

THE BRIGHTS

Live Love Dream

A GOOD DAY

Don Bray (SOCAN)
©2005 (3:51)

I was born on a weekday
September 27th, '52
And it don't seem like a long time to me
Though I'm sure it may to you
And I remember the doctor
He was a special kind of guy
He did this thing to my thing with his scalpel
My oh my – but I didn't cry
'Cause a good day's a day we don't die
A good day's a day we've still got some light in our eyes
A good day's a day when we get out of bed
And our heart still pumps some blood to our head
I remember doing time in high school
It was a sentence particularly cruel
I still don't know what crime I committed
But I got by just playing the fool – and that was cool
'Cause a good day's a day we don't die
A good day's a day we've still got some light in our eyes
A good day's a day when we get out of bed
And our heart still pumps some blood to our head

Don't you worry about that small stuff, sister
It has this way of being fine
Don't you worry about them big disasters
There's this other master, and they're all her design
And she don't mind

Because a good day's a day we don't die
A good day's a day we've still got some light in our eyes
A good day's a day when we get out of bed
And our heart still pumps some blood to our head

So this song is just to thank you
To all of you, you got me here
To this bald-pated state, where I appreciate
That fundamental truth I hold so dear

Seems so clear that a good day's a day we don't die
A good day's a day we've still got some light in our eyes
A good day's a day when we get out of bed
And our heart still pumps some blood
Yes our heart still pumps some blood
Yes our heart still pumps some blood to our head
You've got to let things go to your head

Don Bray: lead vocal, guitar
Alyssa Wright: harmony vocal, cello

IT'S OK

Don Bray (SOCAN)
©2008 (3:11)

There's a storm brewing in the south
Gonna do this old house in
There's a wind howling from the devil's mouth
Can you hear that lonesome din?
There's a cold rain, I can feel it now
Gonna wash this all away
Don't you cry lover, it's OK

There's a firm hand moving us along
You know there's no turning back
There's a crude jokester singin' songs
About what we think we lack
There's a hard heart keeps the kitchen clock
Just ticking off the days

There's a fair sun above the clouds
And it's waiting to break through
It's the clear light of truth will shine
On everything we do
In good time it will find these seeds
That lie scattered on the clay
So don't you cry lover, it's OK
Don't you cry lover

Don Bray: lead vocal, Hawaiian King
Alyssa Wright: harmony vocals, cello, percussion
Patrick McPhail: bass

ANGELS

Alyssa Wright (SOCAN)
©2007 (5:16)

Angels, bring me what I need
I'm tired of getting what I've asked for
And all the losses that I've grieved
While the fates just laugh and keep score

Every time I thought I knew a path to lead me through
I was just treading the familiar:
The promise of another lie
Promise of one more good-bye
And faces far too similar

Angels, bring me what I need
I'm putting my baton down
Losing the illusion of control
Knowing the show will somehow go on

Feels like I'm naked on the stage
Blinded by the spotlight's rage
Being told I'd better dance
But no music's coming from beneath
And all I have is two left feet
And the weight of circumstance

Angels, bring me what I need
Unto your guidance I'll concede
And all constraints I shall release
And pray to you my soul to keep

Stranded in the spotlight's glare
I was completely unaware
Of the talents I could bring
With your support, I took the chance
Figured out that I could dance
With my champions in the wings

Live