

frank music affiliates ● bob kessler

"A WARM DECEMBER"

Lyric- Bob Kessler

Verse: Manna will sweeten our thirst land
Harvests of plenty bloom in the sand
Old will grow young and young will
grow strong
When December is warm.....

A Warm December
Is a seldom surprise
Like rain in the dessert
Or the look in your eyes
Like the hills of heaven
We can ~~xxx~~ only hope to see
Will you make my December warm for me?

A Warm December
Comes but once in a while
It's wine in it's vintage
It's my heart when you smile
You're the sheltered island
In the windy winter sea
Will you make my December warm for me?

It's wine more perfect

autumn sea

A Warm December
Is the dream that comes true
The cold cannot touch me
In the sunshine of you
You're Spring come early,
You're the Summer yet to be
Yes, you'll make my December warm for me.

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"SONNY CARSON' SONG"

Lyric - Bob Kessler

Can somebody tell me
How did I end up here?
Where are the trumpets,
And why don't the people cheer?
Ev'rything's diff'rent,
Ev'ryone's gone away
And here I am losing
A game I don't know how to play

(Chorus)

Ridin' the road to nowhere
Old non-stop express
How do we do it?
We do it to death!!!

"THIS IS GONNA HURT"

File Copy
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music and lyric by

Bob Kessler

This is gonna hurt,
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Tellin' you goodbye
This is gonna hurt
An' someone's gonna cry

Someone's gonna moan,
yeah, yeah, yeah,
Tears are gonna start
Bein' all alone
Will tear someone apart

Though I've tried
Ev'ry way I could
To work it out
Nothin' did much good
You just don't care
The way I care for you

So it's true that...

This is gonna hurt
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Bad as it can be
Someone's gonna cry
Just wait and see.....
Someone's gonna cry
An' that someone is me.

"ROCK IN MY SHOE"

(Gilutin-Kessler)

Soon as it stops rainin'
Gonna get back on my feet
Soon as things get looser
Gonna get out on the street
Gonna get it all together
Got a lot I wanna do
Soon as I feel better
Gonna show the world a thing or two

(Chorus) OOH..... I been so blue
 But what can I do
 I got a rock in my shoe
 OOH.... I'm overdue
 But you know it's true
 That there's a rock in my shoe.....

If I'd only get discovered
I know I could be a star
I would love to be your lover
If you'd tell me who you are
There ain't nothin' gonna stop me
Soon a somethin' comes my way
Gonna have it all tomorrow
If I get a call today.....

(Chorus)

If You Live a Hundred Years

If You Live a Hundred Years will your world be just the same

Will you turn your eyes from evil saying "I am not to blame."

Will your children be surrounded by the problems you won't face

Will the world be as you found it or an even poorer place

If You Live a Hundred Years will you never think it strange

Though you damn the world's injustice you do nothing for a change

Or will you use what has been given to create the new frontiers

Of a world you'd like to live in If You Live a Hundred Years

Will you whisper to your conscience "There's not much one man can do"

Or hear the thunder in the whispers of a million more like you

If You Live a Hundred Years and alone you stand and fall

It won't make the slightest difference if you ever lived at all

But if you reach out to another, share his toil and his tears,

If you once call someone "Brother" than you'll Live a Hundred Years

IT'S ALL RIGHT

Music and Lyric by Bob Kessler

Well, its Saturday night and I'm spending my time with you
An' I'm tellin' you true we can do what you want to do
We can talk, take a walk, maybe look at what's on TV
Tell a joke, take a toke, well, you know its okay with me
 We can dance til the morning ligh
 Just as long as you stay the night

It's All Right

It's All Right

We can play some guitar and sing til the stars are gone
Get the juke box blues, put some Leadbelly music on
Then we'll talk about rings and more Saturday things to do
And I'll tell you I'm glad that I got it so bad for you
 Gonna love you with all my mght
 Everything when I hold you tight

It's All Right

It's All Right

Never lettin' you out of sight
Though I'm playin' with dynamite

It's All Right

It's All Right

It's All Right

"MEA CULPA, BABY"

Lyric- Eric Blau Music- Bob Kessler

I walked along broad Michigan, being superficial
About the dead and vanished Indians who would never rise to raid again
Thinking, thinking, thinking, about the times we all must live in
And I was appropriately grieving about the cops and Mayor Daley
And MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA

And here's the truth I never told you. I hope it sends you reeling.
I talk, I talk, I talk, I talk but I haven't any feelings
About the cops and Mayor Daley or the people of Chicago

But on solemn state occasions I can stand there crying
Like Presidents, Premieres and Kings and you will know I'm lying
Like any goddamn statesman and you will know I cannot feel a thing
Because if I'm not dead I'm dying
As the time runs out before me
And Death stops me at the drawbridge
With all the signs that say DEAD END
And who goes there before me never was my enemy or friend
And MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA

So come home with me my lover,
Come home and go to bed
Where we can touch each other
And let our bodies talk instead
And we will be all breasts and thighs
Open mouths and open eyes
While I hope that in the morning
I'll feel suddenly alive
But Oh, Beloved Stranger,
I have felt that way a thousand times
For who was in my bed that night
Those thousand, thousand, thousand nights
When I told them all my thousand, thousand lies
Noone wants to see it, though,
Noone wants to really know
That I died a thousand years ago
When the sparrow fell.....
And I turned away my head.....

Like the trailer of a movie, green and pink and groovy
About beautiful people made of tin, in the deluge and getting rusty
Thinking, thinking, thinking about the times we all must live in
And I am appropriately grieving about the Czechs and all the Russians
And MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA

And here's the truth I never told you. I hope it sends you reeling.
I talk, I talk, I talk, I talk but I haven't any feelings
About the Czechs and all the Russians or the Blacks in dead Biafra

The transplanted heart's in season and the mind which has no reason
Begs for the oxygen of feeling, at least some pain, some agony
To prove that I am living, still I know I cannot feel a thing
Because if I'm not dead, I'm dying
As the time runs out before me
And Death stops me at the drawbridge
With all the signs that say DEAD END
And who goes there before me never was my enemy or friend
And MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA,
And MEA CULPA, BABY, MEA CULPA, BABY.....etc.

"NOW"

Lyric by Bob Kessler

Music- C.T. Perkinson

Now we touch,
Now we feel,
And the moments we imagined,
Now they're real
Don't ask why,
Don't ask how
Love allows no quizzes, all there is is
NOW

Now we kiss,
Now we play,
And the past and all the future
Fade away
Speak no speech,
Vow no vow,
Let tomorrow shatter,
We're what matters now

You and I, we run and fly and laugh and love
and share the sky

Us and we, the world extends as far as we can
reach and see.....

Now we feel,
Now we touch
And the falling towards each other
Means so much.

"THE MAN FROM MARTINIQUE"

~~music~~ and lyric by Bob Kessler

It was a night I'll never forget
The night that I met
The Man from Martinique

For when my ship stopped off for a day
I wandered away
And stayed for a week

It was the Market Place after dark
We met in the Park
He offered a tour

I found a small straw basket and hat,
A little glass cat,
And also AMOUR

Later on, I felt our fingers touch
I was gone, liking it much too much

A little walk, some dinner, and soon
The Martinique moon w
was shining above

Although my french was never too good
We both understood
The language of love

Time flew by past, love filling every day
Then at last, I had to sail away

And now and then, just once in a while,
I think of his smile
The way that he'd speak

And of the night I'll never forget
The night that I met
The Man from Martinique!