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let go and hang on for the ride....

thanks from Jack Bracewell "I thank michael farr for creating music that reminds us of who we really are. Thanks to A for his inspired support and G for her communication skills. And, I thank the Universe making this all possible. May this music awake you and change the world"

*produced by bil vorndick
recorded and mixed by bil vorndick at mountainside
audio labs, nashville tn, february 10th-14th, and march
5th-8th, 2003.*

mastered by seva at soundcurrent, knoxville tn

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website design by rob pickering

photography by jack bracewell

executive producer – jack bracewell

all songs by michael farr, © & © 2003, 4 elements
music, bmi except for: moonshadow, written by cat
stevens, sony/atv tunes llc/cat music ltd. &
galileo, written by emily saliers, emi
virgin songs inc/godhap music

michael farr plays a 1969 martin d28
and uses d*addario strings
exclusively

www.iamthankful.com

the thankful story

gratitude is not merely a single thought, prayer or action; gratitude is a state of being

when i finally arrived at the place where i was willing and capable of recognizing that i had, either consciously or unconsciously, created all of the experiences in my adult life- that i was not a victim of fate or circumstance or some forsaking god- i simultaneously received the clear knowing that i was therefore capable of creating anything, and in fact, everything i desired. from that moment forth i set out on a grand adventure to do just that; beginning with a sweat lodge on a rainy spring equinox by a remote mountain stream in early 2000, and soon following, the letting go of my last day job on my thirty-third birthday, i began what has become the most exciting time of my life. in the intervening period i have experienced more wonder and magic than i ever knew existed; as well as having to surrender to periods of significant discomfort and near-writhing agony i often felt i would not return from. this was the inevitable process of the integration of the forgotten self with the remembered. during the intervening three years i have traveled the country, backpacked sections of the appalachian trail, walked hundreds of miles on sandy beaches while the sun set, rose and set again. i have attended beautiful music festivals and gatherings, sat by ancient mountain streams for days on end, and made countless friends who perpetually amaze me with their unique reflections and spirits. i have lived in my van and i have made my living purely from the generosity of people on the streets and in the coffeehouses where i have performed. i have given myself entirely to this process of becoming authentic, and i have been nurtured and cared for in every moment in the most loving ways imaginable; guided in each step by the intuitive voice that, once i chose to open to it, has spoken so clearly to me in a language i can no longer deny. i have experienced a life that has far exceeded my wildest imaginings, while all along aware i have been creating each moment through conscious intent and conscious gratitude for all of the gifts.

and the most beautiful aspect of this story: we are all individually capable of this. it is my present intention to awaken as many beings as possible to the simple truth that we all already have everything we need within us to create whatever experiences we can dream up, as fantastical and as crazy as they might seem to others; and even to ourselves.

it is for all of the experiences and blessings that i am thankful! this music is a narration- a water color impression- of the journey that has taken me to the perfect, present moment that is always here and now; always readily available in the still and quiet place within our hearts.

michael farr
march 21st, 2003; asheville, north carolina

*michael
farr*

thankful



the light you seek

hear a call from miles away
say's 'listen child to what i say,
you've seen the light and you can't deny
the calm within your stormy eyes'

so fan your fire, i will be there soon
to run beneath your rising moon
drawn by your courageous sin
but the light you seek comes from within
the light you seek comes from....

lessons to be learned are told
with words and rhymes we cannot hold
there comes a time when all of us
must turn from fear and learn to trust

so fan your fire, i will be there soon
to run beneath your rising moon
called by your outrageous din
but the light you seek comes from within
the light you seek comes from....

day by day we take it slow
we plant our seeds
and watch them grow
with a little faith we might
reap blossoms in the dark of night

so fan your fire, i will be there soon
to run beneath your rising moon
stake the ground, see where you've been

the light you seek comes from within
the light you seek comes from....

the light you seek comes from within
the love you seek comes from within
the hope you seek comes from within
the truth you seek comes from within
the wealth you seek comes from within
the grace you seek comes from within
the calm you seek comes from within
the light you seek comes from....

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
angel telecaster- johnny hiland
harmony vocal- patty mitchell*

letters

i'm writing letters all the time
while i'm out here on the road
yeah, it helps to ease my mind
it helps when i get lonely
i know it's the truth-
i'll probably never send them
they just pile up on the floor

i'm writing stories all the time
just to pass these endless miles
got prose and poetry in rhyme
sketches of a style
i haven't a clue if they harbor meaning
if there might be more....

it's a long way to get there
but i think i'm going to go
where the sun is always shining
on the side of the road
where the music is calling
and the road always goes
back to here

i am walking through these streets
looking for a cheap hotel
just a place to lay my head

and i guess it's just as well
'cause i love the way a city feels at night
i love the shadows in the moon

it's a long way to get there
but i think i'm going to go
where the sun is always shining
on the side of the road
where the music is calling
and the road always goes
back to here

i am driving in my dream
i am lost in a strange town
all the people here are blue
the sky is upside-down
but i know it's just a dream
and soon, i will wake up again
at least... i hope i will

it's a long way to get there
but i think i'm going to go
where the sun is always shining
on the side of the road
where the music is calling
and the road always goes
back to here

i'm writing letters all the time....

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
dobro- randy kohrs (courtesy of doobie shea records)
harmony vocal- patty mitchell*

thankful

i am thankful for the morning
love to watch the sun come up
i am thankful for my breathing,
the coffee in my cup
i am thankful for the birdsongs
the way they sing to me
yes, i am thankful to be thankful
it's all i have to be

i am thankful for the blue skies
for the clear, wide-open space
i am thankful for thunder
the rain upon my face
i am thankful for the silence-
the time to go within
i am thankful for the darkness
i can know the light again

i am thankful for the world as she turns
we go round and round and round

i am thankful for the children
hear their laughter on the breeze
for the flowing of the rivers
the stillness of the trees
i am thankful for the passion
and the cunning of the muse
for the life i am creating
i am thankful i can choose

i am thankful for the world as she turns
we go round and round and round

i am thankful for compassion
for humility and grace
i am thankful for forgiveness
born of the human race
i am thankful for our differences,
our similarities
yes, i am thankful to be thankful
it's all i have to be

i am thankful for the world as she turns
we go round and round and round

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
scheerhorn reso-electric- randy kohrs (courtesy of doobie shea records)
harmony vocal- Kathy chia vola
finger snaps- jack "big dog" bracewell*

sweet sunshine

jeanine always was such a practical child
yet somewhere in her heart
she yearned to be wild
nicky was tough, but he treated her kind
she liked his lean face
and his cynical mind
they're gonna walk in the sweet sunshine

i am thankful for the world as she turns
we go round and round and round

she asked for his love, nicky said, "if i must,
i will give you my love if you promise
your trust!"
so she followed her heart and she took
his hand
she led him to the river where she made
him a man
they walked in the sweet sunshine
take a walk in the sweet sunshine

nicky said, "if we're strong and we do it
my way
we could start a new life, we could leave
here today"
so they went to her house where she
grabbed a few things
as she ran out the door she could hear
the phone ring...
"goodbye, momma-
i'm gonna walk in the sweet sunshine"
take a walk in the sweet sunshine

but what if she wanted to stay
how can the world come apart in a day
and so we pray for sweet jeanine

nicky wired a car, stole a six-pack of beer
he was quick with his work- he had
nothing to fear
they were off on their way, but they
didn't know where
they had nowhere to go, they didn't
much care
they're gonna walk in the sweet sunshine

just before the state line they were
stopped by the law
nicky ran a red sign, he thought nobody saw
he reached in his coat and pulled out a gun
he said, "i'm gonna make a stand here, i
ain't gonna run"
jeanine said, "i'm scared, i don't want to die"
nicky wiped at her tears as he looked in
her eyes

he said, "you're the best thing that's ever
happened to me"
he opened the door and he set her soul free....
"now you can walk in the sweet sun-
shine"
take a walk in the sweet sunshine

but what if she wanted to stay
how can the world come apart in a day
and so we pray for sweet jeanine

nicky was strong and nicky was tough
but his pride and his anger were never enough
nicky went down in a hail of lead
these words on his lips were the last that
he said
"i'm gonna walk in the sweet sunshine
take a walk in the sweet sunshine"
they're gonna walk in the sweet sunshine

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass, cello- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
violin- tim lorsch
harmony vocal- patty mitchell*



breeze

some folks want to build a house in the country
a big dog on the porch and a view for days
yes, if i had one of these
all my life would be a breeze
and the skies would be sunny,
never gray

some folks want to get that big promotion
full benefits, six-figure l.r.a.
yes, if i had one of these
all my life would be a breeze
surely this would keep my fears at bay

i hear them say the grass is always greener
somewhere on the far side of the fence
this i recognize as all just futile fantasizing
just hop that fence
it's right there in your mind

some folks say they want a new religion
with a younger, hipper god
and a looser creed
yes, if i had one of these
all my life would be a breeze
then surely i'd have everything i need

i hear them say the grass is always greener
somewhere on the far side of the fence
this i recognize as all just futile fantasizing
just hop that fence
it's right there in your mind

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
honky-tonk telecaster - johnny hiland
harmony vocal- kathy chia vola*

annie

annie's gone again
i guess it's no surprise
to think...i knew it all along
you could've measured miles



by the distance in her eyes
if only i could be that strong

she doesn't know
but she don't know what she needs
she's chasing love
as if she'll find it in the wind
every now and then she shows up in my dreams
i won't rest until she sleeps
in my arms again

i look back upon the days before the fall
when i still believed the plans we made
to think we had it all
as if those colors wouldn't fade

she doesn't know
but she don't know what she needs
she's chasing love
as if she'll find it in the wind
every now and then she shows up in my dreams
i won't rest until she sleeps
in my arms again

now i sit upon this mountain ridge, so high
trying to think what i might do
to help me forget there's any need to
question why
missing annie is nothing new

she doesn't know
but she don't know what she needs

she's chasing love
as if she'll find it in the wind
every now and then she shows up in my dreams
i won't rest until she sleeps
in my arms again

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
cello- ron de la vega*

carolina

she came from carolina
she was the daughter of a thief
she moved like she'd been broken
as if someone had stolen her belief
i saw her for the first time down on
thirteenth avenue
where the hookers and the junkies
congregate
to share the poison
and the view

she said "i must have died, but i've
never been to heaven
could you take me,
would you make me be the one?
after all that i have done here
and everything i've seen
i need someone to heal me-
to revive me, and wash my body clean"

she told me all about it over coffee and a smoke,
how she'd come to find her purpose
in the phases and the mystery of the moon
"i know that i don't know you, but i
need a place to stay
if it's only for the evening
-or a lifetime
i'll take it either way"

"yes, i have been around
but i know that i could love you
would you take me,
could you make me be the one?
after all of those i have conquered, lost
and bled for in between

*i need to feel your mercy
to provide for me, and wash my body clean"*

i took her to the station, she was
moving on in style
off to tempt her desperation with her
longing
but she left me with a smile...
"yes, i am alive!
and someday i'm gon'na find you
i would kiss you but i'd miss you when
i'm gone
after all that i have borrowed, begged
and stolen
so pristinely, you offered me your comfort
and your warm hands to wash my body clean

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
fiddle, mandolin- robert bowen*

still with me

i'm tired of staring out my window
wondering where you are today
wondering when i'm going to see your
smile again
i'm tired of all that we don't say

we try speaking without language
still, the words just don't rhyme
it's the heart that knows no distance
you're with me all the time
you're still with me all the time

i'm over hiding from the stillness
over getting' lost in other things
pretending that it just don't matter anyway
i'm over all the loss that brings

we try speaking without language
still, the words just don't rhyme
it's the heart that knows no distance
you're with me all the time
you're still with me all the time

still we're speaking without language
we're walking the thin line
between what's held
and what's forgotten
you're with me all the time
you're still with me all the time

you're with me all the time
you're still with me all the time
*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
dobro- randy kohrs (courtesy of doobie shea records)*

big circle

i came home from shopping
convinced i'd seen god
in the vegetable isle he passed me,
gave me a nod
he said "how you doing on this
beautiful day?"
even though it had rained the whole
morning,
sky was still gray
then god picked up a grapefruit and said
"most folks are like this-
on the outside it's bitter and tough
on the inside
it's bliss"

yeah, the world's a big circle
we're all in for the ride
you can try holding on
but round things don't have any sides

then god bought some ice cream
got some pretzels and beer
hummed a little off key with the muzac
scratched in his ear
god said "it's tough being human,
there's so much to maintain
but i'm grateful to be here in this moment
though it seems rather plain"
yeah, the world's a big circle

we're all in for the ride
you can try holding on
but round things don't have any sides

then god said "well, look now
time is such a strange tool
i must get my clothes from the laundry,
my kids home from school"
i said "i though that you'd be bigger,
maybe old, like the trees
i thought that you'd appear to be perfect
but you're just like me"

yeah, the world's a big circle
we're all in for the ride
you can try holding on
but round things don't have any sides

*acoustic guitar, vocal- michael farr
bass- ron de la vega
percussion- pat mcinerney
rockstar telecaster- johnny hiland*

