

When I Think of You

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Inspiration, stimulation,
Imagination sparks a new creation.
This is the part where every song has its start

Fantasizing, symbolizing,
Emphasizing what I'm visualizing
Words to express the feelings that I possess

And when I think of you
With these words my dreams come true

Tantalizing, hypnotizing
Tranquilizing music I'm devising
A smooth melody with layers of sweet harmony

And when I think of you
Music makes my dreams come true

Dreams are full of fantasies you can't ignore
Use your imagination and explore
The possibilities that wait for you
Release the muse; set inspiration through

Preparation, concentration,
Determination, final transformation
Just wait and see, it's all I hoped it would be

And when I think of you
Through this change my dreams come true

Dreams are full of fantasies you can't ignore
Use your imagination and explore
The possibilities that wait for you
Release the muse; set inspiration through

My expression, a reflection
Of my affection, attempt at perfection
Well, this is my song and in my heart it belongs

And when I think of you
In this song my dreams come true
And when I think of you
In this song my dreams come true

Most Anything

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You will reach the top this time
There's no mountain you can't climb
If you put your mind to it
So just believe that you can do it

You can do most anything
And deal with all that life might bring
So plan your future; why the wait?
You know there's no time to hesitate

Life holds things both good and bad
That leaves you happy; sometimes sad
You must make the right choices
So don't be swayed by strangers' voices

You can do most anything
And deal with all that life might bring
So plan your future; why the wait?
You know there's no time to hesitate

Find some new friends and seek a mate
It's senseless to procrastinate
'Cause life's too short to throw away
Each minute counts; begin today

You can do most anything
And deal with all that life might bring
So plan your future; why the wait?
You know there's no time to hesitate

Follow Our Dream

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*(An interpretation of "Dover Beach", a poem by
English poet and cultural critic, Matthew Arnold
(1822-1888))*

Come to the window and gaze out with me
A beautiful sunset reflects 'cross the sea
Yet pebbles and shells that are cast to the shore
Are echoing life's misery

There was a time when honesty's reign
Was vast as the sea without selfish gain
But now things have changed and faith I'm without
The lure of the world leads to pain

The most beautiful things in this world
May not always be what they seem
To trust in each other ensures
That together we'll follow our dream
Yes, together we'll follow our dream

So let us pledge to each other be true
In this land full of dreams elusive and new
For what the world holds, uncertain it seems,
May not be for me and for you

The most beautiful things in this world
May not always be what they seem
To trust in each other ensures
That together we'll follow our dream
Yes, together we'll follow our dream

Springtime*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

Warm days; sun rays
 Melt away the snow
 Rains come; green thumb
 Everything will grow
 Wild flow'rs; tall grass
 Covering the ground
 Earth awakens
 Nature's beauty found. It's...

Springtime
 Sitting out on the patio. It's...
 Springtime
 Another year has past, where did it go?
 Whoa...

Long walk; sweet talk
 Love is in the air
 Birds sing; bells ring
 Start a life to share
 Winds blow; kites fly
 Children all around
 Breath of new life
 Miracles abound. It's...

Springtime
 Sitting out on the patio. It's...
 Springtime
 Another year has past, where did it go?
 Yes, it's...
 Springtime
 You and I were still together
 Springtime
 Is this just a taste of forever?
 Whoa...

Good Times*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

You can be sure that I'll be here for you
 And do most anything you want me to.
 It's undeniable, you're still the one.
 I feel the same as when we just begun.

It's like a dream that keeps on comin' true,
 I can't imagine life with anyone but you
 We're so compatible you'll read my mind
 I know it's crazy but it's here where I find

Good times. Good ol' times.

Remember the days when we were young and free?
 Is that the way you'd like it still to be?
 We never cared about what people would say,
 Did what we wanted, always had our way.

Now, let's get serious, this can't be right.
 Is this a dream or have I seen the light?
 When you're with me I leave my troubles behind.
 It may seem crazy but it's here where I find

Good times. Good ol' times.

We're getting old but still we're young at heart.
 It's not too late to get a brand new start.
 Life's what you make of it so don't give out,
 Let's have some fun that's what it's all about.

It's like a dream that keeps on comin' true,
 I can't imagine life with anyone but you
 And getting old is just a state of mind
 It may seem crazy but it's here where I find

Good times. Good ol' times.
 Good times. Good ol' times.

To the Water*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

The fondest of memories I have from my childhood
 Were times we went out to the lake
 These expeditions, a family tradition
 In summer those trips we would take
 The heat was so blistering without air conditioning
 Yet all of this we'd tolerate
 'Cause we're goin'...

To the water of freedom
 To the water of peace
 To the water, so liberating
 To the water, our release

We reached camp by evening and sat 'round the fire
 The night air was breezy and cool
 Shining so bright was the moon off the water
 Just like a reflecting pool
 Early next morning we'd head for the lakefront
 And swim all day long, that's the rule
 When we'd go...

To the water of freedom
 To the water of peace
 To the water, so liberating
 To the water, our release

Splashing and screaming our young faces beaming
 Such a great feeling to be set free...

When I was older I needed a shoulder
 To lean on, and a loving hand.
 You came to my rescue; the hard times we got
 through
 But how, I don't quite understand
 And I'll never forget on that day we first met
 Together we skipped 'cross the sand,
 And went down...

To the water of freedom
 To the water of peace
 To the water, so liberating
 To the water, our release

Heal My Heart*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

Love has no boundaries; I've heard that it's true
 To hurt one another we never should do
 But rather forever our promises keep
 A test of commitment and love rooted deep

But so many times I've tried
 Too many nights I've cried
 Leaving me still to doubt
 Is this what love is all about?
 Oooo... Heal my heart

To hurt takes a moment, but healing is long
 So why do we do it when we know it's wrong?
 Break-ups and make-ups, around and around
 The cycle continues as we seek common ground

And so many times I've tried
 Too many nights I've cried
 Leaving me still to doubt
 Is this what love is all about?
 Oooo... Heal my heart

When we're together, though try as we may
 To make our lives better, we struggle each day
 With faith I'm encouraged and deep in my heart
 I hope for a future when healing will start

Yet so many times I've tried
 Too many nights I've cried
 Leaving me still to doubt
 Is this what love is all about?
 So please take away the pain
 Don't ever leave again
 Stay with me, let's work it through
 Then our dreams might still come true...
 Oooo... Heal my heart

Inside Out*©2008 Mark Muretisch*

Suddenly awakened
 It's five AM and I don't care
 I'm underneath the covers
 Don't want to come out of there
 I shuffle to the window
 Look's like we got a foot of snow
 Damn, that really blows my day
 Still you know I've got to go

I'm glad I'm on the inside lookin' out
 It's got to be freezin' out there, no doubt
 Sleepin' like a baby you don't even know
 Imagine being out in the snow, Oooooo!

At the kitchen table
 Sitting in my underwear
 With my morning coffee
 Hey, no one's looking, I don't care
 So, where's the daily paper?
 The weather's kept that boy away
 I wonder if he's coming
 Will he show up at all today?

I'm glad I'm on the inside lookin' out
 It's got to be freezin' out there, no doubt
 Sleepin' like a baby you don't even know
 Imagine being out in the snow, Oooooo!

Thumpin' at the front door
 It's got to be the wind and snow
 I'd better check it anyway
 The paper's here! Hey, wouldn't you know?
 Grab it quick and get back
 Oh, no! The door shut from behind
 I can't believe the fix I'm in
 Please open up your window blind

You'll see I'm on the outside lookin' in
 And freezing in my underwear to my chagrin
 Help me now before I start to scream and shout
 I can't believe I locked myself out, Oooooo!

And the City Burned*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch**(Ballad of the Great Pittsburgh Fire of 1845, based on historical accounts of that tragic event as reported in the local news publications of that time)*

It was just past noon on a windy day
 In eighteen forty-five
 When a washerwoman caused a fire
 That some would not survive
 Unable to control the flames
 Her shanty was consumed
 From that point on it came to pass
 The town was sadly doomed.

It quickly spread to the house next door
 Eastward the wind it blew
 Building after building burned
 There was nothing they could do
 Bells were ringing and people screaming
 Confusion everywhere
 When terror meets on crowded streets
 Be thankful you weren't there

From Ferry down to Second Street
 Across Market then to Wood
 It was just like Judgment Day
 Only ashes where the buildings stood

In a matter of five hours
 Most businesses were lost
 Fifteen hundred houses
 Tremendous was the cost
 Though desperately all tried their best
 To save their property
 Hundreds now returned to find
 What's left in the debris

From Ferry down to Second Street
 Across Market then to Wood
 It was just like Judgment Day
 Only ashes where the buildings stood

"Nothing spared and little saved,"
 Was the headline, cried the paperboy
 And the city burned 'til the flames met the river...
 When nothing more it could destroy

Seasons Change*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

Yellow, pink and baby blue
 Into this world we begin anew
 The springtime of our life will be
 Filled with growth and discovery

Deep green, blue sky and yellow sun
 We'll have success and lots of fun
 Summer raises spirits high
 The best of times we can't deny

Seasons change and so do we
 Beginning to end; our destiny
 What matters most is what we give
 Reflected in the way that we live

Orange and red and golden brown
 With youth behind we're slowing down
 Autumn's splendor veils instead
 A solemn time that lies ahead

Gray and black under cloak of white
 Quiet days and softer light
 Winter chills as night descends
 Life declines unto its end

Seasons change and so do we
 Beginning to end; our destiny
 What matters most is what we give
 Reflected in the way that we live

No Stress Attitude*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

My life is mundane and working's a bore
 Up early each morning though I wonder what for
 But what does it take to make it, you say?
 A prestigious career with a six-figure pay

Am I working smart or harder each day?
 Just doing the job and trading away
 The time that I spend for what I get paid
 Is there some relief? Please come to my aid

A wise man once said and this applies still
 If you let them do it to you surely they will
 But you're in control and that's always true
 Take charge of your life and your goals you'll pursue

Well, I'm on the road to freedom at last
 My worries behind; they're all in the past
 'Cause with this advice I'll do what I may
 Before all my time is just wasted away

A wise man once said and this applies still
 If you let them do it to you surely they will
 But you're in control and that's always true
 Take charge of your life and your goals you'll pursue

Saggy Pants*©2008 Mark W. Muretisch*

Is it a fashion? Is it a craze?
 Low-slung britches put me in a daze.
 Displaying their shorts or even their crack
 Street-strutting young men are under attack

Saggy pants – we don't want to see your backside
 Saggy pants – you could pay a big fine
 Saggy pants – is this just discrimination?
 Saggy pants – could be the end of the line

Is this rebellion, identity,
 Or just a sloppy trend to irk you and me?
 Now it has spread to our neighborhood
 Is it a problem or just misunderstood?

Saggy pants – we don't want to see your backside
 Saggy pants – you could pay a big fine
 Saggy pants – a bad example for our children
 Saggy pants – might be the end of the line

Some say it's harmless and only for fun
 Others insist that something be done
 Proposals were made to ban the attire
 Laws were imposed to raise the slacks higher

Saggy pants – we don't want to see your backside
 Saggy pants – you could pay a big fine
 Saggy pants – even get six months of jail time
 Saggy pants – now it's the end of the line