

**SHADOWS
ON THE
MOUNTAIN**

**POEMS AND LYRICS
1976–1989**

**BY
C. COOPER ARD**

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

Paul, Stan, Mike, Bela, Joe, Steve, George, Lon, Mark,
John, Mike, Richie, Jack, Pierre, John, Boris, Norrin,
Mike, Jim, Roy, Mrs. Lewis, Mark, Lee, Scott, Glyn,
Layne, David, John, Lou, Tom, Joey, Kerry,
Tami & Ty, Paul, James, Charles, Steve,
and all the loves left behind...

SHADOWS ON THE MOUNTAIN

*All my life I've been on the road
It never seemed strange to me
Move away every couple of years
There's more places to be*

*Meeting new people nearly every day
Seemed like the thing to do
Now the time has come to see what I've done
And look at what I've been through*

*Shadows on the mountain
Saucers in the sky
I haven't seen everything
Just enough to get me by*

*Now I may be going crazy
Or I may be going straight
But I think I know from the places I go
We all have a change of state*

*I've got no place to call my home
No place to settle down
Not Bossier, Bellevue or Wichita Falls
I just can't find my town!*

*I've been from Minot to Warner Robins
But I can't look to the past
I've got to find a new place
And I've got to make it last*

*Shadows on the mountain
Saucers in the sky
I haven't seen everything
Just enough to get me by*

*Now I may be going crazy
Or I may be going straight
But I think I know from the places I go
We all have a change of state*

*Now I'm right on the breadth of a dream
I'm beginning to see the light
I've been making the social scene
And I think I've been doing it right*

*Living out of a suitcase
Is really not my way
But I won't let that bother me
I'm heading for that "Big A"!*

*Shadows on the mountain
Saucers in the sky
I haven't seen everything
Just enough to get me by*

*Now I may be going crazy
Or I may be going straight
But I think I know from the places I go
We all have a change of state*

*Brighten up those shadows
Climb the highest peak
Haven't seen no U.F.O.
But that's not all I seek*

*A house, a car and money
Are some of the things I'd like
But without some love to back them up
Then I'd rather be riding a bike!*

*Wo! Shadows on the mountain
Saucers in the sky
I haven't seen everything
Just enough to get me by*

*Now I may be going crazy
Or I may be going straight
But I think I know from the places I go
That I don't want to get there late.*

1978

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INTRODUCTION

Why now? Why publish a book of poetry a full score after the last piece was actually written? Well, the idea of collecting these scattered poems and song lyrics has been on my mind for over a decade now. However, sometimes life gets in the way of even the most determined inspiration. So after months of digging and compiling, you are now holding in your hands the completed work.

When I say completed, that is pretty much the case here. This volume contains the full breadth of my poetic output. The good and the bad, the happy and the sad; as they say. It's guaranteed that you, the reader, will not find every poem included here a great piece of art. The variety of topics and subject matter is so wide they could not all possibly appeal to any one person. My hope is that at least somewhere among these hundred or so pieces, you will find something that makes you smile, be thoughtful, relate, reflect, laugh or stir your emotions in some way.

I hesitate when I say, "my poetic output." You see, I've always had a hard time claiming credit for my poems. It's difficult to explain, but I've often felt that they really just wrote themselves. Dozens of times, I would not be able to sleep at night because a lyric or whole verses would mysteriously appear in my head. Inevitably, I would have to get up and write them down on paper just to get it out of my system. Other times, I may have just been driving in my car and suddenly a tune would come to me and I would instantly start singing it. By the time I reached my destination, the song would be complete. If only all of life were so easy.

For a decade and a half, it's as if I was a vessel for some kind of poetic machine and my task was to capture the words and rhymes on paper. To put black on white. Often times, I would be a workmanlike craftsman as well. I could sit down with only a

title or maybe a single line and within an hour or so, bang out a complete poem. Again, once I got started, the words and amazingly appropriate rhymes would magically form in my mind. It was my job just to get the structure right and decide on the sequence of the verses, bridges and choruses.

For this book, my initial thought was to have everything appear chronologically. Just lay it all out there as it happened from beginning to end. However, I was persuaded by a friend to group the poems thematically. Therefore, the book is divided into ten chapters so that as you're reading each piece within a chapter, it should share some commonality to the others around it. At the end of each one, I included the year it was first written so that you can still get a perspective of the order in which they were composed.

Those of you familiar with the Ladders and Moondogs may notice some differences from the recorded lyrics and the versions that appear in this book. While I was going through my files and putting together this collection, I came across numerous versions of the lyrics. Most of them hand-written on standard notebook paper, but many on odd size scrap paper, backs of envelopes, napkins or anything I could find at the moment when the words originally came to me.

I started to put the different versions of each piece together. As I read through them one by one, I noticed verses here and there that were omitted from the final recorded versions. Most often this was due to time constraints of the particular song we were working on. Reading these missing lyrics again for the first time in decades was like discovering old friends. They were familiar to me, but had not been engrained in my brain like the recorded songs have.

So exercising my poetic license, I decided to see if I could work them back in. I had to move a few things around here and there and even come up with a few new lines to finish out some incomplete verses. What we have now is the equivalent of bonus material or extended versions of many of the pieces. It was fun working with all the poems and lyrics again and I have been well-pleased with the results. I hope you will too.

LOVES LEFT BEHIND

IT'S HARD
FOR THE LOVE OF DEATH
VALENTINE CARD
STRONGER THAN A SUNRISE
TEAR OF JOY
YOUR DOOR
AIN'T NUTHIN' (BIGGER THAN A DINOSAUR)
CAN I SEE YOU TOMORROW?
LOVE EXPENSE
FASCINATION
LONESOME LOVER
WHEN THE NIGHT FALLS
TELL YOU
YOU LOVE ME
LONG DISTANCE LOVER
PEOPLE IN LOVE
THOUGHTS
WHEN YOU WERE HERE
WHITE PEARL
PIECES OF A PUZZLE
FACE IN THE MOON
SOMETIMES
LOVE IS GONE

IT'S HARD

*A love I left behind has since followed me
To the ends of the world for my eyes to see*

*A life that I've forgotten has called for my return
I know that I should leave so that I may learn
The way to take me back is not to miss my turn*

*But it's so hard
Yes, it's hard
My love I'll guard
You know it's hard*

*Reflections of the past are cast upon the lake
Where moonlight mends our minds till morning we shall wake
To see the sun that shines upon the love we make*

*It's hard to understand the workings of my mind
It's hard to be a man and still treat you kind
It's hard to think of you as anyone else would
It's hard to love you true as I know I could*

*Although it's hard to try
I would rather die than to see you cry over losing me
Can't you see?*

*Now hand in hand and cheek to cheek
I know you can and I hear you speak:
Stay with me more than ever
That our love may last forever.*

1977

FOR THE LOVE OF DEATH

*The touch of Death came late last night
He took her from my arms
She left without a single cry
He lured her with his charms*

*In peace she died upon the bed
In silence and with style
And though she died most painfully
Her face, it wore a smile*

*This love of mine was good and kind
Of harm she could not bring
Her skin was soft and thus would glow
Like flowers in the spring*

*Her lips were full as moon is bright
Her eyes, a shining green
Her hair was dark like sky at night
As dark as I have seen*

*I met my love some time ago
While shopping in a store
Although she was to marry me
There was something she loved more*

*While driving home one rainy night
A graveyard we did see
Her eyes were locked upon the dead
A chill came over me*

*For the love of death
For the love of death
For the love of death, I cry
For the love of death
She lost her breath
For the love of death, goodbye*

*I called to her as I came in
It was toward the end of day
There was no answer; she was gone
My mind it seemed to say:*

*“Where could she be this cloudy day?
Oh please, oh please not there!”
The graveyard whispered cold and bleak
Her hands were raised in prayer*

*I pulled her from the musty tomb
And not a word was said
Until at home she spoke with joy
“To live is to be dead!”*

*She called the Reaper from below
To claim her when she died
His charm of death had brought an end
To my beloved bride*

*I’m sure my love is happy now
Beneath the earthen ground
I call on Death to claim me now
To see what she has found*

*For the love of death
For the love of death
For the love of death, I cry
For the love of death
She lost her breath
For the love of death, goodbye.*

1977

VALENTINE CARD

*Love and Spring
The two are one
The birds will sing
To everyone*

*Smiles will glow
And sun will rise
Flowers grow
Before our eyes*

*Green are the trees
Soft is the ground
Love is the breeze
That blows us around*

*Time is a wheel
From end to start
The love I feel
Is from my heart*

*I give to you
This Valentine
My love is true
You must be mine.*

1977