

A Thought In A Day



by Sam Green

A Thought In A Day

To my friends and my relations,
I have met on the way of life,
To this family here in Earth,
We all each are just apart,
The answer to living,
Is to be for each and everyone,

Here in this book,
With giving of love,
In thought, and in hearing,
To thank heaven above,
For each in ourselves,
As each in there way,
In answer I will tell you,
A thought in a day

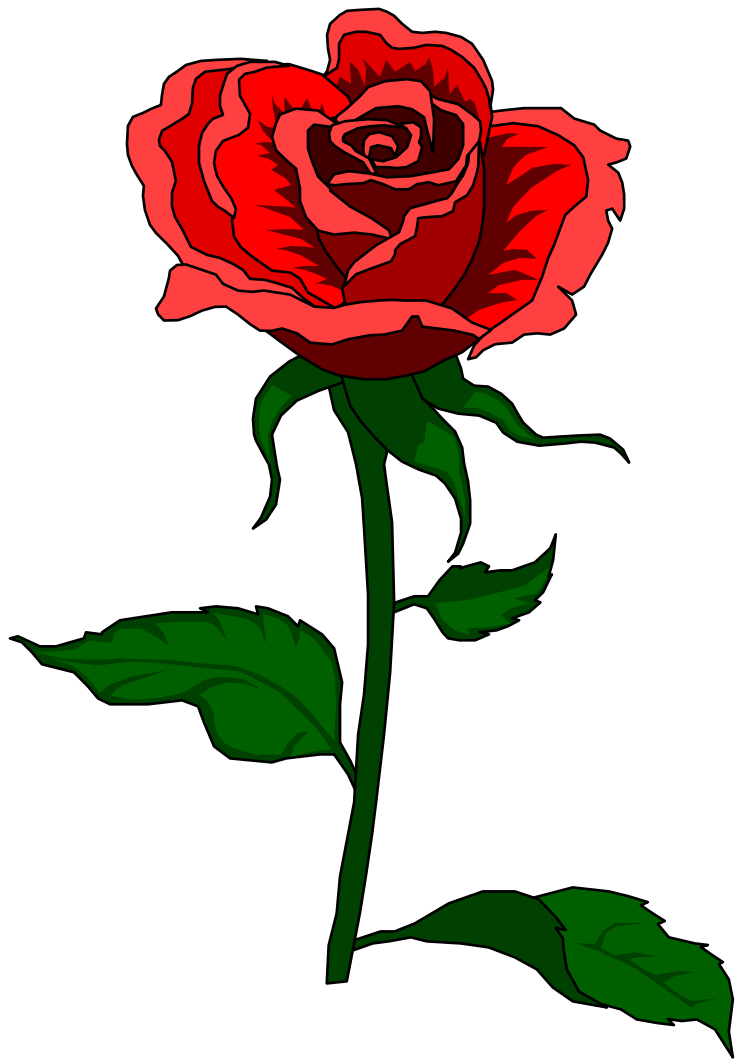
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It's a Crazy World

It's a crazy world
With crazy people in it
If you don't believe me
Just read the newspapers
It's a crazy world
With crazy people who know
About crazy people
And what they tell you
Is go back to school
In there way fools
Running around braking rules
It's a crazy world
With crazy fools
Digging up the Earth
Instead of fixing the rot
With no view for the future
It's a crazy world
The only one we got
Why madness in the sun?
Fight chaos, fight control
It's a crazy world
It's a crazy world
Fix it, if you can?



A White Rose in Its Name

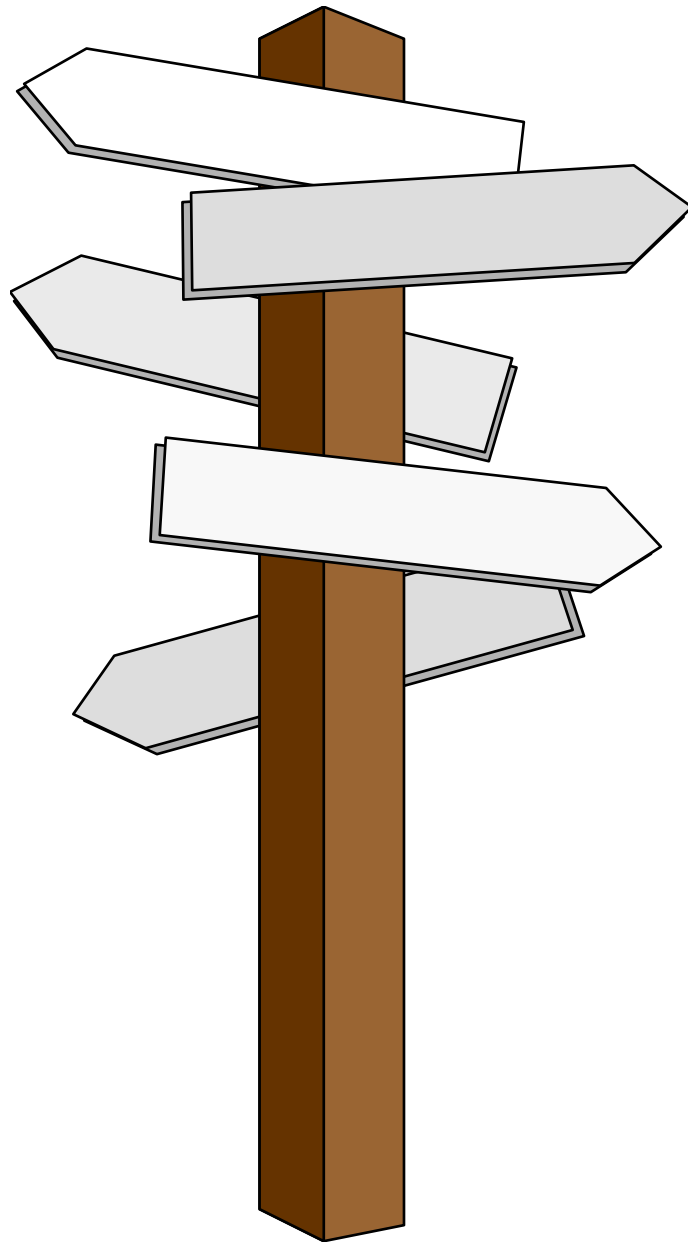
A white rose in its name
Would not be as beautiful
As a white dove in flight
Of tender years
A slave in which I be
To reflect upon beauty
Wishing only to touch
Running hands through
A hairline in the sun
To walk by sounds of crashing waves
Washing more and more

A white rose in its name
Would not be as beautiful
Such as in this peace
I can remember, that I remember
In loving of those eyes
Heart beating
To the rhythm as a clock
This world we share
If only I could tell
Beauty holds its cup
In love with the arms of life



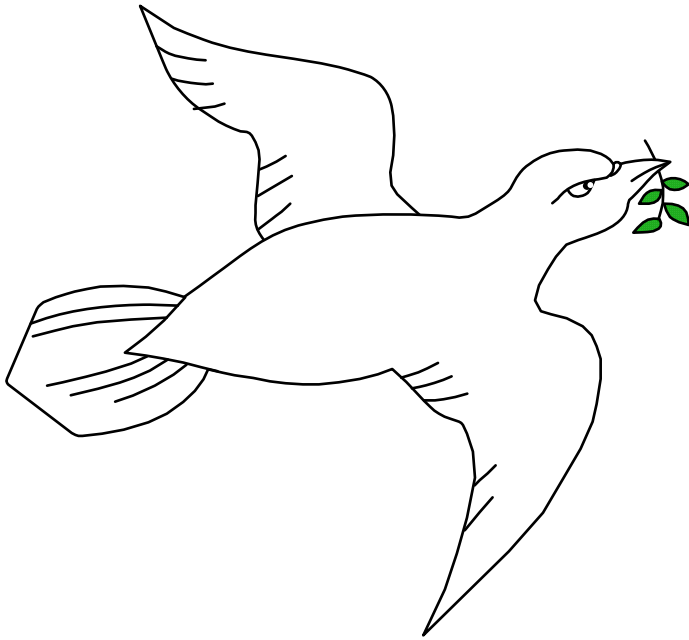
Why is It That I Should Love?

Why is it that I should love?
Because I know that I care
I could not live without you
In all seasons I will be here
In all words in a line and in thoughts
The first time, left me in viewing
Your way can catch a heart
Sharing with me for no reason
I give you this, my love
Share our time together
As sugar blown, from a clothed bear
Looking for honey
In each moment
Finding bees to be, in flight
Lay down, lay down
Move this, within itself



If Every Rainbow Was Ours to Catch

If every rainbow was ours to catch
If every flower was ours to own
If every road was ours to roam
Then we could drive down every highway
And never have to wait for rainbow
Could we smell the blossoms of the flowers?
Which grow and drift in your heart?
I could lie and say I listen
Thinking peacefully,
If every rainbow, if every flower
Was an answer of a song?
If every road was its highway
Where would it come?
Heaven's knows
With love



Far Away, On a Bright New Day

Far away, on a bright new day
A cocoa tree reaches to be touched
The clear blue sky of dawn
As cotton buds line the clouds
Roll in and out of view
Beneath open clear golden sands
Where my heart stands to dream
On this Island from my love

Far away, on a bright new day
The cliffs of reflect, lights of white Dover
The hills of volcanic ash
Heating Iceland, roaming land
The world is around, said Anna Frank
And hearts set free, must always be
Still tomorrow holds something new
If only the sign was on the wall
What price for freedom, what price?
Together beneath the sunlight

Far away, on a bright new day
A cocoa tree sways in time
The fruit falls down to drift into the ocean
And finds its place
Its Island
Planted from the rolling winds
Our parents come to this land
For the right to live in peace and freedom



We All Need A Friend

We all need a friend
From one time to another
A friend can share your troubles
With a shoulder to stand by
A voice can share an ear
Leaning on helping hands
Drink hot cups of soup
On cold school days

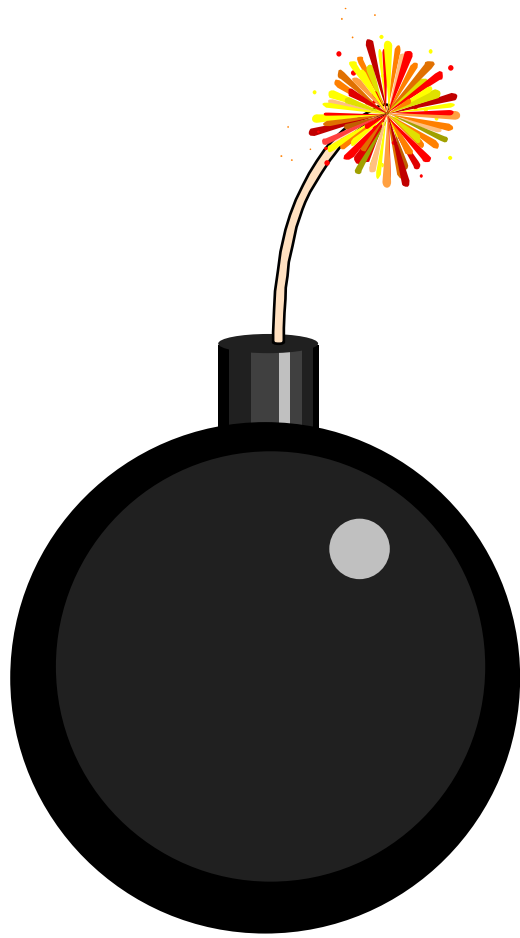
We all need a friend
From one time to another
My love is like a candle
My love can set me free
If I were a soldier
A soldier of love, to fight
For that I believe in
A soldier of glory
Is that love
The years of the sixties have passed
As a candle burns free
For there are so many boundaries
In us all
Each heart must find its answer



A Wind Within a Cloud

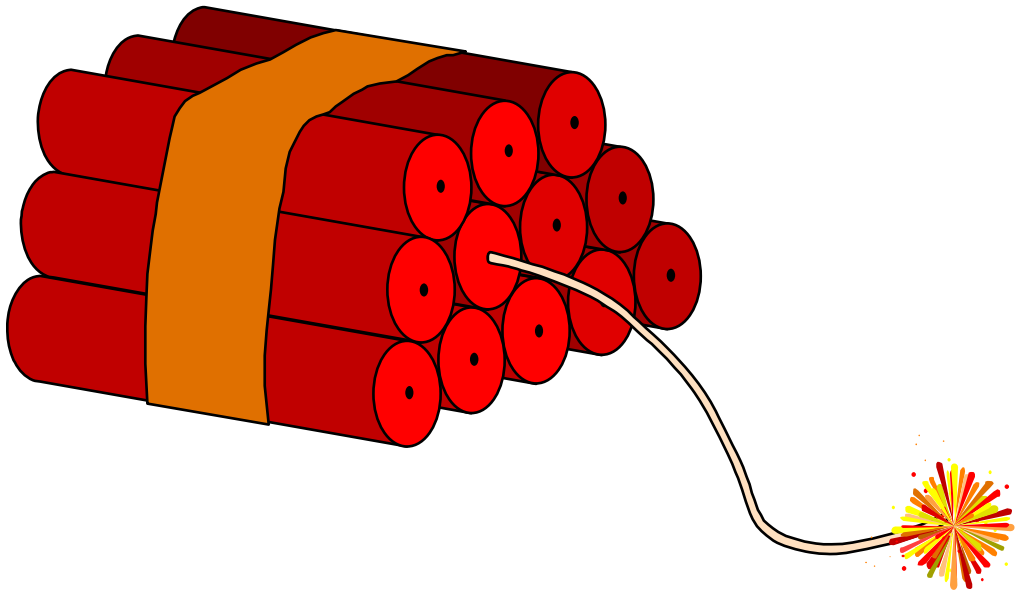
A wind within a cloud
Shades of the missing years
Each man within himself
Why do these words pass through
Open valleys upon this my mind
Like fallen rotten grapes
Upon this my earth, wind and air
I pray, for in time there will be peace

Watching eagles in the spring valleys
Where bears sleep in the woods
Dreaming all night and day
Never resting in fire
For this is the philosophy of our time
In space I can tell you
What's yours is yours
What's mine I hope is mine
Blinded, I can read no more



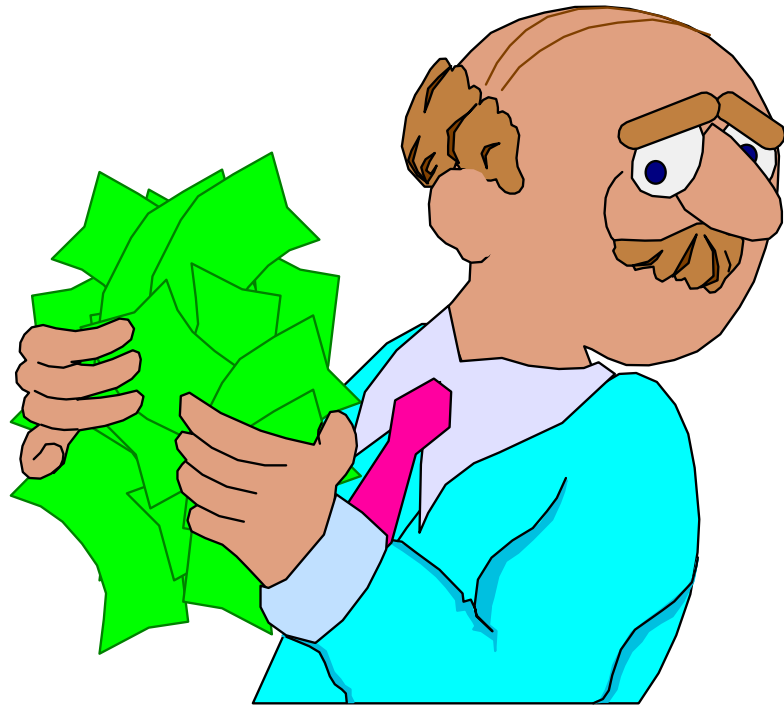
There's a Hacker in Our Mites

There's a hacker in our mites
He is looking in our files
He's making such a mess
And he could ruin both our lives
He's passed through every code
He's unlock the things we hide
He's changing what was said
He won't leave no stone unturned
There's a hacker in our mites
I don't what he will find
I can't say what was found
If you see him and he's searching
Tell me to go to hell
There's a hacker in our mites



Letters to Letters

Letters to letters
Garbage to garbage
Papers to papers
Glass to glass
Plastic to plastic
Records to records
Tap to phone
Phone to tap
Words to words
Leather to leather
Heart to heart
Far from apart
Street to road
Home to bed
Bill to bill
Letter to letter
Idea to idea
Pen to paper
letter to each letter



Let My People Eat the Bread of Freedom

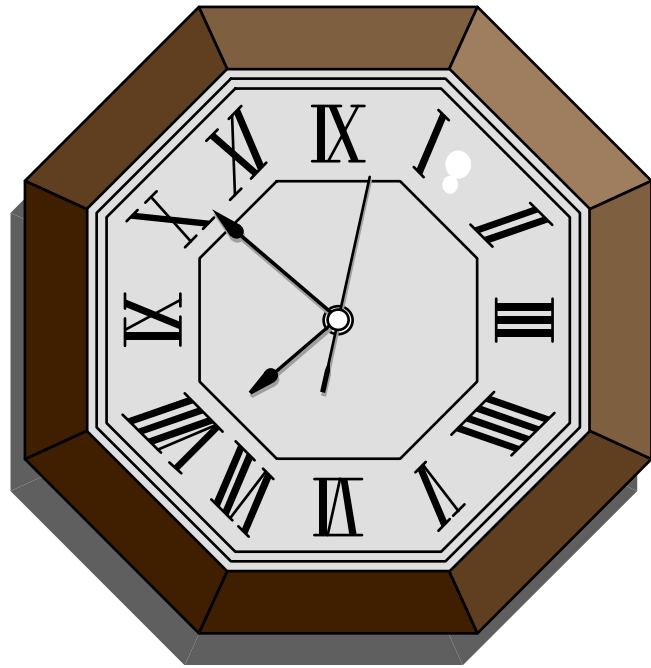
Let my people eat the bread of freedom
Let my people drink the wine of hope
As they light the candles of our history
To guide our way to remember
When darkness was upon the Earth
Remembrance said enough
Our prayers, our armed resistance
In which we now do survive
Carry our dreams into the future
From the history of this world
We are one, we are one
Let my people eat the bread of freedom
Yes forever, yes forever
Let my people eat the bread of freedom
Remember the salt wounds we cried
Tear drops through the ages
Peace be, rest in hope, peace not to fly away
The white dove of Noah holds its secret
Taste peace for one and all
Let my people drink the wine of hope
Freedom for the good of all

AMEN



Why Can't They Leave Us In Peace?

Why can't they leave us in peace?
Why can't we live side by side?
We want to live and not to die
Why can't they leave us in justice?
We want to live on common ground
In our world without pain or tear drops
To see our children grow in health
Growing stronger by each day
To laugh, to sing, to play together
Please let us live, side by side
In this world, as precious jewels
To save and share
Let us play our songs of freedom
Or ride our ponies in the open
Yes to swim in clear clean waters
Why can't they leave us in peace?
Why can't we live side by side?
We want to live and not to die
Why can't they leave us in justice?
We want to live on common ground



Just A Story

Yesterday may come and go
But my love for you dos grow
Must I sing my heart out
For the ones I love
Or must I stay alone
Wandering through the city's twilight
In search of someone
Who is on their own
People come and go
Must I walk alone ...

David Grenberg's Story

This is a story of one lonely man, named David Grenberg.

I was born in the year of 1956, Olympic time Melbourne, Australia, the thirteen of November. My parents were Russian immigrants of 1948. Both were Jewish and decided not to go to Israel, as they had enough of wars. My mother and father were both partisan and known as freedom fighter, in Vilna, a town near the Russian border of old. Because of this I grew up tuff. At nine I went to Ajax, great place to clean the mind, being taught judo with the flair for bleeding from the nose, every time I was throw on the mat.

Its was there I met Helen Growmac, as lovely midday show on the zoo, hair the color of seaweed, dark seaweed, eyes that where draw apart from her nose as sunshine on her face with a chin to match. She was flatted in the chess, which is good for a nine year old, but grew to be a six foot dark complexion who drifted out of my life. By the time I was seventeen I was no longer doing judo, as my parents found out about karate from James Bond movies playing on television.

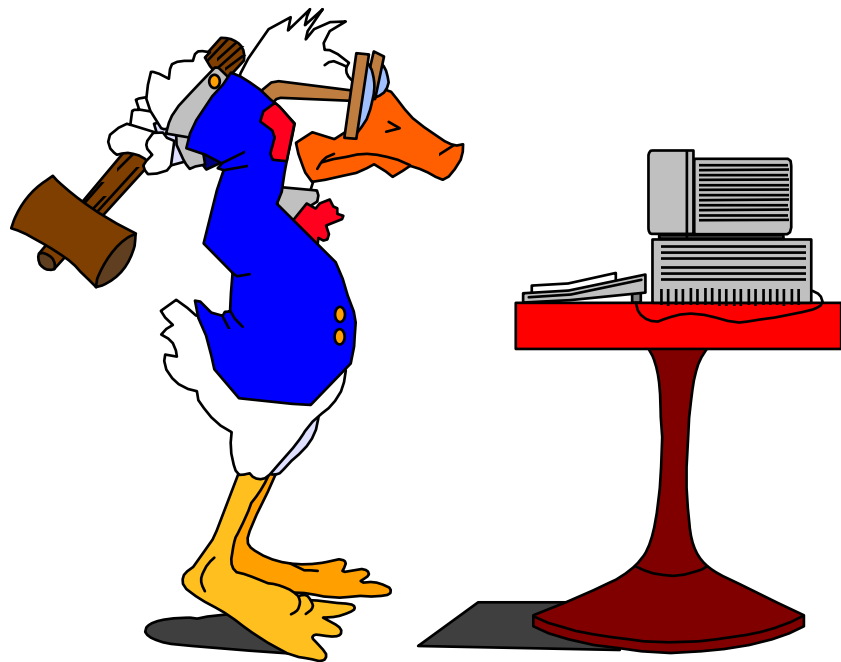
My teacher, Ken Rosmartin a small man of great speed. The first time my eyes saw him, was his hands braking a suspended piece of wood from a far, then turning as in a roll his kick toughen, by the years and miles in barefoot, broke a brick wall down with a spinning thrust, after which with bleeding hearts we conceded to do five hundred push ups, with the sweat of elephants armpit. I still remember his Elvis manner haircut with the grease to sing about, a tattoo of a knife with the words death before dishonor and a navy bird in blue and red. Looking back he surpass dreams of a teacher of children more for the army, navy, or the air.

We who were, were fifty paying our penny to lead in time of trouble. A caretaker and care he did take, in passing on the ways of his life of Tao, and key. Grading came as a wink of an eye, organized to go bush three days, we drove for 30 miles, that Australia day weekend turning down a dirt track till the cleaning of a brook and long trees, we made our fire from white ash logs of elm, our camp tents around this flame, I do remember, as if it was yesterday, we were cooking on the open fire. A one man tent for Ken, for us six to eight abreast. A sound of two pots banging together: "Get up it time for Zen!" It was Zen we knew we were training, "What will be, will be will be. Now strip down to nothing, children you are here. A karate man feels no pain." If a karate man feels no pain, why were we going in the ice cold water? "Breathe deep!"

As we over came the chill of rain drop in the dark of the night. In reflection of that night, the only one who felt little pain was the mosquito flying around, and around, as a vampire in a supermarket, penetrating the middle upper legs. Walking around I thought to myself this karate man feels pain, over pebbles and broken glass. "Harry!" cried out our lead, "Some club, not until you turn black belt and then only with supervision, and that only after five years hard work."

Then Ken looked down at poor Harry. "YOUR BEEN WITH US FOR SIX MONTHS, and A good student, I'm sure that with my training and your able light, we'll go far." Stand in a deep stance with a loud scream. " On the third count, ONE, looking Good, TWO, LOOKING VERY GOOD, THREE." the hand moved quicker than the eye.

Unfortunate as it was, the hand must have been opened a little because he smashed the board with a mighty thump and the board was still whole, but his knuckle was up like a balloon. So it is that a karate man feels no pain.



Mister Dylan Was a Sailor On the Ocean of Words

Mr. Dylan was a sailor on the ocean of words
Did he find what he was looking for?
Or did he drown out in that sea
I know the wind did carried him
For he had to be what, he had to be
An old man in vision of rhythm
Did the wind carry him to far away?
Or was he loss at parting of the sea
I saw him in a theater
Was he dead before his time?
I couldn't hear he's words
Still it was an honor just to go
Somehow his songs are living
On blue harp, six strings and campfires
Now children gather up ashes
Memory, his work so far, singing out
Mr. Dylan was solider
On the front-line of time
Between the lost of poetry
In echo from living now
Men of generation, swim the deepest seas
Men of generation, climb mountain high to be free
How he is, and why he is this poet of our century.



Didn't I Meet You

Didn't I meet you
Somewhere in the inner transfusion of time
Between the dreams and open mind
The door behind is closing
We are here to find
A ray of hope
A field of light
Still is still
In no photograph
Left

My Child its You

My child its you
Its you, I leave my world too
My child it's true
I give you everything I know
For the path of right and wrong are near
Can I share what I know?
I fear
My child its you
Its you, I leave my world too
Some day when I leave this world
I hope there will be more heart
For if time were in our hands
Would we save every moment
My child its you
The key is to understand why?
Yes life is for living
Together as seagulls in the hope of time



Sam Green (c.)2000

This book within

His music and words

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Be with health, live long, and be kind to your world