



**Champion of Mystery**

**Mark  
Ransom**

# Champion Of Mystery

written by Mark Ransom

Willy left the midwest on a mission to break the code

Now he doesn't do espionage anymore

Did a little time in Utah for the crime of being blamed

Lived in the hills with the movie stars and he changed his name

*Willy you're the champion*

*The champion of mystery*

*Willy you're the champion*

*The champion of mystery*

He moved to Mendocino playin' in the band

Willy got busted and learned the hard way again

Now he thinks of walkin Mary back in Colorado

And hums the melody of someone else's song

Now Willy works in Washington for the C.I.A.

And he doesn't care what anybody says

He left the midwest on a mission to break the code

Now he doesn't do espionage anymore

# In The City

written by Mark Ransom

Another winning streak for me

Open up the door unlock me with a key

Another day another dollar burned

Another chance for me to dream

Oh now sammy boy how could you lock the door

Now that all the world is yours

Yes I'm sure you'll make alot of friends

And I'm sure they'll be with you until the end

I hear they love to see you smile

When you're livin' in the city

*I took a ride out around the Bend*

*Rolled over the promise land*

*And ran into a couple of friends*

*I saw a peace sign*

*Mountains risin high on the other side*

Now Eddie's got a steady job

Livin in new york city

Got a big apple stuck in his eye

Hoppin on a freight train

He's headed for the fast lane

Some kind of successful revered rich guy

I hear that passion has it's price

When you're livin in the city

I see you've got a wife now

Pretty pretty girl

Makin' her way makin' you shine

Don't think twice now

You're livin that city life now

Takin' a real estate class on the side

I hear that life can be allright

Livin in the city

# Life Is Good

written by Mark Ransom

This song ain't about the blues despite my desperation

To dig deep and sift through all the layers of my heart

I thought it'd be easier to do I'm so glad I met you

Write a record of sad songs if I could but with you in my life

With you in my life with you in my life my life is good

My life is good my life is good

I try to understand the blues as an artform

Soul singer down on his knees walked over with his heart torn

Doesn't try to express his deepest loneliness

And I'd be lying if I sang a song

About the shoes in which he stood

With you in my life with you in my life

My life is good

If I die and go to heaven and suffer along the way

And if my chops don't come in til after judgement day

Would Jeaus invite me tonight to sing the blues in His band

Knowing my hand's tied to you you're the best in the land

## Muse Of Creativity

written by Mark Fesche & Mark Ransom

You see purple leaves and I believe you  
Your eyes are the color of icebergs under water  
You have the power to see unseen hues  
Through those Antarctic blues

*Cryptic soul mystic spirit*

*A passion so pure I've got to be near it*

*You have the power to inspire me*

*The muse of creativity*

You re-invent velvet re-create velour  
Re-define silk and sometimes leather  
You have the power to weave like a loom  
Fabrics as magic as the moon

I love to feel your warm breath on my frozen ear  
You whisper as if it matters  
If only for intimate affect  
Your voice breathing in patterns  
Gathers my dreams in clouds of steam  
And scatters in puffs of laughter  
You whisper as if it matters

## Kilealoha

written by Mark Ransom

Another day in paradise the waves are crashin  
on the beach  
Song-bird singin out a melody so sweet oh so  
sweet

I can hear the trade winds beginnin to blow  
The ocean boils as the sleeping giant snores  
Here comes the rain here comes the rain

*Kilealoha I want to go*

*Where the skies are full of rainbows*

*And the beaches are made of gold*

*Kilealoha I want to know*

*How can the rain feel like sunshine*

*Shinin on my soul?*

High upon a mountain above this garden isle  
I lay and wait for my goddess-bride  
To bring me back to life before the daylight hides  
She calls upon Kahuna and gods far and wide  
To work some ancient magic suspend the sun  
up in the sky  
She saves me from the night she saves me  
from the night

## First Impressions

written by Colleen Cordis and Mark Ransom

*She got the pretty eyes got the pretty style*  
*She got the funkiness she's my kind of lady*  
*She got the pretty eyes got the pretty style*  
*She got the funkiness she's my kind of lady*

She says she'll never leave me  
And I'm all right with that in my life  
I've got a lot of satisfaction  
And he says why the hell are you so lucky?  
I give it up to the Universe  
And she rains down all around me.

Ever wonder why a picture seems more than  
it's worth

A chance to flash a thousand smiles someone  
beat you first

Watchin others as they pass you by never  
worried about where they've been  
Ever think you have seen them before or when  
you'll see them again

Now this world's tough  
And I don't believe in fighting  
Yeah we all got to die someday

That's the way I guess it's ok  
But you best not say I shouldn't die  
Fighting for what I love

## The Funky Jacket

written by Eric Ransom

Platform shoes and a polyester suit  
Gold chains to spare  
When I'm disco dancin  
Everybody beter watch on out  
People on the dance floor beware

*I got the jacket that funky funky jacket*  
*I got the jacket I've had it for a while*  
*I got the jacket that funky funky jacket*  
*I got the jacket it'll never go out of style*

Me and my lady we're gonna step it on out  
tonight  
Got the camaro ready to roll  
Gonna have a good time gonna let it all hang out  
It might just get out of control

Disco ball spinnin around the room  
Spotlight shinin down on me  
Strobelite flashin all around my head  
I'm wearin the jacket so everyone can see



## Bullet Train

written by Mark Fesche & Mark Ransom

He wears a neck tie bolted to the wall  
Tells me what I'm doin wrong whenever he's  
at fault  
Calls me at night time with the line around  
his throat  
Accuses me of his crime I never get to unload

*Oh he gives me a headache  
That would kill a weaker man  
I've got a load on my shoulders  
That would stop a bullet train*

She chain smokes chain talks changed both of  
her names  
After the divorce she stays addicted to her  
games  
Cuts down the trees to improve her twisted view  
Employs her guilt whenever I have to choose

## Ain't No Use

written by Mark Ransom

I was only nineteen when I met you  
And I didn't have a clue  
I'd still be singing this song to you  
All these years you've been by my side  
Fillin up the emptiness inside  
That can't hide without you  
No I can't hide without you

My cup is full for the time  
And you can fill it before it's empty  
Lets drink and sing to true love in the end  
There ain't no use in tryin too hard now  
No there ain't no use in tryin too hard now

*I wish that I could open up my heart  
And let the sun shine in feel your smile again  
Warm summer rain and wind blowin through me  
Like a long lost friend and I wish that things were  
different than they've been cause I can't seem  
to live without you I don't know how  
There ain't no use in trying too hard now  
No there ain't no use in trying too hard now  
No there ain't no use in trying too hard now*

The wise men say when love goes away  
It's like a like a river from a spring  
You gotta let your soul sing  
got to kick back and let it sing

## Over Yet

written by Mark Ransom

In the beginning we were searching for meaning  
In the stars and the moon and everything  
Don't you know we had a good thing  
And enough to keep us hungry  
For the laughter and the love of living  
In the beginning we were destined to be saved  
By the god of our optimism  
But you up and left and you didn't hide your  
regrets  
as salvation came to me  
You were met with tremendous success  
And it ain't over yet!

In the beginning there was method to our  
madness  
Compassion for the sadness and the joys of  
the world  
But a city full of good stuff could never fill  
you up

And the clowns downtown were startin to bug  
In the beginning there was bright light on  
sunshine  
No shadows no rain no pain to bring us down  
the landlords they still love this little town  
And the pub is full of zealots  
Cursin' all the capitalists  
And it ain't over yet!

The fellas from the old gang didn't want to hang  
So I see a lot of faces and I hear a lot of new  
names  
Danny moved to Maui says he likes sippin rum  
The Kula rhythm playin his congas in the sun  
steady Eddie got burned by another gypsy  
woman  
He says Mexico's like mysticism  
And my cousin's got kids in the American  
heartland  
And law school's something I could never  
understand  
Maybe the plan is best to forget  
Cause it ain't over yet!

## Thinktank

written by Mark Ransom

I met a man at the station today  
he had a rolex watch a ferarri for a car  
hurry it up he said can't you see I'm late?  
why do you hessitate?  
fill it up with whatever it takes  
and try to cut the happy crap dude  
I said I'm sorry sir but I don't know you  
and I don't like your attitude  
no I don't like your attitude  
lots of people runnin around  
they've got angry eyes  
head man said it again  
it's high time we digest our pride  
got a situation and it's ringing trough loud and  
clear  
take a poll mr dole if it ain't love it's fear  
this election year

*did you read the news today?  
did you get your fix along the way?  
I heard they got a man  
shot a man down for being around  
did you hear what the people say?*

*they say I saw his guilty hands  
I heard they tried a man  
brought a man down before he could stand*

hey now bartender  
won't you please bring me a beer  
it's been a long long week  
it's been a longer year  
won't you tell me if I've been here too long  
she said you ain't the piano man  
and I ain't pourin drinks in a song

I've been talkin the talk  
but I never learned to crawl  
playin some prophesy  
while the melody lead the seat of the soul  
I called up the captain  
cause the eyes of the world were blind  
and he said whatcha gonna do when that  
long distance runner's out of time?

## Neverblind

written by Mark Ransom

The air is thick and the streets are full of  
peaceful pride  
Friendly smiles meet us eye to eye and my  
baby she's alright

*I'm looking out across the red china skyline  
They're trying to rebuild what mao let die  
They're lips are wet with the sweet taste of  
freedom  
And they're hearts they're hearts were never blind*

Mamma doesn't like the food they sell and  
The stagnant air intensifies the smell  
The heat on the street is beating me down to  
the ground  
But with my baby you could never tell she's  
doing so well

I am the west to them: my eyes my hair my  
money and my wife  
Mamma wears western dresses confesses  
she likes  
Diamonds and red wine and my little girl is  
one of theirs  
But she's hers and she's mine

## Peace Song

written by Mark Ransom

*you've got to give peace  
peace is in your heart  
yeah you've got to give peace  
it doesn't matter where you start  
peace is in your heart  
peace is in your heart*

when the sun doesn't shine anymore  
and darkness surrounds you  
you're the one who can unlock the door  
feel the light shinin through  
right through you

cry me a river for the sufferin I see  
and let me wash away my sins  
deliver me downstream with dignity  
and clense my soul with compassion

and if I get political  
remind me of what's critical  
impeach me for my principles  
and plant my roots again





**BOND STREET**

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