



“Hard Road” by Jammshed

Written by Mike Soanes

From the album “Eden” released March 2017

I was stepping out, through the trees and the brush.
I was looking ahead, I was thinking about us.
And I was looking back, to see where we’d come from.
It’s been a hard road, we’ve been travelling on.

And there’s people here I would hate to lose.
And the river runs, carries away my blues.

From the Dogleap Stairs to the City Road,
And along these streets they’ll be someone I know.
From the Pithead Wheel to the Baltic Quay,
From the Border Ridge to the Northern Sea.

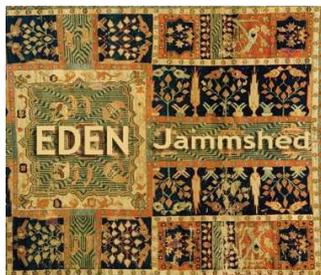
And there’s people here I would hate to lose.
And the river runs, carries away my blues.

Sometimes it feels like I’ve been sleeping,
But feel my heart - it’s still beating.
Yes, it’s beating.

I’ve been a working man and I’ve paid my dues;
And it’s time to shake off those walking blues.
And the tide is low; I see the rocks and the mud.
Trees lying in the water, washed down in the flood.

And there’s people here I would hate to lose.
And the river runs, carries away my blues.

Sometimes it feels like I’ve been sleeping,
But feel my heart - it’s still beating.
Yes, it’s beating.



“Eden” by Jammshed

Written by Mike Soanes

From the album “Eden” released March 2017

Long road, slow drive,
Safe and sound, you’ve arrived.
Not in our wildest dreams,
Could we see how beautiful you’d be.

Murmur in the wind, became a shout,
One minute you’re in, the next you’re out.
What a miracle to see,
Those blue eyes looking straight at me.

Just take your time,
Look over that hill,
All these empty pages to fill.

Western clouds drifting by,
Telling their stories in the sky.
Scur Na Ciche, Cuillin,
An eagle rising on the wind.

Just take your time,
Look over that hill,
All these empty pages to fill.

Jannat Adni, *
Shinar**, Pardes. ***

Path to the sea, sand at your feet,
Endless horizon is yours to keep.
Your hand in mine,
All those mountains we will climb,

Just take your time,
Look over that hill,
All these empty pages to fill.

*Jannat Adni - Muslim for Garden of Eden/Heaven

** Shinar - An ancient land in Mesopotamia where the Garden of Eden may have been situated

*** Pardes - Hebrew/Persian: Garden/Paradise



“Valentine’s Day” by Jammshed

Written by Mike Soanes

From the album “Eden” released March 2017

Now you’re sitting here beside me,
And you’re looking really fine.
It’s so good to talk together,
On this Valentine.

And now we’re feeling pretty mellow,
The wine is loosening up our tongues.
We’re not thinking about tomorrow,
But then tomorrow never comes.

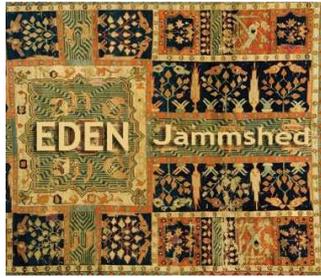
And then the question,
I should never ask,
When I’m in this state of mind.
Don’t talk about the present, the future or the past,
It’s safer every time.

“Would you still be here beside me,
If the kids were up and gone?
I get the feeling that when they’re leaving,
You won’t be staying long>”

It’s not so difficult to answer,
It’s a simple “yes” or “no”.
But I could paint your hesitation,
And hang it on the wall.

Yes, it’s the question,
I should never ask,
When we’re in this state of mind.
‘Shouldn’t talk about the present, the future or the past,
It’s safer every time.

And now I’m leaning on the back wall,
With the starry sky above.
Wondering what happened to the evening,
What happened to our love?



“I’m Not Satisfied” by Jammshed

Written by Mike Soanes

From the album “Eden” released March 2017

I’m not satisfied,
I feel that I,
I want more.

More than you give,
I want to live,
Life to the full.

I want to feel your kiss,
Reach into this emptiness,
Make my heart beat once more.

Less smoke more fire;
I want to feel the heat of your desire.

I want to lose this sense of time,
Slipping through these hands of mine,
I want more.

I want to touch this wilderness,
I want to find what the reason is,
Why I want more

Less smoke more fire;
I want to feel the heat of your desire.

I’m not satisfied,
I feel that I,
I want more.

More than you give,
I want to live,
Life to the full.



“Robert’s Song” by Jammshed

Written by Mike Soanes

From the album “Eden” released March 2017

I was sitting with Robert on the side of my bed
Talking about these words I'd read,
Something called "Brown's Ferry Blues".
He said, "I've been there and my story's been told,
About me and the devil and that dirty crossroad
And I can see by your eyes that you've been there too.

Yes, I've been there so many times that I've lost my way,
When you look at me with those Disney eyes
I'm like a schoolboy lost for words to say

I can feel the rain in the wind.
I can feel the sun on my skin
And the river runs to the sea again.

Down the 'Gaiety' on a Saturday night
With a uniformed policeman on my right
You've got to take your dad along to hear the blues.
And on this lonely stage deep in the fen
Where your childhood dreams begin and end
The faces pass before your eyes.

Yes, I've been there so many times that I've lost my way,
When you look at me with those Disney eyes
I'm like a schoolboy lost for words to say.

I can feel the rain in the wind.
I can feel the sun on my skin
And the river runs to the sea again.

He said, "Ain't no white man gonna sing my blues;
You can't wear my walking shoes;
You've got to find your own way home.
Don't let the sand slip through your hands,
Your chances fade as your story ends.
Just jump inside, see where it goes."

I've been there so many times that I've lost my way,
When you look at me with those Disney eyes
I'm like a schoolboy lost for words to say

I can feel the rain in the wind.
I can feel the sun on my skin
And the river runs to the sea again.