

PAUL CHERRYSEED - FISHLOVE (Lyrics)

I. FISHLOVE

Fishlove, it glovely fits with selfish turtledoves
It's second hand, it never gets enough
It swims and shoves

It's like dishlove, we fill our needs and gills
Take off our clothes
A game of hunger, are we cooked and boiled, or done and broiled

CHORUS

But His love, gives to the world, takes no days off
Grace from above
We try to catch it, but it's free
So cast your(or: His) nets of love to the other side
As fishers of men we should fish with His fresh love

Fishlove, you're drowned in lust, you're lost, you're handcuffed
So we should lift each other from deep cold water

CHORUS

And His love, gives to the world, takes no days off
Grace from above
We try to catch it, but it's free
So cast your nets of love to the other side
As fishers as men we should fish with His fresh love

It's like gishlove...more than tishlove...I wish our love was like an innocent dove..

3. MISSION BELL IN CAIÇARINHA

A red range of Mountains change my world, then disappear
In a rollercoaster ride through Tupi-clay
Olinda Brother Bill sings in Dutch 'we're almost there'
Pernambuco's great, but home's so far away

CHORUS

But then I heard the mission bell in Caiçarinha ringing
In a language of love I long to know
But I hear my heart it is singing
To the sound of new life God wants to show

And our phones say in this town there is no service
But I see a small church near Papa Capim
No holy glory words to speak, it makes me nervous
The stories in my eyes I can just dream

CHORUS

I heard the mission bell in Caiçarinha ringing
In a language of love I long to know
But I hear my heart it is singing
To the sound of new life God wants to show

The coloured town is covered with a blanket of grace
As our prayers on the crosshill blow their way
On every street Zabumba-beat speak of blessed days
We praise and dance with old men, with so much left so say

CHORUS

I heard the mission bell in Caiçarinha ringing
In a language of love I start to know
But I hear my heart it is singing
To the sound of new life God wants to show

4. MERRY MARY MAMA

Merry mary married Gerrard, she gave her word
In the summer of '75 love was their song
They planted a cherryseed, and it gave birth
To the life of a tree, he's still growing strong

Merry Mary buries her tears into the deep ground
For though the hardships mark her face
Mary's not weary, she very well knows that she is found
God's rod and staff are her comfort in every place

Merry Mary mama, I love you
Merry Mary mama, I love you

Merry Mary's care is sweet and never tarries
She makes mistakes but her love will bring a yield
Merry Mary marries very cherished love and carries
Treasures of the Saviour's love that she dug up from the field

Merry Mary mama, I love you
My brother, sister I and Nena, were born, were made anew
Merry Mary mama, I love you
Merry Mary mama, I love you

5. ROLLS LIKE TUMBLEWEED

Deserted desert voices are whispering through the sand
I'm sweating in the cornfields, while the wealthy steal the land
Harvest is like weeding through the Bible with both hands
The ground it is holy, but the evil weed (still) withstands

CHORUS

I'll try to remember to forget the old days full of need
I'll see new ways in this wasteland, life of newborn seed
Crooked rivers in the desert I will someday meet
I wander in circles, my cycle of life rolls slowly, like tumbleweed

I don't have many choices, I sow but seldom reap
Still working like a madman, while rich cities lie asleep
Reeds disguised as cornstalks, they bow, they crawl, they creep
Our husking pegs they dish up the dirt, but the evil's rooted deep
(Or: our husking pegs they gather the tares, but the evil's rooted deep)

CHORUS

I'll try to remember to forget the old days full of need
I'll see new ways in this wasteland, life of newborn seed
Crooked rivers in the desert I will someday meet
I wander in circles, my cycle of life rolls slowly, like tumbleweed

And people feel my pain
But it's a digital pity
And I can't eat corn from a simulated city
Yes, I'm an old and wrinkled man
My head is filled with hunger
But my heart is getting stronger
Feeling younger everyday

CHORUS

I'll try to remember to forget the old days full of need
I'll see new ways in this wasteland, life of newborn seed
Crooked rivers in the desert I will someday meet
I wander in circles, my cycle of life rolls slowly, like tumbleweed
Like tumbleweed, like tumbleweed...

6. CONSCIENCE OF MONEY

A colt is drawn in Curitiba, a policeman on the scene
The Boys from Brazil hid their victims, In the gas guzzling machine
No hope is left, Lord, the right goes wrong, A mamulengo play that's real
Judges like toothless beggars die, while yellow scorpions cut the deal
Corruption's no option
But the truth has been betrayed

CHORUS

Conscience of money, sticking like honey to the soul
It eats up a country, it doesn't give back what it stole

Malicious minds crawl through the minefields. Goldrush in their eyes
Selfies are made while people suffer Lord, Love is sold for lies
Children blind of hunger
The dry land dies of thirst

CHORUS

Conscience of money, sticking like honey to the soul
It eats up a country, it doesn't give back what it stole

Holes in the roads and in the highways
Holes in a burning world at war
rulers give themselves a raise in pay
But they don't raise up the poor
Lord, take away their greed
Give those that starve their seat/seed.

CHORUS

Conscience of money, sticking like honey to the soul
It eats up a country, it doesn't give back what it stole
It doesn't give back what it stole
It doesn't give back what it stole
And it goes out of control
O my soul

7. ROSE

(Music by Toquinho, words by Vinicius de Moraes, english translation: Paul Cherryseed)

Rose to seize the day, rose to sprout each year
Rose to light the way, to amaze us here
Rose to live and pray, rose to love you, dear
Rose to yield and say: love will cast out fear

Rose to sleep in style, rose to wake up clear
Rose to bring a smile, rose to cry a tear
Rose to wait a while, rose to have you near
One more rose for my love, a song in my ear

CHORUS

Now it is springtime
Our rose makes a new start
(O) I felt sweet Jesus
slowly rose up in my heart

Rose to seize the day, rosa pra brotar
Rose to light the way, pra se admirar
Rose to live and pray, rosa pra se amar
Rose to yield and say: e despetalar

Rose to sleep in style, rosa pra acordar
Rose to bring a smile, rosa pra chorar
Rose to wait a while, rosa pra ficar
One more rose for my love, a song in my ear

CHORUS

Now it is springtime
Our rose makes a new start
(O) I felt sweet Jesus
slowly rose up in my heart

CHORUS

É primavera
É a rosa em botão
Ai! Quem me dera!
Uma rosa no coração

8. A TOO GRACEFUL MELODY (for Ise)

The way the sun arises on a summer's day
is like the way you light up gently when you play
You can smile so softly when your heart pours out a psalm
it's on a journey for the lost ones in a storm after the calm

CHORUS

You're a too graceful melody
Our flowered days sing endlessly
Every day a honeymoon in the chords of love

The way your beauty shines like a red gown rich with pearls
The way it intertwines with hope in a worn out world
It leaves me breathless and I don't know what to say
But it reminds me to clothe myself in love each day

CHORUS

You're a too graceful melody
Our flowered days sing endlessly
Every day a honeymoon in the chords of love

Grace notes no record of wrongs
So I'll always feast in this song of songs

The way the sky proclaims the great work of God's hands
It's where our love began and it goes out to all ends
In our sack of heaven blows His earthly word
So let's sleep with the angels and dream of what we've heard

9. ZAZO'S EYES

Zazo's face was pale and his frail eyes glazed
While his wife still sang - with twang - of hope and praise
"I love him, but if You must take him home, I'll trust your ways"

CHORUS

A choir round his bedside kept watch at night
They never turned off the light
Sweet lullabies in Zazo's eyes

Zazo's days seemed numbered but a slumbered grace
Awoke him from his dream, redeemed he smiled amazed
How these songs of angels kept him warm in place

CHORUS

A choir round his bedside kept watch at night
They never turned off the light
Sweet lullabies in Zazo's eyes

Zazo's ways brought joy, his voice's a warm embrace
New nursing rhymes, he has the time, life's chords he plays
Tunes in keys of heavenly realities

CHORUS

A choir round his bedside kept watch at night
They never turned off the light
Sweet lullabies in Zazo's eyes

10. SECRET SERTÃO STAR OF JERUSALEM

Lord, when I view the land it seems I've lost my sight
As a true Marrano I hide all day and night
Silent doves that won't sing
My sandals worn out from wandering
My secret Sertão Star of David-hat, it has no light

CHORUS

I'll wait for the sun to come home
And meet my long lost friend
Then my disguise will be gone
And I can be who I am
Wanna go home to Jerusalem

Can't go back to Recife, now the Dutch are gone
I'm an outlaw in the backlands, no friends to trust upon
Lord, they burned my brother
And I don't have much water
Can You give me your bottle that's left with all my tears?

CHORUS

I'll wait for the sun to come home
And meet my long lost friend
Then my disguise will be gone
And I can be who I am
Wanna go home to Jerusalem

BRIDGE

My secret stars heal no scars
But as a Jew I always knew I'd travel very far

CHORUS

I'll wait for the sun to come home
And meet my long lost friend
Then my disguise will be gone
And I can be who I am
Wanna go home to Jerusalem
Wanna go home to Jerusalem

II. A HEART ON THE DOOR

We were married in a little tent
One soft September morn'
Our love was shining, 't was heaven sent
And the preacher spoke reborn
"Blessings from Tennessee, from above the sun!
At home you will always be, but still forever moving on."
Mmmm

CHORUS

In our dream we see a farmhouse with a heart on the door
With a shelter for sojourners on the second floor
With a fireplace in the backyard, we don't need much more
In our farmhouse with a heart on the door

We don't strive for a neat clean sight, and creation's always kind
In our garden of delight, we'll leave the leaves behind
We'll grow old round younger trees, with pilgrims we will share
From deep coloured memories we'll picture green mansions everywhere, mmmm

CHORUS

In our dream we see a farmhouse with a heart on the door
With a shelter for sojourners on the second floor
With a fireplace in the backyard, we don't need much more
In our farmhouse with a heart on the door

We'll grow old round younger trees, with pilgrims we will share
From deep coloured memories we'll picture green mansions everywhere, oh yeah

CHORUS

In our dream we see a farmhouse with a heart on the door
With a shelter for sojourners on the second floor
With a fireplace in the backyard, we don't need much more
In our farmhouse with a heart on the door