

Room to Breathe

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IF I WERE

(Gullahorn)

If I were the devil I wouldn't wear red
I wouldn't have horns or a pitchfork
I wouldn't breathe fire cause it might give me away
But if I were the devil you'd never know
I'd befriend you quick and corrupt you slow
so you don't notice until its far too late
If I were the devil
If I were the devil

If I were the devil I'd spend all day
lowering standards of what's okay
to think to say to watch on your tv
I'd break down the value of promises kept
and fade out truth till there's nothing left
except gossip and lies popping up as thick as weeds
If I were the devil,
If I were the devil

I might not be as foreign as you think
cause I wouldn't always show my evil side
I've got the time and patience just to wait
and steal your soul just one sin at a time
Like I would if I were

No I'm not the devil but if I was,
I'd take God's people and split them up
to keep their minds off who they're called to be
So they're no longer fighting over living or dead
is it the body or just bread
while all the unfed die hungry on the street

If I were the devil, If I were the devil
(Chorus)
I'd make moms and dads who never stick around
Pain so bad you have to drink to drown
And guilt so I can kick you when you're down

And I would if I were
If I were the devil I wouldn't wear red
I wouldn't breathe fire cause it might give me away

THE SECRET

(Gullahorn)

Back when Charlie was a boy

somebody handed a secret down
with a long list of unwritten rules
so he'd die before he let it out

He carried it like a silver dollar
in the pocket of his heart
It cried out for some room to breathe
but his pride just kept it in the dark

And the darkness was like rainfall to a flower
It needed it to grow
And the roots kept digging deeper
till they wrapped their wretched arms around his soul
Gotta let that secret go

That boy soon became a man
who thought he was too strong to lose
Surrounded by a wife and friends
who knew everything about him except the truth
The truth was like a double edged sword
in someone else's hands
He knew his friends would listen
but he never thought that they could understand
the way the secret can

In the middle of the sidewalk
is a single blade of grass
It kept pushing up from under
till it finally made a crack

When that crack became a canyon wide
it was past the point of covering
So with no familiar place to hide
Charlie set the secret free

Freedom was a hammer to a darkroom wall
that let the light shine through
He knew carrying secrets to the grave
was impossible to do
The secrets carry you

BEGINNING OF THE END

(Gullahorn/McCracken)

Just a few hours left
It could have been worse
At least it's all out on the table here between
who I really am and who you thought I was
Yeah there's freedom but the taste is bittersweet when you're

hungry for forgiveness

Truth comes like a thief when the ceiling caves in
Such a sweet relief the beginning of the end

You have to tear it apart to get the pieces to mend
Strange place to start – beginning of the end

Go ahead and cry
Get it all out
Take whatever you need
to muster up the strength
To look me in the eye and dig deep down
Far enough into the fire to find
the place where we started
Do you remember?

(Chorus)
If you're thinking its worth saving
you have to tear it apart
Strange place to start
(Chorus)

ROBERT'S LIKE A TRAIN

(Gullahorn)

Robert's off and on like a switch on the wall
His wagon's not as strong as we hoped that it was
Robert's like a train stuck inside the tracks
every day's the same slipping through the crack
Robert's like a train

Robert's shifty eyes never do let him rest
They spend all their time looking for something else
Robert's like a wheel taken for a spin
It's just the same old deal round and round again
Robert's like a wheel

You tell yourself you want to be free
then the quicksand covers your feet
The more you fight the deeper you sink
Robert's tired smile is only there to cover up
all the dark desires he does not really want

Robert's like a child cause children never know
what's pleasing to the eye can steal away your soul
Robert's like a train

BURNING BUSHES

(Gullahorn/Kinney)

I've never seen a dead man come to life
or seen a blind man get his sight
I've never seen water turned to wine

It isn't that I don't believe
but it would be easier for me
if you would just send down a sign

I remember the childlike innocence
A faith with no coincidence

The world around was living proof

Has that world just disappeared
or is it me that isn't clear
on how to recognize its you

I'm praying for a miracle to let me know you're listening
Waiting for a lightning bolt to strike
Walking through a garden of a thousand burning bushes
looking up to heaven for a sign

I walk through the water and the waves
looking for a drop of rain
but you're still not coming through
Maybe its new eyes that I need
or maybe it takes more faith to see
I'm drowning in the truth

(Chorus)

GREEN HILLS MALL

(Gullahorn)

A sixteen year old driver
almost caught me in a crash
trying to park her brand new Tahoe
that she probably bought with cash
that she saved from her allowance
probably two three months that's all
Just another day at green hills mall

I saw a mother push a stroller
to the Gap Kids checkout line
I was blinded by the diamond
on the baby's pacifier
When they asked for cash or credit
the butler gave his card
Just another day at green hills mall

I don't want to be that rich
I have never been that rich
Maybe if I was that rich
I would understand
what it's like to drop ten grand on clothes
and not be hurt at all
Just another day at green hills mall

I could feel her start to staring
just as soon as I walked in
thinking he looks like a lifter
better keep an eye on him
As I was walking out I heard her
give security a call
Just another day at green hills mall

I don't want to be that rich
I have never been that rich
Maybe if I was that rich
I would understand
what its like to just buy caviar and feed it to my dog
Just another day at green hills mall

As I was looking over SUV's

to try to find my truck
a silver haired old lady
in a gold jaguar pulled up
She handed me a dollar bill
and keys to valet park
Just another day at green hills mall

I don't blame her for her mistake
The shorts and tennis shoes were a dead giveaway
You can't wear that stuff in that place
unless you're a power walker then its OK

I twirled her keys around my finger
thinking what would Jesus do
You see he's usually a giver
but he's been known to taketh too
Now I'm the only dad in Bellevue
with a jag in my garage
to remind me of the green hills mall

FREEDOM

(Gullahorn)

Every summer they'd load the car
and drive up to the mountains
A family tradition going on fifteen years
She was the oldest and the only one not laughing,
her mind a million miles away somewhere

Her parents always gave her everything she wanted
until all she wanted was to get away
So she ran off with some guy she knew from high school
They'd stay out all night long, paint the town and say

So this is freedom
So this is what its like to get behind the wheel
This is freedom
I used to wonder now I know the way it feels
This is freedom

Just three years later he was way out of the picture
But he left her with two little boys
They lived off welfare checks to put food on the table
At night you'd hear her crying picking up the toys

(Chorus)

It wasn't what she hoped for
All those dreams were only lies
She could take it as a curse or
she could look through different eyes

Every summer they load the car
and drive up to the mountains
A modern day family in a minivan
She can hear the children laughing in the back seat
and with each passing mile she understands

(Chorus)

HAND IT DOWN

(Gullahorn/Kinney)

This baseball glove was broken in
when your old man was just a kid
With backyard ball, fielding flies
till they got lost in the night
Its too small for my hand now
I think its time to hand it down

This beat up bike with rusted chrome
and baseball cards in the spokes
Mickey Mantle clapped for me
as your old man went down the street
I'm too big to ride it now
Just one more thing I'm handing down

I'll give you all I have to make it through this world we live in
Life is just a long line of passing down what we've been given
Your great-grandma first became
a young boy's mom in thirty-eight
With my old man on her knee she began a legacy
of giving love that don't run out
I'm doing my best to hand it down

BROKEN PLACES

(Gullahorn)

I'd like to find the guy who said this was an easy life
and call him the liar that he is
Cause by now I've lived long enough to know
its uphill in the snow and barefoot most the time

They cast it like a lure with TBN brochures
that say your trouble's all behind you
But they lie, Its not that cut and dry
They falsely advertise covering up the truth

That this world breaks us all
and when it does some will fall
but those who rise
are just the strong in the broken places

I wish they'd show me where it says my cross to bear
is really just an illustration
because sometimes I feel it on my back
and the pain is not saying that
I'm doing something wrong

(Chorus)

And if God sent his Son
to become just like us
and He came and He cried
and He bled and He died
doesn't that prove that its true

MEMORY OF YOU

(Gullahorn)

I drive past the school where we met
Past the deserted drive in

Down to the park where we kissed the first time
Turn right past the town Texaco
Go down a familiar old road
Pull up to what once was your home and cry

Not a day goes by
you don't cross my mind every minute
In this small town every road I go down
I get lost in the memory of you

Too lonely to wipe off the tears
and too tired to start over from here
I just put the car back in gear
and drive

Past our favorite roadside café
Past the farm fields of cotton and grain
to the tree where we carved out our names
and I cry

(Chorus)

Forever's a strong word to me
I really hoped it could be
But I carve it back out of that tree
and cry and cry and cry

HOLY FLAKES

(Gullahorn)

On top of a dusty shelf in a small town grocery
were boxes of some store brand flakes
that hadn't sold in years
The manager that transferred in
with marketing degrees
thought he could sell that cereal with his big fresh ideas

He found a picture of the pope
and when he got it scanned,
used Photoshop to take a spoon
and put it in his hand

Then a bubble with a caption
of what the pope was trying to say,
If you're a Christian act like one
and eat your Holy Flakes

Holy Flakes, Holy Flakes
Holy Holy Holy, Holy Flakes

The same old folks came in that week
to get their raisin bran
They all felt convicted when they saw the holy man
so they filled their carts up with John Paul
instead of stuff they liked

They thought it was their duty
as the good God fearing kind

(Chorus)

And the Holy Flakes sold so well
they couldn't keep them on the shelf

so they diversified
Soon there were Sacred Chips,
Virgin Mary Chicken Strips
and Prince of Peace Apple Pie

It doesn't matter if it has no taste
cause its all in the name
Soon they had a one brand town
with pantries all the same

It left them with no appetite
for stuff that broke the mold
and a faith that was as shallow
as the milk left in the bowl
of Holy Flakes

SILENT MOVIE

(Gullahorn/Noel)

I was lost and wandering
desperate for someone to guide me
You had no words to give
just started walking beside me

Sometimes the best advice is
better seen than heard
like a silent movie
talking without words

When I came for help again
Some wisdom that I could borrow
You still had no words to give
only footsteps to follow

Like a silent movie speak into the eyes
Paint the world a window
and show them what's inside

Sometimes the best advice is
better seen than heard
like a silent movie
talking without words

Just like some guy I knew
in some book I read somewhere
always had something to do
to show that he cared

(Chorus)

GIVE ME GRACE

(Gullahorn)

Last time I was here I swore that I would change
and said only a fool would
make the same mistakes

Being the fool I am, I'm back again
I've got no good excuse
I'm out of things to say
I'm starting to believe I'll always be this way

My only hope inside
is that you would hear my cry

Give me grace for when I can't stop falling
Give me strength to help me get back up
Give me faith without proof
Give me wisdom and truth
Give me You

I know I've got a choice
but I don't want to choose
I've tried that before
and I know I stand to lose
I can not control these failings on my own

(Chorus)

THEY WERE RIGHT

(Gullahorn)

Everyone said you'd change my life
They were right everything changed
Everyone said I'd be surprised
and I was surprised that labor day

Everyone said how tired I'd be
They said I'd get no sleep when you come
But everyone knows the way things are
Its goodbye heart, hello son

Everyone dreams about this life
and so did I everyday
Now everyone says we look alike
They say you've got my eyes and my name

So every night I lay you down to bed
and try to sing your tired eyes to sleep
I think of all the changes still ahead
and thank the Lord for giving you to me

For everything gained,
all we've lost is just a small sacrifice
Everyone said I'd love you more
than anything in this world
and they were right

NEVER LET ME DOWN

(Gullahorn)

I guess I learned the hard way
that this world can't give me what I need
Even though the house I built on sand
was swallowed by the sea,
You never let me down

Sometimes I think I'll only be content
with things that money buys
Its like trying to squeeze water from a stone
it will not provide
But You never let me down

You might let me cry
You might let me sing
You might let me feel a fraction of your suffering
But you won't let me down

If I could just stop striving
and surrender to Your holy power
I know Your loving arms will lift me up
and never let me down

ROAD TO RUIN

(Gullahorn)

I'm on the road to ruin, I should turn around
but I don't have the strength to turn away
from the fruit that came of the choice I made today
What a shame

I'm on the road to ruin, Distractions got the best of me
I should have the mind to realize
that a crooked line is going to bleed right
to the spine of my demise

Someday I'm going to hear
all the lessons you've been trying to say
I'm going to be the man that you want me to be someday

With a whole new way to live
and a change so big I'll never fall back in again
Till then I'm on the road to ruin

I know exactly where I'm lost
Somewhere between what I've done
and what I might become
But you stay anyway