the righteous path and lost the faith he'd known
ever since he was a small boy in his momma's home
But in his darkest hour he found though he'd gravely sinned
The God he turned his back on never turned his back on him

Jesus has no truer disciple than the lonely man who reads a prison bible

When he feels deep within the choking darkness of despair
he turns like the good thief on the cross to Christ in prayer
And offers up the desolation Jesus knew too well
Having spent the night before he died inside a cell

Like Simon of Cyrene he tries to shoulder up the load
For those who fall like Jesus did upon that Calvary road
When the cross they carry grows to burdensome to bear
He looks in their faces and he sees the savior there

Jesus has no truer disciple than the lonely man who reads a prison bible

He saves his prized possessions in between its tattered covers
In Luke 2.35 he folds the letters from his mother
Matthew 7. 9 guards well the post card from his son
And Acts 12 is saved for the note that so far hasn't come

He knows that he's done wrong and that he's got to pay a price
But trusts that Jesus' mercy waits for him in paradise
The kingdom is a journey that's begins within the heart
No prison walls are high enough to stop it once it starts

Jesus has no truer disciple than the lonely man who reads a prison bible

When I Throw Stones

By John Flynn

© Flying Stone Music

It's hard to admit you choose injury over persuasion
Forgetting the rules you were taught so well when you were
young
To treat folks the way that you wish they'd treat you
Lately I've found that much harder to do
'Cause anger that grinds down my heart only sharpens my
tongue

But when I throw stones, where those stones fall
Piles of stones become stone walls

When did these names and these labels become so
important?
Why do we put folks in boxes for what they believe?
And just exactly when did I stop seeing
people as people and humans as being
entitled to their own opinions; though I disagree?

When I throw stones, where those stones fall
Piles of stones become stone walls

I will continue to stand up for what I believe in
I will continue to tell truth no matter the cost
But I will remember the arrogant blindness
Afflicting those who tell their truth without kindness
And will remember the battles I've already lost

When I throw stones, where those stones fall
Piles of stones become stone walls
I must tear down the walls that have grown
The walls that I build when I throw stones

The Cup

by John Flynn

© Flying Stone Music

Maybe we're careful, maybe we're lucky
But sooner or later that stuff gets used up
Sooner or later just being human
Means that you have to drink from the cup

Some wounds are sacred, some wounds are holy
Carried to honor the losses we grieve
Spirit declaring the answers to questions
As deep and brave as each breath that we breathe

But let these tears shine from smiling faces
Raised in the hope that someday and soon
We'll be made stronger in broken places
Healed perhaps not of, but by our wounds

Oh may these damaged heroes and angels
Be brought together coming apart
Joyful and reckless and ransomed by loving
From the last boundaries of unbroken hearts

The Web & the Feather
(A Song for Camp Dreamcatcher)
© Flying Stone Music

by John Flynn

A shaman watched a spider and with sinew he wove snares
Framed in hoops of willow
It's said these dreamcatchers can protect us from nightmares
When hung by our pillows

On the hoops are feathers that can lift the spirits high
And until we cure them
Of the vision that now haunts our children you and I
Must be dreamcatchers for them

CHORUS:

The web and the feather bring us together
Here in this circle, here in this circle
Many a child looked up and smiled
Here in this circle of love

The shaman claimed that something called the trickster brings bad
dreams
Dark and terrifying
When the new deceiver swears there's no hope someone screams
We know you are lying **chorus**

Until we learn to heal their bodies
May we yearn to heal their hearts
May we learn to feel the spirit
This is where all healing starts

A shaman watched a spider and with sinew he wove snares
Framed in hoops of willow
As the spider catches flies, dreamcatchers catch nightmares
When hung by our pillows **chorus**