



my
room
in the
trees

the
innocence
mission



Rain **(setting out in the leaf boat)**

This dress that I made out of the curtains
was on the line, dancing around better than I can.
Now we walk up to the top of the street.
Once letting go, rain sails us in a leafy boat
down the street.
And we'll be there before we know.

There go the lawn chairs.
Some frogs are racing them to catch up with me.
Gray buildings go by,
violet sky lit up with trees in yellow.
Once letting go, rain sails us in a leafy boat
down the street.
And we'll be there before we know.

violin: Gina Di Carlo
drums: Steve Brown
Thank you to Gina and to Steve for their soulful playing.

The Happy Mondays

The happy Mondays, we blow down alleyways
in our raincoats, in afternoons.
The imaginary dogs beside us
are old friends, they will speak to you.

Happy in the daylight.
Breathe out, breathe in the end of school time.
Happy on the way home.
The west side also feels, and they know,
everything that I know.

The happy Mondays, we are blue-green
in the air, we are yellow, too.
The clouds of Pennsylvania break apart,
they move away from me and from you.

God is Love

Rain or shine, this street of mine is golden.
Rain or shine, this street of mine is golden
with the gold of hickory leaves.
I can walk under these clouds.
Rain or shine, this street of mine is golden.

God is love
and love will never fail me.
God is love
and love will never fail me.
If I'm driving there today
and I really am this afraid,
God is love
and love will never fail me.

Some birds I know are moving on this weekend.
Some birds I know are moving on this weekend.
And I'm under the sky,
I'm on the ground, with my coat.
Some birds I know are moving on this weekend.

God is love
and love will never fail me.
God is love
and love will never fail me.

Gentle the Rain at Home

Brave in the clothes of Georgie's,
you take a train to the North,
winding through New York state
in the morning, leaves on the floor.

Gentle the rain at home,
when we can and will return.

He said I could just take the canoe,
whenever I need.
And, if I go back over the lake,
the clouds may recede.

Gentle the rain at home,
when we can and will return.

Spring

Look out for Spring,
the life underground,
the thawing and the overflow.
Oh early, early in the morning
we'll go.

Seven shades of green
are painted on your door,
the field alive under the snow.
Oh early, early in the morning,
we'll go.

Oh world of rooftops,
hearing one field song.
The walk in raincoats,
the wait for Easter, Tom.
We are awake or waking,
awake or waking from.
Here that day comes.

All the Weather

Now I want the sun,
to swing my feet, Washington Harbor.
Dogs may come around
and they won't care that I'm a stranger.

Oh, it's over,
all the weather is gone.

First I let you down,
and then the streets were in a downpour
onto everything inside the state of Maryland.
And listen,
oh, it's over,
all the weather is gone.

Rhode Island

In June, we're washing in the water,
we are walking to the sand.
In the summer of a hard year,
you are swinging both our hands,
in Rhode Island. Rhode Island.
Now we will go gleaming into tomorrow.
I am leaning, leaning into tomorrow,
from Rhode Island, cradled on the waves.

I don't want to tell you sad news,
I don't want to let you down.
We drive away, (we don't know
what is going to happen now),
from Rhode Island. Rhode Island.
Now we will go gleaming into tomorrow.
I am leaning, leaning into tomorrow,
from Rhode Island, cradled on the waves.

North American Field Song

Raincoats. Finlandia.
Raincoats and lakes.
The best words I take along
in my field bag.
Across the morning, the beautiful air,
I will be aware.
I'll speak if I dare
and stay calm, stay calm in the meantime,
I'll stay calm, through the red and the green light,
stay calm.

No one can be so embarrassed as me,
I say to these trees,
where I walk with my head down.
Across the morning, the beautiful air,
I will be aware
my Father is there
and stay calm.

The Leaves Lift High

Flying down lanes, bicycles red and blue,
and tunnels of tall trees, with you.
Together we are very small, riding across the great land.

On the Eastern Avenue, the morning is bigger,
taller than I knew.
The leaves lift high, the light gets through.

Shoulder of the lake at Clement Farm.
You're in the crossing of my arms,
wherever you may be, whatever day this is.
On the Eastern Avenue, on all streets,
I know, I know I count on you.
The leaves lift high, the light gets through.

All of the days I travel with you,
dearest to me, child.
You are dearest to me, child,
dearest to me, child.
All of the bells I ever knew
ring out at the same time,
ring out at the same time together, together.
All of the bells I ever knew
ring out at the same time.
We look up at the same time, together.

On the Eastern Avenue, on all streets,
I know I know I look for you.
The leaves lift high, the light gets through.



I'd Follow if I Could

I'd follow if I could.
A thing that's hard to bear,
to see you going down the road somewhere.
To blink and then you're gone,
the scene is rolled away.
It makes another mile from me.
Wherever you go, it's too far,
you're a shooting star.

Shout for Joy

All we can do, in this deep summer hour,
with the rain, the taxis and the flowers,
walking between the dear ones, holding on,
is shout, shout for joy.

Everything that has been broken you'll mend,
throughout the morning of one day,
sleeves fluttering in the air, in the air,
and we'll shout, shout for joy.

I said so little.
I could not think of replies.
The words all flew away,
up away from me, up into the trees,
where they shout, shout for joy.

Recorded in Lancaster, PA
Engineered and mixed by Don Peris. Mastered by Carl Saff
Illustrations by Karen Peris
Our thanks to Dylan Magierek for his kindness and enthusiasm.



Karen Peris - voice, guitars, piano, pump organ, melodica



Don Peris - electric and acoustic guitars, drums, cello, voice



Mike Bitts - upright and electric bass



my room in the trees

1. rain
(setting out in the leaf boat)
2. the happy mondays
3. God is love
4. gentle the rain at home
5. spring
6. all the weather
7. rhode island
8. north american field song
9. mile-marker
10. the leaves lift high
11. i'd follow if i could
12. the melendys go abroad
13. shout for joy

words and music by karen peris
except the happy mondays, all the weather,
and rhode island by karen and don peris
and mile-marker by don peris
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