

john daniels



Part One in  
The Trilogy

# Bag of Bones

© 1984 John R. Daniels

...so me and my friend Chris were working together at the factory and I turned to him and kinda sang, "Life's like a bag of bones", and he said, "Why's that?" and I kinda sang, "The pieces are there but they won't stay together" and he snickered 'cause he figured it was what he was supposed to do and then a little later I sang at him, "Life's like an empty house" and he said, "Why's that?" and I sang, "The rooms are all there..." and like that and the same thing for the third verse with me singing at him and all. But, when I went to make it a real song I thought, "Life appears to be a lot of things, but, in reality, real life is an empty grave, the one Jesus escaped from".

*Vs. 1 - Life's like a bag of bones; the pieces are there but they won't stay together.*

Life's like a bag of bones, and you make a lot of noise but you don't get anywhere at all.

*Vs. 2 - Life's like an empty house; the rooms are all there but there's no love to fill them.*

Life's like an empty house, and the doorbell keeps ringing but there's no one there to answer at all. Listen to that doorbell ringing; hear the Man who's singing outside.

*Vs. 3 - Life's like a car in the mud; your wheels keep spinning 'round and you're tearing up the ground. Life's like a car in the mud, and you try to get out but you don't get very far at all.*

*Break - This old world keeps spinning 'round and people keep falling down.*

And everybody's looking for a reason to live. Useless lives and senseless deaths make it so hard to live here, but life isn't like a fairy tale.

*Vs. 4 - Real life is an empty grave, where Love came in and washed out all the death and the hatred.*

Real life is an empty grave, and it's free for you to take it and there's no excuses left at all.

**REPEAT BREAK**

*Vs. 4 part 2*

Real life is an empty grave, where Love came in and washed out all the death and the hatred. Real life is an empty grave, and it's free for you to take it and there's no excuses left. Real life is an empty grave, and it's free for you to take it and there's no excuses left at all.

# Nice Guy

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I used to like to go to those funhouses at the carnival and see myself in the curvy mirrors; you know, the ones that make you look fatter or skinnier or taller or shorter than you really are. This song is kind of a special mirror like that. You may see yourself in it and, then again, you may not.

*Vs. 1 - I try to be a big man, strong man, wise man; I'm making my own rules. I run my life so well that it ain't hard to tell I'm no fool. So why am I so scared, like I'm really not prepared for tomorrow.*

*Vs. 2 - I act like I'm so sure but I'm really insecure; I'm so lonely. You'd think I'd be all right, but in the middle of the night, there is no one. In the daytime I play games and at night I hide my shame and my sorrow.*

*Break - I was at that party, I was having a blast. Everybody thought I had it together; too bad it didn't last.*

*Harmonica Laments*

*Vs. 3 - I try to please the boss man, doing all I can to look like a pro. I'm hoping people like me; I do the things they do. Hey, I'm a good Joe. Some say that I do wrong, but don't you know I'm only trying to get along.*

*Vs. 4 - I got to church on Sunday, that is, sometimes, when I get the chance. I know all about God, hey, I gave the Bible a glance, once. I don't know much about hell but I don't really want you to tell me.*

*Break - I'm an American so I'm a Christian; I'm a nice guy. Ain't it true, some say it is, to get to heaven, all you got to do is try, real hard.*

*Vs. 5 - I like the ten suggestions, although, sometimes, I think they're no good. Some don't make sense so I do those things the way that I think I should. I'm sure God understands, He's really not the kind to hurt a good man, like me.*

*Break - I'm an American so I'm a Christian; I'm a nice guy. Ain't it true, some say it is, all you got to do to get to heaven is try. I'm an American so that makes me a Christian and I'm a nice guy. Ain't it true, please say it is, all you got to do to get to heaven is try.*

# Maybe It's Jesus

© 1975 John R. Daniels

I was sound man for a 50's rock and roll band in college. The band members were all real friendly while we rehearsed. Finally, the concert came and it was great! The last song was one of those car-crash tearjerkers and balloons were floating down from the ceiling and people were clapping and whistling and after the music stopped we were all congratulating each other as I packed up the equipment and then they all left. I was alone. Outside. In the dark. Without a ride. Or an invitation to the party. Then I knew that Solomon was right. Everything is useless under the sun. You've got to look above it.

*Vs. 1* – Life is so sweet, but so incomplete. I walk through the streets of my mind looking for answers. What I don't know, I don't like to show. And what I look for I don't find, unless maybe it's Jesus.

*Vs. 2* – I just go on. I know where I've been, but I don't know where I'm going to. There's no one beside me and no one to guide me, no one that I can turn to, unless maybe it's Jesus.

*Break* – I really wonder could it be Him? Is He the one I'm searching for? I really need someone, someone who cares. Is He knocking at my door?

*Vs. 3* – My life is empty and my soul is naked and my mind is searching to find some positive answers. School is confusing, romance is amusing, and what I look for I don't find, unless maybe it's Jesus. Jesus, is it you I may be looking for? Maybe it's Jesus.

## Missing Part

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True story. No lie!

1. Until the time that I was sixteen, life was just a fog and a haze. Not knowing why or where I was going, I wandered around in a daze. Sometimes I thought that I was adopted, or that I came from outer space 'cause everywhere that I would go, I felt so out of place.

*Chorus* There was a missing part, but I could never find it. A hole within my heart, I could never fill. There was a missing part, but I could never find it. A hole within my heart, I could never fill.

2. The last time that I cried was when I was twelve. I heard that big boys never break down. It just made me hard and cold and bitter, so I never made a sad sound. I wanted a girl or just someone to talk to, or maybe I'd write the perfect song. Anything at all to fill up the vacuum that had been in my heart for so long.

*Repeat Chorus*

*Harmonica longs for something to fill the void.*

3. At sixteen, I learned that the hole in my heart was shaped just like Jesus

And only He could fill that deep vacuum that had plagued me for all of those years.

*Repeat Chorus*

## Carousel

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Late into the night we would talk when I was a kid and when I was in college; imagining, questioning, sharing, intellectualizing. But, now, so many things get in the way. No matter who or what you are, things tend to crowd you unless you resist. I must. Notice *Friend* is capitalized.

1. Summer night, starry sky. Streetlight or campfire lights our eyes. We would talk for hours on end. We'd build our dreams and float them 'cross the sky. Time was scarce. Always was. Even so, we spent it when we could, sharing lives, hopes and fears. Why don't we share ourselves now like we should?

*Chorus* It's 'cause we're all spinning on a carousel. We don't even know where we got on. Days of caring and sharing our souls; where have they all gone?

2. Rushing off to race through our lives, we leave the important things behind. When we're tired of losing our minds, the things we need seem so hard to find.

*Break* – We fill our lives with useless things and activities. We make sure people see just what we want them to see. Spinning faster, losing touch, we want it to end. It's bad enough alone, but even worse without a friend.

3. 'Round and 'round, lonely in a crowd; our silent weeping seems so loud. Restless days, sleepless nights, and nothing seems to make it come out right.

*Chorus* It's 'cause we're all spinning on a carousel. We don't even know where we got on. Days of caring and sharing our selves; where have they all...? Tell me where have they all...?

*Harmonica wonders where...?*

4. Summer night, starry sky. The TV glaring lights your eyes. I'm going to talk to my good Friend. We'll build new dreams and float them 'cross the sky.
5. *Chorus* Because I'm getting off of this carousel. I don't even know where I got on. I'll be caring and sharing my self; before my life is all...before my life is all gone.

*Harmonica celebrates the sharing*

## **Class Reunion**

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I graduated with the greatest, most phenomenal high school senior class I've ever been in. But, even with our intelligence and talent, we're all bound by a need to be free.

*Vs. 1* - Most of us wanted just to try to make the grade, and all of us wanted to have a real good time. Some of us wanted to learn how to make a buck, and a few of us wanted just to stay alive. None of the faces or voices were the same. Sometimes we'd get into cliques and call each other names. But even then, we were all the same, you see. We were bound by a need to be free.

*Vs. 2* - After we threw our tassels across our pasteboard caps we moved out all across the map, looking for some something but we were not sure what. I wonder how many have found that something yet. Running towards what we think is a perfect dream; the faster we go, the farther away it seems. Even now, we're all the same, you see. We're still bound by a need to be free.

*Vs. 3* - Freedom ain't something that you can put a price tag on, or something you find at the rainbow's end. It's not elusive the way that all the poets say. Freedom is found by knowing the Truth, my friends. Jesus said, "I am the way to set you free, if you will give your heart and life to me". Oh how I want you all to be free, my high school class, 1973. Oh-oh-oh 1973. Ooo-oo-oo. It's not too late to be free.

## **David**

© 1985 John R. Daniels

We all touch the lives of others. I was misguiding David, so the Lord sent me away. How do I go back and make it right?

*Vs. 1* - Dave and I were quite the same. Making music was our game. I started to teach him what I knew about rock and roll. Then I heard a Voice from behind, calling out a name and it was mine. Then, he and I had our separate ways to go.

*Vs. 2* - I wish that he could have gone with me, back to the Kingdom where we both could be free. But, I guess, at the time it wasn't meant to be.

*Chorus* - And now, I pray that he will meet my Jesus. I think he thinks his music will set him free. I know that he'd be happy if he met my Jesus. I hope he'll see.

*Chamber ensemble prays*

*Vs. 3* - I know that the road he's on will end, and, when it does, he'll need a friend. And, I hope that he knows which way to turn.

*Chorus* - And now, I pray that he will meet my Jesus. I think he thinks his music will set him free. I know that he'd be happy if he met my Jesus. I hope he'll see.

*Vs. 4* - Dave and I are still quite the same. Making music is our game & I hope to meet him by the Rock that doesn't roll.

## **It Don't Blow in the Wind**

© 1985 John R. Daniels

I hope that this song will be unnecessary by the time you hear it. If, not, the prayer remains. Bob Dylan, come home to Jesus.

*Déjà vu* How many roads.....

*Vs. 1* You said that it bows in the wind. That's where I looked again and again.

All around town; up hill and down but Bobby, it don't blow in the wind. Your journey was so well know. You wandered so far from home. We gave you our prayers; we thought you were there, but when we turned around, you were gone.

*Chorus* The answer, my friend, you knew it way back when. And you ought to know, through all that you been, that Bobby, it don't blow in the wind.

*Vs. 2* The plane crash tore you apart. So many doubts flooded your heart. But I know Keith would want you to keep pressing on from where you got your new start.  
And if you wonder why it had to be, well, sometimes it's not for us to see. You gotta stick with the Man who's got the whole plan. It's the only way you'll ever be free.

*Repeat Chorus*

*Harmonica laments (déjà vu)*

*Vs. 4* You're searching won't do you no good, unless you look where you should. You know it's really a pain to keep looking in vain for what you once found in the Book.

I hope your good songs keep you awake, if that's what it's gonna take to help you return to what you once learned, 'cause Bobby, it don't blow in the wind.

*Chorus* The answer, my friend, you knew it way back when. And you ought to know, through all that you been, that Jimmy, it don't blow in the wind. The answer, my friend, you knew Him way back when. And someday soon I hope you'll come back again, 'cause Bobby, it don't blow in the wind.

## **Growing Up**

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Driving a school bus can give someone ulcers, gray hair, a nervous breakdown or worse. I drove a school bus for a while and all I ever got was a song. This one's for Matt, Tom, Laura, Nicole, David, Nellie, Annie, Leslie, Caroline, Mia, Stephanie, Carson, Jim, Katie, Scott, Andrea, Stacy, Chris, Julie, Joanna, Cameron, Sarah and the rest of you at Saint Genevieve's.

*Vs. 1* – Growing up was never easy, no matter what they say. You keep growing, you keep learning, day by day. And when you wake up in the morning, the world is still brand new and there's millions of changes going on inside of you.

*Vs. 2* – Growing up can be confusing. There's so many voices to hear. And it gets worse as you go from year to year. But, there's one Voice that's constant and it's still and small inside. And it's one from which you'll never, ever hide.

*Vs. 3* - And if you listen, you can hear Him. He's saying, "Follow me. I made sense of your confusion when I died upon that tree. I took your sin and sorrow and all those things that get you down."

*Chorus 1* – You don't need to wander around in the dark while you are young. Jesus came to give us light, to set us free. And if you give Him your whole heart, everything that you call yours, then He'll make you all that you were meant to be.

*Chorus 2* - You don't need to wander around in the dark while you are young. Jesus came to give us light, to set us free. And if you give Him your whole self, spirit, mind and body too, then He'll make you all that you were meant to be.

## **Who Loves You?**

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People will let you down, even some of those who call themselves Christians. Jesus won't. Ever. And He's the only one who can set you free and get you into heaven. People won't. They can't. Don't look at people. Look to Jesus.

*Vs. 1* - You say people let you down. What they say ain't what they do at all. They talk about joy and wear a frown, and the love they preach and the hate they show is enough to make you fall.

*Vs. 2* - Church type people come and go. Some love God and serve Him; others just pretend. But there's one thing that you should know. None of them can save you; it's on Jesus that you must depend.

*Chorus 1* - Who loves you more than anyone? Who died so you could live? Are you gonna let some pretend Christian stand in your way? Jesus is the one you need; He'll never let you down. And all the phonies in the world can't take Him away.

*Chorus 2* - Jesus loves you more than anyone. He died so you could live. Are you gonna let some imitation Christian stand in your way? Jesus is the only one that you will ever need; He'll never let you down. And all the phonies in the world can't take Him away.

# I Love You

© 1972 Randy Stonehill with additional verses and arr. John R. Daniels 1981

Now we're back to the empty grave. Listen to the doorbell ringing; hear the Man who's singing *I Love You* outside. The proof of His love is in the nail prints in His hands and feet, and in that empty grave. You've got a choice. Choose life. Choose Jesus.

V1. We can be together for now and forever; I love you, I love you. Now when I'm praying I hear Him saying I love you, I love you. People all over the world are opening up; they're coming around, they're saying

*Chorus* I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you *etc.*

V2. Brother and sister, Missus and Mister, I love you, I love you. He made me feel it, now I can't conceal it, I love you, I love you. Jesus came into the world to show us the way, to set us all free, now when He died, He was saying

*Repeat Chorus*

V3. I'm not sure just what it was He said when Jesus first stepped out of the tomb. But I know that just by coming out when He did, He said more than anyone else could. He was saying

*Repeat Chorus*

V4. One thing that I pray for more in this world is that people all over could know just what the Lord has done for them, and that they'd let their love for Him show by saying

*Repeat Chorus* (*special voice adds*) Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so.

*End chorus* He loves you, He loves you. Hear Him saying I love you, I love you. He loves you, He loves you. Hear Him saying I love you, I love you. Yes I do.

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All songs written and arranged by John Daniels except *I Love You* by Randy Stonehill with additional verses by John Daniels

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