

Cruel Daylight

An album in the works, currently consisting of four original songs by Michael Shainline.
All music and lyrics by Michael Shainline

Cruel Daylight (Track 1)

Michael Shainline on vocals, guitar, and bass

Verse 1:

Now I sense the morning, welcoming the dawn
Shattering the calm, reminding me you're gone
I beg the darkness hold me for just a little more, so I can
Hold you in my dream like I held you once before

Chorus:

Oh, cruel daylight, with grief does conspire
Oh, cruel daylight, to prove the night a liar

Verse 2:

I'm growing old in sunlight, remembering the feel
Of your body, warm by me, In my dreams I know it's real
Your voice, while I'm asleep, tells me you are here
As long as skies are dark, I can hold your body near

Chorus:

Oh, cruel daylight, illuminates my pain
Oh, cruel daylight, I'm alone again

Bridge:

Heartbreaking sunrise
Why won't there come a storm
To block your ever-piercing rays
From my lover's imagined form

Chorus:

Oh, cruel daylight, mercy, have you none
Oh, cruel daylight, how soon the night is done

Verse 3:

Each new daybreak comes as I defy the dawn
Bound beside my love though I know she's long since gone
And each new day I rise to mourn the sapphire sky
And know there's no reply if I should wonder why

We're Only Human (Track 2)

Michael Shainline on vocals, guitar, mandolin, and bass

Verse 1:

Please understand that we mean well on this planet today
Our ambitions are good and I bet history will say
We did the best that we could, given the tools that we used
Five or six thousand years ago we learned how to write
And shared guesses 'bout heaven, earth, day and night
And still we cling to those words because the facts can be so damn confusing

Verse 2:

We worship our symbols and the idols we share
Our flags and our crosses, cars and clothes that we wear
And we make villains of those who won't stand for our national song
We fight over borders, we think we're unique
Due to race and religion and the language we speak
And we make people suffer who just need a place to belong

Chorus:

So maybe there've been mistakes that were made
On this beautiful rotating sphere
I guess you could say we should have learned from them all
But I want to make one thing clear
It is what it is, we're only human, no you can't blame us
We're only human

Verse 3:

It's only human to argue, to fear and to hate
Greed we believe is a natural trait
It's in our genes to build armies and send them to war
You can't blame us for the fools we elect
The land we abuse, the sacred cows we protect
the enemies we make of those who would ask what's it for

Verse 4:

The habitat we destroy the species we're wiping out
In pursuit of the fuel we can't live without
The land we abscond from those who were already here
The planet we warm til it won't support us
The waste that we ooze just like a festering puss
The droughts and the floods and the leaders who turn a deaf ear

Chorus:

So maybe there've been mistakes that were made
On this beautiful rotating sphere
I guess you could say we should have learned from them all
But I want to make one thing clear

It is what it is, we're only human, no you can't blame us
We're only human

Bridge:

Our intentions are good
We'd do better if only we could

Chorus:

So maybe there've been mistakes that were made
On this beautiful rotating sphere
I guess you could say we should have learned from them
But I want to make one thing clear
It is what it is, we're only human, no you can't blame us
We're only human

Outro:

Please understand that we mean well on this planet today
Our ambitions are good and I bet history will say
We did the best that we could, given the tools that we used

That Dusty Case in the Corner (Track 3)

Michael Shainline on vocals, guitar, mandolin, and bass

Verse 1:

She saw that dusty case in the corner
I told myself I ought to warn her
Since losing you how sad my life had been
I couldn't pick up your old mandolin

Verse 2:

I told her how you played so clean and fine
While I strummed that old guitar of mine
But I had to put your mandolin away
It's gathered dust ever since that day

Verse 3:

She listened with a sympathetic ear
And waited before stepping near
Then whispered, I'd just like to say it
Wouldn't she want to have you play it?

Chorus:

That old Kentucky mandolin
Might have power in its strings
To bring a smile to a grieving boy

Don't treat it like an old antique
Give it a voice, let it speak
And help it to spread a little joy

Verse 4:

She invited me down to New Mexico
The canyons and the hills we used to know
The Black Range, west of the Rio Grande
To play mandolin in that enchanted land

Verse 5:

She played a mandolin, just like you
And liked the same songs you listened to
We hiked under blue skies together
Through aspen groves in autumn weather

Bridge:

She helped me open up my heart again
With your old mandolin in my hand
And with her picking melodies beside me
And everlasting thoughts of you to guide me

Chorus:

That old Kentucky mandolin
Might have power in its strings
To bring a smile to a grieving boy
Don't treat it like an old antique
Give it a voice, let it speak
And help it to spread a little joy

Verse 1:

She saw that dusty case in the corner
I told myself I ought to warn her
Since losing you, how sad my life had been
I couldn't pick up your old mandolin

I know What I Think of the Eagle (Track 4)

Michael Shainline on vocals, guitar, mandolin, and bass

Chorus:

I know what I think of the eagle
But I wonder what she thinks of me
From her perch above the river
High in a cottonwood tree

Verse 1:

When she sees this flightless creature
Out of synch with the simple ways land
Without wings and without feathers,
Shaping tools with an arrogant hand

Chorus:

I offer these praises for the eagle
Noble as she rises in the sky
White tail and head set against deep blue
How might she regard me from on high?

Verse 2:

When she sees this awkward ambler
On this planet where he struggles to survive
Wearing clothes and seeking shelter, burning fuel
He needs to stay alive

Chorus:

I know what I think of the eagle
But I don't know the eagle's mind
I wonder as she soars above me
And looks down upon humankind

Verse 3:

With our tools and with our languages
We only seem to find ways to fight
But pride ourselves in thinking that we're better
Than the peaceful bird in flight

Bridge:

Are we nothing more than grounded, naked misfits
Convinced that only after death we will ever find bliss

Chorus:

I know what I think of the eagle
But I wonder what she thinks of me
From her perch above the river
High in a cottonwood tree

