



the
innocence
mission

hello I
feel the
same



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Hello I Feel the Same

Yes, I said to that girl,
sometimes I would be invisible, too,
running beneath trees.
Hang on, hang on I wave again,
hello, hello I feel the same.

Yes to the color green,
and the field of clouds,
and the thousand birds,
and the lifting out.

Yes, I see what you mean,
yes I understand.
If I saw you coming
I would shake your hand.
Hang on, hang on I wave again,
hello, hello I feel the same.

Tom on the Boulevard

Slip side-street.
Now we're wondering what the year will bring.
It seems, my friend, changes never end.
Now we're growing up and down
and sigh, Tom, on the boulevard,
my Tom, on the boulevard.
But you shine with the light of stars
in the middle of the dark.

Too soon came hills of the deeper greens,
and the flying scenes.
Firmly as trees will we plant our feet.
We will sway not in the ground,
nor sigh, Tom, on the boulevard,
my Tom, on the boulevard.
And you'll shine with the light of stars
in the middle of the dark.

Washington Field Trip

Having our picture taken
in front of the Capitol building
depends on direction of light, and on crowds.
I don't feel comfortable standing
in front of this many people, or speaking,
but I see we're all the same now.
Up five blocks, the one o'clock snowing of flowers.

Wanting to be helpful in this life.
Carrying these flowering trees further in daylight.

Beautiful Francis, I agree,
I do not want fear to hold me.
I don't want to be kept from loving, at all.
On my soles the five o'clock snowing of flowers.

Wanting to be loving in this life.
Carrying these flowering trees further in daylight.

When the One Flowered Suitcase

When the one flowered suitcase declares winter over,
plans, whether realized or not, do their best.
And we have got to keep on.

We meant to start here. A new year,
in Finland, with cloud banks slanting down.
We thought that it mattered- it did not,
like no money, and we've got to keep on,

and carry each other through these forests,
through these long buildings, up every stair flight.

Let's say we are tired
from getting our hopes up again,
again, let's say we are tired.
Yes, it's alright, yes, it's alright I hear you.
Yes, it's alright, yes, it's alright I'm with you.

When the one flowered suitcase is replaced,
is untraced, let us not change so much.
Let's stay in our old clothes
and walk around this known and dear life,

and carry each other through these forests,
through these long buildings, up every stair flight.

Let's say we are tired
from getting our hopes up again,
again, let's say we are tired.
Yes, it's alright, yes, it's alright I hear you.
Yes, it's alright, yes, it's alright I'm near you.
Yes, it's alright, yes, it's alright I'm with you.

State Park

Now we're opening. We see.
We are entering the state park
like we never have been any of these places,
like discovering the daylight, now,
and holding on to these times.

I am walking into rooms,
and I am beginning to see your things
and their colors like we're coming home the first day.
I'm beginning to see your face
like you're leaving on the next train

Now we're opening. We see
the arboretum, the downtown lanterns
like we never have seen any of this before.
We are coming through the same doors, now,
and holding on to these times.

Fred Rogers

Last night I dreamt that I could drive 59 miles
and maybe see Fred Rogers, who would smile on me
and tell me how I could make things better.
I'd say, Hi Fred, and, Am I glad to stand with you
and shake your hand. How about this weather?
And can you explain how to change,
how to make things better, make things go?

I'd say Hi Fred, I won't stay long.
I'm missing the sun, everyone from your generation.
And you know I hate to drive
- maybe I'd see you at the station,
(West Newton), here I go.

Blue and Yellow

Carrying your blue and yellow painting in the air
you are crossing the morning,
and the early streetlights shine in threes
down onto your hair, on the weekend,
on the Saturday of the recital, and the end of the fall.
I hope the sun will shine. I hope that you will say if I can
be a friend to you, be a friend sometime.

Carried over traffic, you are lifted over cars,
over the weather, altogether you are held high,
you are traveling far, on the morning,
with bells sending up songs
of forgiveness, righting every wrong.

I'm missing you, please come by.
I hope that you will say if I can
be a friend to you, as you have been mine.
The year has been up and down.
I hope this is a new day now,
to let the love that's here
lift us from the ground.

Daily

Shimmering distances.
The daily swinging up.
I'm listening to many birds.
How will I ever, how will I ever get there?
How will I ever get there now?

Street-wide and city-wide
runs the longing for home.
It is disguised as many things.
Gulfs widen, and the great water
comes into my room.
How will I ever see you now?

It's something hard to explain,
and certainly I will not get it right.
But I'm looking out for you now.
And probably you are just on the way,
and getting through the streets of town
takes a long time.

Spring Is Written on Your Door

Flying today. No fear, no fear.
See blue into orange, green into golden,
on waking over the land.
Spring is written on your door,
and I will read it when you are away
and waking over the land.

The Color Green

We'll get back there someday; we will stand together.
And I will not worry so much,
and the weather can be snow above the stairs,
or lakes and rivers running off of the windows.
Looking out, looking out, I may see this better.

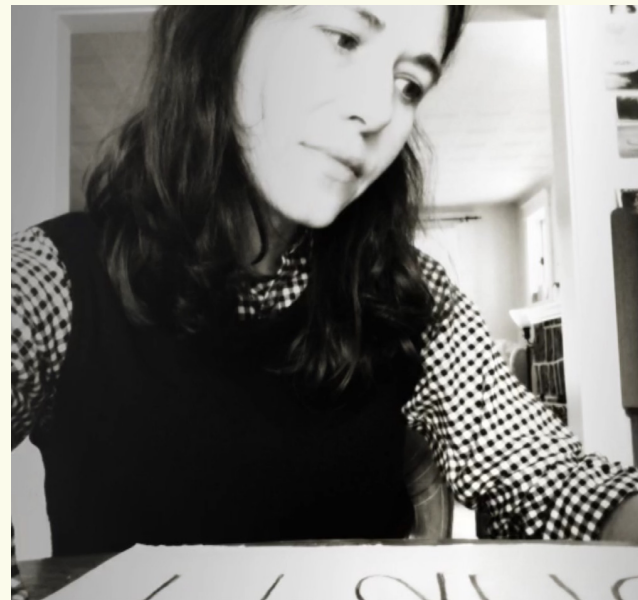
The color green was sent to me in four beat measures
of fields and their walkers in cardigan sweaters,
with the lavender sky that was just beginning to
rain down into the music.
This is how it was sent, in and out of weather.

The color green was sent to me in waves, and lifted
me up three stories. I could see the day gifted
with a million gifts. And tomorrow in the car
things may turn around, I have to watch out.
This is how it was sent, in a sudden visit.

Our love and thanks to Anna Peris (viola) and
Drew Peris (violin) for their beautiful playing on this song,
and for all of their encouragement.

All songs written by Karen Peris, except
Barcelona: music by Don and Karen.
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Karen Peris - guitars, piano, field organ, bass harmonica, tambourine, bass guitar (1, 11), voice



Don Peris - guitars, drums, bass guitar (3, 10), voice



Mike Bitts - upright bass (2, 4, 6, 9), electric bass (7)



