

# 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

# Salt Water

by Pat Moore

Am  
I keep a watch over the sea  
G  
Watch for a ship, sailing near  
Am  
You said you'd come back to me  
F  
The deep blue is haunting me  
E                            G            Am  
You've been away, almost a year

Chorus:            Dm            Am  
Salt water burns my eyes  
Dm            E  
Salt water wells from within  
F                            G  
Tears I don't even want to hide  
F                            E                            Am  
Salt water, what will the tide bring in

I keep a watch over the sea  
Wonder what if you return  
Would I hold you willingly?  
Unleash my pain, set it free  
Turn the tide, Oh, would I learn?

Chorus

And as I watched over the sea  
I swore I saw a distant light  
Beneath a starry canopy  
Upon a sea of ebony  
Was it a spark of hope, in the night?

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*