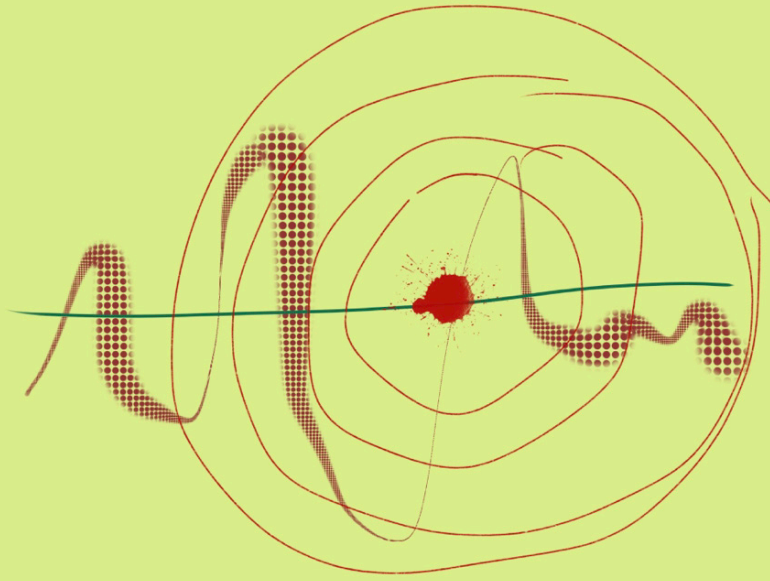


CATCH THAT MOMENT

"a breath of cool country"



the Waterhole

Rod Boucher family & friends

CATCH THAT MOMENT

Lyrics



ROD vocal guitar
GERRY bass keyboard recorder hooter percussion
DARRYL guitar keyboard percussion
ADAM 'KOOL' bass
LEIGH drums
HARMONY VOCALS georgina becca gerry rod
GERRY DARRYL RUSTY ROD techos
ROD design
GERRY produced at "the Mansions" Australia
February 1998

CATCH THAT MOMENT

album lyrics

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Thankyou for respecting the artist's creativity.

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01 TRAVELLER'S BLESSING

© *traditional words with extra words & music: Rod Boucher 1984 Sydney Australia.*

Composing to well-loved words is a delight and adding a few verses to fill out the experience is a bonus. This song has been sung at many funerals across the continent, most famously when Slim Dusty's version was played as his coffin left Sydney Cathedral. He was much loved.

V1

May the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face
and the rain fall soft upon your track.

BRIDGE

And until, until we meet again,
may God hold you safe in the palm of His hand.

V2

May the hills come down to greet you.
May the rocks give shelter in the storm.
May the grass be soft beneath your feet
and the dark give rest before the dawn.

BRIDGE

And until, until we meet again,
may God hold you safe in the palm of His hand.

CHORUS

In the palm of His hand,
in the palm of His hand,
in the palm of His hand,
safe in the palm of His hand.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

BRIDGE

And until, until we meet again,
may God hold you safe in the palm of His hand.

CHORUS

V3

May your life have many memories.
May your death be sweet and full of peace.
May your hope last an eternity.
May your joy carry on and never cease.

BRIDGE

And until, until we meet again,
may God hold you safe in the palm of His hand.

CHORUS

LAST CHORUS

In the palm of His hand,
in the palm of His hand,
in the palm of His hand,
safe in the palm of His hand.

02 RAG AND BONE

© words & music Rod Boucher 1974 Adelaide South Australia

As a nine year old, I was excited to hear the 'Rag and Bone' man calling out "BottleO", clip-clopping his way down our street in Parramatta with his horse and cart. They were the original re-cyclers. There are different words in different versions over the years to suit the intended purpose, as in many of my songs.

V1

Jimmy Collins was a funny faced kid
and he hung around the bar takin' what they'd give.
He was the ugliest boy in a fam'ly of five
so to keep alive he left home.

V2

Jimmy Collins hit the open road
and he tried to live by the country code
but he took to the city in the great depression
with a great recession in pride.

CHORUS

Bone, bone, rag and bone.
Any old bottles and tins around your home.
I don't want sticks and stones....
just Rag & Bone.
Rag & Bone.

V3

Jimmy Collins bought a horse and dray
from collecting bottles and soiled hay.
He set up a business and he made a life
selling cityside, secondhand.

V4

Jimmy Collins would rattle and roll
down the Highbury Street by the Junior school,
and the kids would scream and whistle and shout
at the silly old goat with the bones.
CHORUS

V5

Jimmy Collins at sixty-five
is neither dead nor neither alive.
He's a solitary soul from a distant age
when a man worked hard for the money he made.
Now he won't take the pension 'cause he's self-employed
and the only real trouble's he gets annoyed
when the kids get rough and they kick his shins.
Does anybody care if an old man wins?
Put yourself in the old man's skin.

CHORUS

Bone, bone, rag and bone.
Any old bottles and tins around your home.
I don't want sticks and stones....

LAST CHORUS

Bone, bone, rag and bone.
Any old bottles and tins around your home.
I don't want sticks and stones....
just Rag & Bone. Rag & Bone.

03 BROKEN FOR YOU

© words and music Boyd Burdette & Rod Boucher 1996 *On the road in USA*

We were based in Edinburgh in 1996, having performed "Tribe" in the Fringe with BedlamOz but also joined the tours of Rebecca St James in the USA as family friends and hopefully as a 'country song' composer with her support band. Boyd was in that Jeff Silvey band and I have always enjoyed composing with others.

V1

'Cos I'm broken, oh oh broken for you.
I'm falling apart at the seams.
Separation is too hard to bear,
wherever you are
I have to
I want to
I need to be there.

V2

'Cos I'm busted, oh oh, busted in two.
Joined together " 'til death do us part."
But we died to the love we promised to share,
wherever you are
I have to
I want to
I need to be there.

BRIDGE

It is not good for us to be alone,
we are made to be together.
We can take hold again of the love we had.
It only takes a miracle for good to come from bad.

INSTRUMENTAL

V3

'Cos I'm hoping, oh oh, hoping that you.
Will fly in the face of despair,
with patience as we're turning around.
wherever we are
we have to
we want to
we need to be there.

BRIDGE

It is not good for us to be alone,
we are made to be together.
We can take hold again of the love we had.
It only takes a miracle for good to come from bad.
It only takes a miracle for good to come from bad.

04 SMILING EYES

© words and music Rod Boucher 1975 Adelaide South Australia for my Becca

Interestingly, over the years, I haven't been inspired to write songs especially for my family or friends except two. I wrote "Vivienne" for The Henchmen to sing at our wedding, and this song in response to our Becca's 'smiling eyes'. I was touring Australia often in 1975 and so was missing our growing family back in Adelaide. I've written 'with' some of our seven girls but not 'to' them. Becca still has those wonderful eyes.

CHORUS

You are my smiling eyes, my girl, smiling eyes.
Such a sweet surprise to find,
those are my smiling eyes.

V1

Buttercup, I miss you, every night and day,
every hour and minute I'm away.
I'm always thinking of you in everything see,
little things you say and do come tumbling back to me.

CHORUS

You are my smiling eyes, my girl, smiling eyes.
Such a sweet surprise to find,
those are my smiling eyes.

V2

Honeybunch, I love you, more than I can say,
more than I could ever sing or play.
More than all the love songs this world has ever known,
even more than I have ever shown.

CHORUS

You are my smiling eyes, my girl, smiling eyes.
Such a sweet surprise to find,
those are my smiling eyes.

V3

Little one, you're crying, but even when it rains,
even when the clouds cover the moon,
even when the darkness seems to smother us in gloom,
still I see the sun come shining through.

CHORUS

You are my smiling eyes, my girl, smiling eyes.
Such a sweet surprise to find,
those are my smiling eyes.

05 START AGAIN

© words & music Gerry Holmes & Rod Boucher 1987-88 Goulburn NSW

I love composing with Gerry, who is always full of ideas, responses and fantastic keyboard and fretboard playing. We wrote this as a response to so many marriages falling apart, although I suppose, no-one really knows the answers ...or even the questions.

V1

Will it ever be the same? Will we ever know the way?
Can a broken heart be mended with a tear?
When so much is lost then what's to gain
is it worth the cost or are we doomed to fail?

CHORUS

Start again - never gonna see the change until we
Start again - never gonna see the change 'til we start all over.
Start again.

V2

When the day is all but gone and we feel we can't go on
can an open heart be sure which way to turn?
Would the simple way be wiser now,
I could turn away but we don't know how.

CHORUS

Start again - never gonna see the change until we
Start again - never gonna see the change 'til we start all over.
Start, Start again.

MIDDLE

We hit, we blame - we turn away.
This love we have is more than just a game.
We can bend the rules, ignore the score.
If we settle for less, we both may grow much more.

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS

Start again - never gonna see the change until we
Start again - never gonna see the change 'til we start all over.
Start Start Start again.

06 I WONDER WHERE MY DAD HAS GONE

© words and music Gerry Holmes and Rod Boucher 1989 Goulburn NSW

Our dear friend John had just left his family and we were grief stricken, so we wrote this song, me the words and melody to Gerry's wonderfully emotive guitar. Still relevant, still poignant.

V1

I wonder where my Dad has gone,
I think he's run away.
When I woke up, he wasn't there,
I wish he'd tell me why.

V2

I wonder where my Dad has gone,
my Mum she doesn't say.
She cries a bit and yells a lot,
I hope he comes home soon.

MIDDLE

I wonder if he misses me and thinks about the times -
we went out fishing for hours and hours
and worked with the sheep and the goats and the cows
and talked about when he was young
and all the things he did back then.

INSTRUMENTAL

V3

I wonder if we'll ever be
a family again.
And go for drives on the motorbike
and come home late for tea.

END

I wonder if he misses me
the way that I miss him.

07 LITTLE MISTER MOONLIGHT

© words and music Rod Boucher 1973 Adelaide South Australia

I wrote this song while playing in the fun rock band 'Buffalo Drive' in the 1970s, so it was never performed publicly. But I always liked it and felt that it was 'country' enough.

V1

Little mister moonlight come into my parlour,
we can try much harder - to be lovers.

V2

Little mister stardust comin' in the window,
only thing we don't know - to be lovers.

MIDDLE

Just yesterday evening called my baby at home.
Said, "Please come over girl 'cause you know I'm all alone."
She handed me the same old line,
"Momma didn't say, gotta leave it 'til another day."
So

V3

Little mister moonbeam, shine upon the pillow,
weepin' like a willow - like a lover.

INSTRUMENTAL

V1

Little mister moonlight come into my parlour,
we can try much harder - to be lovers.

V2

Little mister stardust comin' in the window,
only thing we don't know - to be lovers.

MIDDLE

Tomorrow morning leave my baby a note.
I say, "Thank you darlin' for the message that you wrote.
Tell me now, short and sweet,
Pappa's gonna scream, better see you in another dream."
So

V3

Little mister moonbeam, shine upon the pillow,
weepin' like a willow - like a lover.

END

to be lovers, to be lovers,
to be lovers, like a lover.

08 CATCH THAT MOMENT

© words and music Rod Boucher 1996 Nashville USA 1998 ACT Australia

It's nice to be positive in an often negative culture. Another Nashville composing effort. I've enjoyed doing it again in 2022 with the revisited Buffalo Drive in Adelaide.

V1

Catch that moment - that little look we give each other.

Catch that moment - a sunrise comes into view.

Catch that moment - all those days we lived before.

V2

Catch that moment - when you wake up from a half remembered dream.

Catch that moment - if we didn't dance we'd laugh until we cried.

Catch that moment - tomorrow and for ever after.

MIDDLE

Those special times when ordinary becomes extraordinary,
and the world just never seems the same again.

We're going to step up, hold on and try, try, try.

We're in for the ride of our life - c'mon and fly, fly, fly.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

Catch that moment -

Catch that moment -

Catch that moment -

MIDDLE

Those special times when ordinary becomes extraordinary,
and the world just never seems the same again.

We're going to step up, hold on and try, try, try.

We're in for the ride of our life - c'mon and fly, fly, fly.

V3

Catch that moment - a crease in the page of history.

Catch that moment - a drop in the ocean of destiny.

Catch that moment - there is a time in eternity.

END

Catch that moment - this is the one we were created for.

Catch that moment - hold it in the palm of your hand.

Catch that moment - take a deep breath, are you ready?

Catch that moment - everybody everywhere.

Catch that moment - this is the one we were created for.

09 WOODY

© words and music Rod Boucher 1971 Adelaide South Australia

Running away from home has so many consequences, for all ages and relationships. Trouble is, we wake up in the morning, look into the mirror and come face to face with our biggest problem.

V1

Call my name, Woody come home,
Mama needs her baby to keep her from the cold.

V2

Ride boy ride, Woody ride home,
Papa needs his man to lean on now, now, now, now, now.

CHORUS

Runaway from nowhere, runaway to nothing.
Living from dreams to dreams,
Woody come home again.

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS

Runaway from nowhere, runaway to nothing.
Living from dreams to dreams,
Woody come home again.

V3

Come on home, Woody my son.
Your loved ones grieve your company,
your friends desire your sympathy,
your parents live in misery,
your future is uncertainty,
your searching for humanity
but your running from reality.

CHORUS

Runaway from nowhere, runaway to nothing.
Living from dreams to dreams,
Woody come home again.

END

Woody come home again.
Woody come home again. (Mama's waiting)
Woody come home again. (Papa needs you)
Woody come home again.
Come home.

10 ONE DAY WONDER

© words and music Rod Boucher 1972 Adelaide South Australia

I've always believed in the marriage vows, the commitment and trust being the strong foundation for a long life together, full of its ups and downs. After 55 years of marriage to Vivi, I still do.

V1

You were the only one to show me how to love again.
You were the only one who taught me how to try.
You said, "Tomorrow always brings along another morning."
And that was just before I heard you say, "Goodbye!"

CHORUS

Don't play with me girls, I'm not your 'one day wonder'.
One of your 'death do us part, and no man put asunder.'

V2

I had loved and lost another when you came along.
All my youthful dreams had vanished into smoke.
And the second time around was going to be a grand affair,
but you picked me up and put me down again.

CHORUS

Don't play with me girls, I'm not your 'one day wonder'.
One of your 'death do us part, and no man put asunder.'

INSTRUMENTAL

V3

Now I'm looking for a lady who will love me
and will take my kind of loving in return.
We will marry straight away and have a family,
with children, maybe a dozen maybe more!

CHORUS

Don't play with me girls, I'm not your 'one day wonder'.
One of your 'death do us part',

CHORUS

Don't play with me girls, I'm not your 'one day wonder'.
One of your 'death do us part, and no man put asunder.'

11 SEPTEMBER MORN

© words and music Rod Boucher 1972 Adelaide South Australia

Vivi was a primary school teacher and taught up country before we were married, so travelled by car lots. This didn't happen to her but it could have and does to many others. It was inspired by a news article and sung like an old Folkie.

V1

It was a dull September morn, the sky was grey and drawn.
The children knew that something fierce had held Miss Nancy down.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

V2

For young Miss Nancy taught the class just prior to primary school.
To come to school on time they knew was her immortal rule.

V3

They'd heard the explosion at the bridge, "Perhaps what it could be?"
T'was young Miss Nancy's mini car impaled upon a tree.

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

V4

The explosion rocked the Civic Hall occurring as it be,
at dangerous death-knoll elbow, where motorists cannot see.

V5

She died before the council sat deciding for the change.
"It was too late!" the children cried, "Miss Nancy died in vain".

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

V6

She left a dreadful legacy, the children remember
how their Miss Nancy died that morn one dull September.

END

And the children knew that something fierce
had held Miss Nancy down.

12 65,124,839 WAYS

© words and music Rod Boucher 1996 Nashville USA

chords Rod Boucher 1997 ACT Australia and Gerry Holmes 1998 Malmsbury Victoria

Another attempt at a 'country' composition, one of the many that I wrote in the Nashville environment, including many images from our time in Malmsbury Victoria at the Fusion Arts Colony the Mansions.

CHORUS

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

V1

Picking a blossom from over the fence,
down at the waterhole together we swam.

V2

Smelling the roses that grew out the back
of the farm where we used to sing...

CHORUS

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

V3

Jumping from rock to rock under the bridge
in the creek through the forest where we used to dream.

V4

Shaking the walnuts from out of the treehouse
up in the secret place where we could scream...

CHORUS

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

MIDDLE

I miss you so much, you seem so far away
yet you're sitting right next to me.

I want us to be just like we were back then.

But the older we get - the colder we get,
and the stronger we get - the longer it takes us to say...

CHORUS

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

Sixty five million, one hundred and twenty four thousand eight hundred and thirty nine ways, of saying, "I love you."

END

Please be true... now and forever... 'til death do us part... "I love you."

13 LONG WAY FROM HOME

© words and music Rod Boucher and David Wright 1976 Edinburgh Scotland

David was having a tough time with his wife being very sick and then leaving him. Writing a song together was a great way of sharing the pain that surrounded himand us all.

CHORUS

I'm still a long way, a long way from home.

I'm still a long way, a long way from home.

I'm still a long way, a long way from home.

V1

I've been walking through these city streets for a million days or more.

I've been wandering and searching out to find what God has made me for.

CHORUS

I'm still a long way, a long way from home. (Long way from home)

I'm still a long way, a long way from home. (Long way from home)

I'm still a long way, a long way from home. (Long way from home)

V2

I've been talking to the people I meet, no answer have I found.

I've been questioning and pestering to know just why I feel so down.

MIDDLE 1

Why I'm down in the middle of up
and I'm cold in the presence of hot,
feeling hard on the shoulder of soft.

No more struggle, I'm gonna relax.

Come on, ready or not.

BRIDGE

So take me anyway, starting with today.

I'm beginning to be able to be willing to be anything You say.

CHORUS INSTRUMENTAL

MIDDLE 2

You make me weak to grow me strong,

You find me a Body where I belong,

You take me deeper and further along.

Let me float, let me fly.

Come on now, let's go.

BRIDGE

So, take me anyway, starting with today.

I'm beginning to be able to be willing to be anything You say.

CHORUS

END FADING

I'm still, I'm still, a long way from home. (Long way from home)

I'm still, I'm still, a long way from home. (Long way from home)

A long way, a long way....

14 BOUND FOR EDEN

© words and music Rod Boucher 1973 Adelaide South Australia

It's fun to compose in a chosen song style, words, melody and performance. This a typical 'cowboy gonna die' format. Yet we're all gonna die.

V1

Bring down black horses my coffin to bear.
Bring down white roses to put in my hair.
Bring down red ladies to carry my bones,
For I'm bound for eden, bound for home.

V2

Bring down your satin and silken attire.
Bring down my tattered old clothes for the fire.
Bring down fresh spices and oils for my skin,
Cos I'm bound for eden, bound for home.

V3

Bring down the bible and lay on my chest.
Bring down the diary I keep in my vest.
Bring down the preachers to curse and to bless,
But I'm bound for eden, bound for home

V4

Bring down my debtors to spit on my grave.
Bring down my old mates to take what they crave.
Bring down my ladies to rant and to rave.
Say I'm bound for eden, bound for home.

V5

Bring down your children to play on my head.
Bring down green grasses to cover my bed.
Bring down wild flowers to grow from my stead
And I'm bound for eden, bound for home

15 IF YOU GO

© words and music Rod Boucher 1972 Adelaide South Australia

I must have been feeling 'sorry for myself', as you do when you're 25 with a family and hopes and dreams that are dragging you on.

CHORUS A

If you go, then you can be sure I'll say gone, you'll stay gone.

If you go, I'll say gone, baby.

If you go, then you can be sure I'll say gone, you'll stay gone.

If you go, I'll say gone, baby.

V1

I knew that you'd left me,

I didn't even have to turn around.

All I needed was the slamming of the door,

the footsteps fading away,

the boards are creaking, trying to say,

"Gotta go. Gonna blow. Goodbye."

CHORUS A

If you go, then you can be sure I'll say gone, you'll stay gone.

If you go, I'll say gone, baby.

INSTRUMENTAL

CHORUS B

If you stay, then you can be sure I'll say stay, that's okay.

If you stay, that's okay, baby.

If you stay, then you can be sure I'll say stay, that's okay.

If you stay, that's okay, You keep me -

V2

Pampered and pickled,

Cos I'm good to have hanging around.

You know and I know what I'm really for,

This isn't the first time,

and it certainly won't be the last,

You know. That's so. Hello

CHORUS

If you go, then you can be sure I'll say gone, you'll stay gone.

If you go, I'll say bye bye, baby. But

If you stay, oh then you can be sure I'll say stay, that's okay.

If you stay, that's okay baby.

16 FREEBORN TRAVELLER

© words and music Rod Boucher 1974 Adelaide South Australia

Darryl Thompson 1998 Malmsbury Victoria

Adam Jones is an 'everyone' name: humanity, us. We Bouchers live our life, here and there, and our family seems to be always on the move. At 27, I seemed to have sensed a pilgrim lifestyle lay ahead for us.

V1

I am a freeborn traveller, my name is Adam Jones
and the road that I have run, I tell you -
wished it'd happened to her or him or them or you
but I wished it never happened to me.

Walk on - to a far off land,

Walk on - don't you hang around.

'Cause the road's so hard and the sun's so hot
and the birds will sing but my feet do sting.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Can't stand still, never will.

I can't stand still 'til I've had my fill
of all the world that I see around,
the beauty of the sea and the sky and the ground.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Walk on - walkin' walk on. (Freeborn traveller)

INSTRUMENTAL

V2

I am a child of nature, creations boy/girl I am
but the trouble its brought to me, I tell you -
wished it'd happened to her or him or them or you
but I wished it never happened to me.

Walk on - 'cause you can't stand still,

Walk on - 'til you've had your fill.

'Cause the trees are tall and the insects small
and the animals cry as you pass them by.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Can't stand still, never will.

Can't stand still 'til you've had your fill
of all of the world that you see around,
the beauty of the sea and the sky and the ground.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

Walk on - walkin' walk on. (Freeborn traveller)

Walk on - walkin' walk on. (Freeborn traveller)

Walk on - walkin' walk on. (Freeborn traveller)

Walk on - walkin' walk on.

17 LIFE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME

© words and music Rod Boucher 1970 Adelaide South Australia

Once again, at 23 looking ahead, wondering and hoping that our lives would be helpful, hopeful, fruitful, useful and reason-full. Now at 75, I'm humbly satisfied that we have 'run a good race'.

CHORUS

Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you.
Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you.

V1

Would never have my mamma known
from where to where her boy would roam.
A boy like me can never stay home
with his lady and their babies he's never alone.

CHORUS

Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you.
Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you. Oh

V2

Should I live to be a hundred and three,
you'll surely know I never could be (no I could not be)
anymore than what you see
'cos I've given my all to Thee.

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

CHORUS

Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you.
Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you. Oh

V3

Whether or no the sun will rise,
and set once more in the western sky,
life will roll in a low and a high,
I'll live my life until I die.

CHORUS

Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you.
Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you. (Everybody sing it now)

END

Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you. (You've got one more chance)
Life's been good to me
if it's been good to you.

18 FOR HEAVEN

© words and music Rod Boucher 1996 Edinburgh Scotland UK

*Speaking of living til we droplet the Spirit blow us along like wind-jammers over unknown seas.
Whenever I've been asked I say, "I call no place home on earth, heaven is my home."*

A

'Cos nobody knows where the Spirit blows
but it goes on forever and we better be ready. (Be ready)
'Cos everyone feels that its not quite real
to be caught in the middle of a riddle of decision. (Be ready)

B

Be ready for joy in the face of despair.
Be ready for faith when nobody seems to care.
Be ready for hope when you're stuck at the bottom of the stairs.

C

We all want to rise, we don't want to fall.
Well we better be willing to give it our all. (for Heaven)
We all want to rise, we don't want to fall.
Well we better be ready, be ready, be ready...
for Heaven, for Heaven, for Heaven.

A

'Cos nobody knows where the Spirit blows
but it goes on forever and we better be ready. (Be ready)
'Cos everyone feels that its not quite real
to be caught in the middle of a riddle of decision. (Be ready)

B

Be ready for joy in the face of despair.
Be ready for faith when nobody seems to care.
Be ready for hope when you're stuck at the bottom of the stairs.

C

We all want to rise, we don't want to fall.
Well we better be willing to give it our all. (for Heaven)
We all want to rise, we don't want to fall.
Well we better be ready, be ready, be ready...
for Heaven, for Heaven, for Heaven
for Heaven, for Heaven, for Heaven.

D

Heaven is our home,
it doesn't matter whenever we go,
or where on earth we roam.

END

We always know that we belong. (x 6)

19 YOUNG AND FOOLISH

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"Unless we become like little children" we will never enjoy life to the full. Airs and graces have never sat well with me. It's the Aussie in me I suppose.

V1

Takin' the time to be young.

Takin' the time to be just like children.

Takin' the time to be young and foolish.

Oh, it seems to be free is to be like we were when we were kids.

V2

Takin' the time to be fine.

Takin' the time, it is quite alright.

Takin' the time to be really alive.

Oh, it seems to be free is to be like we were when we were kids.

Like we were when we were kids.

CHORUS 1

Oh young and restless,
to be young and fearless,
to be young and foolish, is to be

CHORUS 2

Oh young and careless,
to be young and reckless,
to be young and foolish, is to be
like we were kids.

CHORUS 1

CHORUS 2

V3

Takin' the time to be fun.

Takin' the time to be really one.

Takin' the time to live in the sun.

Oh, it seems to be free is to be like we were when we were kids.

Like we were when we were kids.

CHORUS 1

CHORUS 2

CHORUS 3

Oh oh young and carefree,
to be young and crazy,
to be young and foolish, is to be
like we were kids.

20 THE BOYS AND THE GIRLS

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Male and female, Venus and Mars, boys and girls - the games we play that we fail to recognise in our own reactions and decisions. Human Beings are a strange mix, they can be crazy kind and cut-throat cruel. Choose caring.

V1

Now what I'm about to tell to you
is a common tale but still too true.
To the girls I'm talking mainly now
about the boys, if you wanna know how.

They'll build you up with words of spice,
tell you tales all sweet and nice.
They'll lead you up a lovely path
with tender, words that make me laugh.
You nearly can't believe your ears,
you didn't know you had it for all those years.
But what the boys are really for
is slightly different, that's for sure.

INSTRUMENTAL 1 (Something to fret about)

INSTRUMENTAL 2 (We've got the keys to your heart)

V2

Its the game of the boys and the girls to me.
Now, look around you boys, you'll see,
you're not the only one's to blame.
The girls are also playin' the game.

They'll build you up and lead you on,
take you 'til you're too far gone.
"Big man, won't you scratch my back?"
"Love to honey, how about that?"
Tease you 'til you can take no more,
then smile and show you out the door.
It's a game as old as Adam and Eve.
Tell you boys, it makes my poor heart bleed.

INSTRUMENTAL 3 (Bleed on those leads)

INSTRUMENTAL 4 (Basically we're all the same)

INSTRUMENTAL 5 (Drum up a little business, boy)

INSTRUMENTAL 6 (Everybody gets to play the game)