

Colors and Places and Time
By John E. Martin

My life is a multiple shade
Of colors and places and time.
My life, well it just wasn't made
To think of two loves at one time.

And each time I fall, the piano, it smiles
And says, "Come and make love to a rhyme."
My life is a multiple shade
Of colors and places and time.

Tonight I lay alone in bed.
I dream of holding your dear head.
I wonder if illusions are for free.
London, Paris, Florence, Rome,
We've seen them all without a home.
But distance seems to be our destiny.
And I'm lonely for my lover.
She lives across the sea.
And I'm lonely for my lover.
And I wonder if she's lonely for me.

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Love it came and love it left.
It took my heart. It took my breath.
It took my very living entity.
And if it comes again I'll know.
Don't hesitate, don't be slow.
The color of the times our destiny.

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To think of two loves at one time.

And each time I fall, the piano, it smiles and says, "Come and make love to a rhyme."
My life is a multiple shade of colors and places and time.

I'm Living In My Piano
by John E. Martin

I'm Living In My Piano
With a great big grin
And a violin
And a full moon out the window

I'm Living In My Piano
With a slide trombone
And a saxophone
And a piccolo that's funny

And hand in hand up the moon beam
Right up to the stars we go
And out beyond the stars
You find out just what life can show you

I'm Living In My Piano
With a Broadway cast
And a trumpet blast
And a piccolo that's funny

I'm Living In My Piano
With a four piece band
A conductor's stand
And a snare drum out of money

Wouldn't it be great to see
The sunshine and the rain
The winds across the water
And the golden fields of grain

Wouldn't it be great to see
A moon beam with your name
Risin' out beyond the stars
Where life is more than life can show you.

I'm Living In My Piano.
I'm Living In My Piano.
My address is grand and I'll take my stand
Near the full moon out the window

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Back Out On My Own
By John E. Martin

It's so hard to say goodbye. It's so hard to be alone again.
Heaven knows how hard we tried. It's so hard to say goodbye.

But I'm back out on my own. Gettin' stronger every day and night.
Lookin' forward to the mornin' light. But I'm back out on my own.

Isn't it hard to fall in love again?
All of the time you spent alone,
Finding yourself, and then...
Suddenly someone else has entered in.
But can you be yourself
When you're with someone else?
You think you're on your way
To find a brighter day, and then...

All your memories come again.
And you find yourself out in the night.
Lookin' forward to the mornin' light.
All your memories come again.

So you go back out on your own'
And you find yourself out in the night.
Lookin' forward to the mornin' light.
You go back out on your own.

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So you go back out on your own'
And you find yourself out in the night.
Lookin' forward to the mornin' light.
You go back out on your own.

What's Your Part?
By John E. Martin

I haven't written a song in so very long
And now I find myself writing a song about you.
A little liquor, an hour by the fire.
A touch of friendship turned into desire and
Suddenly, all that I thought I had wanted came true.

What's your part in this mystery of life?
Is there something you can do?
What's your part in this mystery of life?
Or is the whole world just a little part of you?

And then the mornin' light shown on the sand.
The music stopped and we shut down the band
And all of the songs we were singin'
Had almost come true.

Conductor smiled and he looked at the sky.
Waved the stars and the moon right on by
And naked the universe whispered,
"Now what about you?"

What's your part in this mystery of life?
Is there something you can do?
What's your part in this mystery of life?
Or is the whole world just a little part of you?

I haven't written a song in so very long
And now I find myself writing a song about you.

You are the secrets we hide deep inside.
You are the pleasures of life's simple ride.
You are the song of the soul
That will always shine through.

What's your part in this mystery of life?
Is there something you can do?
What's your part in this mystery of life?
Or is the whole world just a little part of you?

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