

The Time's Never Been Better

Lyrics

Leavin' Alice by Pat Moore

It's hard to grow a rose in a rock pile,
A lilly in the winter in the cold dark north
What makes you think my love's any different
Than the lilly or the rose in this town with no heart

chorus: I've come to tell you I'm leavin' Alice
I've come to tell you I'm quittin' this town
Nothin' here can nurture the spirit
Of a girl who should blossom, all year round

Never accepted, our family was different
Wrong side of the track, wrong name in this town
They laughed at my kin folk, laughed at my seconds
Now this lilly of the north is southward bound

chorus:

bridge: For the first time in my life
I'm finally feeling free
Don't think I don't care, didn't ask you along
But this journey that I'm on is just about me

Chalk it up to determination
Or fear of growing bitter and small
I'm spreadin' my wings, I'm seeking a better life
And when I get there I'll give you a call

chorus.

Better Off by Pat Moore

Heard the news at 6 today
She's back in town and you slipped away
To meet her, and hear her out
She had a rusty nail, you had a glass of stout
She wore her hair the way you liked it best
And though she looked weary,
and her clothes were wrecked
She'd that certain charm, always drew you near
Stayed a while, had a couple more beer

Chorus: Better off if I didn't know
 Better off if you had to go, you'd do it quietly
 Better for you, way better for me

She still wore your ring though I was your girl
And she told you how she's gonna take the world
You always liked the way she took control
Followed her out when it was time to go
On her way past the till she grabbed the cash
Then you an' her did the 100 yard dash
Hopped in her car, you really had to give'er
To get outta town an' get across the river

Chorus:

A few hours later, miles down the road
A loggin' truck with a heavy load
Came 'round the bend and took you out
You weren't hurt too bad, just knocked about
Story goes you got lost in the woods
But I say, you're both gone for good
Livin' on the edge in some 2 bit town
You broke my heart the night your gig went down

Chorus

The Wrong Train – by Pat Moore

Shoulda' rode the engine, shoulda' been the engineer
'Stead of bunkin' in the sleeper car while the train pulled outta there
Probably woulda' noticed I got on the wrong track
And I clearly woulda' seen how to make my way back

*Did you ever get on the wrong train, only just to find
Once you left the station, you left your life behind*

Shouldn' bought the Buick, or perhaps the Oldsmobile
This second hand compact just don't have the right feel
The horse I picked was favourite, it didn't even show
Lost my dollar on the track and I didn't know when to go home

Did you...

This highway's going nowhere, I can't find the exit sign
I know I've travelled here efore, you'd think I'd get it this time
You took my love for granted, I loved you just the same
Now I'm getting' off at the next stop, and I'll hit the road again

Did you...

Far From Yesterday by Pat Moore

She left home at 17, pack on her back and head full of dreams
Her thumb was her driver, her heart was her map
She's headin' for nowhere and she ain't coming back
No she ain't coming back

*And she's wishing upon a star, she's wishing for something to take her far
from yesterday, far from yesterday*

The heat of a fire, and a hundred proof, has warmed her soul and numbed the truth
She's got some money but she's savin' up for a cheap hotel when she feels down on her
luck
Oh, down on her luck.

No more excuses, they wear thin, no more lies, they won't win her over
She never fit in their plans

And she's wishing...

Only sometimes when she thinks about home, and what might have been does she feel
alone
The smell of fresh coffee, the glimpse of a girl who could have been her in a different
world, oh in a different world.

No more excuses...
And she's wishing...

Billy's Song by Pat Moore

Billy was a lonely boy, deprived of all the normal joys of growing up in a town of beautiful people,
His pain was deeper than all the hurts, and he scratched his thoughts out in the dirt, to erase them with one wave of his hand

A little bit fat, a little blind, targeted for words unkind Billy got to spending time in the shadows
He was thinking the hour was near to liberate himself from fear
And escape this growing chaos of loneliness

*And no one ever knew what Billy was going through
Or the world he built inside of his head
In the shadows he'd hide, with his damaged pride
Imagined how the world looked, from the other side*

Billy went down to the railroad track, gonna make his plans and not look back
They'll be sorry, for the darkness he created
'Cause fear'd given birth to desire, in his soul burned an awful fire
and Billy made his mark, on the world that day

*And no one ever knew what Billy was going through
Or the world he built inside of his head
In the shadows he'd hide, with his damaged pride
Imagined how the world looked, from the other side*

Well it's a bitter rain in Billy's town, folks bow their heads for miles around
As witness to the shame that they are feeling
There's a little kid who's got a great big hurt
And he's writing something in the dirt in your town
And he's burning up inside

And he's heading, for the dark side of town
Yes he's gone to the dark side of town

*No one ever knew what Billy was going through
Or the world he built inside of his head
In the shadows he'd hide, with his damaged pride
Imagined how the world looked, from the other side*

Cash and Carry by Pat Moore

Well Jim and Eddy were pals from way back
They met in the first year high school
They dropped out together after only two years
Couldn't hack followin' the rules

Well Jim he got a head spinning thought
to make some money real fast
they'd steal a back hoe, head down to the mall
and lift them a bucket of cash

*When did you get that crazy idea that you could figure it out
What gave you the thought that you were a genius,
that dogs wouldn't bar, you'd be unseen in the dark
Draggin' it back to your hideout*

Getting the back hoe was easy as pie
Eddy's dad had one in the yard
From 30 years of back-breaking labour
A life rewarding but hard

They climbed on the backhoe, and smashed through the chain link
fence that surrounded the lot
On every corner in the borough of North York
An ATM, their precious jackpot

When did you get that crazy...

Eddy made his way to Fairview Mall
Jim followed behind in his truck
But the back hoe wouldn't crack the cash machine
It was beginning to look like bad luck

Well when I saw Eddy he was real mad
swung the hoe right into the wall
Tried to pick up the ATM cash machine
Get away with it, concrete and all

When did you get that crazy...

Now Jim and Eddy are doin' time
Getting educated too (they learned that)
Cash and carry ain't what is seems
And a back hoe's an honest man's tool.

Chorus

Blueberry Hill by Pat Moore

Her fingers are stained with the blue of the berry, her 83 years hardly showing on her face
The sun is shining, it's eight in the morning. A couple stops to buy her pies, she offers them a taste.

In another hour, he'll show up with her coffee. If he's not too busy he'll sit for a while.
For as long as she remembers she's sold berries by the hwy, down the road from Kaladar, about a half a mile

*And her long days at the stand give her time to remember
Walks along the Skootamata where they'd hear the phoebes sing
Or marvel at the wingspan of the Great Blue Heron
As it glides across the lakes, over the rushes in the spring*

He's been out in the garden, coaxing the tomatoes
Makes a bouquet from roses wild in the yard
He worries that the long days at her stand on Hwy 7
Will soon take their toll, she's been working much too hard

He remembers when he met her, the girl from Lanark county
Sunshine on her rosy cheeks, and a most determined will
She was only 17 when he asked her hand in marriage
And they built a life on the land she calls Blueberry Hill

*And his long days on the land give him time to remember
Walks along the Skootamata where they'd hear the phoebes sing
Or marvel at the wingspan of the Great Blue Heron
As it glides across the lakes, over the rushes in the spring*

He pulls up to greet her, brought her coffee and biscuits
The sight of his pick-up brings a smile to her face
He arranges her baskets to make room for their breakfast
She straightens out her tunic, and sets him a place

He reaches for her hand and traces lines grown familiar
The sparkle in her eyes tell him she's doin' alright
She arranges the roses he's brought from their garden
They make plans to dream under the stars tonight

*And their many years together give them lots to remember,
Walks along the Skootamata where they'd hear the phoebes sing
Or marvel at the wingspan of the Great Blue Heron
As it glides across the lakes, over the rushes in the spring*

*She remembers when she met him, the boy from Lennox County
Tall and gangly, not much older than her, still
She was only 17 when he asked her hand in marriage
And they built a life on the land she calls Blueberry Hill*

Yesterday's Promise by Pat Moore

They came together, from the Blackwater,
stowed away, John Green and his sweetheart
Fleeing their homeland, so to be married
this protestant farmer and Catherine Mulcahey
boarded the Stakesby at Cork Harbour
her catholic family no more would she see
Making their way to the land o' promise
500 souls, 8 weeks at sea

Yesterday's Promise is the true story of John Green and Catherine Mulcahey, who settled in the Ottawa area in 1823. This story is typical of the many Irish who settled in the Ottawa Valley. (Shipman's Mills is now Almonte)

Chorus:

*Cast away, sail away, 'cross the great ocean
The Irish emigrants changed this land
Toil away, sweat away, building their homesteads
For yesterday's promise, on guard we stand.*

The ship was the charge of young Peter Robinson
A man of courage, just, and kind
He chose for the passage, the poor and the outcast
with strength for the journey and will for the toil
And Catherine and John, they grew close to their fellows;
cried when the children with smallpox had died,
prayed with the mum's o' babes born on the high seas
hardship and joy, 'neath the great northern sky

Chorus

They reached Quebec City, then on to the harbour
of Montreal, then docked at Lachine
Then manning the oars, upriver to Prescott
where oxcart they took to the land of their dreams
John was granted 75 acres
not far from the village of Shipman's Mills,
they cleared some land, and built a cabin
sent word back home that they were quite well

Chorus

They've suffered the blisters, the cold and the black flies
Winters were harsh, summers were hot
In land scattered with rocks and marshes
Good soil found, the harvest was fine
And for John and Catherine, this land of plenty
became their refuge, their life and their way.
The Ottawa Valley is filled with the stories
Of Johns and Catherines to this very day

Chorus x2

The Farmer's Protest by Pat Moore

I forgot my quiet ways, left them behind with better days
Broken lives and shattered dreams. The farm, my life, my everything
We work this farm with an old John Deere, 1000 acres of corn last year
Yield was down 600 tonnes. There's no future here for my sons

*Desperation's setting in, our patience is growing thin
Costs go up, but prices fall
Don't you give a damn, don't you care at all*

"Owned by the Bank", their signs say, posted on tractors, they're on their way

Lost 50 bucks every acre in, five years now, we just can't win
Line 'em up, and head on down, rally the neighbours we're going to town
Fighting' for our lives we are, our father's soil, our family farm.

*Desperation's setting in, our patience is growing thin
Costs go up, but prices fall
Don't you give a damn, don't you care at all*

O'Reilly lost 4 grand I hear
At least there be no tax this year
Fergusons have moved to town
Bank foreclosed and shut 'em down
I'm rising up, I'll state my case
To stay silent would bring disgrace
Fighting for our lives we are
Our heritage, our family farm

*Desperation's setting in, one by one we pack it in
Our backs up against the wall
Don't you give a damn, don't you care at all*

Falling (Midnight Rendez-Vous) by Pat Moore

The sound of the key, the close of the door
The creak of the boards, your steps on my floor
Your coat on my chair, the light in your hair
Silhouette so fine, your breath mixed with mine

Falling, falling down
Down to a place, where lovers go
Soaring, soaring higher
Higher than an eagle, above an ocean below

The wet of your lips, the salt of your sweat
A cool breeze that blows, through the open window,
The beat of our hearts, the clutch of our hands
The one of we two, midnight rendez-vous

Falling, falling down
Down to a place, where lovers go
Soaring, soaring higher
Higher than an eagle, above an ocean below

The light of the moon, shines soft in my room
Your hand brushes my face, one last embrace
Your steps on my floor, the close of the door
Your body's perfume, lingers sweet in my room

Falling, falling down
Down to a place, where lovers go
Soaring, soaring higher
Higher than an eagle, above an ocean below

Since the Day She Was Born

by Pat Moore

The house is sold, this is her last goodbye
She looks 'round the room with a tear in her eye
Will they push away the spirits created
They've been there since the day she was born
The mural on her wall that she painted with care
And the string of lights, will no longer be there
They'll erase every sign of her existence
She's been there, since the day she was born

Chorus

*And life goes on making memories
We don't trade the old for the new
You keep what you've got, and build many more
And those dear to your heart remain true*

How will they know what not to change
Who's gonna tell them what's right and what's strange
Will they even care about the web of memories
That start on the day she was born
She's leaving her home; she's leaving her friends
And her space where she'd spend hours on end
She hadn't imagined this would ever change
She's been there since the day she was born

Chorus

What lies in store, how will she keep
The marks of her life from sinking so deep
That she can't conger them at will
She's been there since the day she was born.
She takes one last look and closes the door
The tears in her eyes drop to the floor
A new beginning, we're taking a chance
A new web will begin in the morn.

Chorus

The Time's Never Been Better by Pat Moore

I held my dreams in the attic next to my red dancin' shoes
I got a quarter that says the next dance is for you
I see a whole lot of promise, got a song in my heart
With a hook that will get you right from the start

*There's a piece of me that's been waitin' for you
The time's never been better, to learn a new dance or two*

We'll dance to love me tender, love me true
We'll hold each other close in the back of the room
The night is still young, we've a long way to go
I'll show you the way and we'll take it real slow

*There's a piece of me that's been waitin' for you
The time's never been better, to learn a new dance or two*

So let's dance to the beat of the rock 'n roll band
If you don't know the steps then just take my hand
There's a breeze in the air, harvest moon in the sky
A hope in my heart and a spark in your eye

*There's a piece of me that's been waitin' for you
The time's never been better, to learn a new dance or two*

When I Love You by Pat Moore

When I love you, it's with all my body and soul
Every pulse of my life, every joy that I've known
Gets wrapped up in the passionate flame
That keeps me, that warms me, that takes my breath away

*Hold me, hold me in your arms
Still the night around us, fill the world about us, hold me in your arms*

When I love you, every nerve in my body glows
The scent of your skin, the familiar touch I know
Will lead me to ecstasy again
That keeps me, that warms me, that takes my breath away

*Hold me, hold me in your arms
Still the night around us, fill the world about us, hold me in your arms*