**Lyrics & Liner Notes for "47 Minutes of Your Time"**

51 and 47 are big numbers for me. …First, it took 51 years before I recorded an album on me as an artist. Second, the record is 47 minutes long. I am asking those who can, to relax, sit quietly and listen top to bottom for 47 minutes like albums were listened to in the old days.

I wrote, sang, played, engineered, mixed everything on the record and I have never been happier with anything that I have been a part of. For me this collection of songs was a chance to write with out having to think about the industry, or money, or someone else’s artistic vision. I have been as personal, poetic and introspective as I wanted to be.

For me, I was always happiest when artists left themselves at the center of the process and I got to have a listener’s voyeuristic view of their world. Invariably I would find my story, my answers and myself in their work no matter how personal it was. John Denver, Harry Chapin, James Taylor, Don Mclean, Joni Mitchell and many others sang precise and poetic songs about personal journeys that informed my youth and led me to become a songwriter. When they opened their hearts, my heart opened as well. I hope the same is true for my listeners.

These songs are my personal stories. Every line references something either real or literary or both and they often have multiple meanings and references. I have tried to bring all of my craft and experience to the table, exploring complex rhyme and alliteration schemes while telling my story through the visuals that I have experienced or created from cobbling together my past as it collided with pop culture and literature along the way.

[CLICK HERE](http://www.montypowell.com/47-minutes-of-your-time/) to access Liner notes to "47 Minutes of Your Time"

The content below would be the next link:

1.  **CRANESONG**– We named our house in Utah “Cranesong”, because of the 4 large Sand Hill cranes that were in the front yard on the day we bought the house. They still fly by morning and evening during the summer as we look out across the valley that we love. I grew up in a family that yearned for the American west. I now live here more than half the year and truly feel like I was “just a mountain meadow seed, some western wind blew south”.

It’s dark outside.  
The snowflakes glide then settle down  
Wistfully, gently kiss the ground.  
Like winter moths they swirl around  
The lights of Eden Valley town.  
Without a care, without a sound

It’s dawn outside.  
The new sun rides the ridge above.  
Kindling hearts and diamond dust,  
As aspen groves and burning bush  
Lie quiet beneath the gentle touch  
Of winter’s pearl tipped artist brush

Where home becomes more than a word  
And dreams take wing like graceful birds  
In songs of silence love is heard.  
And life becomes living once more

It’s eve outside  
As two cranes cry their vesper hymn  
The monastery bells chime in  
The junipers kiss the blushing rim of  
Pastel heavens drawing in  
The starlit curtain of day’s end

And home becomes more than a word  
Our dreams take wing like graceful birds  
In songs of silence Love is heard  
And life becomes living once more

You plant your roots, you settle down  
You grow your money tree, you plan your end around  
You fight the great divide  
You finally figure out  
You were just a mountain meadow seed  
Some western wind blew south

2.  **JOY**– My mom’s name was Joy. I wrote this for her when she was ill and got to play her this recording just prior to her passing. The first verse is informed by the great American play “Our Town”. The second by the long line of singer poets, the third by the life changing experience that music had on me growing up and the generational passing of the torch to my two daughters.

Oh darling Emily You got it right  
This world is just too big and bright  
Our town could never contain the light  
Even the universe is too small

Ye poets are portals that mere mortal men  
Turn to for comfort again and again  
It takes fire and rain to comprehend  
The fiction, the fear and the fall

But life’s in the knowing and loves in the chasing  
And I’ve chased it since I was a boy  
Never knew there was so much sadness  
I never knew there was so much joy.

Oh, FM radio how did you know?  
Left and right you split my soul  
Into beautiful tragical clear stereo  
Tore my Gemini twins apart

Just to be reunited by rhythm and rhyme  
In muse’s own daughters in music’s own kind  
Forget who you are and just look who you find  
On that Southern Cross nailed to the stars

‘Cause life’s in the singing and love’s in the writing  
So I’ve written since I was boy  
Never knew there was so much anger  
I never knew there was so much joy

Oh, flee as a bird; no you’re not weary yet  
Time to relinquish regret  
Peacefully forget  
That old rugged boss soon you will lay down

To become fire or wind  
Or rain or sky  
or cloud or sea or ground

‘Cause life’s in the dying and love is the answer  
To the questions since I was a boy  
Never knew there was so much heart ache I never knew there was so much joy  
Never knew there was so much of you in your boy…never knew there was so much joy

3. Their Time- A decade at a time autobiographical journey of the high and low points along the way, with a final reflection of gratitiude for the generation that brought us into the world as they quickly pass from it.

61 dawned sun (son) and light  
Dawned black and white  
Dawned left and right  
The pins reset, the planes would fly  
The mills would hum, the babies cry  
They made their love, they built their shrine  
On the mountain of their time

89 broke fresh and green  
Broke like Dancy’s dream  
Broke at the seams  
The tide would rise, the boats would sail  
The crowds would hum, the try would fail  
I leveraged love, I dug my mines  
In the gold vein of…my time

The 21st rose dun and grey  
Rose a new bouquet  
Rose a less travelled way  
The pawns were moved, the queens were took  
The bishop vainly, fell to the rook  
We learned of love, buried our crimes  
In the fresh red clay of our time

Twenty twelve dawned bright and blue  
Dawned white and new  
Dawned and then withdrew  
The pins reset, a soul would fly  
The choir would hum, we would cry  
And say goodbye

We raise our love, kneel at the shrine  
So thankful of…thankful of….their time

4.  **MAGIC MAN** – Written for Buddy Autry, who took me under his wing in the late 60’s in north Georgia and taught me sleight of hand and allowed me to be his magical assistant at local talent shows and carnivals.

He was an old magic man  
He could pull a rabbit from a hat  
He could make four aces fly  
Circle the room, and land in your lap  
With a wave of his wand, a pretty lady, he just sawed in two  
Would sing and dance as he pulled her apart  
Oh, Mr. magic man  
Wish you could fix my broken heart

He used to ride thru town  
In stagecoach pulled by an old grey ox named blue  
He promised miracles and for two bits he perform a trick or two.  
I watched him like hawk  
But never caught him with something up his sleeve  
I believed that quarters came from empty ears  
Oh, Mr. magic man  
Wish you could make the love that left me re-appear

She was my everything  
So everything is lost now that she is gone  
The cards are blank, these turtle doves just don’t belong  
The patter is all wrong….

He was an old magic man  
And flowers would bloom in his trembling hands  
And he could pour pure water in, turn it into gin  
And then rain confetti out  
One frosted night on Halloween  
He leaned in to me and said the carnivals begun,  
Then whispered, son…as the trumpet fanfare blew  
Oh, Mr. magic man …I miss that kid. And I miss you  
Oh, Mr. magic man …I miss that kid. And I miss you

5.  **SNOWVEMBER**–  My “Little Martha”, I wrote this instrumental while at my house in Florida. It contemplates the first tentative snowfalls that blanket the mountains of Utah while we are still enjoying the last rays of summer on Cape San Blas. It was recorded on my front porch with the sound of the wind and the water on a cheap guitar into a laptop microphone, but it captures that freshness of a song just written and played down for the first time.

6.  **ONE MORE CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER –** My personal reminiscing about childhood and the Christmas traditions I grew up with. The names and the images are from my life, but hopefully everyone will find their families and their traditions lurking beneath the surface.

Chocolate chip cake, Russian tea  
Warming our pajamaed feet by the old gas glass furnace  
Fake spray snowflakes from a can  
The tree trunk tightened in the stand  
Charlie Brown and Linus

White Lights unraveled down the hall  
Blinking, beckoning to crawl  
Around each limb, and branch and bough remind us  
One more December, one more Christmas to remember

Spindle dropping 45’s, Ed Ames, Elvis, and Burl Ives  
God it must be him  
Six strings strumming Silent Night  
As the little drummer boy outshines gold and frankincense

White elephants and Rudolph’s hooves  
In fact and actually on the roof  
But just out of the frame for proof in our polaroid prints  
One more December, one more Christmas to remember

Clarence says a bell will ring each time an angel gets their wings  
But there’s been too many tinkling bells here lately  
I feel their presence in the room  
Their eyes so bright their minds renewed  
An unbroken chain of love down through the ages  
As we let memories wander thru our own back pages

Bricks of rim fire 22’s  
Plush white carpet living rooms  
Papa’s envelopes  
Breyer horses, Addy’s trunk  
Priceless memories, worthless junk  
Bo on a towrope

That Mama’s paintings, mother’s poems  
Harmonicas, chrome, never blown  
And a song for Georgia, ribbon tied and rolled up  
One more December, one more Christmas to remember

The good book says that angels sing  
Each time a new soul gets their wings  
But there’s been too many angel bands here lately  
The heart’s not built to reminisce  
About some bright place beyond this  
So we wrap each precious memory in fine paper

Then once a year we pull them out  
Weigh them shake them, turn them round  
And wonder what forgotten year  
What long lost loved one will appear  
To share a laugh to dry a tear  
To remind us while we all are here  
To keep each other near and dear  
And to stoke into a fire love’s glowing ember  
One more December, one more Christmas to remember

7. **THE DAY WE WENT OUT ON THE ICE** – One day I went walking out on the frozen lake in front of our house in Utah with my daughters, Suzannah and Rebeakah. Being from the south it was very unnerving and exhilarating to walk a 1/2 mile out on to the frozen surface. We each had cameras and took some amazing photographs as we laughed enjoyed a perfect moment in time together. As I was mixing this cut, my long time friend and guitar buddy from back home called me to say his father had passed away. Rather than quickly fade the song after the last line, I picked up my ’73 Strat and played the long outro in honor of him, his dad and the thousands of hours that we have given over to the guitar only to get back in tiny slivers the magic that we seek each time we pick one up…this time the magic made it.

The day we went out on the ice  
Time stood still  
We were frozen in the moment  
The sun just giving back the sky  
To the evening chill  
The stars milling around backstage  
Behind night’s black curtain  
Waiting for the show to begin  
Once again

The day we went out on the ice  
Love was real  
As solid as the mountains  
No need to ask, no need to try  
Just enjoy the thrill  
Laughs spilling down bank  
Knee deep in fear and wonder  
Too soon to be scattered by the wind  
Once again

Oh, the wise men and sages say we’re all eternal  
No beginning, no end  
Then why is my soul haunted by the constant thought of dying?  
And losing my best friends  
My best friends

The day we went out on the ice  
I felt complete  
And completely in the moment  
On how just when the peace arrives  
The tide recedes  
And we trudge on with the journey  
These pictures as our witness  
That perfect is place where you’ve already been  
Amen

8.  **I’M NOT READY** – Nothing consoles a young heart, broken over first love, like a guitar and a song. At 15, I found myself in a reverberating empty stairwell at Georgetown University singing to ease what at the time seemed to be a mortally wounded heart. That experience informed this song of decision so many years later.

It’s gonna take more than just a razorblade  
My skin’s so thick I don’t think it will slice it up  
Or cut the cord that flies me to the great unknown  
Unbinds me on my journey home  
Defines me even when I’m gone  
As we should have known along  
That suicide is wrong

It’s gonna take more than just pill or two  
To ship me out, somehow I doubt they have the strength  
To drown the voice that calls me from my soul within  
Implores me to begin again  
Ignores me even when I’m in  
A stairwell with a cheap guitar  
To serenade my broken heart

I’m not ready  
I’ll tell you when I am  
I’m not ready  
I’ll tell you when I am

It’s gonna take more than just a lover’s leap  
With jagged stones to break my bones and crack the code  
Expose the God inside me circle black and white  
That guides me in the way of light  
Designed me with the will to fight  
And with the power to let it go  
But with the wisdom when to know

I’m not ready  
I’ll tell you when I am  
I’m not ready  
I’ll tell you when I am

And if by chance my life is taken  
Before I feel my time is through  
Will all the universe be shaken?  
Or will I be just one more soul shot out into the blue?

Well I think I know the truth  
But I’m not ready  
I’ll tell you when I am  
I’m not ready  
I’ll tell you when I am

9.  **CURTAIN CALL**– For all the theatre rats and musical buffs out there. Just as “Glory Days” traces the arc of aging athletes, this song traces the arc of the people in my life who had a love affair with the stage and the classic musicals. For many, the brightest moment of that elusive dream came in High School or community theatre. Try and count all the references.

Memories stacked liked chairs  
Behind the darkened high school stage  
Where we butchered hair, limped thru guys and dolls  
Whispered break a leg…lights out, pratfalls  
Now just empty halls

Too bad we could not make it last  
Grease paint a new smile on our past  
Too bad we all fell back to earth  
Too bad the perfect bubble burst  
But God bless us all  
Who ever heard the curtain call

King Arthur’s cardboard sword  
Anastasia’s wig that our own princess wore  
The lion that roared, one music man trombone  
Joe cable’s radio….Falstaff…El Gallo….Cyrano

Too bad the world is not a stage  
And we were merely players at that age  
Too bad we took our bows too soon  
Too bad the wizard took the last balloon  
But here’s to one and all  
Who ever heard the curtain call

When you’re a Jet you’re a Jet all the way  
From your very first play, til your last dying day  
Pity the crowd, but drink their applause  
Let ‘em hold their breath  
With each well timed pause  
Let the bard rewrite  
On each opening night  
Your own character flaws

Memories stacked liked chairs  
Behind the darkened high school stage, where  
We were all OK, the slipper fit just right  
We defied gravity…exit left and right  
Then said good night

Too bad we could not make it last  
Grease paint a new smile on our past  
Too bad belief just can’t suspend  
Too bad the last act had to end  
But God bless us all  
Who ever heard the curtain call

10.  **I FELL**– For Anna.  The love song that I heard in my head. All these years and thousands of songs later, this is the one I was always trying to write.

Easter Sunday in a southern storm  
Just like a perfect rose found in full bloom  
I caught her silhouette across the room  
I felt a silent power I’d never felt  
Oh and like the April shower on that asphalt shingled roof  
I fell

That sunbaked summer was one sun bathed kiss  
I laid my head across her rising chest  
A prayer for new beginnings in each whispered breath  
Rose with the padre’s clear twin tower bells  
And just like the July fireworks in the Santa Barbara sky  
I fell

Love is a chance meeting in a parking lot  
Love is at the corner table counting change  
Love is in the vase you break the store clerk makes you buy  
It’s in your waiter’s eyes…always such a sweet surprise

November never felt so fresh before  
Two shadows stroll as one around the park  
Somewhere in twilight, neither day or dark  
We stopped beside an antique wishing well.  
And like the shiny penny down the waterfall  
I fell

Love is checking books out just in front of you  
Love is selling jewelry on the waterfront  
Love is taking tickets at the turnstile for ride  
It’s in your baby’s eyes, such a sweet surprise

The Christmas cold turns all our words to smoke  
A midnight kiss that claims my heart again  
A single flake lands on my true love’s chin  
A passing stranger hums the First Noel  
The lights flickered and glowed. I held my baby close  
And like the feathered snow  
I fell

Love’s behind the curtain when the show is through  
Love rolls down the window in a raging storm  
Love’s the smile dismissing your rehearsed goodbye  
It lives there in her eyes  
Always…Always…

<http://www.urbancountrynews.com/songwriters-circle-monty-powell/>