



From His Window

Writer/Performer: John Smith, www.johnsmithmusic.com
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Inspiration Notes: This song was inspired by my late father's time in an Alzheimer's disease unit. He always would wave good-bye to me from his window as I drove away and it broke my heart.

He stands beside the window, he watches cars go by
 He waves at everybody, he's just a friendly guy
 He doesn't know what day it is, he doesn't talk much anymore
 Sometimes he cries when he means to laugh
 The doctors say he can't help that

I come to visit and take him out on drives
 He wants to go home with me every time
 But the nurses come to take him
 Back to his room that's waiting
 I fight to keep my tears inside
 From his window, he waves goodbye

Where have the years all gone to, it seems like only yesterday
 We used to dance upon his shoes, back on Sunday afternoons
 He was a mountain standing tall, doing his best to raise us all
 We always had enough to eat, he worked two jobs to make ends meet

But it seems, he can't remember that
 And it's hard for the rest of us to understand
 But when I come to visit, he knows my name and he says it
 And I fight to keep my tears inside
 From his window, he waves goodbye

But when I come to visit, he knows my name and he says it
 It makes me glad I made the drive
 From his window, he waves goodbye
 From his window, he waves goodbye

I Hope You Learn

Writer/Performer: Larry Zarella, www.myspace.com/larryzarella
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Inspiration Notes: The birth of my nephew caused me to reflect on my own life and made me realize that although he's growing up in a totally different world, the core values and principles needed to be a loving, caring and respected human being remain the same. This song is for Justin and represents my humble attempt to pass on to him the things I've learned from life and from the wisdom of those elders who have been kind enough to share their lessons with me. This song is dedicated to them.

I know you're young
And I'm getting old
So I want to share
Some things I was told

I hope you learn
To forgive
And learn not to blame
I hope you learn
How to live
With happiness and pain
As sure as the sun will shine
So will the sky give rain
I hope you learn how to see
Their both the same

I hope you learn
How to give
And learn to receive
I hope you learn
To be strong
And find your way to believe
Those who know the truth
And those who hold the key
I hope you learn
How to live
And be free

I hope you learn
How to love
And learn how to share
Learn to accept
And learn not to compare
Well dreamers will tell you
The only way to live
Is to learn
To make your Heaven right here
And I hope you learn
To make Heaven right here

The Same Mary

Writer/Performer: Kathy Hussey, www.kathyhussey.com
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Inspiration Notes: After a heartfelt conversation with a friend who nursed both of her parents through Alzheimer's disease I found myself reliving some childhood memories. I remembered being afraid to approach my grandmother and how my mom would prod me with her hand at my back to go give her a kiss. It made me think of how aging is so much more physical than mental. Even though they feel like the same person they've always been, the rest of the world sometimes treats them differently because of their perceived frailty. I hope this song encourages more people to take the time to see the true person behind the years.

I'm over here in the corner
At yet another family affair
It's strange to be the old relic
Propped in this rocking chair
The kids are all frightened of me
They only come with Mom's hand at their back
It's okay, There's no way
They could know that...

I'm the same Mary
Who once was her Daddy's little girl
I'm the same Mary
The pillow fight champion of the world
Catcher of lightning bugs
Bull frogs and garden slugs
Climber of sky-tall trees
I'm the same Mary

They raise their voices at me
So I'm sure to hear what they say
Usually some pearl of wisdom like
"Are you feeling okay?"
Young men rush to my rescue
When I show signs of wanting to stand
I don't need it yet, but I accept
Cause they don't understand

That I'm the same Mary
Who danced 'til they threw us out at dawn
I'm the same Mary
Who played tackle football on the front lawn
Fixer of broken joys
Mother of four strong boys
Coach and referee
I'm the same Mary

But then he comes in the room
Not just a tired old man
But the love of my life
And I'm saved by his wink at my cranky ways
Cause I know that in his eyes
I'm the same
Shy little thing in pearls
Prettiest of all the girls
Just like the day he met me
I'm the same Mary
It's just me
the same Mary

Ready To Fly

Writer: Greg Beattie, Performer: Calaveras, www.calaverassongs.com
© 1999 Greg Beattie

Inspiration Notes: Ready to Fly was inspired by a Bread and Roses benefit concert our band performed at a non-ambulatory senior facility in Mill Valley California. Afterwards, several members of the audience told us the music brought back memories of dancing at the Avalon ballroom, of loved ones they had lost, or just of feeling young and alive. Knowing that they were nearing the ends of their lives and would probably never leave the facility, their stories, smiles and tears were deeply profound to me. A couple of weeks later I was thinking of them and the song nearly poured out of my guitar and onto the page, essentially finished in half an hour. It was as much a gift to me from them as it was a work of my own.

I am standing on the edge of the water
And I am watching the wild birds fill the sky
And I am longing to be lifted up among them
I am not dying I'm getting ready to fly

I am an old man and these old hands tell my story
Fifty years on the Boston piers took their toll
Faded faces smile from those places I cannot return to
Til my days are done and they take me home

I am standing on the edge of the water
And I am watching the wild birds fill the sky
And I am longing to be lifted up among them
I am not dying I'm getting ready to fly

I was a young wife with my whole life still before me
It was the last year of the last great war
My darling Edward never returned from Normandy
But soon I will see my Edward once more

My memory is fading like an ember
But I remember a promise I once made
I said "dear Father I'll be faithful forever"
And as he draws near me he can hear me pray

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Beloved Wife

Writer/Performer: Natalie Merchant, www.nataliemerchant.com
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Inspiration Notes: The inspiration for "Beloved Wife" is the story of my grandparents who were married for 50 years. The depth of their love was so great and their lives were inseparable. My grandmother passed away first and my grandfather, who couldn't bear life without her, died 3 days later.

You were the love For certain of my life You were simply my beloved wife I don't know for certain How I'll live my life Now alone without my beloved wife My beloved wife	A depth so deep Into my grief Without my beloved soul I renounce my life As my right Now alone without my beloved wife My beloved wife
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I can't believe I've lost the very best of me	My beloved wife My love is gone she suffered long In hours of pain My love is gone Now my suffering begins My love is gone Would it be wrong if I should Surrender all the joy in my life Go with her tonight?
You were the love For certain of my life You were simply my beloved wife I don't know for certain How I'll live my life Now alone without my beloved wife My beloved wife	My love is gone she suffered long In hours of pain My love is gone Would it be wrong if I should Just turn my face away from the light Go with her tonight?

I can't believe I've lost the very best of me	My love is gone she suffered long In hours of pain My love is gone Would it be wrong if I should Just turn my face away from the light Go with her tonight?
You were the love For certain of my life For 50 years simply my beloved wife With another love I'll never ly again It's you I can't deny It's you I can't defy	

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Get Pretty

Writer/Performer: Anthony Salari, www.myspace.com/anthony salari
© 2009 Anthony Salari

Inspiration Notes: One day my mom looked in the mirror and commented how the lines were taking her face... it made her feel sad that she was aging. She said she felt like her reflection wasn't her anymore so I wanted to write something to convey to her that age will never take away her true beauty.

Take back the places you wish you could go
Why live your life like your body's just too old
You make your heart ache
Cause you hate
How the lines take your face
So you cry
In the night (but)

You can get pretty
Whenever you want to
Whenever you want
You can get pretty
Whenever you want to
Whenever you want

There's so much life that has passed through your door
Mascara stains drawing lines on the floor
But the years passing by
Can never hide
All the beauty inside
And you shine
You shine tonight

Do nothing at all
Do nothing at all

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Memories

Writer: Johnny Neel/John W. Thompson/Ed Shockley, Performer: Johnny Neel
www.johnnyneel.com, © 2009 Breakin Records

Inspiration Notes: My trip to Delaware was two-fold; to spend time with my father, who was slipping into dementia, and to have a 2 day songwriting retreat with my friends. On the drive, I told them of an idea I had about having a conversation with your memory like it was a person, trying to ask it to not let you forget. I had just come from visiting my father, so these emotions were coming from a very real place. John Thompson's mother had recently passed away after a long battle with Alzheimer's and his mother-in-law is suffering in a nursing home from the disease now. Ed's grandmother died a few years ago after a long slow decline into dementia. All three writers lived through the experience of a loved one suffering with Alzheimer's and drawing from that personal experience we wrote "Memories".

I had to stop, today
To remember your smile
Used to just close my eyes
And there you were
Now it seems to take a while
I guess I'll have to have me a little talk
With my memory
She's slippin' through my mind
Won't you help me please

I'm starting to forget her
I can't believe those words
Are coming from my lips
But not from my heart
I'm fighting for survival
I've got to find a way to live
Without her
How did it ever come to this
I thought memories weren't supposed to forget

What was that thing, she always
Used to say
You think between the two of us
We could find a way
But you never seem to listen
I thought you were my friend
We lost her once
Don't want to lose her again

I'm fighting for survival
How did it ever come to this
I thought memories weren't supposed to forget

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Best Of Friends

Writer: Livingston Taylor, Performer: Livingston Taylor w/Carly Simon
www.livtaylor.com, Livingston Taylor - ©2002 L.Taylor/Morgan Creek Music
(ASCAP)

Inspiration Notes: As we go through life we realize that there are those few, special people who are always there for us. People who can be counted on to share the great and not-so-great moments; people we share an authentic relationship with, and people who are there for us at any time and for anything we need. I've been blessed with friends like this, and this song celebrates the quiet grace and dignity of our longstanding friendships.

We're the best of friends
Heart and soul
Head to head
Toe to toe
I'm not letting go

We're the best of friends
I thought you knew
That the best I am
Is beside you
We're a couple of comfy shoes

Oh together we're a pipe dream
All lit up and smoking
'Bout all the things we'll do
Oh together we are wishes
My aren't we delicious
Coming true

We're the best of friends
Are we wise
Thinning hair
Fuzzy eyes
Your face is my best surprise

We're the best of friends
I'm here to say
It was me and you
The whole darn way
Thanks for the chance to play

Oh together we are magic
Together we are mystery
I think we may have soul
Oh together the world is brighter
Lovers fools and fighters
On a roll

We're the best of friends
The drift the sway
The give the take
The day to day
A bit in each others way

And when it's time
To let you go
At the last
We'll always know
That it started long ago
With a simple quick hello
Hello we're the best of friends

I Just See You

Writer: Tracy Newman, Performer: Tracy Newman and the Reinforcements
www.tracynewman.com, © 2009 Tracy Newman (BMI)

Inspiration Notes: I'd have to say that looking in the mirror inspired this song. Seeing all those lines around my eyes and watching myself age and still seeing the love for me in my boyfriend's eyes. Acceptance is one of the greatest gifts that we can give ourselves and others.

There's a mirror on the bookcase
In the hallway by the stairs
She always steals a look when she walks by
Sometimes she stops to clean her glasses
Shakes her head and heaves a sigh
She can't believe the lines around her eyes

Her husband's in the den but he can hear her
He comes out and steps between her and the mirror, saying

Let me be your looking glass
Look at me when you walk past
And see yourself the way I do
I don't see young, I don't see old, I just see you

He takes a walk out to the driveway
With a bucket and a sponge
He's finally going to wash her Cherokee
He takes his shirt off as he passes
The window on the driver's side
And sees a belly where a six-pack used to be

He laughs, but she knows how it upsets him
She comes out and steps between him and his reflection, saying...

On days when it feels like the mirror doesn't love you,
Remember I do

Talk Me Home

Writers: Jen Foster, Pam Rose, and Jill Colucci, Performer: Jen Foster
www.jenfoster.com, © 2008 Jen Foster

Inspiration Notes: I got the inspiration for "Talk Me Home" as I was driving late one night and thinking about my Mom, who was in the final stages of cancer at the time. I was imagining the experience of being with her as she passed on to the next life. The melody and the phrase "talk me home" came to me quickly and that night I wrote the song. My mother passed away last year of cancer and this song was inspired by my journey with her battling this horrible disease.

Maybe you could talk about the time
That you drove me to the river's side
And we laid a blanket on the edge
And you joked we'd made a river bed

Maybe you could make a story up
About an angel who brought down her love
To a mortal in the final stretch
In the journey to eternal rest

Maybe you could talk me home tonight
Oh, maybe you could tell me it's alright
Say a prayer as I walk into the light
Oh, maybe you could talk me home tonight
And let me go and know that you will be alright

Maybe could you whisper in my ear
And guide me through each passing year
Oh, these memories flash and flood my brain
And your sweet voice helps to kill this pain

Oh, I'm going home
Oh, I know I'm going home
Maybe you could talk me to the edge
And let the angels do the rest

Maybe you could talk me home tonight

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Growing Old

Writer: David Rebb Firman, Performer: Lance Miller
www.myspace.com/lancemiller, © 2009 David Rebb Firman (ASCAP)

Inspiration Notes: There comes a time when the father/son relationship matures and you become more like friends. Sharing stories and times together when the parenting is done is a sweet part of life. This song comes from memories of the long drives I've taken with my father as well as my own life experiences as I've come to realize that facing life and growing old sometimes takes a lot of courage. He's certainly shown me that.

Driving with my dad down and old dirt road
heading to the lake a back way he knows
when the radio played a song from the nineteen seventies
he wiped a tear with the back end of his sleeve
he said "Son it's hard to believe..."

I saw Kristofferson in Jackson Hole
when Bobby Magee was a few years old
the Dirt Band played in an Aspen Bar
Mr. Bojangles and then Rave On
I'd we'd work all day and party til the dawn
when a hangover didn't hang so long
but that was two wives and four small towns ago
nothing takes more courage than growing old

I could feel the gravel underneath the wheels
the creaking of the cab on some rusted steel
and I wondered how I'd feel when I turned fifty-five
Like my Dad I know I'm going to be suprised
If I live half of his nine lives

He said, "It's been broken hearts, broken dreams
but some dreams I've kept together
Son it's the life you live right now that
makes the memories that last forever".

Driving with my dad down and old dirt road
heading to the lake a back way he knows
when the radio played a song from the nineteen seventies

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Last Song

Writer/Performer: Daniel Nahmod, www.danielnahmod.com
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Inspiration Notes: I wrote this song while spending time in Moab, Utah, in the middle of beautiful red-rock country where I hiked, sat in silence, watched the moon rise over the mountains, looked at the stars, and explored the canyons and amazing rock formations. I'd spent one afternoon picking up trash along the 'River Road' - a winding, heart-stopping highway along the Colorado River and thought how this place was giving me the greatest, most serene, creative and profound time of my life. What if picking up trash on a tiny stretch of road is all I can do in return? Is that enough? What can I ever give back with any certainty that I'll make a difference? What is a life well lived? What constitutes a legacy? I started to think that maybe it's enough to just do what's right in front of me. Maybe a cleaned-up road, a kind word, a small favor, whatever - maybe that's enough.

If this is my last song	If these are my last words
If this is my final day	For all of the earth to hear
If tomorrow I'll be gone	If all that I have ever been
What do I want to say	Is about to disappear
If this is my last song	If these are my last words
If it's my time to go	There's nothing that I need to say
When my body's moved on	I have only tried to serve
What will I have to show	It's never been about talking anyway
No not fortune or fame	So much hurt there is to heal
They scatter to the wind	It's hard to understand
The things that make a name	All I can hope to feel
Just don't matter in the end	Is that I am doing what I can
Is the world a little more peaceful	Have I given hope to the hopeless
Oceans and sky a little more blue	Has a hungry soul been fed
Is humankind a little bit wiser	Has a child stood a little bit taller
About the good that we can do	Cause of something that I said
Does the sun shine a little bit brighter	Have I left a little kindness
Where before there was only rain	Have I eased a little pain
If so, then I'm glad I came	If so, then I'm glad I came
	For that, I'm so glad I came

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The Only Game In Town

Writer/Performer: Shake Anderson, www.shakeanderson.com
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Inspiration Notes: "The Only Game In Town" was written for my mother, who was 78 at the time. We were sitting at her dining room table and she was feeling depressed because within 9 months everyone close to her had died. She felt lonely and her health was suffering and she said, "I'm the only one left". I said, "Mom, from my perspective, you're the only game in town!" Then she started showing me pictures and telling me stories of her childhood and one picture, an image of her from 1939 in an Easter dress with a ponytail, stuck in my head. I got to know so much more about her through her stories and pictures and started writing this song to make her feel loved and appreciated.

Before I could finish it I ended up in the hospital. After 9 months and over 120 hours of surgery I was told I would never play or sing again. I was determined to finish this song and worked hard to prove the doctors wrong. My mom's inspiration saved my life and gave me my passion back.

I knew you when, you were pony tails in your Sunday best
And I loved you then, it was muskrat love and Johnny Quest
Other loves have tried to catch my eye, turn my heart around
But as for me then, you were the only game in town
Oh you're still the only game in town

Down through the years, through the storms of life and trying times
We faced all our fears, together hand and hand, heart and mind
You are my strength, my hope, my joy, a treasure I have found
And yes you are still the only game in town
Oh, you're still the only game in town

And I am so thankful every day that God had had his way
when He put us together, now and forever
And when you are walking by my side, when I look into your eyes
love takes me by surprise. It's totally amazing, it's utterly amazing

Here we are now, living proof that love is all we need
Some way, some how we've found our way because we believed
Seasons may come and go, the world may change, you've never let me down
You're my everything, you're the only game in town

Oh oh oh you're still the only game in town
That's the way I feel about you, you're still the only game in town
How much I care about you love
You are, you are, you are, you're still the only game in town

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Heaven's Gate

Writers: Susan Van Ham/David Bastien, Performer: Susan Van Ham
www.myspace.com/susanvanham
© 2004 Susan Van Ham & David Bastien (BMI)

Inspiration Notes: Heaven's Gate was inspired by the time I spent at my mother's bedside as her final days passed. She had lived with Parkinson's disease for 12 years. Although it is my personal experience, I think the song embodies the universal questions that we all ponder in this situation when we say goodbye to someone we love.

The world keeps on moving
But I can't move at all
I'm glued to your side
And the clock on the wall
I watch it for days as
Thoughts fill my mind
You're going to another place
I wonder what you'll find

Was it peaceful when you left here
Did you see God? Was he right there
Did he hold you? Did he scold you
Did your life unfold before you
And I wondered as you're lying there
The things I said, did you hear
Did you see me when I cried
Did you hear me say goodbye

They made me make decisions
How was I to know
I tried to be strong
Didn't want to let you go
I watched the rising of your chest
I suffered every sigh
I held your hand and whispered
I struggled with goodbye

I am sure he will come
Reasons make us wait
I want a sign, I want to know
That you're at Heaven's Gate

Please say hi to Dad
Cause I miss him so
I felt him there by your side
He helped me let you go
I took you to Nantucket
And shared the memories
I found the slip where summers skipped
And sent you both to sea

My Aging Song

Writer: G.S. Picard, www.myspace.com/gspicard, Performer: Dave Gaudet
www.myspace.com/davegaudet, © 2007 G.S. Picard

Inspiration Notes: I have long experienced anxiety over how quickly time passes. I often think about how limited our life-spans are and I worry about not having the time to do all that I want to do, see all that I want to see, and be all that I want to become before my time here is through. I love how my good friend Dave Gaudet brought this song to life with its upbeat feel. The sentiment still rings true, but in a hopeful tone. I hope this song inspires others to take an inventory of their lives from time to time as I try to do!

Suffering from anxiety
Like a lot of people do
But the root of the fear lies in the knowledge
My time is half through

And it's tick tock
The chime and the gong on this short walk
It used to be long
Now the slower that I try to move
Oh, the faster the hours do rush me along
My aging song

Did I do all that I wanted to?
Is the epitaph that I most fear
And if this truly is my one chance
Was I wise with my minutes while here?

Shoulda, coulda, woulda
What about wanna, needta, gotta
What about can I, will I, oh won't you please
Hold the phone

Yeah I like it just fine where I am
No need to explore other planes
I wish I had a hundred more years
To be sure that I know why I came

A Few New Tricks To Learn

Writers: Len Handler/George Wurzbach, www.georgewurzbach.com, Performer: Steven Dale Jones
www.myspace.com/stevendalejones, © 2009 EMI Blackwood Music (BMI), Odo Island Music (SESAC)

Inspiration Notes: "A Few New Tricks To Learn" was inspired by my dad. He was facing an uncertain future after the loss of my mom, needing extra income to stay independent and to keep his sanity. He didn't want to be taken care of and had a passionate desire to be productive and "stay in the game."

He's up with the sun, not one for wastin' time
He's seventy-one, with mountains still to climb
So he slips his tie through the collar of his only white
Grabs the classified, he circled late last night
Gives his cat a scratch, says "girl you'll see
There's a job out there for me
Life is more than watching the seasons turn
And this old dog has a few new tricks to learn

He paces the hall of the Roebuck Company
Application form filled out carefully
For nearly a year he's tried and tried again
And found that the jobs go to younger men
He hears his name called, stands up tall
Straightens his ties, walks down the hall
And once again, that old desire burns
Cause this old dog has a few new tricks to learn

He's lookin' forward to tomorrow
And what might come his way
Sometimes it scares him when it hits him
That there are so damn many more yesterdays

In the morning mail is a ticket for the bus
With a note from his son sayin, "please come live with us"
And there in the stack is a card from personnel
Sayin' "give us a call when you've learned computers well"
Out to pasture or back to school?
He thinks about what he should do
Then calls his son, says "thanks for your concern
But this old dog has a few new tricks to learn

Age Is Just A State Of Mind

Writer/Performer: Les Sampou, www.lesampou.com
© 2009 Les Sampou

Inspiration Notes: "Age is Just a State of Mind" was inspired by my parents, who are in their 70s, and my grandma Signy who is 104. They are living proof that life is what you make it and that a good attitude, healthy habits and a good work ethic will keep you strong for a long, long time. My parents took surfing lessons in their 70s and my grandmother was recently awarded the "Boston Post Cane Award" for being the eldest resident in Barnstable, MA. Grandma Sig cooks, cleans, and takes walks to keep fit. She has an amazing appetite and a great sense of humor. She loves to party. I hope I have inherited not only their "age genes" and humor, but their inspiring attitudes.

If age is just a number like $1 + 1$ is 2
And time is being present, baby, and the present is you
Then seize the day and celebrate, you're a fine wine
Age is just a state of mind

Now we all know Sweet Sixteen don't get much better
Tight jeans, prom queens, glory days forever
But 64 is just 16 multiplied by $1 + 3$
Youth is wasted on the young, don't you agree?

From the first kiss to your last breath
There may be days full of regret
But now's your chance, don't hesitate
Roll up your pants, splash in the waves
Oh honey, be forever young!

Growing bold, not old, is the flag I want to fly
Burn that rocking chair and leave your worries behind
Sixty's the new fifty, the fun has just begun
Ladies in their eighties are on-line Googling "Love"
So grab the bull by the horns
Your dreams are waiting to be born
There's so much life left to live

It's So Much Fun (Getting' Old)

Writer/Performer: Greg Decoteau
web.mac.com/gregdecoteau
© 2009 Greg Decoteau

Inspiration Notes: I can't say that this song is autobiographical, however, as a card carrying member of AARP I can honestly say that I'm feeling some of the "fun things" on a personal level. The inspiration actually came from a fellow songwriter who was working in the studio with me. As he got up to take a break he felt a few sharp pains and said "getting old is so much fun" and I thought, "well, there's a song waiting to happen!" and I went to work!

They say that gettin' old is tough, but I disagree
Here are so many fun things, that are happenin' to me

(So, ya think a colonoscopy's fun?)

No one has to see, the age on my ID
It's so much fun gettin' old
But it's O. K. cause I can't find it anyway
(I had it right here, I don't know!)
it's so much fun gettin' old
My head is smooth and bare, where there once was lots of hair
It looks so strange to me (It's growin' outta my ears now!)
Forget that Rogaine too, I'm savin' money on shampoo
(Well, I'm on a fixed income!)
It's so much fun gettin' old

I don't listen to what they say
I can't hear them anyway (Heh?)
What do those young people know (Ah, these kids today)
Gettin' old is nature's way of telling me to seize the day
So until it's time to go (Gotta go, coffee's kickin' in)
I'm havin' so much fun, my scooter keeps me on the run
(I got mine for free!)
It's so much fun gettin' old

No matter where I go, it seems I'm always feelin' cold
(I got my electric socks on!)
feels like my toes are turnin' blue (They're nice and toasty now!)
Drivin' slow in my car, whether I'm goin' near or far
And still I worry when I do (Hey, pull over, I gotta go!)
Hope there's a bathroom on the way cause I go ten times a day
(No really, I gotta Go!)
it's so much fun gettin' old

My hips and my knees seem to do just what they please
(Where's my cane with the four feet?)
And I'm wearing orthopedic shoes (They're vinyl with Velcro!)
I've got aches and pains in places I don't want to name
(Don't get me started!)
it's so much fun gettin' old

I don't listen to what they say, I can't hear them anyway
(Get me a Q-tip, will ya?)
What do those young people know (Oh, wait till your my age!)
Gettin' old is nature's way of tellin' me to seize the day
So until it's time to go (I gotta go again!)
I'm learnin' every day, as my memory fades away
Now what was I going to say? (I told you to write it down)

It's so much fun (You're not a kid anymore)
I'm havin' fun (Slow down, where's the fire?)
It's so much fun getting old (I need a nap)
(What? Huh? Is it over???)

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Snow's Mountain Waltz

Writer/Performer: Terry Vital, www.terryvitalmusic.com
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Inspiration Notes: This song is an instrumental. It was inspired by tender moments shared with family and friends in the White Mountains where I live. We had a discussion around the fire one night about aging and I was inspired to write a waltz—something to remind us to age with grace.

Musicians for a Cause and the Moore Center encourage you to visit the websites of the talented artists who graciously contributed to this project. The artists involved in *Life in the Years* represent some of the finest independent music available today.

We also offer our special thanks to Natalie Merchant for her touching song, *Beloved Wife*, and to Livingston Taylor for his beautiful duet with Carly Simon called *Best of Friends*. Their generous contributions to our *Life in the Years* project are sincerely appreciated!

Life in the Years is a partnership between Musicians for a Cause and the Moore Center

The Moore Center— "Creating Opportunities for a Good Life"

As one of New Hampshire's largest, most innovative non-profits, the Moore Center boasts more than 50 years of experience in creating programs that serve as a blueprint for the 21st century and beyond, such as this *Life in the Years* initiative, which provides a great alternative for caring for our nation's elderly.

In addition to supporting individuals with developmental disabilities and acquired brain disorders, the Moore Center is a recognized leader in providing support and services to senior citizens in order to create a safe and secure environment that enables them to continue functioning as productive members of their communities.

The Moore Center's Moore Options for Seniors program places the organization at the forefront of health and human service agencies. Working closely with each individual they identify unique needs and create individualized programs to enhance that person's quality of life and that of the community as a whole.

Musicians for a Cause—

"When you engage others through their passion, good things happen."

Musicians for a Cause works with nonprofit organizations to harness the power of music to inspire compassion and support for worthy causes by engaging songwriters, musicians and other music professionals to use music to bring life to the causes they support. Their goal is to ensure that every nonprofit organization that wants music to support their cause has access to it.

Music can literally change the world our elderly live in. Together we can make it happen!

“Never doubt that a small group
of thoughtful people can change the world.
Indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has.”

MARGARET MEAD

Life IN THE Years



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Life IN THE Years



1. *From His Window* - John Smith - 3:37
2. *I Hope You Learn* - Larry Zarella - 3:13
3. *The Same Mary* - Kathy Hussey - 4:05
4. *Ready To Fly* Calaveras - 5:03
5. *Beloved Wife* - Natalie Merchant - 5:02
6. *Get Pretty* - Anthony Salari - 3:23
7. *Hello in There* - John Prine - 4:27
8. *Memories* - Johnny Neal - 3:29
9. *Best of Friends* - Livingston Taylor - 4:05
10. *I Just See You* - Tracy Newman and the Reinforcements - 4:24
11. *Talk Me Home* - Jen Foster - 4:20
12. *Growing Old* - David Robb Firman - 4:01
13. *Last Song* - Daniel Nahmod - 3:54
14. *The Only Game In Town* - Shake Anderson - 3:10
15. *Heaven's Gate* - Susan Van Ham - 4:32
16. *My Aging Song* - GS Picard - 3:39
17. *A Few New Tricks To Learn* - Len Handler - 4:17
18. *Age Is Just A State Of Mind* - Les Sampou - 3:47
19. *It's So Much Fun (Gettin' Old)* - Greg Desoteau - 3:26
20. *Snow's Mountain Waltz* - Terry Vital - 3:12

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