

PRIORITIZE US

(Jonathan Rundman)

i want you and i want us
so much that i must discuss
my desire and our design
lay my soul out on the line
life is holy, fast, and free
and this is how i love it
it gets dark and complicated
in the middle of it

prioritize us, prioritize us
everything we see will be history
so let's make us a priority

nothing's gonna shut me down
i would give up all i own
i got eyes of blazing fire
i care too much to hide it
i got a heart-shaped picture frame
and you are here inside it

you and me I will protect
with time and cash and intellect
even when the sky is so foreboding
supernovas are exploding

prioritize us, prioritize us
everything we see will be history
so let's make sure that we don't forget to
prioritize us, prioritize us
everything we see will be history
so let's make us a priority

NORTHBOUND TRAFFIC

(Jonathan Rundman / Beki Hemingway)

i could take the two lane road
to avoid the stop and go
get away from what I know and drive

i could lose the GPS
leave behind the freeway mess
put my compass to the test
and glide past the northbound traffic

and it's all that stands between us
this one here and that one there
i won't let the miles defeat us
i've got time to spare

i could roll the windows down
find another way through town
bypass all the runaround
and fly past the northbound traffic

if i take the scenic route
would it help me figure out
what this love is all about
despite the northbound traffic

weary of negotiation
steer away from where i've been
headed for a destination
where we both can win

doesn't have to be a standstill
endless taillights losing ground
honey, you're the reason
i will find a way around
the northbound traffic

THE SCIENCE OF ROCKETS

(Jonathan Rundman / Jeff Krebs)

this ain't the science of rockets
so come down to the ground
this ain't the science of rockets
i still want you around

you're the one with the plan and you think through it all
all the figures and facts both the great and the small
but the thing you don't get is the answer i bring
it's right in front of your face it's the simplest thing
it's not so terribly complicated

this ain't the science of rockets
so come down to the ground
this ain't the science of rockets
i still want you around
you overthink the easiest part
this ain't the science of rockets
it's just the way to my heart

so look up from your screen and let down your guard
I've been waiting so long you've been working so hard
no more numbers or words no more pages to turn
'cause there's nothing to solve but there's something to learn
it's not so terribly complicated

this ain't the science of rockets
so come down to the ground
this ain't the science of rockets
i still want you around
you overthink the easiest part
put down that aeronautical chart
this ain't the science of rockets
it's just the way to my heart

THE BALLAD OF NIKOLAUS RUNGIUS

(Jonathan Rundman)

cold water runs in the Kemi River
cold wind dances on the waves
carrying the ice from the Arctic Circle to the sea
down in the trees by the Kemi River
walking by the churchyard graves
you may find a holy mystery

hear tell of the preacher at the Keminmaa church many hundred years ago
these are the mystic words he was known to say:
"if these sermons that I preach to you are the sacred truth
when I die my flesh will not decay"

his name was Nikolaus Rungius and everyone in Keminmaa knew
this man heard the call of the divine
he served his parish thru the Thirty Years War helped them thru the troubled
times
and then he died in 1629

they buried his body in the chancel of the church like every vicar gone before
they went on with their lives like people do
and many years later when they dug up that box to move him to the yard
outside
they found out that his prophecy came true

well, ashes go to ashes and dust to dust that's what all the people like to say
but sometimes you may find yourself surprised
just walk along the river to the Keminmaa church
step up to the coffin made of glass
and look upon him with your own two eyes

SECOND SHELF DOWN

(Jonathan Rundman / Beki Hemingway)

on the top shelf of the bookcase to the left inside the door
is the keychain that you carry and the earrings that you wore
and the paper that you took with you this morning on the train
but the story underneath it all remains

there's a bottle filled with water from the ocean
there's a ribbon from my mother's wedding gown
there's a Bible with your family name inside it
never had a home without these things around
there on the second shelf down
there on the second shelf down

you were wearing that perfume on the day that we first met
and you sprayed it on the letters so i never would forget
so i saved them in a shoebox and I kept them for myself
but now we keep them on the second shelf

in the span of every lifetime there's a story that unfolds
in the present all too often the best stories go untold
so we keep a few reminders of what was and is to be
we remember us together when we see

a bottle filled with water from the ocean
a ribbon from my mother's wedding gown
a Bible with your family name inside it
never had a home without these things around

HELICOPTERS OF LOVE

(Jonathan Rundman / Walter Salas-Humara)

we got the hurricane warning
we were right in the path
a couple billion survivors
living here in the aftermath
when the sun shone down this morning
nothing where it was before
no more roads, nowhere to go
water levels higher than my front porch door

we've been watching the horizon
and the clouds up above
everybody's waiting for the helicopters of love

we got sent to the front lines
we knew our fate was sealed
the whole day was a bloodbath
now we're left standing in the battlefield
we got no more ammunition
no more tanks or trucks
everybody's crying, everybody's dying
fresh out of hope and long out of luck

i've seen the bulldozers of self-obsession and the limousines of war
i've seen the locomotives of nostalgia but that train don't run no more
i'll keep waiting for the helicopters
and climb up through the fuselage floor

we've been watching the horizon
and the clouds up above
everybody's waiting for the helicopters of love
we've been shooting off the flare guns
'cause we're all dreaming of
that fine day when everybody's flying in the helicopters of love

PAINTER

(Jonathan Rundman)

he was the finest painter that the town had ever known
his canvasses were window frames and walls
in stairwells and archways he plastered over lath
from high upon the ladder in the morning

oh painter, painter
pack up your brushes, take down your ladder
painter, painter
look away across the blue

then came the commander to say, "Put down that brush.
You're now to be a soldier, your name is on my list."
the shadows fell around them with the painter dressed in white
he knocked out the commander with his fist

they carried him to prison and they slammed that cell block door
the warden came to look him in the eye
and said "Aren't you the painter who's the finest in this town?
If you paint my house, I let you live."

ornamental flowers on the ceiling up above
the warden stood with tickets in his hand
he said "Take your wife and baby before the sun can rise.
The boat sails for America tomorrow."

FLYING ON A PLANE

(Jonathan Rundman)

see the people standing in the campfire light
staring at their video phones
power up the rockets with the fossil fuel
burning up the dinosaur bones
everything's the same now and everything has changed
everything is boring and everything is strange

flying on a plane writing on a page
scratching out a message like the mesolithic age
such technology I struggle to explain
ink upon paper flying on a plane

farmers in the field soldiers on the wall
i got some new leather shoes
artificial hearts, cameras on Mars
watch it on the 6 o'clock news
letters ain't no better than a pictograph
standing in the temple with the veil torn in half

flying on a plane writing on a page
scratching out a message like the mesolithic age
such technology I struggle to explain
ink upon paper flying on a plane

i see the blood stained caveman painting
i see the fighter jet vapor trail
i got a particle accelerator
and a hammer and nail

flying on a plane writing on a page
scratching out a message like the mesolithic age
such technology i struggle to explain
ink upon paper flying on a plane

HOME UNKNOWN

(Jonathan Rundman)

i have never set my feet upon that rocky shoreline
i have never seen the sundown at the cold blue sea
i have never heard the wind in blood-red birch leaves falling
yet my heart is longing for my home unknown

in my dreams i follow the steps of my Mother's Mother's Mother
there by the lakeside bellflowers grow beneath the wooden spire
i call out the name of my Father's Father's Father
can they hear me calling to my home unknown?

years ago we spoke your words and joined you in your singing
generations later now we've nothing left to say
too much time has passed away and all the words have vanished
can I ever come back to my home unknown?

NO MORE OLD TIMES

(Jonathan Rundman)

no more old times
no more songs about the way things used to be
no more rewind
no more wistful words or sentimental scenes
'cause i'm drowning in nostalgia here
the future is the place i'd rather be

reminiscing gets you nowhere
so i'm heading for the light
another morning
where i do believe all things will turn out right
but until that day arises
i will stay right here with you throughout the night

oh my baby won't you come along with me
there's so much ahead for both of us to see
we learned a lot but we will not keep dwelling on the past
we'll be living in the moment
and we'll see that bright horizon
tomorrow will be coming at us fast

no more mirrors
no, a car is not for driving in reverse
just move it forward
be it truck or bus or ambulance or hearse
'cause the times they are a-changin'
and the dead will live and the last will be first

no more old times