

1. the most amazing dream
(l. tomasic) 4:28

2. what would buddha do
(l. tomasic) 4:03

3. cherokee
(j. fitzpatrick) 3:28

4. sing of the seasons
(l. tomasic) 3:35

5. spring in giverny
(l. tomasic) 4:10

6. mary jo
(l. tomasic) 4:12

7. sleeping girl
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9. home
(k. bonoff) 4:25

10. love is blind, but the neighbors ain't
(l. tomasic) 3:27

11. wrong side of the bed
(l. tomasic) 3:41

12. happy trails
(d. evans) 3:17



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trees one voice

DNR7

trees
one voice

lindsay tomasic

vocals, acoustic guitars, piano

jesse fitzpatrick

vocals, percussion

additional musicians

Dave Pearlman: pedal steel, dobro

Guerin Barry: whistle

Joseph Puscateri: drums, percussion (7, 8, 11, 12)

Johnny Lee Schell: electric guitar

Larry Tuttle: upright bass

Novi Novog: viola and violin

Peter "Madcat" Ruth: harmonica

Quinn: drums, percussion (12)

Neighbors on "Love is Blind":

Lane Jensen, Connie Troncale, Mary Rappazzo,

Mackenzie Phillips, Quinn, Johnny Lee Schell

Tracks 1-5 produced, recorded and mixed at

Big Sky Recording by Geoff Michael.

Tracks 6-12 produced, recorded and mixed at

Datolite Recording by Lindsay Tomasic.

Mastering: Jim Kissling

Photography: Sherry Barnett, David (1976 photo)

Album design: Aaron Radzwillowicz

Special thanks to Geoff Michael



The Most Amazing Dream

Outside the frosted windows on a winter night
The moon illuminates a lonely road
A band of stars suspended in a quiet sky
is taking me along the northern node

As I step outside in to the back yard
I can hear the sound
of crispy snow and ice beneath my feet
My breath appears before my eyes
and rises to the sky
as I walk in rhythm down the street

Inside the secret hallway of a poet's mind
a gallery of dreams becoming clear
Crystallized in snowflake patterns all around
awakening the music in my ears

If I reach across the galaxy
imagine what I'll see
as my sprit soars across the northern sky
while aurora borealis paints
in streaks of emerald green
What a lucky human being am I

Outside the open window on a summer morn
All the trees are swaying in the blue
while I'm awaking slowly and I leave behind
the most amazing dream I ever knew
the most amazing dream I ever knew

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What Would Buddha Do

You thought you'd take a morning drive
And now you're on the 405
But things ain't lookin' pretty anymore
A sig alert five miles north
A big rig and a car contort
Now no one's getting out of here 'til four

What would Buddha do?
I wonder what he'd feel
What would Buddha do to get through this ordeal?
What would Buddha do?
I wonder what he'd choose
What would Buddha do walking in your shoes?

Your credit card was falsely charged
somewhere on Sunset Boulevard
You're on the phone just trying to get through
A robot on the other end
No human there to make amends
No compassion, no regard for you

What would Buddha do?
I wonder what he'd feel
What would Buddha do to get through this ordeal?
What would Buddha do?
I wonder what he'd choose
What would Buddha do walking in your shoes?

All I ever wanted was to play
on what I thought would be a simple day
But pretty bright blue skies can turn to grey
when life has someone gotten in the way

There's water leaking on your floor
a salesman knocking at your door
and pressure in your head that starts to burn
The winning ticket in your hand
was stolen by a wealthy man
Your watching as the "Wheel of Fortune" turns

What would Buddha do?
I wonder what he'd feel
What would Buddha do to get through this ordeal?
What would Buddha do?
I wonder what he'd choose
What would Buddha do walking in your shoes?

Cherokee

I sit alone in the night
Watching the full moon rise
I miss the sound of the see
and the place where the white hawk flies
I want to ride right on the breeze
As she whispers through the trees
I want to live right and I want to be free, like a true Cherokee

I'm going backwards in time
Drifting on ancient winds
I know the sound of the drums
and the feel of a soft buckskin
I want to ride right on the breeze
As she whispers through the trees
I want to live right and I want to be free, like a true Cherokee

I sit alone in the night
Watching the full moon rise
I miss the smell of the sea
and the place where my spirit flies
I want to ride right on the breeze
As she whispers through the trees
I want to live right and I want to be free, like a true Cherokee
Like a true Cherokee,
Like a true Cherokee

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Sing of the Seasons

I'm missing you so today, feeling spring breezes
Bringing promises of an earlier summer
Water in motion, spirit refreshing
Easy to be so high when I think of your love

Moon is rising, glowing golden
Yellow horizon, sun going down
Taking me back to beautiful moments
Being surrounded by the power of love

Sing of the seasons, changing in rhythm
Always in motion, spinning through space
Watching the patterns as they're unfolding
Knowing that everything always falls into place

I went out walking over the hillside
Looking back over colorful fields
Felt a new freedom, dwelling inside me
Being surrounded by the power of love

Sing of the seasons, changing in rhythm
Always in motion, spinning through space
Watching the patterns as they're unfolding
Knowing that everything always falls into place

(repeat chorus)

Knowing that everything always falls into place
Knowing that everything always falls into space

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Spring in Giverny

Outside the window of this train I watch the passing of my time
I feel a rhythm in my bones
A transformation in my brain begins to make me feel like I'm
along a river skipping stones

And this feeling I will keep
when I close my eyes and I go to sleep

These yellow fields we're passing through, they gently saturate my mind
A canvas for my thoughts to play
against a perfect sky of blue I find it easy to unwind
and this is where I want to stay

And I know it'll be alright
when I close my eyes and go to sleep at night

I dream in flowers, painted by Monet
It's like spring in Giverny
And these impressions make me want to stay
another day, another day

To be a water lily in his garden basking in the sun
or a forget-me-not among the roses waiting here for everyone

Outside the window of this train these little towns we're passing through
they make me want to slow it down
Life goes by quick; we can't explain the beauty here before our eyes
I want to keep this joy I found

And this feeling I will keep
When I close my eyes and I go to sleep

I dream in flowers, painted by Monet
It's like spring in Giverny
And these impressions make me want to stay
another day

Another flower, painted by Monet
It's like spring in Giverny
And these impressions make me want to stay
another day, another day

Mary Jo

Nobody liked Mary Jo, funny girl with curly hair
She was my next door neighbor
All the kids made fun of her; silly clothes and the way she'd walk
but she liked the things I gave her

And when night would fall, she'd be John and I'd be Paul
and we'd become the Beatles on the radio
I never thought that she deserved a life of misery
Oh, Mary Jo

Nobody liked Mary Jo, crazy girl from a messed up family
but still she was my neighbor
She'd hide her head in magazines of movie stars in actions scenes
and hoped somehow they'd save her

I still remember times we'd steal a glass of bootleg wine
and dance to all the hit songs on the radio
I always wished that she could somehow leave her family
Oh, Mary Jo

And looking back on it, it seemed such a crime
I was her only real friend
but no one wanted to give her their time
And where did that leave her in the end?

Nobody liked Mary Jo, and on that cold day when she died
nobody sent her flowers
A little line in the local news, but otherwise, just another day
counting the vacant hours

And I still hear her say she wanted to be someone someday
and everyone would hear her on the radio
I only wish that she was more than just a memory
Oh, Mary Jo

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Sleeping Girl

Well it's just about midnight I can't get to sleep
I'm tossing and turning, my thoughts so deep
Can't turn off the song running through my head

I want to feel a rhythm that rocks me slow
And takes me to a comforting place I know
Please send me a cloud that can be my feather bed

Why in the world is my brain wound up so tight?
Restlessness on a cold December night
Suddenly I want to get up and change the world
But then right next to me is a beautiful sleeping girl

Well it's hours away 'til the morning light
The sound of my heartbeat is piercing the night
Can't turn off these thoughts racing in my mind

I want to feel the stillness and peace inside
that gets me through the night with my nerves untied
If only it was easy to unwind

Why in the world is my head tied up in a knot?
Been feeling content about everything I got
Can't seem to let my own sail become unfurled
and right next to me is my beautiful sleeping girl

Send me to my dream world
with my sleeping dream girl
Send me to my dream world
with my sleeping dream girl

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Flying High

I just want to know you
Give me half a chance
Are we gonna' be just friends
or starting up a new romance?

I just want to know you
Please give me some kind of sign
Don't leave me hanging here
wondering what's on your mind

I just want to know you
So I'll be on the plane
and I'll be on my way
across the Northern sky by the end of the day

I'll be on the plane
But it's when I touch the ground
when I hear your voice
when I hear that sound
then I'll be flying high

I just had a dream last night
I was on my way
Flying over bright blue skies
Cruising over 'Frisco Bay

And when I finally met you
I was under some kind of magic spell
You know what I mean
The kind that you weave so well

I just want to know you
So I'll be on the plane
and I'll be on my way
across the Northern sky by the end of the day

I'll be on the plane
But it's when I touch the ground
when I hear your voice
when I hear that sound
then I'll be flying high

And I'll be on the plane

Home

Traveling at night
the headlights were bright
and we'd been up many an hour

All through my brain
came the refrain
of home and its warming fire

And home sings me of sweet things
My life there has its own wings
Fly over the mountain
though I'm standing still

The people I've seen
they come in between
The city's a tiring life
The trains come and go
But inside you know
the struggle will soon be a fight

And home sings me of sweet things
My life there has its own wings
Fly over the mountain
though I'm standing still

Traveling at night
the headlights were bright
but soon the sun came through the trees

Around the next bend
the flowers will send
the sweet smell of home in the breeze

And home sings me of sweet things
My life there has its own wings
Fly over the mountain
though I'm standing still

Love Is Blind, But The Neighbors Ain't

The word on the street, well it's spreading like flames
and everybody out there knows you by name
You ought to be worried, but you carry on
Acting like there really ain't nothing going on
Well you think you can hide it, you act like a saint
Love is blind but the neighbors ain't

You made us believe that you're so cool
But you're blowing your cover, you're acting like a fool
And you're getting careless, it's starting to show
But you just keep on thinkin' that nobody knows
So there goes your image, here come the complaints
Love is blind but the neighbors ain't

You'll find your face plastered on the front page
and you won't believe your eyes
Headlines this time, all they're gonna' read
is lies, lies, lies

You'll go on TV and you say you'll resign
And everybody knows you can't go back there this time
You'll be hanging your head, acting all ashamed
Watching your career just slither down the drain
It was such a rosy picture you managed to paint
Love is blind but the neighbors ain't

You'll find your face plastered on the front page
And you won't believe your eyes
Headlines this time, all they're gonna' read
is lies, lies, lies

The word on the street, well it's spreading like fire
And everyone knows you couldn't cool your desire
You want a new life, forget the one you had
But now you don't have either one and you're feeling bad
You think you could have shown just a little restraint
Love is blind but the neighbors ain't
You thought that you could stop it, we see that you can't
Love is blind but the neighbors ain't

Wrong Side Of The Bed

I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
Dreams and demons swirling in my head
All night long that wind was blowing hard
Damn dog barking in my neighbor's yard

Well I bumped my head when I first arose
I was greeted by my dog's wet nose
and I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
I guess I should have stayed asleep instead

Well I think it's time to pour a cup of Joe
So far this whole day is moving slow
Some sweet caffeine would surely do me fine
and even get me movin' down the line

But my coffee pot, it just won't get hot
and a bag of beans is all I got
I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
I guess I should have stayed asleep instead

Well some days are good days,
but other days are throw-aways
Most times I feel fine
but days like this I'm 'bout to lose my mind

Well I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
There were scary monsters messing with my head
I keep hoping that my luck will change
So far this whole day I feel so strange

Well that traffic light it was jammed so tight
and I consequently missed my flight
I woke up on the wrong side of the bed
I guess I should have stayed asleep instead

Woke up on the wrong side, woke up on the wrong side
Woke up on the wrong side of the bed

Happy Trails

Happy trails to you, until we meet again.
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.
Who cares about the clouds when we're together?
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.
Happy trails to you, 'till we meet again.

Happy trails to you, until we meet again
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then
Who cares about the clouds when we're together?
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather

Happy trails to you 'til we meet again

Written by Dale Evans. © Roy Rogers.