

Wings of Time, a CD by Jim Heald

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Champagne and Roses to Laura, who continues to make it all possible.

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Produced for Missing Link Records.

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Recorded in Austin, Texas at

MARS Studio (Charlie Hollis, engineer),

Folk Reels (Eric Blakely, engineer), and Shakespeer Music (Rick Ward, engineer).

Digital Editing by David Speer, Shakespeer Music.

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Credits

I Want to Live Forever

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Greg Gosdin, lead guitar and bass
Jeff Sharpe, congas and shakers
Recorded at Shakespeer Music.

Your Love Pours Down

(for John Realmuto)
Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Bob Medina, saxophone
Frank Kammerdiener, cello
Leeann Atherton, vocals
Recorded at Folk Reels.

The Thorns that Guard the Rose

(for Janet and Jo Ann)
Jim Heald, guitars and vocals
Susan Hollis, vocals
Recorded at Shakespeer Music.

Standing on the Great Wall of China

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Rich Brotherton, lead guitar, bass,
and mandolin
Lisa Sawyer, vocals
Recorded at MARS.

Defenders of the Forest

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Frank Kammerdiener, cello
Adrienne Inglis, Zamponas

Lisa Sawyer, vocals
Recorded at MARS and Folk Reels.

The Thin Line

(for Ed McCarthy)
Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Doug Seiter, bass
Steve Kemble, drums
Beth Galiger, flute
Susan Hollis, vocals
Recorded at MARS.

I Don't Know the Answer

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Eric Blakely, lead guitar and bass
Marty Frank, drums
Leeann Atherton, vocals
Recorded at Folk Reels.

Two in the Morning

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Greg Gosdin, lead guitar and bass
Recorded at Shakespeer Music.

Money, Money, Money

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Eric Blakely, lead guitar
Doug Seiter, bass
Ron Erwin, drums
Susan Hollis, vocals
Recorded at MARS and Folk Reels

Miguel's Song

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Beth Galiger, flute
Doug Seiter, bass

Quincy Jarmon, congas
Recorded at Folk Reels.

Long Distance

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Greg Lowry, dobro
Doug Seiter, bass
Leeann Atherton, vocals
Recorded at Folk Reels.

Chains of Love

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Eric Blakely, lead guitar
Doug Seiter, bass
Andy Pickard, drums
Susan Hollis and Lisa Sawyer,
vocals
Recorded at MARS and Folk Reels.

Waiting for the Bombs to Fall

Jim Heald, guitar and vocals
Recorded at Shakespeer Music.

I Want to Live Forever

I want to live forever, see how things turn out
travel to the moon and stars and see what
they're about.

Even if they're all barren rocks, windswept
and cold

I want to live forever, but I don't want to get
old.

Politics and human rights, people struggling
to be free
when we get to where we're going I want to
be there to see.

Tear down all the walls and pave the streets
with gold.

I want to live forever, but I don't want to get
old.

*Hair turns grey and flesh begins to sag
Sight begins to fade and spirits start to drag
Bones begin to break and minds start drifting
away ...*

*I hope that you're still with me at the dawn of a
brand new day.*

Miracles of medicine, what will they think of
next?

A cure for all diseases? Safe alternatives to
sex?

Transplants and implants, I can see it all
unfold

I want to live forever, but I don't want to get
old.

*Hair turns grey and flesh begins to sag
Sight begins to fade and spirits start to drag
Bones begin to break and minds start drifting
away ...*

*I hope that you're still with me at the dawn of a
brand new day.*

It's time to place your bets, seal up your
predictions
feel the thrill of the race, the race against mass
extinction.

Will the climate be the same at the equator

and the poles?

I want to live forever, but I don't want to get
old.

1989, Austin TX

Your Love Pours Down (For John Realmuto)

Walking by the river as the evening sun plays
shadow games with me
your face appears and disappears in the
branches of the trees.

My prayers float upward on the breeze like
runaway kites;
filling up cathedrals of silence like candles in
the night.

The river of life flows on and on within me
and without
we're all woven from the same loom, of that I
have no doubt.

The sun comes up and the moon goes round
and round
and we're all waiting here on earth for
fragments of the heavenly sound.

*Like a crust of bread to a hungry man
or a drop of water in a thirsty land;
your love pours down from a jet black sky
and sweeps away that other world, the one that
went awry.*

My aching fingers pluck the strings but the
sounds do not agree
and the words keep choking in my throat,
they're dying to be free.

I know there's still some music left in these
weary bones
even if it's just a distant wailing chorus from
the saxophones.

*Like a crust of bread to a hungry man
or a drop of water in a thirsty land;
your love pours down from a jet black sky*

*and sweeps away that other world, the one that
went awry.*

Walking by the river as the evening sun plays
shadow games with me
and shapes appear and disappear in the
branches of the trees.
Our prayers float upward on the breeze like
runaway kites;
filling up cathedrals of silence like candles in
the night.

February 1991, Austin TX

The Thorns That Guard the Rose (For Janet and Jo Ann)

I am the sun, I am the moon
I am the dream that ends too soon.
I am the deer, I am the lumbering bear
I am the catch that eludes the snare.

I am the grass, I am the flower
I am a lifetime or one short hour.
I am the tree, I am the leaf
I am a place beyond belief.

I am the flame that keeps you warm.
I am the calm before the storm.
I am the hurricane that blows.
I am the thorns that guard the rose.

I am the light, I am the dark
I am the arrow that hits the mark.
I am the snow, I am the rain
I am the touch that heals the pain.

I am the flame that keeps you warm.
I am the calm before the storm.
I am the hurricane that blows.
I am the thorns that guard the rose

Everywhere you look, everything you see,
However far your mind goes, you'll still be
with me.

I am the moon, I am the sun
I am the shining radiant one.
I am the black sky filled with stars,
I understand just who you are.

I am the flame that keeps you warm.
I am the calm before the storm.
I am the hurricane that blows.
I am the thorns that guard the rose

September/October. 1988, Near Vail
Colorado and Austin, TX

Standing On The Great Wall Of China

I'm standing on the Great Wall of China
looking out into the blue
standing on the Great Wall of China
and all I can think of is you.

I trudged across miles of desert
searching lost cities for gold
but the fragments of truth fell apart in my
hands
and the secrets would never unfold.

So I sailed beyond the horizon
chasing a sweet mystery.
Clutching the moon's reflections
and drowning in love's stormy seas.

Countless the stars that I've counted
countless the times I've been lost
countless the times I denied you
without ever counting the cost.

*But you came along and tossed me a line
unlocked the treasures, explained the design.
You came along with a song in your heart.
The ground opened up and the sky flew apart.*

The sages said love was for losers,
the sages said love was untrue,
the sages have said that love is a dream
but the sages have never kissed you.

'Cause love is the light in a dark empty world
love is the shelter I've earned
I crisscrossed the globe without you
and love was the lesson I learned.

So I'm standing on the Great Wall of China
looking out into the blue;
standing on the Great Wall of China
and I've got my arms around you.

'Cause love is the light in a dark empty world
love is the shelter I've earned
I crisscrossed the globe without you
and love was the lesson I learned.

1982, Chicago

Defenders Of The Forest

Somewhere in the forest another tree comes
down;
ripped up from the soil, we pretend not to
hear the sound.
The monkeys shriek in the shadows, the birds
of paradise sing;
chainsaws chew through the darkness, blind
to the changes they bring.

The rivers for miles and miles are clogged
with trees and mud
standing here at sunset it seems like bodies
washed away with blood.
The fish have fled to the spirit world, can we
be far behind?
Is this the best that we can do with the
powers of our mind?

The animals have lost their teeth and the jaguar

*has no claws.
The defenders of the forest, they aim their poison
darts
but the trees come down.*

Weaving in the moonlight to the sound of
some ancient tune,
he draws his bow and sends his nightmare's
demons to the moon.
But the tide just keeps on coming up the
dusty, red dirt trails
and the defenders of the forest, they seem so
small and frail.

*The animals have lost their teeth and the jaguar
has no claws.
The defenders of the forest, they aim their poison
darts
but the trees come down.*

The hunter kneels in the clearing and picks
up a handful of dust;
he spits in a hand-drawn circle and curses our
greed and lust.
This is not just some disturbing dream, not
some parallel universe;
this is the white man's vision and progress'
bloody curse.

*The animals have lost their teeth and the jaguar
has no claws.
The defenders of the forest, they aim their poison
darts
but the trees come down.*

1990, Austin TX

The Thin Line (for Ed McCarthy)

He walks the black streets and he shivers in
the rain;
he must have walked a million miles just to
numb the pain.
He'll ask you for a quarter or he'll bum a
cigarette

and the emptiness behind his eyes is a sight
you won't forget.

The screeching of the el trains is music to his
ears;
he knows the tortured melodies are better
than his fears.
he shuffles through his memories, all the best
are bittersweet;
more painful than the struggle of living on
the street.

*He winds a rag around his neck and walks into the
night;
he hears the distant flapping of his demons taking
flight.
he tries hard to remember where he let go of the
thread
it's a thin line that he walks between the living
and the dead.*

On the edges of the city where the walls are
caving in,
he sits and waits for judgment, atoning for his
sins.
An open fire and a slug of wine are all that
keep him warm;
some cardboard and a leaky roof, his shelter
from the storm.

*He winds a rag around his neck and walks into the
night;
he hears the distant flapping of his demons taking
flight.
he tries hard to remember where he let go of the
thread
it's a thin line that he walks between the living
and the dead.*

In a dream I try to help him, but our fingers
don't quite meet
and I can't prevent his falling and collapsing
in the street.
I wake up in a cold sweat, he has vanished in
the dark and
I hope for some redemption in the morning's
first bright spark.

*He winds a rag around his neck and walks into the
night;
he hears the distant flapping of his demons taking
flight.
he tries hard to remember where he let go of the
thread
it's a thin line that he walks between the living
and the dead.*

1988, Austin TX. This song was written in
one sitting after I heard that my friend Ed had
lost his way and wound up as a homeless
person on the streets of Chicago. I had met
Ed at the Old Town School of Folk Music in
about 1978 and he was a talented Guitar and
Bass player. We'd hang out with other
students after classes at the Single File, a bar
not far from the School which had an open
stage. I think the first time I played in public
was with Ed and Terry Shapiro at the File.

I Don't Know The Answer

I don't know the answer, I don't have the
cure.

I can't raise the dead, I can't feed the poor.
There's a tear in your eye, and a cry on the
wind.

I don't know where we're going, I don't know
where to begin.

I don't know the answer
and I don't have the cure.

I see your lips in the mirror,
they're looking luscious and pure.

I'm here at the crossroads, the sun's going
down.

I'm crying deep in my heart, but I can't make
a sound.

My knuckles are bleeding, the air's getting
thin.

I see so much to lose, I don't see nothing to win.

I don't know the answer
and I don't have the cure.
I see your lips in the mirror,
they're looking luscious and pure.

I've been asleep for a lifetime, can't seem to open my eyes.
Listening for truth, and drowning in lies.
Outside of my window, the sky's bleeding red
and the thought of your love, just goes straight to my head.

I don't know the answer
and I don't have the cure.
I see your lips in the mirror,
they're looking luscious and pure.

It's coming together, then it all falls apart.
Searching and searching to cure the ache in my heart.

1992, Austin TX. I think of this as my 40th birthday song; contemplating all the things that I hadn't accomplished.

Two in the Morning

It's two in the morning, lightning flashes outside
I can't get back to sleep again, my eyes are open way too wide
I see you here beside me in the flickering light
when we get to where we're going, how will we know we got it right?

The thunder's rattling the windows, rain is beating down so hard
the sirens they are trembling on distant police cars
I open up the window and the night rushes in

You know this life is going nowhere, babe, at least nowhere I've ever been.

*And the mystery is all around us
sometimes we curse and try to drive it away
when we think it's gone you know we curse a little louder
as we struggle to get through the empty days.*

Am I here in this body, baby, am I here in this soul?
Where did I misplace the spark, that could drive away this cold?
And I ask you these questions and watch your eyes as you sleep
You know I'd like to believe, but it's just too great a leap.

*And the mystery is all around us
sometimes we curse and try to drive it away
when we think it's gone you know we curse a little louder
as we struggle to get through the empty days.*

It's two in the morning, lightning flashes outside
I can't get back to sleep again, my eyes are open way too wide
I see you here beside me in the flickering light
when we get to where we're going, how will we know we got it right?

early 1990's, Austin TX

Money, Money, Money

Money, Money, Money makes the world go round,
a black limousine and a night on the town.
I never knew a man who thought he had enough
'cause money, money, money, money,
money's magical stuff.

Paper or plastic, silver or gold,
digital signals you can't even hold...

Flashing round the globe at the speed of light;
toppling governments in the dead of night.

*Money, Money, Money makes the world go round,
a black limousine and a night on the town.
I never knew a man who thought he had enough
'cause money, money, money, money, money's
magical stuff.*

Arm the Ayatollah, send bullets to Beirut,
we'll be selling weapons when there's no one left to shoot.
It's the world's biggest export, markets near and far;
you can make a killing whoever you are.

Money, Money, Money makes the world go round,
a black limousine and a night on the town.
I never knew a man who thought he had enough
'cause money, money, money,
money, money's magical stuff.

The Reverend Jimmy Swaggart and the PTL,
they're raking in the cash on the road to hell.
30 pieces of silver and a kiss on the cheek;
this ain't a world where it pays to be meek.

*Money, Money, Money makes the world go round,
a black limousine and a night on the town.
I never knew a man who thought he had enough
'cause money, money, money, money, money's
magical stuff.*

Soapsuds and sex and SDI,
the dollars are big, the technology's high.
We're dancing in the valley round the golden calf;
I bet you somewhere the devil's having a laugh.

*Money, Money, Money makes the world go round,
a black limousine and a night on the town.
I never knew a man who thought he had enough*

*'cause money, money, money, money, money's
magical stuff.*

Man's born free but he's always in chains;
it's either welfare lines or capital gains.
The rustle of paper or the clinking of coins;
Can't you feel the fever burning down in your loins?

You can't buy love, so the old song goes,
but there's still champagne and a blood red rose.
A little bit of money might help things along
if the feelings you start with aren't all that strong.

*Money, Money, Money makes the world go round,
a black limousine and a night on the town.
I never knew a man who thought he had enough
'cause money, money, money, money, money's
magical stuff.*

1988, Austin TX

Miguel's Song (the Gravedigger's Song)

I could dance in the meadow to the song of a lark
sweet smell of grass rising into the sky.
If I were a cool breeze, I'd chase a butterfly
but I'm burying memories and breaking my back.
The people stand silent; the ground's neatly trimmed;
handkerchiefs ready to catch a stray tear,
so I put my dark glasses on
and lower another man into the grave.

*How do they see me, eyes filled with tears?
How can I touch them, they're so choked with fears?*

*What will they think of my truce with death
as I pick up a shovel and take a loved one away?*

After the people go, I dream of Mexico
mangoes, manure, soil of my youth.
Pick up my old guitar, play a soft lullaby,
sweeten the burden of all the goodbyes.
If it's not what I dreamed, I'll take it my
friend;
it's only a moment and then there's an end.

Icy wind, freezing rain slitting my wrists;
the ground's like a stone but the job never
quits.
Holding a child, a casket's so light
there's nowhere to hide and it doesn't seem
right
so I put my dark glasses on
and lower another man into the grave.

*How do they see me, eyes filled with tears?
How can I touch them, they're so choked with
fears?
What will they think of my truce with death
as I pick up a shovel and take a loved one away?*

And it's not what I dreamed, but I'll take it
my friend.
Life's a short moment and then there's an end.

**1978, Chicago, IL; based on one of the stories
in Studs Terkel's book "Working." The
words for this song started to come to me as
I was walking home from the Old Town
School of Folk Music on a still, cold winter
night. I had walked over to Lincoln Park
from Armitage and was near the
Conservatory by Fullerton when the words
started to take shape. When I got back to my
apartment near Diversey and Sheridan, the
words came very quickly, in a single sitting.**

Long Distance (Is the Wrong Distance for Love)

The snow's piled high outside my front door;
I'm empty and tired, I can't take any more.
I want to reach out and touch you and hold
you so tight;
run my fingers through your hair in the still
of the night.

*But long distance love is the game that we play;
living on dreams while we're wasting away.
I gaze into the shadows, curse the heavens up
above;
'cause long distance is the wrong distance for love.*

Your voice flickers and fades on the telephone
line;
you say that you love me but I don't feel that
your mine.
We were walking down the beach with the
moonlight in your hair
I'd give everything I own if we could still be
there.

*But long distance love is the game that we play;
living on dreams while we're wasting away.
I gaze into the shadows, curse the heavens up
above;
'cause long distance is the wrong distance for love.*

Those hot summer nights, you were
wrapped in my arms.
Now I'm burning up inside and I just
can't stay warm.
I pick up the phone and dream of your
smile;
dial the number and it rings for a while.

The miles and miles of telephone wire
have wrapped up our hearts and choked our
desire.

The words and the years drift away in the
snow
and the storms around my heart have left me
nowhere to go.

*But long distance love is the game that we play;
living on dreams while we're wasting away.
I gaze into the shadows, curse the heavens up
above;
'cause long distance is the wrong distance for love.*

1989, Austin TX

Chains Of Love

When I'm alone the sun it does not shine
When I'm alone the sun it does not shine
And when I look into the darkness where the
jaguars sleep
I feel like I'm underneath the waves
getting pulled down through the deep.

Another evening slips into night
it gets so dark outside and I'm just aching for
the light
I dream about you, but you're just laughing
on the beach
dancing through the waves you're always out
of my reach

Your face is bright and clear like the morning
sun
I say your face is bright and clear like the
morning sun
and when you open up your eyes and look at
me
they cut right through these chains of love
and set me free.

I'm standing on the corner watching the cars
go by
like the elephant's graveyard they've all come
here to die
and the smoke and the flames are the only
consolation that I've got
I hope that things are getting better, but

maybe they're not.

Your face is bright and clear like the morning
sun
I say your face is bright and clear like the
morning sun
and when you open up your eyes and shine
them at me
they cut right through these chains of love
and set me free.

December, 1990, Austin TX

Waiting For The Bombs To Fall

There are things that I remember from a long,
long time ago
welling up inside me I no longer care to
know.
I was lying by the window listening for the
planes;
darkness wrapped around me like a heavy set
of chains.
I was waiting for the trumpets, listening for
the call,
ready to cross the border, waiting for the
bombs to fall.

Kruschev was in the papers and grinning on
TV;
pounding on the table from sea to shining sea.
There was panic in the suburbs, panic on the
beach,
scrambling to find shelter where the thunder
wouldn't reach.
It was getting close to midnight, our backs
against the wall;
we were praying for redemption, waiting for
the bombs to fall.

Nothing seemed to matter much, waiting for
the end;
our days an empty ritual, TV our hypnotic
friend.
In a whirlpool of inflation, head over heels in

debt,
we were dancing on the high wire without
the luxury of a net.
Wandering lost souls in some cosmic
shopping mall;
reaching for our credit cards and waiting for
the bombs to fall.

When we look into the mirror do we
recognize the face
beneath the lines of terror we've tried so hard

to erase?
Beaten into submission, we were left in the
dust to crawl
on a suicidal journey, it's a wonder we can
feel at all.

Shaking off my slumber just before the break
of day
these times like some bad dream just begin to
drift away
And the rosy fingered dawn paints the world

anew
while the certainties I've lived by all appear to
be untrue.
So if the devil comes a-knocking, I will not
heed the call;
'cause I've spent too much time already
waiting for the bombs to fall.

**1989-1992. This song started to take shape
around the time that the Berlin Wall was
coming down. When I was a kid in the early
60's, at the height of the Cold War hysteria,
people were talking about building bomb
shelters in their back yards, we had air raid
drills at school, and there were Post-
Apocalypse fantasies on shows like the
Twilight Zone. I often would lie awake in
bed at night and listen to the planes,
wondering which one would be it.**

A Brief Biography

Growing Up

Jim was born in the 1950's in Northern New Jersey, about six miles as the crow flies from the George Washington Bridge. During his high school years he spent plenty of time listening to the Beatles, Santana, Paul Simon, James Taylor, Crosby, Stills & Nash, the Byrds, The Band, and more. Even Motown. Good buddy Steve had a car (bright red rocketship really) that he and friend Gary called the Pimpmobile. Steve, though Jewish, seemed to think he was black and listened to the Temptations, Four Tops and others on 8-track as they drove to school or cruised for girls in nearby towns on Saturday nights. The sound of Jim's music had its origins in the soundtrack of those turbulent, wonderful times, and continues to evolve.

College

Jim went to college in Waterville, Maine, studying English Lit and East Asian Culture, and spent a year studying at Oxford and another year in graduate school in Philadelphia. After dropping out of grad school, he moved to Chicago. Broke and without a clue about what to do with his liberal arts degree, it seemed like a good place to figure things out. He found that he liked the Windy City, especially the summer, with ball games at Wrigley Field, the Lakefront, and the music scene.

Guitar enters the Picture

His mother gave him a guitar for Christmas in 1976 (Thanks Mom!) and, shortly after, he started to hang around the *Old Town*

School of Folk Music. There were concerts at the Old Town School and he became acquainted firsthand with the music of performers like John Prine, Steve Goodman, Michael Smith, Tom Paxton, Bob Gibson, Jim Post and many others, such as Odetta, Josh White Jr., Pierre Bensusan, Doc Watson, and Roger McGuinn. He also became aware of a new generation of local songwriters like Thom Bishop (aka Junior Burke), Tom Dundee, Chris Farrell and Marty Piefer. He would frequent the folk clubs and coffeehouses to hear these new artists.

He particularly liked to go to a club like *Somebody Else's Troubles* and sit near the front to watch performers play guitar, picking up ideas for his own playing and sometimes learning a few of their songs. He started hanging out with his new friends, discussing the finer points of folk, jazz, and rock and roll and playing the open stages after calming the nerves with a couple of beers. Bruce Cockburn and Loudon Wainwright III are among the many influences that you may detect in Jim's music.

He started playing gigs for money in the early 80's. Around the same time, he met Laura and they fell in love and got married. She was the inspiration for the love songs in his repertoire. In 1985, tired of long winters and cold springs, they packed up the car and the cats and moved to Austin in search of warmer weather and the legendary music scene.

Austin and Beyond

In Austin, he became acquainted with a whole new set of musicians like Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Joe Ely, Jimmie LaFave, James McMurtry, Stephen Bruton, Rich Brotherton, David Rodriguez and many others. He co-hosted the open stage at the legendary acoustic venue, *Chicago House*, with Jimmy LaFave and Betty Elders, played at SXSW several times in the early years, was a finalist at the *Kerroville*

Folk Festival New Folk Competition in 1990 and 1993 and performed live a number of times on the *KUT Folkways* radio show. Over the years he has performed either solo or with a rotating cast of fantastic musicians and singers, many of whom pop up on his releases. Jim moved on to the DC area in 1996 and continues to write and perform regularly at coffeehouses, festivals, house concerts and other events.

Discography

Standing on the Great Wall of China (1988 cassette OUT OF PRINT)

This Ain't a World Where it Pays to be Meek (1989 cassette OUT OF PRINT)

Defenders of the Forest (1992 cassette - I have a couple left if anyone is interested)

Wings of Time (1997 CD, reissued October, 2016)

Old Jalopy (2007 CD)

World of Wonders: the Lyrics and Music of Bruce Cockburn (2012 Book) Available from Amazon.com

Selected Songs and Poems 1971-2013 (2014 Book) Available from Amazon.com

Chiaroscuro (February 2015 CD)

The CDs are available Direct, and from CD Baby, Amazon, iTunes and other online outlets.

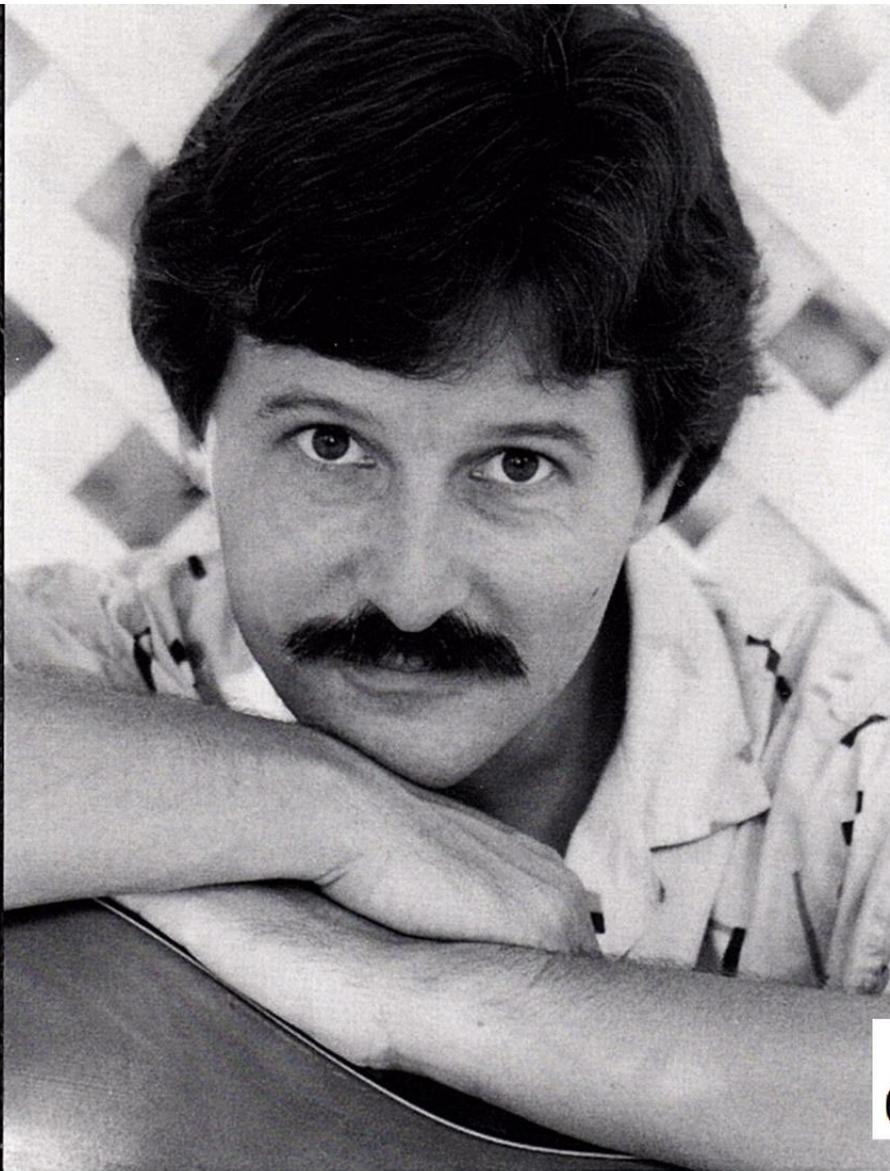


ML0097-1

JIM HEALD

WINGS OF TIME

MISSING LINK



1. I WANT TO LIVE FOREVER
2. YOUR LOVE POURS DOWN
3. THE THORNS THAT
GUARD THE ROSE
4. STANDING ON THE
GREAT WALL OF CHINA
5. DEFENDERS OF
THE FOREST
6. THE THIN LINE
7. I DON'T KNOW
THE ANSWER
8. TWO IN THE MORNING
9. MONEY, MONEY, MONEY
10. MIGUEL'S SONG
11. LONG DISTANCE
12. CHAINS OF LOVE
13. WAITING FOR
THE BOMBS TO FALL

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MISSING LINK