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Thirteen

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

Lead Vocal: Michelle Dockrey

Backing Vocals: Maya Bohnhoff, Seanan McGuire

Guitar: Tony Fabris

Bass: Chris Clark

Drums: Scott Irwin

Additional percussion: Vixy & Tony

Well I went for a walk on the rocky cliffs with a sunshine sea and a sky of grey
Saw the big black bird with the white-out wings, he called "come with me, child, and fly away"
Said "count my brothers and count my sisters, we'll tell your fortune and we'll tell you true"
"But the path's all covered in claws and feathers, Magpie, there's too many of you"

One one one and two and three
Magpie, won't you take pity on me
The devil himself only counted to seven
Tell me what does it mean
Thirteen, thirteen, thirteen, thirteen

Magpie tell me where I'm going, magpie tell me where I've been
Eight's for a dance on the stroke of midnight, nine's for a sinner and ten for sin
Eleven is for the gates of heaven, twelve's for the man who lets you in
But thirteen's a charm and thirteen's a murder and thirteen's the feathers underneath your skin

One one one and two and three
Magpie, won't you take pity on me
The devil himself only counted to seven
Tell me what does it mean
Thirteen, thirteen, thirteen, thirteen

Magpie tell me all your stories, magpie tell me I can play
I never believed in the signs and omens, I never knew nothing until today
Fly me twelve times round the castle, take me up and never set me down
Take my joy in gold and silver, jump off the cliff and never hit the ground

One one one and two and three
Magpie, won't you take pity on me
The devil himself only counted to seven
Tell me what does it mean
Thirteen, thirteen, thirteen, thirteen

Emerald Green

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars & Bass: Tony Fabris
Drums: Scott Irwin
Piano: Alisa Garcia*

I was raised in castles made of maple, fir and pine
Sheltered under fortress walls built of fire and snow and time
I grew up in cliffside caves playing tag with sand and Sound
Walked on hidden city streets buried deep beneath the ground

I'll show you heights of stone and steel, a city brave and bold
That the rainfall turns to silver and the sunset turns to gold
Nestled down in velvet mountains and water's satin foam
Where alchemy is everyday routine
And of all the jewels I've seen
Emerald green is the color of my home

You never know a city 'til you walk its streets at night
Lay your hands on sunlit stone, or catch the scent of dawn's first light
In watercolor autumn or the tapestry of spring
When you listen for the little things, you can hear my city sing

I'll show you heights of stone and steel, a city brave and bold
That the rainfall turns to silver and the sunset turns to gold
Nestled down in velvet mountains and water's satin foam
Where alchemy is everyday routine
And of all the jewels I've seen
Emerald green is the color of my home

And the roads that bind my family like a thousand ribbons tied
Show me cities with their own enchantments, mystery and pride
I feel their magic, hear their call, and their beauty I'll attest
But the fairest is the one that knows me best

I feel a whispered welcome when I come home to the land
Where the bridges tread the water and the driftwood paves the sand
Where the lakes are clad in diamonds like the mirrors of a queen
And the skyline is a living thing of forever evergreen

I'll show you heights of stone and steel, a city brave and bold
That the rainfall turns to silver and the sunset turns to gold
Nestled down in velvet mountains and water's satin foam
Where alchemy is everyday routine
And of all the jewels I've seen
Emerald green is the color of my home

My Love Was Like the Moon

by Blake Hodgetts
(as performed by Vixy & Tony)

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars: Tony Fabris*

And my love was like the moon
When my world was dark he lit the starless skies
And my hopes for what I'd be
While his faith still lived in me
Shone reflected in his eyes

And my love was like the moon
And the phases of his mood would wax and wane
And he had his darker side
And he chose what he would hide
And concealed his deepest pain

He was like the speed of light
Always sure when he was right
And I knew he'd never change
He was like the value pi
Though predictions I might try
Still his code was always strange

And my love was like the sun
And he always kept me warm when day was through
Burning with his fusion's fire,
Blending passion with desire,
Making one soul out of two

And my love was like the sun
Though he's gone his blazing image fills my sight
Dazzled still, and left behind
I am groping as though blind
And can scarce tell dark from light

Like a pitch too high to hear
He enhanced what he was near
Everything seemed sharp and bright
Like the golden section, phi,
His proportions could not lie,
every part of him was right

And my love was like the sea
I was rocked to peaceful sleep upon his waves
And he brought before my eyes,
As a diver brings his prize,
many gifts my heart still craves

And my love was like the sea
And his depths held secrets I could never know
Needs unfathomably deep
Longings that I could not keep
And I had to let him go

And my love was like the moon
And my love was like the moon...

Apprentice

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

Vocal: Michelle Dockrey

Guitars & Bass: Tony Fabris

Percussion & Strings: Alexander James Adams

She was all the stars in a velvet sea
A gem of perfection she seemed to me
Skin like silk and a rose red smile
All grace when I brought her tea

And her laughter cut through my girlish dream
"Don't you know that we're all silk and cream
And roses and velvet and gems and stars?
You must be more than what you seem."

One night I stole into her garden
And I overheard her sigh...

"You don't have to be wild to want to run
Look at the roses and you'll see
See them climbing ever higher toward the sun
These garden walls are not for me."

I had come so young to the Twilight School
Quiet and shy and a bit of a fool
A hopeless handmaid, so awkward and awed
Until she saw an uncut jewel

She taught me all the Companion's art
Beauty and charm and the skills to set ourselves apart
We were teacher and student, we were friend and friend
And we were sisters of the heart

Sharing afternoon tea in her garden
She would gaze up at the sky...

"You don't have to be wild to want to run
Look at the ring-doves and you'll see
See them stretching their clipped wings out toward the sun
This pretty cage is not for me."

She could see her path laid out in flowers and in stone
Priestess, Lady, Head of House, and nothing left unknown
She whispered to her teacup that it chilled her to the bone
"When others look to you to make their choices
You no longer make your own..."

Now my clients say there's no lady as fine
The skill and the charm and the garden are mine
But I walk outside the gate at night
And see the stars and planets shine

They say she's done battle, they say she fell in love
They say she near died in that endless sky above

And all of her lessons I took to heart
Even that of the rose and the dove

She taught me to look beyond the garden
And she never said goodbye...

You don't have to be wild to want to run
Look at the river and you'll see
See it leap and dance away, laughing in the sun
Perhaps it knows a place for me.

Six-String Love

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

*Vocals: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars & Bass: Tony Fabris
Drum programming: Ed Ten Eyck*

Some girls like the medical type: "Doctor, I have a pain"
Some sigh for a lawyer guy, those legal briefs drive them insane
Some girls love a uniform, they go for the soldiers and sailors
But what'll start my heart, make me fall apart
Is a roomful of smart guys with Martins and Taylors

You can write the words I like, you can write the tune that lingers
But the way to my heart is through nimble fingers
Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
But I need love with
Six strings attached

Take me to all the filk cons, baby, take me to the open jam
Drop your D right in front of me, and I might forget just who I am
You can play the horn like Satchmo, show Bing a thing or two about crooning
A single violin nearly does me in
But there's nothing like a Gibson in an open tuning

You can write the words I like, you can write the tune that lingers
But the way to my heart is through nimble fingers
Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
But I need love with
Six strings attached
Now I'm too young for a mid-life crisis
And too old for teen infatuation
But I should never be left to my own devices
Around a cute geek with an Ovation
Let me tell you about my first rock jam
Oooh, what can I say
Guys with guitars on every side
(spoken) I don't remember anything else that happened that day...

Take me to the Cliffs of Dover, stand me at the Crossroads too
Wish you were here with your black dog, dear
We'll come together, me and you
Give me a rhythm or lead me on, show me your Marshall stack
I'm a hot little chick who loves a good hot lick
Strap on your dreadnought and keep me coming back
(scuse me while I kiss this guy...)

You can write the words I like, you can write the tune that lingers
But the way to my heart is through nimble fingers
Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
But I need love with
Six strings attached

Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
But I need love with
Twelve strings attached

Yeah, you might think that we're well-matched
But I need love with
Six strings attached

Red Right Hand

by Nick Cave, Mick Harvey, & Thomas Wydler
© Songs of Windswept Pacific obo Mute Song, Ltd.
(as performed by Vixy & Tony)

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitar: Tony Fabris*

Take a little walk to the edge of town and go across the tracks
Where the viaduct looms like a bird of doom as it shifts and cracks
Where secrets lie in the border fires and the humming wires
And now you know you're never coming back
Past the square, past the bridge, past the mills, past the stacks
On a gathering storm comes a tall handsome man
In a dusty black coat with a red right hand

He'll wrap you in his arms, tell you that you've been a good boy
Rekindle all those dreams it took you a lifetime to destroy
He'll reach deep into the hole, heal your shrinking soul
But there won't be a single thing that you can do
He's a god, he's a man, he's a ghost, he's a guru
They're whispering his name though this disappearing land
But hidden in his coat is a red right hand

You don't have no money? He'll get you some
You don't have no car? He'll get you one
You don't have no self respect, you feel like an insect,
Well don't you worry baby 'cause here he comes
Through the ghettos and the barrio and the bowery and the slums
A shadow is cast wherever he stands
Stacks of green paper in his red right hand

You'll see him in your nightmares, you'll see him in your dreams
He'll appear out of nowhere but he ain't what he seems
You'll see him in your head, on the TV screen
Oh baby, I'm warning you to turn it off
He's a ghost, he's a god, he's a man, he's a guru
You're one microscopic cog in his catastrophic plan
Designed and directed by his red right hand

Mal's Song

medley of "Firefly Main Title" by Joss Whedon, © TCF Music Pub., Inc., and "Mal's Song" by Michelle Dockrey

*Lead Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Backing Vocals: Maya Bohnhoff
Guitars & Bass: Tony Fabris
Drums: Luis Garcia
Violin: Sunnie Larsen
Serenity Chorus: Jeff Bohnhoff,
Maya Bohnhoff, Alex Bohnhoff,
Kristine Bohnhoff, Seanan McGuire,
Matthew Dockrey, Susan Lanphere,
Vixy & Tony*

When the stars shine bright through the engine's trail
And the dust of another world drops behind
When my ship is free of the open sky
It's a damn good day to my way of mind

There's a barren planet you never can leave
There's a rocky valley where we lost a war
There's a cross once hung round a soldier's neck
There's a man's faith died on Serenity's floor

But I stood my ground and I'll fly once more
It's the last oath that I ever swore

So take my love, take my land
Take me where I cannot stand
I don't care, I'm still free
You can't take the sky from me
Take me out into the black
Tell 'em I ain't comin' back
Burn the land and boil the sea
You can't take the sky from me
You can't take the sky from me

When you see a man and he's standin' alone
Well you might just take him for an easy mark
And there's many a man has tried his hand
And there's worse than wolves in the borderland dark

From the savage men to the government hounds
Try to take what's yours and tear you through
But them that run with me's got my back
It's a fool don't know that his family's his crew

Don't you tell me what I cannot do
Don't you think I've got to run from you

Just take my love, take my land
Take me where I cannot stand
I don't care, I'm still free
You can't take the sky from me
Take me out into the black
Tell 'em I ain't comin' back
Burn the land and boil the sea
You can't take the sky from me
You can't take the sky from me

When you've walked my road and you've seen what I've seen
Well you won't go talkin' 'bout righteous men
You'll know damn well why I want to keep to my sky
Never cry 'neath nobody's heel again

I've seen torment raked 'cross innocent souls
Seen sane men mad and good men die
I've been hounded, hated, married and tricked
I've been tortured, cheated, shot and tied

You won't see no tears when I say goodbye
I've still got my family and my Firefly

So take my love, take my land
Take me where I cannot stand
I don't care, I'm still free
You can't take the sky from me
Take me out into the black
Tell 'em I ain't comin' back
Burn the land and boil the sea
You can't take the sky from me
You can't take the sky from me

Persephone

by Michelle Dockrey

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars: Tony Fabris
Bass: Chris Clark
Violin: Sunnie Larsen*

You came to summer's daughter in the twilight of the day
You swept her off her feet and made to carry her away
And a wordless bargain sealed us, long before our tale was told
That whenever I should come to you be time of grief and cold
And it was capture of a kind, but it was never what they think
They all forget I had a choice, you know
I could have chosen not to eat or drink

But you only knew me in winter
When the leaves had all finished their fall
Yes you only knew me in winter
So how could you know me at all?

And when you send me back to springtime, there is no one who will know
That a part of me remains with you beneath your frozen snow
For an ageless age ago, when there was no such thing as sin
When I pledged to love the darkness, I could see the light within
And they were grieved and shocked, those ancients, for they could not understand
How there could be such truth and joy
How lay such tenderness in such a heavy hand

But you only knew me in winter
When the leaves had all finished their fall
Yes you only knew me in winter
So how could you know me at all?

And I loved you as you were, but you refused to understand
And I cannot be of your keep, and you will not be of my land
If I could plant a winter blossom, would it make you think of me?
In the silence of the summer
In the dawning of the day
There are worlds that you have never tried to see

And once you thought to turn me truly to your queen in more than name
When you saw you were succeeding, did you feel a pang of shame?
For the way you rule your kingdom makes me turn aside and weep
Still you rouse in me desires that make me cry out in my sleep
Now even standing in the sunlight, there are shadows in my hair
I feel your cool hand on my throat, oh yes
No matter where I am, I feel you there

But you only held me in winter
When the dead leaves relinquished the fall
Yes you only knew me in winter
No, you never knew me at all

Siren Song

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitar: Tony Fabris*

Oh, I'm just a singer from out on the coast
Doing concerts wherever they're hirin'
But good work's hard to find when your name is maligned
So unkind is the life of a Siren!

It's not easy to shake off your lineage
I know everyone runs from their past
But it's not every artist whose record store deals
Involve tying execs to a mast
My mother won't come to my concerts
And she knows that she's wasting her breath
Still she begs me return to a good honest life
Of beckoning men to their death

Oh I feel like a salmon who's swimming upstream
And I'll tell you, the journey is tirin'
So you think it's a splash? You'd be dead in a flash!
Show compassion if you meet a Siren

I'm thinking of firing my agent
His business sense isn't quite sound
He booked me to play at the Lincoln Memorial
And half of the audience drowned
I once worked a Holiday Cruise line
But I took international heat
Just for pulling some whalers a smidgeon off course
And the bulk of the Soviet fleet

Oh, how can I keep up a singing career
If my fanboys are always expirin'
I'm accused of assault, but it isn't my fault!
Oy, gevalt! For the life of a Siren

The girls I meet all think it's glamorous
Making guys fall at your feet
It's not pretty at all when the amorous fall
Begins twenty floors up from the street
Oh and don't even mention Odysseus
To a hardworking singer like me
Now how would you feel if some out-of-town jerk
Tried to sneak in your concert for free?

Oh my days are as filled with great woes and great ills
As anything written by Byron
If you think that it's grand, you can talk to the hand
Understand what it's like for a Siren

So I cancelled all maritime venues
Things began to go passably well
I played Burning Man, Farm-Aid, the Winter Olympics,

Some lip-synching on SNL
But now just when I think of relaxing
My agent is back in the saddle
I've got a world tour, and the cities for sure
Include Venice, Dubai, and Seattle!

Oh, they say it's not over 'til you-know-who sings
So you might as well bring the whole choir in
'Cause my sisters are jacked to get in on the act
And Poseidon is looking to handle my bookings
Next month I'll email ya from Sidney, Australia
To regale ya with tales of a Siren!

Butterfly Soul

by Janet Allyn

Vocal: Michelle Dockrey

Guitar: Tony Fabris

Butterfly soul
Find yourself a place in this world
Butterfly soul
Find yourself a face in this world

Hangin' on the wind
Never was something sure
Hang on to yourself
It's a chance to endure
Don't you see
Won't you listen to me

Butterfly heart
Your life has been a whisper 'til now
You've gotta start
Believing you're a person somehow

You are now complete
As you are, all alone
Life could not repeat
What you are, what I've known
What I see

Won't you let yourself be what you can
You are whole
Take your stand
My little butterfly soul
My little butterfly soul

Erased

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars: Tony Fabris
Bass: Chris Clark
Drums: Scott Irwin*

Every sea dog has a story of the one that got away
How in spite of all his efforts he just couldn't make her stay
But there's a tale you'll never hear from any fisherman you've met
It's the story of the lover that he's made himself forget

They were only pencil sketches, all the fantasies we chased
Step right up if you can see me; I'm the one that got erased

Was she terrible to look on? Did you tremble to behold?
Did her shadow hide a monster, or a heart all black and cold?
Did she mock you, did she dare you, did she take away her hand?
Or was she simply something that you couldn't understand?

You can't hold a love together made of paper and of paste
Kiss my hand if you can see me; I'm the one that got erased

And you'll never hear the thunder down on ink-stained ocean floors
And the waves have dragged you under while I watched from helpless shores
Have you lost your sense of wonder?
Was it never really yours?

Creatures made of water to the ocean must return
Creatures made of sunlight don't intend it when they burn
But your eyes were never used to so much gazing out to sea
And you'd rather sink in shadows than think anymore of me

And I never did stop reading all the lines where they were traced
And there's no more record now of all the music that we faced
So the sets are all repainted, and the characters replaced
Call my name if you can see me; I'm the one that got erased
Sing my song if you can see me; I'm the one that got erased

Strange Messenger

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

*Vocal: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars & Bass: Tony Fabris
Percussion: Maya Bohnhoff*

He was exploring South America, the first to venture there
In an age of change and reason, new discoveries everywhere
Along the Orinoco, the great river corridor
He heard tell of a people who had fled a tribal war

It was said they chose seclusion over death or life as slaves
But in their sheltered grotto, he found only simple graves
And one brightly colored messenger, whom no one understood
Spoke the language of a people who had disappeared for good

So tell me, bold explorer, as you wandered through the leaves,
Did you ponder unknown losses that the very Cosmos grieves?
Was it halting? Was it flowing? Was it lilting and divine?
Was it fearless as your native tongue, mercurial as mine?
Would it pique a linguist's interest? Would it hold a poet's thrall?
Did the words of one strange messenger tell you anything at all?

He kept a careful chronicle, transcribing what he heard
Of the tribe's entire language, there remained just forty words
Complexity and structure, how it tastes and how it sings
Time devoured all but scattered words for scattered things

And can we archaeologists, with bits of sound like runes
Ever paint a living portrait of a people in their tombs?
Could we somehow come to know them? Will we ever even try?
Sifting through linguistic ruins for the clues to how and why

So tell me, bold explorer, as you wandered through the leaves,
Did you ponder unknown losses that the very Cosmos grieves?
Was it halting? Was it flowing? Was it lilting and divine?
Was it fearless as your native tongue, mercurial as mine?
Would it pique a linguist's interest? Would it hold a poet's thrall?
Do the words of one strange messenger tell us anything at all?

To those who study history, it seems a bitter curse
The loss of language terrible, the lost potential worse
Past and future stories multiplied a thousandfold,
Vanished out of history and never to be told
Were they beautiful and gentle? Would they call us friend or foe?
What wisdom did they live by? What secrets did they know?
It's a symphony reduced to what a single bird can sing
The forest lost their language, and they lost everything

So tell me, bold explorer, as you wandered through the leaves,
Did you ponder unknown losses that the very Cosmos grieves?
Was it halting? Was it flowing? Was it lilting and divine?
Was it fearless as your native tongue, mercurial as mine?
Would it pique a linguist's interest? Would it hold a poet's thrall?
Do the words of one strange messenger tell us anything at all?

Companion

by Michelle Dockrey & Tony Fabris

Vocals: Michelle Dockrey
Guitars & Bass: Tony Fabris
Drums: Scott Irwin

Once upon a time, there was an ordinary girl
Narrow little life in a narrow little world
And in the doorway there you stood
We ran away that night, and then we ran away for good
You can feel the turning of the earth
You can feel each and every life and what it's worth
And mine will never be the same
Since the day that I first heard you say my name

And we've all the time in the world
With a tool in hand and a gleeful grin
You opened the door and you let me in
Wherever you go, that's where I'll be
Companion to the man who holds the key

(Time for laughter, time for tears)
(A voyage measured out in years)
(Love and joy and vanity)
(Genius and humanity)

You are the door to all the worlds that turn
I never imagined just how much I could learn
Time and space and fire and steel
All these things are magic, and magic is real
If it's never been done, you ask why not
Was it ever impossible? You just forgot
You're the universe's own child at play
You take my hand and you take me, you take me away

And we've all the time in the world
With a tool in hand and a gleeful grin
You opened the door and you let me in
Wherever you go, that's where I'll be
Companion to the man who holds the key

(Time for pleasure, time for pain)
(Face the wind and face the rain)
(Sun and storm and mystery)
(Arguing with history)

You're arrogant and troublesome, impetuous and vain
Yet you love your fellow creatures with a joy you can't explain
There's loneliness in genius, and a price to pay for power
But there's me
By your side
Every hour

We dance in the future and we walk the past
The hours last a lifetime, but the years, they go so fast
We laugh at the storm and stare into the sun
The secret of our story is the story's never done
And when the wolf is at the door
I look in your eyes and I don't fear it anymore

So hold my hand and step on through
And let me see the universe with you

And we've all the time in the world
With a tool in hand and a gleeful grin
You opened the door and you let me in
Wherever you go, that's where I'll be
Companion to the man who holds the key

All the time in the world
All the time in the world

(Time for reason, time for chance)
(Learn to play and learn to dance)
(Trust in you and trust in me)
(Imagination is the key)

(Anything is possible)
(Anything is possible)