



chris taylor

...in those days...

## Absorbed With You

There you stood in the doorway  
Your eyes like laser beams  
Kind smile and a glancing nod  
That's the way we met

Crème filled donuts at 6am  
Late night calls that never end  
Long walks on the parkway  
Your heart filled with hesitance

I tried not to show it... I didn't want to blow it

*You opened the door  
I walked through  
We stood on the threshold we both knew  
Taking a chance, this is our dance  
I'm totally absorbed with you*

You were scared... you had your fears  
I was moving fast full speed ahead  
So we pulled back, and gave up ground  
It was our redeeming grace

Testing time, testing patience  
I wrote songs to fill the space  
Together walking gently  
Slow dancers on a cake

I wanted to show it... I didn't want to blow it

*You opened the door  
I walked through  
We stood on the threshold we both knew  
Taking a chance, this is our dance  
I'm totally absorbed with you*

Totally absorbed with you

There you stood in the doorway  
Your eyes like laser beams

## Ricochet

She's loaded—fully automatic  
A 10-gallon walk with a pistol smile,  
she's a shotgun ready to blow  
Trigger happy, a smoking gun  
She's got ammo to spare  
so you best beware she takes no prisoners

Well I got lost in her sights and I was dead to rights  
She eased on the trigger and the blast came strong  
*But her first shot missed but her love hit like ricochet  
I tired to resist but her love hit like a ricochet*

Reloaded, the chambers full  
She's smooth in the hand with an easy grip, like Colt 44  
Target practice, straight for the heart  
She shoots from the hip better give no lip she's got you covered

Well I could not escape it was way to late  
I ran for cover but I discovered  
*That her first shot missed but her love hit like a ricochet  
I tried to resist but her love hit like a ricochet*

Now it ain't no use I got no excuse  
I'm staggered by her love and whoa what a love...

She's loaded—fully automatic  
A 10-gallon walk with a pistol smile,  
she's a shotgun ready to blow  
Trigger happy, a smoking gun  
She's got ammo to spare  
so you best beware she takes no prisoners

Well I got lost in her sights and I was dead to rights  
She eased on the trigger and the blast came strong  
*But her first shot missed but her love hit like ricochet  
I tired to resist but her love hit like a ricochet*

## In Those Days

He was born to a teenage mother  
Far away from his homeland  
It would forever change his life  
Hidden away in a small Minnesota town...  
that's what they did in those days

Her heart longing for home  
She could hear those childhood songs  
She packed up her young son—took him across the sea  
How would she face her hometown...  
that's what she did in those days

*In those days... in those days  
That's what they did in those days*

He grew up with rumors and innuendo  
A weight too much to ask  
Love it seems had stipulation  
He always knew where he stood  
In those days

Anger and sadness, surely broke his heart  
Never quite fitting in  
Always living at a distance  
Always wanting to belong  
That's what he did in those days

The hurt, the shame and all the blame  
How he must have walked alone many times  
Even when words of love were spoken  
They were hard to receive... in those days

*In those days... in those days  
That's what they did in those days*

So here I stand where he stood  
A place of beauty and serene  
Walked the steps of his childhood  
Somehow I think he knows what this means... to me...  
in these days

## Oh Lord

Oh Lord there's been a tragedy  
It's face so real the cost so high  
Heartache among hardship  
Another child dies alone  
Beneath the rubble of her home

Oh Lord there's been a catastrophe  
Is this your kingdom come?  
Is this your will be done?  
The hurt, the pain and death  
Are my prayers wasted breath?


Oh Lord there's been a calamity  
That's exposed our human frailty  
Yet in the ruins and debris  
Are the hands compassion brings

They are hands of love  
The hands of hope  
The very hands of God

God of Heaven, God of Earth  
Let us not forsake the least  
For in this desperate time  
May your healing bring release

Oh Lord there's been a tragedy  
The display of human suffering  
We see the eyes of misery  
Let us show our humanity...  
Among this tragedy

Spoken:  
Blessed are those that mourn  
For they shall be comforted



## Fingerprints

We all leave our mark  
Some light the earth  
Others touch our hearts with their fingerprints

Some love to explore  
Others write their stories  
Some taste new wine  
Others walk in glory

Some rise above  
Many sink in pain  
Others choose a different road or remain the same

*Light through a window  
There you'll see  
Clear as the day, and hard to remove... Fingerprints*

We all leave our mark  
Sometimes understated  
Slightest impressions with our fingerprints  
With our fingerprints  
With our fingerprints

You touched me with your fingerprints

## Give A Damn

A man of passion  
A man of pain  
A preacher a father  
A companion

A gentle heart  
With a raging fire  
Foolish servant  
In oversized shoes

He walked the desert  
Heartache in his past (his past)  
Embracing the Creator  
To tame his savageness

*He is a man...  
That gives a damn*

Profound simplicity  
His calling card (yes it is)  
Creative chaos  
In his wake

Whoa—A man of vision  
A man of prose  
A humble heart  
That rarely froze...yeah

Oh... Yes he stumbled  
Said some unkind words (unkind words)  
He raised his voice in anger  
As he declared his humanness

*He is a man...  
That gives a damn*

*Oh yes he is the man  
And he gives a damn  
He is the man*



## **My Neighborhood**

Newborn baby in my neighborhood  
Celebration of new life  
Rejoicing on the street  
Gracing my neighborhood

Old man dies in my neighborhood  
Buried next to his wife of 60 years  
Served his country in his youth  
Changed his life with unseen scars

*In my neighborhood  
You'll find new beginnings  
In my neighborhood  
You'll find peaceful endings*

Single woman down the street  
Been divorced for many, many years  
She's a survivor, and oh she's so strong  
Trims her roses in the rain

*In my neighborhood  
There are no street signs  
In my neighborhood  
You can see and still be blind... all in my neighborhood*

Black man mows his lawn  
Tattooed teen playing her guitar  
Two men next door are so in love... in my neighborhood

There are no wars in my neighborhood  
No one being judged in my neighborhood  
Justice thrives in my neighborhood  
And Jesus' name is good... in my neighborhood

## **Angels in Waiting**

Charlie can't speak a word he just rocks back and forth  
But he greets you with a smile  
Little Jennifer, barely moves and you wonder how she survives

Crippled, contorted, useless limbs  
Eyes that never see  
Shriveled bodies on a bed  
A heart break of humankind

*Angels in waiting, longing to fly  
Reaching out to the highest point of God's loving eyes  
Angels in waiting, longing to sing  
Heaven's voices, calling them in... Angels in waiting.*

Mom and dad seeing their dreams die  
Grief that hardens the soul  
More than just questions, more than why  
Searching for hope.

Each day passes, still the same  
Where is the joy?  
Life in the balance, on the edge  
What do you pray?

*Angels in waiting, longing to fly  
Reaching out to the highest point of God's loving eyes  
Angels in waiting, wanting to sing  
Heaven's voices, calling them in... Angels in waiting*

Oh—The heartache, reaches for release... then release.

*Angels in waiting, longing to fly  
Reaching out to the highest point of God's loving eyes  
Angels in waiting, wanting to sing  
Heaven's voices, calling them in... Angels in waiting.*

***Dedicated to the children and staff of Portland Providence Child  
Center for Medically Fragile Children (Portland, Oregon)***

### **Absorbed With You**

Written by Chris Taylor  
Arranged by Bart Hafeman and Chris Taylor  
Keyboard and lead vocal: Chris Taylor  
Everything else: Bart Hafeman

### **Ricochet**

Written by Chris Taylor  
Arranged by Bart Hafeman and Chris Taylor  
Acoustic guitar and lead vocal: Chris Taylor  
Everything else: Bart Hafeman

### **My Neighborhood**

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Written by Chris Taylor  
Arranged by Bart Hafeman and Chris Taylor  
Keyboard and lead vocal: Chris Taylor  
Nearly everything else: Bart Hafeman  
Angels In Waiting choir:  
Leana Baskerville  
Gary Ogan  
Jeff Haagenson  
Bart Hafeman



### **Fingerprints**

*For mom - I miss you every day*  
Written by Chris Taylor  
Additional lyrics Todd Frimoth  
Arranged by Bart Hafeman and Chris Taylor  
Acoustic guitars, melodica and lead vocal: Chris Taylor  
Almost everything else: Bart Hafeman  
Mandolin: Tim Connell

### **Give A Damn**

*For dad*

Written by Chris Taylor  
Arranged by Bart Hafeman and Chris Taylor  
Keyboard and lead vocal: Chris Taylor  
Not quite everything else: Bart Hafeman  
Killer sax man: Clark Bondy  
B3 organ stud: Marcos Hernandez

### **In Those Days**

*For grandpa*

Written by Chris Taylor  
Arranged by Bart Hafeman and Chris Taylor  
Keyboard and lead vocal: Chris Taylor  
Practically everything else: Bart Hafeman  
Mandolin: Tim Connell

### **Oh Lord**

*Inspired by the January 12, 2010 earthquake in Haiti*  
Written by Chris Taylor  
Cello arrangement: Garnet Hayes  
Grand Piano and vocal: Chris Taylor  
Cellist: Chris Hayes  
Scripture reference spoken: Matthew 5:4

# thanks...

A solo album you say? Hardly. If it were not for Da' Man, Bart Hafeman, this album would suck. So this is what Bart did: Produce and engineer. Arrange the background vocals. He also added his skills on electric and acoustic guitar, additional keyboard, drums, bass, and his great background vocals.

Bart is my guru with a soul patch. You made the journey fun my friend. I can't thank you enough.

To my wife Barb, whom "Absorbed With You" and "Ricochet" were the inspiration, thank you for this great adventure we are on. I love you, I love you, I love you.

To Aubrey and Toby. This album is for you. If I'm to leave any kind of legacy let it be this one. You rock your dad's world in so many ways.

Siblings Todd and Margaret. As different as we all are, our loyalty runs deep, our love for each other deeper. Oh yes, loads of laughter too.

To our sister Martha. Your life was far too short, but your impact has been forever.

My mom Lenore had a special gift of finding the extraordinary within the ordinary. Her Fingerprints have forever changed me. Love you so.

And to "Daddy Bud" as mom called him. You continue to inspire me. I am so thankful you gave a damn. I thank God you were MY dad.

To Sharyn and Brenda. I am overjoyed to be your brother-in-law. Carlos, Elisa, Marshall and Blake... much love from uncle Chris. So glad you're all a part of the family.

To learn about Providence Child Center for Medically Fragile Children visit their web site:  
[www.providence.org/childcenter](http://www.providence.org/childcenter).

Special thank you to the Haiti Foundation Of Hope. I am honored that "Oh Lord" is being used in your multimedia presentation. You can learn more about the foundations work in Haiti by going to this web site:  
[www.haitifoundationofhope.org](http://www.haitifoundationofhope.org).

To Columbia Presbyterian Church of Vancouver, WA: Thank you for allowing me to share my songs with you all these years.

"In Those Days" mastered by Ryan Freq Foster of Foster Mastering  
**Album photography:** Leah Harb  
([www.leahharb.com](http://www.leahharb.com))

**Design:** [www.PipeTabor.com](http://www.PipeTabor.com)  
(Brian Gage & Liana Ryapolov)

