



**Wait No More**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2018 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Oh don't make me wait no more

I pray for lightening  
I pray for rain  
I pray for the phone to ring  
And you to speak my name

I keep the phone on the table  
Keep the table by the bed  
I keep the receiver  
Right next to my head

The receiver and a razor  
Right next to my head

Back broken from the burden  
I carry around  
It's knowing that my love is running  
All over town

Time eats away steel  
Stone and wood  
At me while I'm waiting  
For you to make good

I waste away waiting here  
For you to make good

Oh don't make me wait no more  
Oh don't make me wait no more

You are like whiskey  
You are like pills  
You are the fever  
That's making me ill

But the fever dreams  
They are just so sweet  
So if I die before I wake  
Lord take me

If I die before I wake  
Won't you Lord

I am high on the pain  
Black wings white sheets  
I fall down drunk on sorrow  
Right here in the street

'Cause God is in the details  
And the Devil is too  
Both are at the gates of hell  
Calling for you

I am at the gates of hell  
Screaming for you

Oh don't make me wait no more  
Oh don't make me wait no more  
I can't stand it no more babe  
No

Oh don't make me wait no more  
Oh don't make me wait no more

### **Everybody Knows**

Written by Leonard Cohen/Sharon Robinson. Copyright © 1988 Sony ATV Songs LLC/Wixen Music Publishing (ASCAP/SOCAN).

Everybody knows that the dice are loaded  
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed  
Everybody knows that the war is over  
Everybody knows the good guys lost  
Everybody knows the fight was fixed  
The poor stay poor the rich get rich  
That's how it goes

Everybody knows

Everybody knows that the boat is leaking  
Everybody knows that the captain lied  
Everybody got this broken feeling  
Like their father or their dog just died  
Everybody talking to their pockets  
Everybody wants a box of chocolates  
And a long stem rose  
Everybody knows

Everybody knows that you love me baby  
Everybody knows that you really do  
Everybody knows that you've been faithful  
Ah give or take a night or two  
Everybody knows you've been discreet  
But there were so many people you just had to meet  
Without your clothes  
And everybody knows

Everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
That's how it goes  
Everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
That's how things goes  
Everybody knows

And everybody knows that it's now or never  
Everybody knows that it's me or you  
And everybody knows that you live forever  
Ah when you've done a line or two  
Everybody knows the deal is rotten  
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton  
For your ribbons and bows  
And everybody knows

And everybody knows that the Plague is coming  
Everybody knows that it's moving fast  
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman  
Are just a shining artifact of the past  
Everybody knows the scene is dead  
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed  
That will disclose  
What everybody knows

And everybody knows that you're in trouble  
Everybody knows what you've been through  
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary  
To the beach of Malibu  
Everybody knows it's coming apart  
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart  
Before it blows  
And everybody knows

Everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
That's how it goes  
Everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
That's how things goes  
Everybody knows

## **Cold War**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2006 Hand Over Foot Publishing (ASCAP).

I been knocking  
At your door  
Don't call these bloody knuckles bad luck  
Call them battle scars

I been waiting  
For your light to turn on  
Patient nascent faith in the impossible dream  
Keeps me hanging on

I been down down down  
For way too long  
But if you think that cold should gonna roll me over  
Baby you're wrong

I been down down down  
On my knees  
But it's a cold war baby  
You won't see no white flag from me

I been hurting  
Way deep inside  
Internal bleeding feeding my needing  
Only one thing can satisfy

I been beating  
My head against that wall  
Cold stone all alone but even cold stone  
Can fall

I been down down down  
For way too long  
But if you think I can't recover from my lover  
Well then baby you're wrong

I been down down down  
On my knees  
But it's a cold war baby  
You won't see no white flag from me

If waiting is a weapon  
I got the magic bullet  
Fire with precision in this war of attrition  
There ain't nothing to it

I been down down down  
For way too long  
No pretenses in the trenches  
And I am in for the haul

I been down down down  
On my knees  
But it's a cold war baby  
You won't see no white flag from me

Yes it's a cold war honey  
You won't get no surrender from me

### **Bitter Seeds**

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The fruit of what we do  
Sometimes it overwhelms the vine  
Keep watering the bitter seeds  
They are sure to grow in time

I remember well the day  
The light went from your eyes  
We beat that bloody horse to death  
Till something broke inside

I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes  
I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes

Just try to love without drawing blood  
It's assisted suicide  
A word a fist a careless kiss  
A thousand ways to die

I need to be more to you  
Than a method to survive  
Life support and tubes and chords  
There is so much more to this life

But I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes  
I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes

You killed two birds with just one stone  
And a thousand little lies  
Still I wear my skin paper thin  
To keep this love alive

Though no one asks the question  
They can read between the lines  
If I could I'd explain this all away  
But the words won't come out right

I know the world keeps turning  
While I keep singing the same line  
Well I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes

I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes  
I guess we all go  
A little crazy sometimes

### **Little Wars**

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I tried to give you what you need  
You took all that you could  
We both ended up bleeding out  
On this battlefield of love

There are no saviors only soldiers  
In this private little war  
No victims only killers  
Broken bodies on the floor

I want to know  
I want to know  
Are there ever any survivors  
Of love's little wars

Yeah I know I was outgunned  
Tell the folks back home I tried  
I fought tooth and nail for love  
Until it rolled over and died

Mother lay me down now  
Have mercy on my soul  
I had summer in my heart  
While I was dying in the cold

I want to know  
I want to know  
Are there ever any survivors  
Of love's little wars

Well everything is wreckage now  
All we are and all we know  
All the kings horses and his men  
But the cracks will always show

The scars and stripes are visible  
To strangers on the street  
I feel like a broken record  
On repeat repeat repeat repeat

I want to know  
I want to know  
Are there ever any survivors  
Of love's little wars

### **La Llorona**

Traditional Mexican. Arrangement by Tori Sparks © 2014.

Todos me dicen del negro Llorona  
Negro pero cariñoso  
Yo soy como el chile verde Llorona  
Picante pero sabroso

Ay de mi Llorona Llorona  
Llorona llévame al río  
Tápame con tu rebozo Llorona  
Porque me muero de frío

Cada vez que entra la noche Llorona  
Me pongo a pensar y digo  
De que me sirve la cama Llorona  
Si tu no duermes conmigo

Si vez a ricos que ríen Llorona  
Que ríen al caminar  
Es porque a los pobres roban Llorona  
Toda su felicidad

Ay de mi Llorona Llorona  
Llorona de azul celeste  
Aunque la vida me cueste Llorona  
No dejare de quererte

### **Verde**

Lyrics from the poem Romance Sonámbulo by Federico García Lorca. Music written by José Manuel Ortega Heredia.  
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Verde que te quiero verde  
Verde viento verde ramas  
El barco sobre la mar  
El caballo en la montaña

Verde que yo te quiero verde  
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Con la sombra en la cintura,  
Ella sueña en su baranda  
Verde ojos negro pelo  
Su cuerpo de fría plata

Verde que yo te quiero verde  
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Compadre quiero cambiar  
Mi caballo por tu casa  
Mi montura por tu espejo  
Mi cuchillo por tu manda

Verde que yo te quiero verde  
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Compadre vengo sangrando  
Desde los puertos de Cabra  
Y si yo fuera mocito  
Este trato lo cerraba

Verde que yo te quiero verde  
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Verde que te quiero verde  
Verde viento verde rama  
El barco sobre la mar  
El caballo en la montaña

Verde que yo te quiero verde  
Verde que yo te quiero verde

### **Until Morning**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2011 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Stay just for a little while  
Let your smile be the light in my room  
Give me until morning  
Lend me your skin until the day comes too soon

Because I love you  
I love you the way the track loves the train  
Yes I love you  
I love you the way the cure loves the pain

I was waiting  
I have been waiting for you

I'd been waking up cold  
I'd been waking up haunted  
Haunted by dreams haunted by things  
I didn't even know that I wanted

Until I loved you  
Now I love you the way the tide loves the sand  
Yes I love you  
Just like the gun loves the trigger-happy hand

I was waiting  
I have been waiting for you

Yes I love you  
I love you the way the wick loves the flame  
I love you  
I didn't know what I didn't have until I learned your name

I was waiting  
I have been waiting for you

Stay just for a little while  
Lend me your skin  
I am watching you sleep  
As the day creeps in

### **Sinner's Shoes**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2014 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Low  
Light  
Nervous hands  
Pour the wine

So  
Tight  
Your iron grip on control slips  
Your mouth on mine

You can blame it on the moment  
You can blame it on the mood  
You can blame it on me if it makes you feel better  
I've got nothing left to lose

Some things in this old world  
Just happen  
The earth quakes the sea shakes  
And floods

But when lightening strikes  
In the same place twice  
Well that's an act of man and woman  
Not an Act of God

You can blame it on bad judgment  
You can blame it on the booze  
You can blame it on me if it makes you feel better  
And I will walk a mile in sinner's shoes



You can blame it on the weather  
On those strange Southern winds that blew  
I will go all-in on a bad hand  
I've got nothing left to lose

Because I've already lost you  
I've already lost you

Low light  
You can't meet my eyes  
Because these bruises  
Fit the shape of your hands

Little wonder little bird  
If you don't know which way is up  
With your lovely head stuck deep  
In the sand

You can blame it on temptation  
I mean what's a poor man to do  
You can blame it on me if it makes you feel better  
And I will wear the scarlet  
Letter for you

You can blame it on the red red Devil  
You certainly gave him his due  
I will stand naked at the cross and testify  
That I've got nothing left to lose

Because I've already lost you  
I've already lost you

### **La Flor de Estambul**

Lyrics written by Javier Ruibal. Music written by Erik Satie. Copyright © 1994 Sociedad General de Autories de España (SGAE).

Debutó en París  
La Flor de Estambul  
Comenzó a bailar  
Y todo se quedó en silencio

Luz en tornasol  
Púrpura y añil  
De su mano alada  
Hasta la gracia de su pecho

Y quién no da la vida por un sueño  
De diosa modelada por el genio

Ni favorita de sultán ni esclava en venta  
En la puerta de Oriente  
Ella es la estrella de Pigalle  
La danzarina que burló su suerte

Y quién no da la vida por ser dueño  
Del aire que se agita tras su velo

A conquistar la Tour Eiffel  
Pisando la soberbia de Occidente  
Esa es la estrella de Pigalle  
La danzarina que me hirió de muerte

Y quién no da la vida por un sueño  
de diosa modelada por el genio

## **La Huerta**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2017 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Solo para verte desde lejos  
Yo iría lo que sea  
Que hubiese pagado para tenerte a mi lado  
Por un día mas

Hay flores en esa vida que solo viven por un día  
Como nuestro pobre amor  
Las espinas afiladas no han dejado nada  
Ninguna semilla que luego crecería de nuevo

Solo para verte desde lejos  
Yo haría lo que sea  
Que hubiese pagado para sentirme a tu lado  
Hoy y siempre

Hay flores en esa vida que solo viven por un día  
Como nuestro loco amor  
Solo hay raíces muertas no hay nada en la huerta  
Ninguna semilla que luego crecería de nuevo

Hay amores en ese mundo que ni duran un segundo  
Expuestos al frio y dolor  
Quedan huesos y cenizas ni lagrimas ni risas  
Ninguna semilla que luego crecería de nuevo

## **On My Mind**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2011 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Time passes like a river  
Sometimes angry and strong  
Sometimes wired tired muddy mired  
Like a worn out gospel song

Sometimes it takes me with it  
Just carries me along  
Sometimes it just leaves me behind  
With nothing but you on my mind

On my mind  
You're on my mind

I am always out of tune with you  
But still I play along  
The same blue notes the same black words  
The same sad song

So I try to sleep you off  
Like a good trip gone wrong  
But it seems even my dreams are on your side  
Nothing but you on my mind

On my mind  
You're on my mind

I keep telling myself  
Cut my losses let you go  
Leave the baggage of your savage love  
By the side of the road

But something in you holds me  
Like two too strong arms  
And I cling to the thing  
That is doing me harm

Like an anchor 'round my ankle  
Like a pair of cement shoes  
One size may not fit all  
But what fits me is you

So I wave the white flag  
Nothing left to do  
But surrender to the one who robs me blind  
Who else but you on my mind

### **La Leyenda del Tiempo**

Lyrics based on the poem by Federico García Lorca. Music by Ricardo Pachón. Copyright © 1979 WB Music Corp./OBO Warner Chappell Music Spain/Sociedad General de Autories de España (SGAE).

El sueño va sobre el tiempo  
Flotando como un velero  
Nadie puede abrir semillas  
En el corazón del sueño

El tiempo va sobre el sueño  
Hundido hasta los cabellos  
Ayer y mañana comen  
Oscuras flores de duelo

El sueño va sobre el tiempo  
Flotando como un velero  
Nadie puede abrir semillas  
En el corazón del sueño

Sobre la misma columna  
Abrazados sueño y tiempo  
Cruza el gemido del niño  
La lengua rota del viejo

Y si el sueño finge muros  
En la llanura del tiempo  
El tiempo le hace creer  
Que nace en aquel momento

El sueño va sobre el tiempo  
Flotando como un velero  
Nadie puede abrir semillas  
En el corazón del sueño

### **Quizás Quizás Quizás**

Written by Osvaldo Farrés. Copyright © 1947 Peer International Publishing (SGAE).

Siempre que te pregunto  
Que cuándo cómo y dónde  
Tú siempre me respondes  
Quizás quizás quizás

Y así pasan los días  
Y yo desesperando  
Y tú tú contestando  
Quizás quizás quizás

Estás perdiendo el tiempo  
Pensando pensando  
Por lo que más tú quieras  
Hasta cuándo hasta cuándo

Y así pasan los días  
Y yo desesperando  
Y tú tú contestando  
Quizás quizás quizás

Quizás quizás quizás  
Quizás quizás quizás

### **El Mar**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2014 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Esto no puede ser mi amor  
Viviendo en la oscuridad sin saber  
Yo esperaba por demasiado tiempo  
Como la esposa de un marinero perdido

Esforzando sus ojos  
Mirando las olas  
Imaginando formas  
A lo lejos

Y al final no hay nada  
Excepto el mar

Azul y tan vasto  
Azul y profundo  
Como los ojos  
Del hombre que la dejo

Del hombre que la dejo  
Del hombre que la dejo  
Por alguna orilla  
Incógnita y remota

Esto no puede ser mi amor  
Viviendo en la oscuridad de la esperanza  
Yo esperaba por demasiado tiempo  
Como la esposa de un marinero perdido

El único sabor  
Dentro de su boca  
Es sal lagrimas  
Y espuma

Y al final no hay nada  
Excepto el mar

Salado y asombroso  
Salado y profundo  
Como los besos  
Del hombre que la dejo

Del hombre que la dejo  
Del hombre que la dejo  
Por alguna cama  
Incógnita y remota

Esto no puede ser mi amor  
Esto no puede ser  
Y al final no hay nada  
Excepto el mar

### **Out of the Void**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2006 Hand Over Foot Publishing (ASCAP).

I can't keep chasing  
Though you I love to follow  
You shine so bright I feel warm in the night  
Bone cold

Love come to me out of the void  
And warm me tonight  
Because I will be leaving you  
With tomorrow's first light

Now I've been here before  
Barely surviving I swore  
Never again to be blindly led  
Down this dank road

True it is stony  
Slippery and dark  
But that's not the reason I refuse to go  
That far

Love come to me out of the void  
And warm me tonight  
Because I will be leaving you  
With tomorrow's first light

They say that true believers  
Are tested ultimately  
Do I pass or fail when they find me  
Down on my knees

Or singing up here on my feet  
Because somehow I'm still on my feet

Love come to me out of the void  
And warm me tonight  
Because I will be leaving you  
With tomorrow's first light

### **Veinte Años**

Written by Maria Teresa Vera/Guillermina Aramburu. Copyright © 1935 Universal Music MGB Songs.

Qué te importa que te ame  
Si tú no me quieres ya  
El amor que ya ha pasado  
No se debe recordar

Fui la ilusión de tu vida  
Un día lejano ya  
Hoy represento al pasado  
No me puedo conformar

Si las cosas que uno quiere  
Se pudieran alcanzar  
Tú me quisieras lo mismo  
Que veinte años atrás

Con qué tristeza miramos  
Un amor que se nos va  
Es un pedazo del alma  
Que se arranca sin piedad

### **Mama**

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2011 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Oh It's a winding road  
Ain't no straight and narrow path I'm walking alone  
Beset on every side  
By temptation offering me a ride

And don't he look good with his smile  
But I know better child

I got to keep my foot out of my mouth  
Got to keep the Devil out of my house  
Got to make sure when I go down south  
I can still find my way back home

I got to try to chin up when the rain comes down  
Got to look for higher ground  
Got to know that I will be found  
Whenever I'm lost

Because honey Mama  
Didn't raise no weak-willed woman no

All of my days  
Been marked by trouble in a thousand ways  
I don't go seeking its shame  
It just seems to be drawn to me like black flies to a flame

And I can hear their sickening buzzing  
But I plug my ears because

I got to keep my foot out of my mouth  
Got to keep the Devil out of my house  
Got to make sure when I go down south  
I can still find my way back home

I got to try to chin up when the rain comes down  
Got to look for higher ground  
Got to know that I will be found  
Whenever I'm lost

Because honey Mama  
Didn't raise no weak-willed woman no

Oh when that mean old wind come calling  
I know soon that bitter fruit will be falling

I got to keep my foot out of my mouth  
Got to keep the Devil out of my house  
Got to make sure when I go down south  
I can still find my way back home

I got to try to chin up when the rain comes down  
Got to look for higher ground  
Got to know that I will be found  
Whenever I'm lost

Because honey Mama  
Didn't raise no weak-willed woman no  
I got to keep the Devil out of my house  
I got to keep him out

### **Kashmir**

Written by John Bonham/Jimmy Page/Robert Plant. Copyright © 1975 WB Music Corp./OBO Flames of Albion Music.

Oh let the sun beat down upon my face  
Stars to fill my dreams  
I am a traveler of both time and space  
To be where I have been

Secret elders of the gentle race  
This world is seldom seen  
They talk of days for which they sit and wait  
All will be revealed

Talk and song from tongues of lilting grace  
Whose sounds caress my ear  
But not a word I heard could I relate  
The story was quite clear

And all I see turns to brown  
As the sun burns the ground  
And my eyes fill with sand  
As I scan this wasted land

Oh pilot of the storm who leaves no trace  
Like thoughts inside a dream  
Heed the path that led me to that place  
Yellow desert screen

My Shangri-La beneath the summer moon  
I will return again  
Sure as the dust that floats high in June  
When moving through Kashmir