

The Tumbleweed Cabaret:

Dream #1: The Myth of the Golden Thread

Created and Performed By

Lizzie West And Baba Buffalo

All songs are original except Brother Can You Spare A Dime and Look What They've Done (reinterpreted for our times.)

The Tumbleweed Cabaret is a musical performance art piece and dream reenactment in which the audience is considered part of the cast. In a vision given to me in a dream during the Fall of 2006, I was told to take the "yellow ribbon" (which has become a symbol of war and patriotism) and transform it into a symbol of peace. At the end of the dream, I was told to perform the dream reenactment, as a healing ceremony when I woke up. In the morning, I asked Baba to help me perform the reenactment and he agreed. We began recreating the dream of The Golden Thread and, along with getting married, we spent 2007 scripting and touring the performance. We asked audiences to join us in the process of creating this piece and by the start of 2008, the story was clear. Blending the power of folk, blues, ragtime, poetry, tall tales and torch songs, we set out to make The Ball of Peace.

From January 2008 - December 2008, Baba and I toured the United States with a few friends, in a refurbished 1975 School Bus. We performed The Tumbleweed

Cabaret for Americans of all ages, creeds, and political affiliations. Throughout the year, we joined the likes of Scott Ritter, Ray McGovern, Code Pink, Organic Consumer's Association, and other peacemakers in an effort to take back our national symbols and unite the voices of our country. We worked to inspire audiences across the country. We asked them to tie the yellow ribbons together and create "the Ball of Peace."

From Coast to Coast, in churches, bars, cafes, theaters and opposite The Republican National Convention, we performed the story of Dream #1: The Myth of The Golden Thread. We awarded "yellow ribbons" to our audience members when they used their voices to sing, scream and howl for peace. Leading up to the 2008 election, in order to highlight the importance of every single vote, we made our motto, "if you don't use your voice, you will lose your voice."

"The Ball" was started in Washington DC and grew substantially by the end of 2008. Over 3000 voices have been tied together in a victorious, year long, ceremony.

The following transcript is a recording of the live cabaret as it was recorded in California, at the start of our tour in January 2008. Thank you to Alchemist Properties, Cameron Melville, and our audiences across the country for helping us make this Dream a reality. Something good has begun!

Lizzie West and Baba Buffalo

Disc 1

1. The Agreement

*Welcome to our show tonight thank you for coming.
The Tumbleweed Cabaret is based on this book I've been
writing and the book is based on some crazy dreams I've been
having the dreams are not quite recurring, they're more like
consecutive like a long story that unfolds night, after night,
after night in which myself, Baba, the Dharma Dog
all our friends and family all of us, we travel across time to find
our missing piece and take it to The Tumbleweed Cabaret
where we're given a vision a way to create peace inside
ourselves and in the whole world and at the very end of the
dream right before we wake up we're given an assignment
we're told to meet here tonight and recreate the dream of
peace and that is why we are here to recreate the dream of the
majestic peace with you so, will you do it? If I told you it was a
matter of life or death, then would you do it? Would you help
us remember the dream of peace in the dream you said you
would you answered yes by saying now when I asked you what
time is it so what time is it my friends?
(audience) NOW!*

2. Magical Tumbleweed

It's now time for the tumbleweed

Rolling like a magical tumbleweed

we go rolling like a magical tumbleweed

Yes, that is exactly how we did it. We all raised our glasses, remember? Yes, to drink a toast to creating peace, we said to creating peace right so raise your glasses let's all raise our glasses let me see them in the air to creating peace on the count of 3, 1... 2... 3... to creating peace, clink and drink.

Here's to our show tonight
won't you help us light the light
and here's to tumbleweed town
right here and now. woah it's a simple goal
one me and Baba, and the Dharma
and Cam and you and you and you and you
and you and you we all dream to know
that together our story grows and in peace we all go

yeah we go rolling like a magical tumbleweed
we go rolling like a magical tumbleweed

*Yeah, this is the story of the most magical trees
that grew to become the most wonderful trees
and helped human beings remember their dreams
and cure the most horrible, terrible, contagious dis*ease
remember? It's all in the our*story of now
we went rolling like a magical tumbleweed just like that we
went rolling just like a magical tumbleweed seed.*

3. Do You Re*Member

*In the dream there was a book.
Do you remember? We are all living inside a painting a dream
that poses as reality and disguises itself as passing time
we, the performers and the audience are all actors on a stage,
characters in a book, students in a classroom and we are all,
right now, as always, the rememberers. We agreed to meet here,
a long time ago you know before we ever came to this earth. We
agreed to meet here and help each other remember when the
time came and the time has come my friends to meet here and
remember what it means to create peace inside ourselves to
remember the truth about ourstory.*

4. Universal Land

We were cold when we awoke,
but then covered with a quilt
and a soothing voice that spoke to say
there's hope for humans still
so we leaned in to a prayer in honor of our will
and we found the answer there
in the sewing of the quilt
yes and i remember we all sang
let the world be full of color
let the faith become our thread

let the earth become our mother
who teaches us to sew
put her arms around our hunger
from her hands may we be fed
from her eyes may we discover
and only then may we be led
to the night we'll come together
to sew the mythic quilt of man
that's the day we'll finally wake
to celebrate the Universal Land

5. Take These Demons

It all started one night when I was trying to write, reaching for light it was me and the dharma dog researching flight I was struggling with this script I was trying to write, I had to write.

Take these demons from my brain
I can't get caught in that thought again
and all these patterns seem the same
first my mind begins to slip
then I fall and loose my grip
and it all comes back to this

*You see mama was gone. I was an orphan on earth.
It was Christmas Eve and I grieved, oh mama how I grieved
and also, I longed to conceive, to give birth on this earth
and I was afraid to give birth on this earth and though I wanted
more than anything in the world to have a child with my true
love, my Baba I couldn't bare to bring a baby in this world full of
apathy, fear and forgetting.*

Take these demons from my brain
I can't get caught in that thought again
and all these patterns seem the same
first my mind begins to slip
then I fall and loose my grip
and it all comes back to this

*Yeah this, ah I found this box of letters on my desk.
A box of letters that my mama had left and the letters had never
been read. When I opened up the box of letters I found this yellow
thread and this strange pin that said, I am not dead
this is a true story you know, I have evidence to show and my
evidence is this, holds up pin and that really messed with my
head really messed with my head you know so I left the script on
my desk and I went to bed and I was trying to read those letters
that I had not yet read I asked my mama to take the demons
from my head.*

Take these demons from my brain
I can't get caught in that thought again
and all these patterns seem the same
first my mind begins to slip

then I fall and loose my grip
and it all comes back to this

6. Chapter 3

I fell asleep and woke to find, the gong was ringing through my mind. And then a little gift, it went rolling beyond the grave, it went through the hearth and beyond the wall I'd never scene anything like it at all.

it went rolling like a magical tumbleweed

it went rolling just like a magical tumbleweed

Yeah, and then I heard this sudden knocking from behind the wall. I thought it was my mama who had come to call and then the ghost pushed from behind the wall through the hole, a small little piece of charcoal. She said use it to draw the door, come inside and get your script. The script you are meant to encrypt and so I did, I drew the door, I walked through the door and then huhhhh, the door was gone. And then the ghost appeared and it was not my mama at all. Someone else had come to call. She said that I was trapped behind the wall and so were we all. And that, we had to get back home the only way to get back home was to find that magic ball. She explained that we were clocked out of our body, clocked out of our body clocked out of our body, and that we had to get back in before dawn otherwise our body, the country, our world, would be forever gone. And then her ghost friends appeared and we all began to sing this song this song about getting back into body before dawn, before the sound of the morning gong, getting back into our body where we belong

*yeah,
I remember now, do you?*

7. Gently Bring Me Home

If I should go so far to wander
won't you please gently bring me home
if I should go so far to wander
won't you please, yeah oh please
you just gently bring me home

I can see, I can hear you, I can feel you
in every thing I do, well the fact is, I adore you
so if I wander, if I stray, if I even think of making a mistake
then won't you please, yeah oh please,
you just gently bring me home

(piano solo)

I can see, I can hear you, I can feel you
in every thing I do, hell the fact is, lord I live for you so if I
wander, if I stray, if I even think of making a mistake again
I don't need to fall, I don't need to break,

I don't need to make that terrible mistake again.
so please lord, please lord,
just gently bring me home you just gently bring home,
come on Baba, yeah gently, gently bring me home,
gently bring me home, gently bring me home

8. Dr. Tumbleweed

*Said I don't know what the f*ck we're doing but I'm just rolling with it. And then she told us, she said, we have got to heal the fear and to heal the fear we have to find the door to find the door we have to find the key and to find the key we have to find the magic ball and to find the magic ball we have to find the missing peace and to find the missing peace we have to find the present and to find the present, we need to perform the script from memory right, perform the script you've never read, to prove, we are not dead. But how do we perform a script that we can't read ahh, the tumbleweed! yes, of course Dr. Tumbleweed's Remembering Tonic, curing fear since 1869 will help us remember the dream and cure the fear but before drinking we must make the tumbleweed toast otherwise we could forget everything we already know so raise your glasses my friends, to remembering the dream (audience) to remembering the dream. What time is it? (audience) NOW! clink, clink and drink. ahhhhhhh*

(instrumental moment)

Wait a minute, I remember now, we all turned in to little children all of us the ages we were when we were told not to

*laugh, not to dance... break down laughing we all turned into
little children, all of us the ages we were when we were first told
not to laugh, not to sing and not to dance in public. Do you
remember, how old were you? (I was about 6, yeah 7)*

9. Family Christmas

Oh the risks we take
brother share your sister's cake
mother stayed up way to late
to carry down the gifts she gave
she spent up all the dough she saved
and kept the peace while we all ate
our turkey sauce and cleared the plates
while the dog hides his bones out by the gate
and on will go that family fate

Watch the season changing
see the snow it's falling,
hear the heart it's calling by and by
another Christmas year goes by and by

Sister grew up tall and proud,

taking brother's graduation bow
mother liked it better when the house was loud
the dog awaits the Christmas crowd
with last years bones still in his mouth
mother brings the turkey out,
and sister shouts, I won't settle down
the family fate is turning around

Watch the season changing
see the snow it's falling,
hear the heart it's calling by and by
another Christmas year goes by and by

(instrumental solo)

Brother's children are up at three,
to shake the boxes by the tree
and wait as patiently as two or four or six can be
grandma said to wake her up with tea
then they'd have they're time separately
the sun comes up over the sea
and I have candy here says she

they laugh and climb on grandma's knee

Sister finds them chocolate traces
she says she'll hide all their disgraces
cause from the smiles on their faces
she knows the family fate,
the day she shared her brother's cake
and buried the dog out by the lake
and on will go that family fate
she turns to kiss her Christmas date

Watch the season changing
see the snow it's falling,
hear the heart it's calling by and by
another Christmas year goes by and by
Watch the season changing
see the snow it's falling,
hear the heart it's calling by and by
another Christmas year goes by and by

10. Fly in Love

I fell in love with the kindest man,
he was sent from above
to come and take my hand and
help me find my way home
to you it's true I always knew you'd see me through
and even when I was lost I was found
but that was then and this is now
I fly in love with you

And I knew it was you
from the way you strummed your uke
woke up so tired so much to do
and god I felt so black and blue
I spent my life looking for you
the world it beat me up it's true
but I grew to find you
and it's you who sees me through
help me fly in love with you

I don't know, what I'd do if you were not here
you know I'd try to get by but how would I fly in love
with just one wing it cannot be

I cannot fly if it's just me
it is the wind of you I need,
so I devote my life to thee as we fly
in love with you

(instrumental solo)

help me fly in love with you
it's true I know you'll see me through
and even when I am lost
I'll be found cause I'll always remember now
as we fly in love with you

11. Protect the Light

*To figure out where this dream begins and ends is impossible
my friends as we travel through the canyons of then and when
we remember, what is the cause that we defend, what is the
cause that we defend.*

The frozen grass of Oklahoma,
we'd been driving just one night
if you'll remind us why we're driving,
we'll continue with our fight

To protect the light, your traveling to protect the light

We found Thomas in Albuquerque
Keith had driven through the night
if you'll remind us why we're driving
we'll continue with our fight

To protect the light, your traveling to protect the light
to protect the light we're all traveling to protect the light

By the fire in Sedona, we'd been driving just three nights
when we're reminded why we're traveling,
may we all protect the light

To protect the light we're traveling to protect the light
to protect the light we're all traveling to protect the light

(instrumental solo)

In the frozen heart of our country,
we've been driving all these nights

if you'll remind us why we're driving,
we'll continue with our fight

To protect the light we're traveling to protect the light
to protect the light we're all traveling to protect the light

In the tepee in Tehachapi,
we've been driving all these nights
though we've landed we're still driving
as we all protect the light

To protect the light we're traveling to protect the light
to protect the light we're all traveling to protect the light
to protect the light we're traveling to protect the light
yeaaaaah, to protect the light
we're traveling to protect the light

12. Brother Can You Spare a Dime

They used to tell me
I was building a dream.
And so I followed the mob

When there was earth to plow
Or guns to bear
I was always there
Right on the job.
They used to tell me
I was building a dream
With peace and glory ahead.
Why should I be standing in line
Just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad I made it run
Made it race against time.
Once I built a railroad Now it's done
Brother, can you spare a dime?
Once I built a tower up to the sun
Brick and rivet and lime.
Once I built a tower, Now it's done.
Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits
Gee we looked swell
Full of that yankee doodle dee dum.

Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell
And I was the kid with the drum!

Say don't you remember?

They called me Al.

It was Al all the time.

Why don't you remember?

I'm your pal.

Say buddy, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits,

Ah, gee we looked swell

Full of that yankee doodle dee dum!

Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell

And I was the kid with the drum!

Hey don't you remember?

They called me Al. It was Al all the time.

Hey, don't you remember? I'm your pal.

Buddy, can you spare a dime?

(instrumental solo)

Once in khaki suits,
Ah, gee we looked swell
Full of that yankee doodle dee dum!
Half a million boots went sloggin' through hell
And I was the kid with the drum!

Hey don't you remember?
They called me Al. It was Al all the time.
Hey, don't you remember? I'm your pal.
so buddy, won't you spare a dime?

yeah come on now I said,
buddy won't you spare a dime, yeah
buddy won't you spare a dime,
ohh, buddy won't you spare a dime, now
buddy won't you spare a dime,
yeah buddy won't you spare a dime
buddy won't you spare a dime

13. Look What They've Done to My Song

*How we feeling now, I know, I know I'm just starting to loosen
up, honestly so ah, we just through this one in, yeah, you can play
along if you like, we just through it in but it's um, you might
recognize it.*

Look what they've done to my song, ma
look what they've done to my song
it's the only thing I could do half right,
it's turning out all wrong now ma
look what they've done to my song

Look what they've done to my brain, ma
look what they've done to my brain
well they picked it like a chicken bone,
I think I'm half insane now ma
look what they've done to my soul

(instrumental solo)

*It has been said that I am of the mad race
a certifiable tinker-bell headcase
but what of it if in that I find joy
if I am but a child and life is but a toy.*

*You know when I was a little girl growing up in the lights of
Broadway oh, I watched a whole lot of Little House on the Prairie
does anybody here watch that show, you know what I'm talking*

*about, no? All I wanted was a world just like Laura had, a paw
just like Laura had, a world unspoiled by man where money was
not god, yeah.*

I wish I could find a good book, to live in
I wish I could find a good book
well if I could find me a real good book,
I'd never have to turn and look at
what they've done, to my soul

Look what they've done to my world, ma
look what they've done to my world
well it's the only thing I had it all,
and they went and... *are there any children in the audience?*

(audience) no, Lizzie no. (laughs)

*there are no children, f*cked it up, ma*
look what they've done to my world

*I'm sorry pardon me I didn't mean to say that, no let's try it
again you see because then someone stood up and said, hey
Lizzie you know, Wasn't it us that let them do it? Ho, is that
right? You see now is the time to remember that we let them do a
whole lot of things because we're all clocked up, right? And in
that room that I walked into, when I saw us remembering. We
were remembering that we made the change we found the
missing pieces and we tied those missing peaces together. Right?*

Yes.

Look what we've done to our world, ma
look what we've done to our world
well it's the only thing we had at all
and we went and.... f*cked it up, maaa....
let's try it again, ready. 1 2 3 4

look what we've done to our world, ma
look what we've done to our world
well it's the only thing we had at all
and we went and fucked it up, maa
look what we've done to our world

14. C*lock People

*I was clogged up by the c*lock people, blinded by the yellow ribbon and dis*eased by the fear, c*locked up by the c*Lock people, blinded by the yellow ribbon and dis*eased by the fear.*

15. Mercy Me

Day by day and one by one
we all walk on to that sun

Day by day and one by one
we all walk on to that sun
forgive mama, forget,
when you walk toward that sun
and don't you stop for anyone,
no don't you stop for anyone
well I am old mama while I'm still young,
cause I was once burnt by that
yeah I was once burnt by that sun

Last night I watched that beast
walk swiftly to my room
he is the prophet thief of doom
come on deeper down with me
last night I cried myself to sleep
today I drag my blackened feet,
today I know no fire speak,
ahh ahohh ahh ahohh ahh

But I have rocked before, so I will rock again
yeah I have rocked before, lord let me rock again
the beast is the thief the thief is the beast

we must make amends,

we must make amends

loah, thief mama, he sings in tune

last night he moved into my room

I think he knows where you live to,

I bet you know him like I do yah

ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh

We are old mama while we're still young,

cause we've all been burnt by that sun

yeah we've all been burnt by that sun

There is the very very truth,

it stands somewhere in-be-tween the two

while you break his neck or turn him loose

while we're all classified

to make them fortunes or be denied

as if it's not our world to run,

as if the soldier's had no guns,

as if we would run from that sun

But we have rocked before, so we will rock again

yeah we have rocked before, lord let us rock again

The beast lay a thief falls to his knees he begs amends,
he begs amends
we crawl upon his back and we ride him to the end,
we stand before the sun
we bow our heads, we raise our arms
our hands and we cry, mercy mercy me
mercy mercy me, mercy mercy me.... oh mama!

hey! hey! hey! hey hey! hey, no! hey! no!
mercy, mercy, me.... mama

Disc 2

1. The Revelation

*I escaped the pain maze inside my mind, desperate to find,
someone good, someone kind, something good, someone who
would take the ribbon from my eyes, who here will unveil me.
Who will take the ribbon from my eyes, cause I am you, and you
are me and only we can set us free, I am you, and you are me and
only we can set us free, who here will unveil me?
(voice from audience) I will.*

Voice of Amy Goodman: "We're broadcasting on over 500 stations around the country on Pacifica and NPR and low power fm and college and community radio stations and public access tv stations and pbs tv stations and both tv satellite networks, dish network channel 9415 free speech tv..."

2. 19 Miles to Baghdad

19 Miles to Baghdad, what have I become
New York's got snow in April
and I can't locate the sun
tie a yellow ribbon around something
something good has begun

Katy holds up the bible
and you reading this for fun?
19 miles to Baghdad
soldiers load up your guns
and tie a yellow ribbon around something
something good has begun

The boy in the middle he sits down to play
he moves to the window

I can see him as he waves

"Hey, Mac look out!"

Mac calls back, "Billy I'll be careful, I'm just trying to be brave,
so tie a yellow ribbon around something,
something lives beyond the grave."

Voice of George W Bush "My fellow citizens. Events in Iraq have now reached the final days of decision. For more than a decade the United States and other nations have pursued patient and honorable efforts to disarm the Iraqi regime without war."

The field reveals that something was concealed
we make a deal to feel again
to ask what is the means and to what end
what is the cause that we defend?

Voice of George W Bush: "an axis of evil, arming to threaten the peace of the world."

Voice of Scott Ritter: "We invaded Iraq illegally. There is no legitimacy to our presence in Iraq today. That underscores every discussion about Iraq. We violated international law."

The flag is flying across the country
me and the band we play the bars

and Glyn she points out to the highway
the flags fly the highest where the people buy their cars
she says,
19 Miles to Baghdad, I guess we haven't come so far

Two planes are flying across the country
New York's so pretty in the fall
"Hey Mac, look out!"
Mac calls back, "Billy, I'll be careful,
I'm sure they built them to stand so tall."

19 Miles To Baghdad

*(Voice of Amy Goodman: "19 Miles to Baghdad, Lizzie West & the
White Buffalo here on Democracy Now! Democracy Now! The
war and peace report I'm Amy Goodman...")*

They fall and we're called

To tie a yellow ribbon around something
something good has begun, right here right now
let's try the whole wide world
tie a yellow ribbon
around the whole wide world
something good has begun, right here right now,

yeah all together
tie a yellow ribbon
around the whole wide world
something good has begun

*Voice of Amy Goodman: "Singing 19 Miles to Baghdad last night
in Columbia, Missouri."*

3. The Re*Membering

*Well we are alive aren't we now. Singing loud and singing proud.
And all the little birdies on the earth do sing and all the human
beings begin to sing and we hear our voices so loud and proud,
ahh and I remember well inside that dream. I remember well
how we gathered together through the machine how we came
through the machine and we found each other. We removed
those ribbons from our eyes and that is how the ribbons
multiplied and that is how we began to unify... oh and there
we're many many many angels there. And the angels were
speaking you see and mama said, "remember Lizzie, I am not
dead. There is no death. For death is only a transference of
breath and so they reminded us that there is no death, that we
are not dead. That we are alive. And that is how we began to
unify. Mama. So we remember? We agree to remember now.
What time is it now? Now. And we remember those who are
remembering us. Those who are inside the dream. They are still
here. In fact they are here to help heal our fear and if we can
remember them, they can remember us.*

4. Prayer

Do not stand at my grave and weep.

I am not there I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that flow.

I am sunlight on ripened grain.

I am gentle autumn's rain.

I am the swift uplifting rush of birds in circled flight.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

I remember now, Mama said, "I am not dead. There is no death. Death is only a transference of breath." And so we came together then and in that collective breath we remembered there is no death. And so on the collective breath it was the count of three that set us free. It was 1... 2... 3... in..... out.....

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

I am not there I did not die.

And then Mama added one more thing before she left. She said, "You know Lizzie, every night 8 hours a night, 7 days a week. You travel in a world you know virtually nothing about. So I'll see you in the dream."

*Thank You. And it was the mourning you see, the morning had
come, the morning had come and though the door had been gone
the door appeared and it was time then to heal the fear. And in
the collective breath we celebrated now, What time is it my
friends? (audience) NOW!*

5. Louise

Here's to Margeux's joy,
Laura's laughter, Beth's beginning
Howard's singing, Tony's ringing,
the Dharma's Bell is gently swinging
while Miguel is capturing my light,
we're all dancing into the night
and Kermit lends his advice,
Lizzie celebrate your life
while Sarah sways so sweet
as she steps to Hendrix beat

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Louise, conduct the orchestra please

(instrumental solo)

*Tie those ribbons together my friends, tie those peaces together,
as we make the majestic peace right, remember that?*

Joe says let's go, and why Baba comes, Lizzie grows
my wings begin to show as the Dharma's Bell swings slow

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Louise, conduct the orchestra please

And we'll save the bees if we'll all just agree
on the count of 3, if we'll agree to breath
1... 2... 3... in and out

6. Lovelution

*We need an American revolution, not a civil war
so you know how to use words well
but what are using them for?
we sing mourning songs when we are sad
but when are grief is done, we sing songs of lovelution.*

*how do we reconstitute ourselves
bring us back to life like the dry animals
of a dry lake bed make us beautiful again
piece together the scraps of our constitution
modify every solution that stopped working long ago
we need an American lovelution, not a civil war.
will our fight be with bayonets or have we got past this need to
destroy and separate in the name of the Union.
these tools, these gifts we've been given, you with the camera,
the computer, the voice to sing, me the pen,
I suggest we come together to fight the forces of separation
again. Build on what was built before by woman
and men with a vision of freedom, of democracy, of peace. Who
knew what they were standing for was an American Lovelution,
Not a civil war. Aoooooo*

7. Howlelujah

*Howllelujah. You know, some, people think I'm saying Hallelujah.
But I'm not I'm saying, Howlelujah. Audience: Aaaaoooo... All
right, Howlelujah, let me hear you try it, Audience: Aooo...
Howlelujah*

8. C*Lock March

*Yeah, ah, they came you know the c"Lock people then. They came again. They came again. They came again, those c*Lock people came again. indeed. And they tried to take that ribbon that we had made. That we had turned into the golden thread. They tried to take that ribbon that proved We are not dead! If we could sing their song. If we could sing their song. If we could transform their song. If we could take back our song. If we could take back our symbols. If we could take back our country. If we could take back our world. That was the dream my friends I had of the majestic peace that we made inside the dream. And so we did, we sang,*

oh ho oh ho

oh ho oh ho

oh ho oh ho

oh hoo oh oh o hoa

9. We Won the Fight

It was a struggle. No doubt about that, but we protected the light, we won the fight.

10. Thank You

Thank you for giving us the morning
Thank you for giving us the day
and thank you for bringing on that storming
Thank you for giving us the shelter we can make

Cause with the storm comes the sun
and with the sun come the rain
and with the rain comes the tools
for the world that we create

Thank you for giving us the ocean
thank you for giving us the waves
thank you for bringing me devotion
thank you for giving me this chance to change my fate

Cause with the storm comes the sun
and with the sun come the rain
and with the rain comes the tools
for the world that we create

(instrumental solo)

Mama says, "Do you remember Lizzie? Do you remember before I was leaving, before I walked through that door. Remember how we sat together in that hospital ward. Remember that Lizzie and how you sang me that song. You reminded me to say thank you Lizzie. You know, I remember I asked you to sing that song, after I was gone. You sing it to as many people as you can sing it to as often as you can. To remind us to remind them to remind us to remind them to remember that there is no end. It is now.

What time is it my friends? (audience) NOW.

Thank you for giving me pleasure
and thank you for giving me pain
thank you for teaching me to treasure
thank you for giving me these lessons I have gained.

Cause with the storm comes the sun
and with the sun come the rain
and with the rain comes the tools
for the world that we create

Let me hear you now cause you see, I know that if you know it and you sing it tomorrow and the next day and the day after that and we all keep singing it, that we are going to create that majestic peace. They won't be able to take that ribbon my friends, not that golden thread, for we are not dead, right?

1 2 3 4

Cause with the storm comes the sun
and with the sun come the rain
and with the rain comes the tools
for the world that we create

Right you got it, cause with the storm comes the sun
and with the sun come the rain
and with the rain comes the tools
for the world that we create

I love you. (audience) We love you back. We love you so much.

ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh your forgiving us
ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh your forgiving us
ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh your forgiving us the day

We are surely alive.

11. Universal Land

We were cold when we awoke
then covered with a quilt

and a soothing voice that spoke to say
there's hope for humans still
so we leaned into a prayer
in honor of our will
and we found the answer there
in the sewing of the quilt

I remember, we all sang

Let the World be full of color
Let the faith become our thread
Let the Earth become our mother
who teaches us to sew
put her arms around our hunger
from her hands may we be fed,
from her eyes may we discover,
and only then may we be led,
to the night we'll come together.
To sew the mythic quilt of man,
that's the day we'll finally wake
to celebrate our Universal Land

She pulls patches from her pockets
scenes of blood and war
and she lifts them to the light
and she asks what were they for
but we cannot answer we can only weep
so she sadly shakes her head
and sews our patterns with her thread

But as she sews she starts her singing
a song we know but we never learned
so we join from the beginning
in the melody that turns
well let the greed become the giving
let those in lines no longer wait
let the numb have sudden feeling
before it's far to late
well let the mighty take to kneeling
let the weak begin to stand
let us know and finally sew peace into
our mythic quilt of man

She says the needle that we'll use

it's our common bliss and truth
and we'll carve it into being
with our human right to choose
to choose and to create one Universal Land
where peace becomes the fabric
for the mythic quilt of man

But mother we're still weeping.
Oh yes, you'll only tie the thread
when you weep into the stitching
a forgiveness for the dead

We're sewing love into the living
one quilted land we built
the tears we sew into our healing
will sanctify our guilt
let everyone please take to living
let everyone please make the choice
let everyone participate to create a peaceful state
for our Universal Land

12. Tumbleweed Epilogue

Remember.

As we'll go rolling like a,
what's your name, magical, Joe,
tumbleweed, *I love you.*

Yeah we'll go rolling, like a magical tumbleweed.

You know when I woke up in the morning from that crazy dream, my god, I found myself something sitting on my disk, desk. I don't know where it came from, but there was an interesting kind of script I found, and that is what you have scene tonight my friends. Yes the script I was meant to encrypt, about the majestic peace, the yellow ribbons were tied together and they made the golden thread that reminded us all we are not dead.

Rolling like a magical tumbleweed, (Dharma Dog) aaaooo
rolling like a magical tumbleweed

To find the door we have to find the key.

And so tomorrow we will remember that we are living in a dream. In a painting, Yes my friends, the audience and the performers, all, actors on a stage, characters in a book, students in a classroom, and we are all right now as always, the re*Memberers.

We'll go rolling like a magical tumbleweed, yeah yeah yeah

we'll go rolling like a magical tumbleweed, keep it going
Rolling like a magical tumbleweed

*Dr. Tumbleweed's Re*Membering Tonic curing fear since 1869.
We'll help us re*Member the dream.*

*Yes, month after month after year after year because we are
building Holy Road Tour Union so that we can be a community
across the country and across the world. Artists and people who
support the art and love the art and nobody in-be-tween and so
this ribbon will grow awful big. Ueah, I figure that we might
have a truck just for the ribbon within a year.*

As we go rolling like a magical tumbleweed yeaaaa yeah
we'll all go rolling like a magical tumbleweed seed

The gong was wringing through my mind.