

**THE SONG I WRITE FOR  
YOU**

**VOLUME TWO**

**2004 and onwards**

**Peter Mitchell**

**One For The Ages  
(The Ballad of Pete and Penny)**

Chorus:

C                    G  
Here's one for the ages  
C                    G  
A firebrand in hand  
C                    Dsus2  
High on a mountain of days  
C            Em/C Am7 Dsus2            Gsus G(hammer jangle)  
To set all the dark      ages                    ablaze

**Em (hammer on G on E string)**

Fifty years have gone by since that Blacktown high summer

**Am (hammer on C on A string)**

I came to the world, a white streak of wonder

Blue-weatherboard house on a red-scooter hill

A primary past that colours me still

I ran with the west-wind, grew like a wild weed

Mistaking what I wanted for what I would need

School was for friendship and very little learning

I never would be much of a one for the earning

Chorus:            ^

I found my bright Penny when we were kids

She wasn't sure, at first, didn't know, as I did

That we would be together always

Impossibly true, yet true anyway

There'd be bands, there'd be jobs and universities

But all of these things were just teasing me

Because the truth-seekin', late-peakin', perfect life-plan

Is living for art and love, as I am. [**Last Chorus:** Singing one for the ages etc]

Mitch

August and September 2009

(Written to be sung, instead of a speech, at Pete and Penny's 'Hundredth Birthday' party,  
31 October 2009)

(Capo 4)

## Song for David

Well do I recall the day  
That we sang right through  
From Armidale to Brisbane  
On our way to say goodbye to you

We gathered from all over  
In humid S.E.Q.  
We heard your loved ones speak  
But I hardly recognised you

Such a life you'd had  
Done much as you wanted to  
But as they told your stories  
I saw how little did I know you

We'd argued once or twice  
About politics, with my brother  
And maybe the only thing I loved you for  
Was how you loved my mother

But that is surely something  
A love so surely true  
And I hope that you knew  
That my mother loved you too

Mitch

2 March 2009

## Something Real

[Capo 4, to the music of 'Princess']

**C**                    **G**  
Three candles glow  
Caught in Cab. Sav. crystal fists  
Such beauty there is  
**Em**   **Bm**                **D**  
That tomorrow won't exist

What a shot it was  
A high and wild miss  
We've talked about it before  
And we'll talk some more

**G**                    **F#m**   **Em**    **D**  
Chorus:        Its time to put it all behind you  
                  **Em**   **Bm**                **D**  
                  Even if those old songs still remind you  
                  **G**    **F#m**   **Em**                    **D**  
                  Scatter-gun dreams must go and so the blame you feel  
                  **Em**   **Bm**                **D**  
                  It's time to aim for something real

The debris of an evening  
The wreckage of a kiss  
Such regrets there are  
That tomorrow won't exist

Like wine, the years will go  
Somedays they will be missed  
Great times, for sure  
But there's got to be something more

11 February 2009

So, we came to be  
On the far side  
Of a lifetime of love  
An inch deep and a mile wide

Still, we are drowning

11 February 2009

There are truths I will not share  
And some dreams you cannot see  
There are times to speak your mind  
But they are few and far between

The truth is well and good  
And I'm grateful to you  
But there are some lies  
That I wish you'd told me too

11 February 2009

## KID COLOSSUS (Light it Up)

You don't often see me now  
I'm a crowd in a face  
At home with shadow furniture  
Let me show you around the place

Over here is where I write  
So sad the empty page  
Over here I keep the candle  
It's a dark and lonely stage

So, let's light it up

You don't often come around  
To embrace your inner ghost  
To rattle the old neighbourhood  
Or face what you miss most

I see you're getting dressed again  
In Sunday's best bright face  
To blaze out in the world  
But to never show a trace

Of little Kid Colossus  
Astride the written page  
Wide eyed with hope and wonder  
Torchlight and spirit of his age

So, let's light it up

Peter Mitchell  
31/05/2006

## GUNNEDAH ROAD

Ten years in this little town  
Was hard enough, my dear  
Without you forever in my ear:  
'One day I'm gunna get out of here'

So, tell me where you are  
Tell me where you're gunna go  
Tell me what it's like  
Down the Gunnedah Road  
(Where ya gunna go down the Gunnedah Road?)

You know, I stayed for work  
I stayed because I had to  
And, although you won't believe it,  
I stayed because of you

So, tell me where you are  
Tell me where you're gunna go  
Tell me what it's like  
Down the Gunnedah Road  
(Where ya gunna go down the Gunnedah Road?)

Trucks swing through here all the time  
And some drivers know my name  
And, maybe, one day soon, I'll follow you  
Across the western slopes and plains

So, tell me where you are  
Tell me where you're gunna go  
Tell me what it's like  
Down the Gunnedah Road  
(Where ya gunna go down the Gunnedah Road?)

Mitch  
24 February and 19 May  
2006

## Here's A Good Shot of Jean

She grew up in Fairfield on the vineyard  
Some years were good and others were hard  
Playing with her sisters and the neighbours  
Her parents scrimping pennies to be savers

Dreaming over Copper and wringer  
She made her own dresses on the "Singer"  
Local boys wondered how they'd reach her  
She was always talkin' 'bout becoming a teacher

She worked hard at school and University  
Then married for the good times and the adversity  
She first saw Europe from a Bedford bus  
And she opened up the world for us

Chorus:       Here's a good shot  
                  Of my mother on her birthday  
                  Here's a good shot  
                  Of her in Paris, years ago  
                  Here's a good shot  
                  Of a side of her you rarely see  
                  Yes, here's a good shot of Jean

She went back to work when we were older  
Carrying more responsibilities on her shoulders  
She loved the school and became a leader  
But one at home could no longer be there

How she survived seemed like a mystery  
But when she met David the rest was history  
They married at the school - a dream "made to order"  
Then they went north. She crossed a border

She carved a new life out of the humidity  
A home in Kenmore and a new community  
"Scribblers", tennis and Historical Society  
Giving her love to "Granddaughters Three"

**Re-written for, and played at, Mum's Seventieth Birthday, February 2006.**

Peter Mitchell

14 February 2006

## THE BEAUTIFUL WRECK

I see the wetlands, south from your eyes  
Crow's feet deltas, salty-swamps beneath sad gray skies  
The 'tear years' are pooled; there is a wildlife of lies  
They are the kind of wetlands that you don't dare to hope will run dry

I see the darkness; it takes all you can give  
It's the kind of shadow that knows where you live  
It's a bruised blue-black, bare-knuckle-night  
That makes every day one hell of a fight

I see your mountains rise for my pains  
They soar above and beyond the poor folk of the plains  
Cold and clear in your snow-capped fragility  
I'm sorry to see so sheer a waste of talent and ability

I see the liquid world where you seek to drown  
I wave my towel for rescue, while you crash every dive in town  
There are some beautiful wrecks gone that way before  
And, no doubt, you'll wash up beside them on some treacherous shore

Mitch  
29 and 30 September 2005 and 19 May  
2006

## WHEN WE WERE ALIVE

When I was so much trash  
And you were throwing me around  
God, how I wanted you to waste me  
To taste me and slag on my sacred ground

When I was just your sorry-boy  
Your little gutless wonder  
I would sit so sad and silent  
And dream about your thunder

When love was quick and easy  
We took the longest drive  
But, Ah! My life, my love  
That was when we were alive

Do you remember when we were alive?

When I was just a wilderness  
A shapeless teenage void  
You gave a splash of colour  
To my white feathered woid-boids

When I was just potential  
A beautiful blank page  
You were the connection  
To the spirit of our age

When love was quick easy  
We took the longest drive  
But, Ah! My life, my love  
That was when we were alive

Do you remember when we were alive?

Mitch  
29 September 2005 and 19 May  
2006

## THE GIRL WHO WANTS EVERYTHING

There she is, with rainbow scarf  
Knowing all there is to know  
Her innocent, killer smile  
Lit, late at night, by laptop glow

There she is, in snowflake cap  
She sits on mother's knee  
And says: 'Mum, you are so lucky  
To have had a kid like me.'

Chorus:       She wants to live and to look on  
                  To stay and to be gone  
                  To stand-alone and still belong  
                  To run wild and be captured by a song...

                  The song that she was born to sing  
                  A song for the girl who wants everything

She wants to be 'someone'  
Standing out from the kids  
And she doesn't even know  
That she already is

She can make a trooper blush  
As hard as nails can be  
She can take on the world  
And still seem a little scared to me

[Chorus: ^]

Bridge:       Love takes time  
                  Love comes late  
                  But the girl who wants everything  
                  Doesn't want to wait

Peter Mitchell  
15 April and 19 May 2006

[Written for Josie Dunham, when she was 15, because she insisted and because I wanted to capture the 'girl who wants everything' in a song.]



## BURGUNDY AND BLACK

[Capo 4]

**F#** [finger bar cross 2<sup>nd</sup> fret]

**C G**

The world is hard to know through this mist on the window

Afraid to stay... but terrified to go

I could have been in love with you, you might have loved me back

**F# C D**

But that was in the days before... we knew better

Chorus; **G F#**  
Life is a pile of memories

**Em**

Like blankets in a stack, a bunch of balls in a balancing act,

**C D**

If you let it

**G F#**  
Blood and love and everything

**Em**

Become burgundy and black shadows on a beaten track

**C D**

If you let it

**G D C D**  
Don't you get it? [x 3]  
Just don't let it!

We make up meanings and all these reasons to believe  
But your reason to go didn't mean you had leave  
I could have been in love with you and you in love with me  
But that was all before... we knew better

[^]

Bridge: **D**  
Neither snowflake nor a Buckley be

**G**

You wouldn't take a chance on me

So, I didn't take a chance on you

**Em C D**

Even though we were both dying to... [x2]

Mitch  
23 March 2004

## RESTLESS LULLABY

Capo 4

C Em7 Am7  
I drove into town in the seventies  
God, she was already ancient then!  
Fmaj7 Am7 G  
Her sky-hung towers and lonely hours  
Embraced me like long-lost friends

In those days she shimmered all around me  
She cut me then healed all my wounds  
But she warned me in a whisper that  
I might grow up too soon

C Em7 Am7  
Chorus: Where stone and steel stride water  
Blue Mountains hold up the sky

Fmaj7 Am7 G  
To a city that never sleeps

Fmaj7 G  
I send my \_\_\_\_\_

Fmaj7 Am7 C/Gopen Cmaj7/g C/g  
Restless lullaby [repeat]

C Em7 Am7  
She showed me how it was and would be  
How new blooms thrive on decay

Fmaj7 Am7 G  
And the bitter arts and sciences  
In her "couldn't care less" way

I worked in her sad suburbs  
I wandered her dark streets  
When she finally got to know me well enough,  
She laid her treasures at my feet

G C [^]  
Bridge: For all the things she gave me  
I gave nothing but years

I was never more to her  
Fmaj7 G  
Than another drop in her harbour of tears [x2]

Mitch  
19 February 2004

**KATE AND REBECCA'S SONG (Duet Optional)**

Kate's Verse:           G    D            C    D  
 In the morning comes the sun  
                           G            D  
 A new day has just begun  
                           G            D    C    D  
 Wake up, wash up, dress up and brekky  
                                   G            D                    G    D  
 C    D  
 I say: "Hello", to Mum, Dad and Beccy (La La La...)  
 [Pretty Tune x2]

Bec's Verse:           It could be a day at school  
 Or a party or the pool  
 But the part Mum likes the best  
 Is "Quiet Time" and a little rest

Chorus:                 C                    G  
 The world is new and wonderful  
                           D                    C  
 We laugh, dance, sing and shout  
                                   C                    G  
 Because there's always something beautiful  
                                   D    /                    C    Em7  
 G    D  
 To sing                    another song about                    [x2]

Kate's Verse:           Out on the kitchen deck  
 We ride scooters, me and Bec  
 Or, sometimes, if we like  
 We ride our pretty, pink bikes

Kate and Bec together:   We love all the clothes we wear  
 Our doll's house teaches us to share  
 We're old enough to be big or small  
 And, tomorrow, to be anything at all                    [^]

Uncle Pete   5 February 2004

[Written at Judy Thompson's special request, so that Kate and Rebecca would have an "Uncle Pete" song to sing that wasn't (like *Song For Christmas*) far too sad for kids. It is the roughly the same tune as *Live For A Song*.]

## LIVE FOR A SONG

Intro: D (Cpos3fret - hammering on and off "d" on B string)

G D C D

Whatever happened to Arthur Rimbaud?

D (Cpos3fret) D

And where on earth do the young poets go?

G D C D

I almost burned out once before

D (Cpos3fret) D G D C D

But did not succumb to that dumb metaphor

Whatever happens to the brilliant ones?

Do they walk on clouds, too close to the sun?

Is it fall or fly, too far and too fast?

Or are they just too damned beautiful to last?

C G

Chorus: We are here a moment

D (Cpos3fret) C

And a long time gone

C G D (Cpos3fret)

But there's always somewhere to belong

C Em7 G D (Cpos3fret)

When you live for a song x 2

Who'd have thought I'd ever write again

After all the nonsense I've been through?

Who'd have thought there'd be more to say

When sensible folk just get on and do?

Whoever thought there'd be reason to stay

When the final word was just a throw away

Does anyone wonder, mid rose and thorn,

Where poets go when their songs are gone? [^]

Mitch - 4 February 2004

[After writing and publishing the song and poem collection *The Song I Write For You - Volume One* and the short story and song collection *Fabric Of Blood And Flowers*, in November 2003, I wondered if I would write again - two months is a long time for a write-aholic such as I. On the day that my Granfather Arthur's piano (the one featured in the FOBAF story *Hector's Hands and Arthur's Vow*, on which Dad had learned to play and on which a family legacy was born) was delivered from Adelaide, I wrote this song. It seems appropriate for it to be the first song in *Volume Two*. ]