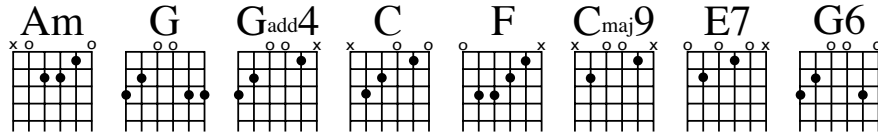


CRY ON THE FLOWERS

words and music by Danny Schmidt



INTRO: Am - G - Gadd4 - C . . . Am - G - Gadd4 - C . . .

Am F C Cmaj9 Am
Maria in the morning was a vision all in orange
C G Am G F
And all the nasty boys would wipe their eyes with dirty minds
G E7 F
It'd been that way for years, a monster in the mirror
C G C
A beauty so composed the notes might cry
F G C Cmaj9 Am
She cried and cried, now all the dirt's revived
C G C
So cry on the flowers when you cry

Maria in the window, an outline and a symbol
A pedestal so simple only dogs and children see
But solitude can keep a perfect girl asleep
Unattached and sadly gone to seed
She cried and cried, now all the dirt's revived
So cry on the flowers when you cry

Maria on the doorsteps, the last of many first steps
To face the open air again, to sigh upon the breeze
When her eyes broke through the clouds, a flood of rain poured out
A storm of bitter tears and sweet release
She cried and cried, now all the dirt's revived
So cry on the flowers when you cry

Maria in the garden, the hangman and the pardon
Forgiven and forgotten for a moment of a day
Cause yesterday has served the time that it deserved
While the rest of life just sighs and walks away

F G C F
She cried and cried, now all the dirt's revived
C G Am G Gadd4 G6
So cry on the flowers when you cry

C F
She cried til her face was shiny, cried til her dress was clean

C G
She cried til the water rose above her knees

Am F
She cried til the garden drank, and cried til the soil sang

C G C
She cried until the flowers ate the weeds

Maria on the altar, a gift for all who offer
A penance and a pittance and a petal from their bed
Roses round her hips, and honeysuckle lips
And violets where the violence once was picked
She cried and cried, now all the dirt's revived
So cry on the flowers when you cry

SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the fifth fret.

There's a theme that runs through this whole record of people in transition, and of people coming to some sort of peace with themselves, or not. This is another one of those songs.

I've always loved and admired Gabriel Garcia Marquez's flavor of magical realism. And I know that somewhere in the back of my head, I was influenced by his ability to inject magic into his stories that you, as the reader, are forced to accept as reality because everyone in the story accepts it, just as plainly and obviously as we all know a dropped hammer will fall to the ground. While at the same time, there's a recognition that the magic also symbolizes some sort of higher (or deeper) unconscious.

*I always imagined that the character in this song was somewhat like Remedios from *One Hundred Years Of Solitude*, so beautiful she almost wasn't of this earth. Though, with this character, she had removed herself from the earth, closed up for protection after some sort of personal trauma. The unfolding of this song is her own unfolding, re-opening herself, petal by petal, and re-emerging into the world. Still ethereal in her beauty, but now real and complete and ground into the soil.*

It's a story of healing and catharsis, told with humble homage to Gabriel Garcia Marquez who sadly passed away this year.