

JOURNEYS

John McDermott



bringing buddy home

the dreamer



I AM PASSIONATE ABOUT RECOGNIZING AND HONOURING OUR VETERANS.

The selfless sacrifice they make to preserve our liberties must never be forgotten. From WWI to Afghanistan and including every war, peacekeeping mission and rebuilding mission in between, our Veterans' sacrifices have allowed us to live free and in peace in the greatest country in the world.

It has become all too familiar that we hear of the loss of another young person serving overseas. On my latest recording I have included a number of songs that deal with the issues our young men and women face upon returning home as well as the great sacrifices their families face on a daily basis. This recording will be used to help in the fundraising efforts of Canada Company. I ask for your support in providing assistance to our Veterans, however they may need it.

John



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THE DREAMER ¹

DEDICATED TO TED KENNEDY

I MET TED ON MY FIRST TRIP TO THE U.S. AS AN ENTERTAINER IN 1995. HE WAS GRACIOUS AND KIND AND SINCE THEN HAS BECOME A GREAT FRIEND AND SUPPORTER. ON JULY 4TH WEEKEND 2008 I WAS PERFORMING AT THE CAPE COD MELODY TENT AND DURING OUR BREAK TIME WE WENT TO VISIT TED, VICKI AND THE FAMILY. I BROUGHT ALONG SOME OF THE BAND TO PLAY A FEW TUNES, SING A FEW SONGS AND JUST HANG OUT WITH TED. IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE AND ENJOYABLE AFTERNOONS I HAVE EVER HAD. I WAS WEARING ONE OF MY PLAID JACKETS AND GAVE IT TO TED AS TOKEN OF THANKS. HE LOOKED GREAT IN IT AND GOT A GREAT CHUCKLE OUT OF IT. HE DID NOT HAVE ONE IN HIS WARDROBE.

Some people call me a dreamer / As if dreamer is a dirty word / Say I sing a song that few still believe in / And that fewer still have even heard / Say I'm living in a time that is over / And not in the real world of today / That we need more doers and less dreamers / And that folks like me just get in the way



I dream of a world without hunger / I dream of a world without war / Where we live at peace on this earth together / Where the air tastes sweet / and the rivers all run clear / Dream it first and it will happen / But if you don't believe that it can / Just leave me to my dreaming / 'cos I'm happy where I am Say I'm living in a time that is over / and not in the real world of today / That we need more doers and less dreamers / And that folks like me just get in the way

Well, I dream of a world without hunger / I dream of a world without war / Where we live at peace on this earth together / Where the air tastes sweet and the rivers all run clear / Dream it first and it will happen / But if you don't believe that it can / Just leave me to my dreaming / 'Cos I'm happy just where I am / Yeah, I'm happy just where I am

IF WISHES WERE FISHES 2

I wish I was home again, at home in my heart again / It's been a long time since my heart talked to me / Wastin' my precious days, wishin' my life away / If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea

I wish I was young again / my song still to be sung again / The sweet tunes of my life have gone sour and off-key / Writin' my tired old rhymes, tryin' to turn back time / If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea

CHORUS If wishes were fishes I know where I'd be / Castin' my net in the dark rollin' sea / And if my net's empty when it comes back to shore / I'll throw it away and go fishin' no more

I wish I could care again, reach out and share again / Mend what's been broken and let it run free / The older I get it seems the more wishin' takes the place of dreams / If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea

REPEAT CHORUS

I wish I was home again, at home in my heart again / It's been a long time since my heart talked to me / Wastin' my precious days, wishin' my life away / If wishes were fishes we'd all cast nets in the sea



WELCOME HOME 3

DEDICATED TO ALL VIETNAM VETERANS. IN 2007 BOTH THE U.S. CONGRESS AND THE U.S. SENATE PASSED RESOLUTIONS PROCLAIMING MARCH 30TH NATIONAL WELCOME HOME VIETNAM VETERANS DAY (WHVVD). LONG OVERDUE.

When the boys came home Annie cried and Annie cheered / She'd been on her own for a long and lonely year / Living on his letters from far-away Vietnam / And dreading an official telegram

She was waiting at the station when his train came rolling in / She ached with anticipation of holding him again / Suddenly he was standing there in his crumpled uniform / In a heartbeat she was in his arms

Welcome home boys, welcome home / Don't you know that you've been gone too long / Did you wonder over there / When you were tired, when you were scared / If your country really cared / Welcome Home

When a nation goes to war everyone's a

casualty / Some are maimed and scarred, most have wounds you cannot see / So in place of the man that she'd known Annie found instead / A sick and troubled stranger in her bed

She was stubborn, she was loving, so she stayed all through the years / the hard times and the drinking, the nightmares and the tears / Where hate is muddy quicksand love is tempered steel / Annie waited for his wounds to heal

Welcome home boys, welcome home / Don't you know that you've been gone too long / We're just glad that you survived / It's only you that wonders why / You lived when others died / Welcome home

So on a sunny D.C. morning I heard old war drums beat / And watched the boys come marching down the city street / To claim the place in a Nation's heart their blood and pain had earned / And a Nation rejoiced in their return

If that day helped heal some wounds is a matter of debate / For some it had come none too soon, for others far too late / But I found myself hoping as the boys went marching past / That for them the war was over at last

Welcome home boys, welcome home / Don't you know that you've been gone too long / What you went through in Vietnam / We can't begin to understand / But to each and every man, welcome home

Welcome home boys, welcome home / Don't you know that you've been gone too long / May the years bring you release / As the memories decrease / May you find some kind of peace, welcome home / May you find some kind of peace, welcome home

ALONG THE MERRY ROAD TO HELL ⁴

MCDERMOTT/GOWAN

MY BROTHER MICHAEL DIED AT AN ALL TOO EARLY AGE. HE HAD DEMONS THAT CHASED HIM MOST OF HIS LIFE AND HE CONSTANTLY FOUND SOLACE VIEWING THE WORLD THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF A GLASS OF WHISKY. ALL THE LOVE AND SUPPORT FROM FAMILY AND FRIENDS COULD NOT SAVE HIM. WHENEVER HE BOTTOMED OUT WE TRIED TO GET HIM CLEAN BUT IN THE END THE BOTTLE WON. I HAVE A MEMORY OF SOMEONE ASKING MY MOTHER ABOUT HOW SHE COULD CONTINUE TO GIVE HIM OPEN HOUSE AND OPEN ARMS KNOWING THAT HE WOULD CERTAINLY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION TO FEED HIS PROBLEM. HER RESPONSE WAS "HE IS MY SON AND I LOVE HIM". MICHAEL DIED IN 2000. HE WAS BURIED ONE DAY BEFORE HIS 54TH BIRTHDAY.

Bartender pour another / Bring on the liquid lover / Pour out a friend for me to hold / And then another whiskey / O let the barley kiss me to me soul

We've come to drown our sorrows / Drink to our bright tomorrows / We've come to wish upon a star / We may have lost the battle / But we're not beaten til you clear the bar

'Cause we're still our momma's babies / All in all I'd say we're happy and we're well / Some say we're lost but at least we're smiling / Along the merry road to hell

Cheers to good friends in bad times / Hit me again I don't mind / This is a night to celebrate / We may regret the morning / We didn't heed your warning / Then it's far too late

See how the room is swaying / The music's sweetly playing / And like a choir we sing along / Bartender pour another / For you and I my brother / Let's join the song

JOURNEYS ⁵

THE STORY OF A FATHER AND SON AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF ERIC BOGLE...THE SON.

How clear the river runs / Beneath the noon-day sun / Through the trees it twists and turns / In light and shade / In the summer's warm embrace / Nature flaunts her bonny face / A more green and peaceful place God never made / On the river bank I stand / My father's ashes in my hand / I'm there at his command / One promise left to keep / Though in my mind the past appears / A sad parade of wasted years / Grief and guilt both fuel the years / At last I weep

And there's anger in my heart / It's bitter, deep and dark / But for whom or for what / it's hard to tell / Is it for blind uncaring fate? / That built bridges far too late / For his life, for his escape? / Or for myself? / But who the hell am I / His life to discount or deny / To say what made him laugh or cry / Or brought him pain or joy? / Early strangers we became / And strangers we remained /

The man who made his pride his chains /
And the sullen boy

But this song's been too often sung / For
what's done is long done / There's little
comfort to be wrung / From a past bled dry
/ He was what he was made / The cards he
dealt he played / With as much choice in
this charade / As you or I / Without joy
there is no grief / Without hope there's no
belief / Without love Death's just a thief /
Who steals nothing more than time / So
with love I scatter him / To the water and
the wind / Two new journeys now begin /
His and mine

THE SKY BELONGS TO DREAMERS 6

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF FR. MYCHAL F. JUDGE,
CHAPLAIN OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT



AND THE FIRST RECORDED
VICTIM OF THE SEPTEMBER
11TH, 2001 ATTACKS.

IN THE NOW WELL-KNOWN
PHOTOGRAPH FROM THAT
DAY, MYCHAL WAS CARRIED

FROM THE WORLD TRADE CENTER BY 5 EMERGENCY
PERSONNEL. IN THE PHOTO IT APPEARS AS THOUGH
MYCHAL IS SLEEPING. IT WAS THAT IMAGE THAT
INSPIRED DAVE MCGILTON TO WRITE THIS SONG.

Mychal I would like to say / The image
haunts me to this day / Your brothers'
hands that shared the weight / And you, it
seems you're sleeping... / Mychal I would
like to sing / About the world you left us in
/ So many days have passed since then /
And still it seems we're weeping...

CHORUS What's the sound I'm hearing / Ring
that bell of freedom / Louder than the
drums of war / What's the sound I'm
hearing / Ring that bell of freedom /
Louder than the drums of war

Mychal I would like to cry / Shed a tear for
days gone by / For all the world a different
time / When the sky belonged to
dreamers... / And Mychal I would like to
laugh / I've seen a different photograph /
Of a man who knows that love will last /
And death will be defeated...



CHORUS

Sleep well and dream...peaceful and free /
Sleep well and dream...peaceful and free...

Mychal I would like to say / The image
haunts me to this day / Your brothers'
hands that shared the weight / And you, it
seems you're sleeping ...and you, it seems
you're sleeping, / and you... you're only
sleeping...

THE GIFT OF YEARS 7

AT A MEMORIAL SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA AN OLD
VETERAN WAS ASKED TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT
HIS FRIEND. 70 YEARS EARLIER THIS FRIEND HAD
SAVED HIS LIFE AND IN SO DOING HAD GIVEN HIM
THE "GIFT OF YEARS". WHEN I HEARD THIS STORY I
IMMEDIATELY THOUGHT OF MY UNCLE MICHAEL
WHO HAD DIED AT CHANGI PRISON CAMP. HIS
STORY IS TRULY A STORY OF THE GIFT OF YEARS. I
WOULD LIKE TO SHARE IT WITH YOU AGAIN.

MY UNCLE MICK DIED BECAUSE HE SAVED A MORE
VULNERABLE FRIEND. UNCLE MICK WAS A PRIVATE IN
THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS WHEN HE WAS
CAPTURED IN BURMA AND HELD AS A POW AT THE
INFAMOUS CHANGI PRISON ALONG WITH TWO
FRIENDS, ANOTHER BRAWNY CHAP, JACK CASSIDY,
AND LITTLE WILLY HUNTER.

MICK AND JACK HAD TO CARRY WILLY, FEVERISH
WITH CHOLERA, ON A DEATH MARCH BECAUSE THE
JAPANESE BAYONETED ANYONE WHO FELL.

SHORTLY AFTER THAT MARCH MICK AND JACK
THEMSELVES FELL SICK WITH CHOLERA. JACK DIED

Lyuff Gordon Highlanders P.O.W. Japan



AND WHEN THEY TOLD MICK IT RIPPED HIS HEART
OUT TO REALIZE THAT HIS FRIEND HE HAD GONE
THROUGH SO MUCH WITH WAS DEAD. HE DIED TWO
DAYS LATER. WILLY HUNTER SURVIVED THE WAR AND
WHEN HE RETURNED TO GLASGOW HE INFORMED
MY MOTHER THAT HE HAD PLACED ALONG WITH
MICK IN THE SHALLOW GRAVE THE BIBLE MY
MOTHER HAD HANDED TO MICK THROUGH THE
WINDOW OF THE TRAIN AS IT LEFT GLASGOW
TAKING HIM OFF TO WAR. I THINK WILLY HUNTER
WOULD GLADLY THANK MICK AND JACK FOR THE
GIFT OF YEARS.

Well, old friend here I am / I told you I'd be
back / And as usual mate I'm bloody late /
It's seventy-five years down the track / For
the last time here I stand / In this familiar
foreign land / Back with the mates I left
behind / fixed forever in their time

And of all the ghosts of all the boys / Who
haunt this lonely place / Only one of them
wears your cheery grin / And your
Queensland joker's face / When I drown in
old and bloody dreams / Of helpless young

men's dying screams / I feel your hand give
my arm a shake / And your voice say,
"steady mate"

And the country that you died for mate /
You would not know it now / The future
that we dreamed of mate / Got all twisted
up somehow / The peace that we were
fighting for / The end to stupid, senseless
war / So it couldn't happen to our kids /
Well, old mate it did

But thank you for the gift of years / And the
flame that brightly burned / For the time
you bought and the lessons taught /
Though often wasted and unlearned / "Lest
we forget" cry the multitude / As if I ever,
ever could / So forgive an old man's tears /
And thank you for the years



BRINGING BUDDY HOME

ERIC BOGLE

THIS SONG WAS INSPIRED BY THE IMAGES OF THE
CASUALTIES OF CONFLICT IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN
BEING LOADED INTO A C-17 FOR TRANSPORT HOME.
THE IMAGES WE DON'T SEE ARE THOSE OF A
LIFETIME OF GRIEF TO BE ENDURED BY THE FAMILY
AND FRIENDS OF THESE HEROES. THE LYRICS OF
THIS SONG ARE DIRECT AND CLEAR.

Somewhere between earth and heaven the
C17 flies / Heading westward homeward
through clean clear safe blue skies / At the
back of the aeroplane lying alone /
Wrapped in his country's flag they're
bringing Buddy home

Somewhere between tears and heartbreak
a lifetime sorrow just begun / Grieving
disbelieving his parents welcome home
their son / And pray for the strength
somehow to face the days ahead / While
heading westward homeward a nation's
bringing home its dead

CHORUS When the rifles fire the volley at the word of command / When they fold the honoured maple leaf and place it in your hand / You can cry then, say goodbye then / For now Buddy's just a name on a cold marble stone / And he's never, never, never coming home

Somewhere between fear and hatred the black heart of war lies / Growing blacker stronger with every young man who dies / While back from the airfield at their post in the combat zone / Buddy's comrades wonder who'll be the next one going home

CHORUS When the rifles fire the volley at the word of command / When they fold the honoured maple leaf and place it in your hand / You can cry then, say goodbye then / For now Buddy's just a name on a cold marble stone / And he's never, never, never coming home

TO THE END OF THE ROAD ⁹

IN NOVEMBER OF 1965 MY FAMILY, MOM, DAD AND 12 SIBLINGS LEFT SCOTLAND FOR A NEW LIFE IN CANADA. MY PARENTS WERE IN THERE EARLY 50'S, A TRULY BOLD AND CHALLENGING MOVE. THEY DID IT FOR THEIR CHILDREN, TO GIVE US A BETTER LIFE, A CHANCE AT A BRIGHTER FUTURE. BEFORE DAD PASSED AWAY IN JANUARY OF 1995 HE HAD SEEN HIS CHILDREN SETTLE, RAISE FAMILIES AND LEAD POSITIVE



PRODUCTIVE LIVES. WHEN HE DECIDED TO BRING OUR FAMILY FROM SCOTLAND TO CANADA ON THE EMPRESS OF CANADA IN NOVEMBER OF 1965, HE HAD ONLY HOPES AND DREAMS FOR ALL OF US. HE WAS PRACTICAL, HARD WORKING AND LOVING. IT WAS ONLY IN OUR LATER YEARS THAT WE TRULY UNDERSTOOD THE COURAGE IT MUST HAVE TAKEN BOTH OUR PARENTS TO UNDERTAKE THAT JOURNEY; TO LEAVE YOUR ENTIRE WORLD BEHIND IN SEARCH OF A NEW LIFE FOR YOUR CHILDREN WAS TRULY AN

ACT OF LOVE. I WROTE THIS SONG SHORTLY AFTER DAD PASSED AWAY. IT HELPED ME PUT IN WORDS HOW I THINK HE VIEWED THAT JOURNEY. ALL OF US HAVE A PATH TO TAKE AND IT IS IN CONSTANT CHANGE. HE WAS AND STILL IS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL OF US: "TO THE END OF THE ROAD WE GO."

We leave the shore on the sea of life / we sink if we don't swim / sure as the sun will rise again / we're whistling in the wind

The springtime comes and all's made new / New life stands straight and tall / Made more sweet because you know someday / Everything withers and falls

How can we know how life will unfold / When we cannot see the road / Through the mists of time the path unwinds / To the end of the road we go

We sing brave songs as we march along / As though we were off to the fair / We grasp at what glitters / And find all along / We're just grabbing some handful of air



And we lean on each other to mend our hearts / When we're beaten and burdened with care / 'Till we find that the child that we thought we'd lost / Was always inside us somewhere

How can we know how life will unfold / When we cannot see the road / Through the mists of time the path unwinds / To the end of the road we go / How can we know how life will unfold / When we cannot see the road / Through the mists of time the path unwinds / To the end of the road we go / To the end of the road we go / To the end of the road we go

THE LAST NOTE 10

OUR MUSIC IS OUR PASSION. IT'S WHAT WE DO EVERY TIME WE STEP ON A STAGE OR IN A STUDIO. OUR LOVE OF MUSIC AND SONG IS WHAT KEEPS US GOING.

The last note dies away but my heart keeps on singin' / Inside my head the words keep on ringin' / And free from this brave new world's uncertainties and lies / In a far better place my spirit flies

Don't know what music means to you / But that's what music means to me / It can capture my heart yet somehow set it free / It can tear me to pieces yet somehow make me whole / It gives me hope and feeds my soul

The last note dies away and the lights are all dimming / But I know it's not an ending just another beginning / That my song will travel with me on the long journey home / And though the road be dark and lonely I'll never be alone

Don't know what music means to you / But that's what music means to me / It can capture my heart yet somehow set it free / It can tear me to pieces yet somehow make me whole / It gives me hope and feeds my soul / It gives me hope and feeds my soul

*the last note dies away but
my heart keeps on singin'
inside my head the
words keep on ringin'
and free from this brave
new world's uncertainties
and lies in a far better
place my spirit flies*

PRODUCED BY JASON FOWLER / EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, JOHN MCDERMOTT / RECORDED AT STUDIO 44, CBC TORONTO / ENGINEERED BY RON SEARLES / MIXED BY RON SEARLES AND JASON FOWLER / ASSISTED BY ADAM TUNE / MASTERED BY RON SKINNER AT HEADING NORTH MASTERING

THE MUSICIANS ARE JOHN MCDERMOTT, vocals / JASON FOWLER, guitars, bouzouki, mandolin, harmonica, background vocals on 3, 9, 10 / GEORGE KOLLER, bass & background vocals on 3, 10 / GARY CRAIG, drums and background vocals on 3, 10 / CINDY CHURCH, harmony vocals, background vocals on 2, 6, 9, 10 / LAWRENCE GOWAN, piano on *Along The Merry Road To Hell*.

The Dreamer, If Wishes Were Fishes, Welcome Home, Journeys, The Gift Of Years, Bringing Buddy Home, and The Last Note by Eric Bogle (Larrikin Music Pty Limited, Sydney, NSW) / *The Sky Belongs To Dreamers* by Dave McGilton (© Bunnygee Music Inc. [SOCAN]) / Dave McGilton / IMRO / MCPS [Irl]) / *To The End Of The Road* by John McDermott & Murray McLauchlan (Bunnygee Music Inc. / Locomotion Music) / *Along The Merry Road To Hell* by John McDermott & Lawrence Gowan (© Bunnygee Music Inc. / Lawrence Gowan Music Publishing [SOCAN])

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TYNE COT COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES
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