

## *Since I Been Gone*

*My first song I wrote in Eugene, after we'd been here about six months while living in a rental and trying to decide if we really wanted to stay. Not too suprisingly, it's closely related to the "going away" songs of which I had already written a few examples before leaving Berkeley.*

*The closest thing to a "rock n' roll" tune on the CD, but I thought it just begged for a pedal steel sound.*

*Jerry Gleason- E9 pedal steel*

*Today my daughter brought to me, an old family photograph.  
The faces look so melancholy, did they, once laugh?  
I hold a picture in my hand, an ancestor of mine.  
What they did and how they lived, has been lost, to time.*

*Have you thought of what we're here for? Have you had the time?  
Pay the bills and run those errands, don't fall, behind.  
Still I wonder what I'm here for, how to make my mark.  
Once the thoughts of those who knew me, are all cold and dark.*

*I see the stars at night, wheeling overhead, they have no voice to ask:  
Is, this all? Is, this all, that there is?  
My friends are gathered round, as we sing and play, our music fills the air,  
This, is all. This is all, that there is.*

*Life can be short, life can be long, am I just wasting time?  
One life to learn, one chance to give, meaning to mine.  
'Cause I won't live forever, it's true, soon I'll be dead and gone.  
But that's ok, 'cause once I leave here, there'll still be, another dawn.*

*I feel the sunlight shining on my face, it never wonders:  
Is, this all? Is, this all, that there is?  
I watch my children laugh, as they run and play, their voices call to me,  
This, is all. This is all, that there is.*