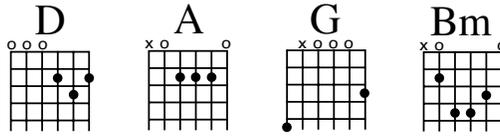


BLUE-EYED HOLE IN TIME

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: D - A - D - A - D . . . D - G - D - A . . . Bm - A - D . . . D - G - D - A . . . D - A - D . . .

D A D A D
You were a flower in the weeds
 G D A
When your blue eyes opened up to me
 Bm A D
You wouldn't turn away
 G D A
Until my courage rose to meet your gaze
 D A D
Then I fell right in

Refrain:

 G D A D
There's a hole in time
 G D A D
There's a hole in time
 Bm D
There's a hole in time
 A D
And we've fallen through
 A D
We've fallen through
 G
We've fallen

That's when I fell in love with you
It was all my stolen heart could do
But I didn't stand a chance
When you asked my swollen heart to dance
I fell right in

Refrain

There's just no way I could explain
How it is that stardust breathes again
But you answered without words
That you've always been and always were
I fell right in

Refrain

SONG NOTES:

This song is in Drop-D tuning, capoed up on the third fret.

It may or may not be coincidence that the chords for each verse start and end with the word "DAD." If the laws of the musical scale allowed it, I would've found a way for the chord progression for this song to be: "P-A-P-A."

I wrote this song about a strange mystical experience I had with my daughter Maizy when she was just a few days old. I generally attribute supernatural experiences to some sort of psychological need projecting itself into spacetime. But I also don't think that makes those experiences any less "real."

It was several days into Maizy's life before she and I had a moment completely alone together. At the hospital we had been surrounded by a hive of loving visitors . . . friends, family, nurses.

When we finally went home and our friends vacated, Carrie and Maizy and I were all together in our extended womb, basking and bonding, enjoying our first moments of peace and stillness together. And when Carrie went to take a rest I held Maizy in my arms, swaying the proud and awkward middle school slow dance of a proud and awkward new father.

In the stillness of that moment I looked down at Maizy's face, examining and exploring each of her perfect little curves and angles, all the miraculous tiny parts, and the miraculous whole of it all. She grabbed my finger in her gentle little fist, and slowly (almost imperceptibly) patted my arm with her other little hand. And then she opened her eyes and stared so far back into the core of my being that I felt as naked beneath my constructs as she was beneath her swaddle.

It really felt as if she was saying, "We've been anticipating each other for a long while. We're gonna have a long relationship. It's time now to get to know one another." And she stared into me to see if I had it in me to be Papa. Which was exactly the same question I'd been asking myself for 9 months. But there in the reflection of her little bluehole eyes was Papa. We just gazed at one another for between 1 and 1000 minutes. And when we were done I couldn't remember or imagine a time when she didn't exist. I could not unconceive of her.