

Lyrics to the Songs on Kathy Greenholdt's Album "If"

Track 1: *What That Means*

Take a little drive
down on 55.
Wind blowing my hair
proves I am alive,
'cuz I have seen
dust in dreams.
Tell me what
that means.

Rolling through the land
where it all began.
Prairie meets the sky
'til the end of time.

But, I'm between
sunset scenes.
Tell me what
that means.

There is nothing clear
in my rearview mirror.
How far down the road
do I have to go?

And, when I ride
into the seam,
tell me what
that means...
what that means.

Track 2: *Theos*

Kiss you once before I go.
Time to make my way back home.
I must travel 'til my
lips turn cold.

Lady, will you come to me
at the end of my journey?
Hold my weary bones so
I can sleep.

Theos. Theos. Theos.

Queen, who wears a thorny crown,
dress me in your silver gown.
Lift your scepter. Raise me
from the ground.

Theos. . . .

Track 3: *Euphrosyne*

Silence in the bitter cold.
Shadows where I'm all alone.
But, I remember when

you were walking in the sun,
laughing like no other one,
and then you took my hand.

Euphrosyne, you're mine.
Euphrosyne, you're mine.

I could never understand
why you let me be your friend
when I'm darker than light.

Playing all your happy tunes,
I began to sing the blues,
'til you danced out of sight.

Euphrosyne, I cried.
Euphrosyne, oh, why?
The sadness in my mind
needs you.

Euphrosyne, oh, why?
Euphrosyne, on high,
the sadness in my mind . . .

Silence in the bitter cold.
Shadows where I'm all alone.
But, I remember.

(album lyrics continued next page)

Track: 4: Zofia

Goodbye, sweet Zofia,
if you were sweet at all.
Your cursed face, Zofia,
is no one's memory now.

I lay a wreath above you,
oh, lady, out of time.
So alone
under stone
you hide.

Wonder how, Zofia,
life could end this way?
A silent angel watches,
but will not meet my gaze.

Now you're gone forever
to hell or heaven. You
can't go home,
and why would you
want to?

I'd climb down there beside you
if I could learn your shame.
But, all I know
about you is
your name.

Track 5: Change Is Coming

Lilacs bloom in the heat of May.
Change is coming,
but we got today.

Golden bees dance on the flowers
like Roman flames
in the final hour.

Burn it down.

Drunk with power, we do not see
how our greed
poisons all we need.

Raise a glass to our mother land.
She bleeds in oceans
where we wash our hands.

Count it down.
One more round.

Lilacs bloom in the heat of May.
Change is coming.

Track 6: What You Get

**Inspired by the following Haiku poem
by Jenny Bienemann from her book**

Haiku Milieu:

Go where your sense of
unworthiness is exposed
for the lie it is

What you see is what you get,
making it hard to forget
all the words they spoke of you,
all the lies you saw as true.
And now, you live with that regret.

Take your thoughts back through the years,
with tender eyes and tender ears.
What if you could lose that day,
look at things another way,
then press your life reset?

Looking glass shows only you.
Now what are you gonna do?
Room for one inside your mind.
Others got nowhere to hide.
But, let them watch you resurrect.
Yeah, what you see . . .

Track 7: If

If I am holy, if I am bright,
why can I not see my light?
Fighting dragons in the night.
Why do they not run and hide?

With this shining sword
I have conquered more
than my heart is
beating for.

If I am beauty and I am love,
why do I look up above
for the peace only I can know
and the courage to finally go

where the angel sings
deep inside of me?
If I listen,
will I believe?

If I am bigger than heaven's wall,
why can I not be it all?

Track 8: Riding Low

Close my eyes before I count to three.
It won't be long.
Every day they shoot down one more dream.
Still, I stay strong.

Can't cry or show them my fear.
Can't breathe: a battle is near.

I'm riding low.
I'm coming slow.

How I long for once-upon-a-time,
safe in my mind.
But, waving flags, they make war on the truth,
cross the last line.

I see the whites of their eyes.
God speed, the hour is nigh.

I'm riding low.
I'm coming slow.

I bleed, but I do not die.
I aim. The hour is nigh.

I'm riding low.
I'm coming slow.

We're riding low.
We're coming.

For more music, please visit www.KathyGreenholdt.com.

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