



**KEVIN MICHAEL SMITH**

**OGW**

**OLD GRAY WOLF**

# KEVIN MICHAEL SMITH

*Let me say that this being my sophomore attempt at making a record (or what I consider to be my glorified “demo”) has been a great experience. I basically explored multiple production concepts to fit the nature of the songs. Concepts like basic pop radio balance, 70’s open and airy moods, and even 80’s crushed rock. You shouldn’t need to adjust any dials. Just sit back, or jump up and enjoy.*

*After I finished the “Onion” back in May of 2021, I thought I was done writing and recording songs on the boat. WRONG. The problem just got worse!!! So over that summer new material emerged and by October I started demoing and building a whole new group of songs. I was hoping to be done in May again, but these new songs needed more TLC so the release date got pushed up.*

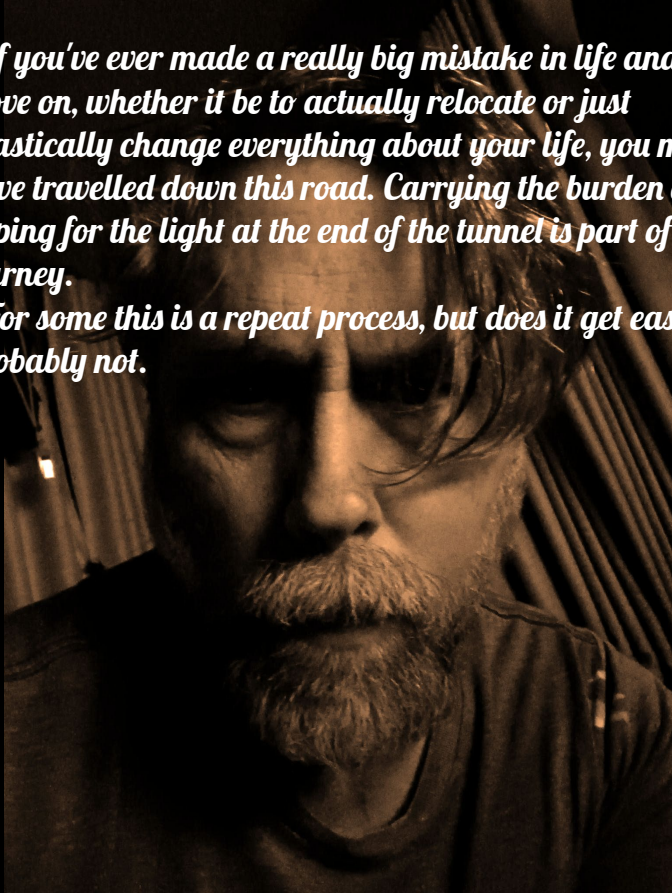
*Following the lead of some of my all time favorite guitarists may also have bled into the guitar noises I made. Anywhere from Lukather, to Clapton, Beck, and Gilmour, or Buck Dharma. Even a bit of Wes Montgomery.*

# OLD GRAY WOLF

# THE TRAVELLED ROAD

*If you've ever made a really big mistake in life and had to move on, whether it be to actually relocate or just drastically change everything about your life, you may have travelled down this road. Carrying the burden and hoping for the light at the end of the tunnel is part of that journey.*

*For some this is a repeat process, but does it get easier? Probably not.*



*First you take off, then you leave  
The bags are packed, you grabbed the keys  
No plans made, what's up your sleeve?  
Nothin', nada, no reprieve  
Goin' somewhere you've never been  
You're a stranger to this sin  
We've all been there, got the shirt  
Down the travelled road to out run the hurt*

*The Travelled road, your first time?  
I can tell you a story about mine  
Can't look back, no reason or rhyme  
You just carry that load down the travelled road*

*Years have passed, you haven't stopped  
Deja Vu is all you got  
Fresh days begin to rot  
Every end is just the start, The tires are worn just like your heart,  
Broken dreams fall apart*

*The Travelled road, your first time?  
I can tell you a story about mine  
Can't look back, no reason or rhyme  
You just carry that load down the travelled road*

*The Travelled Road, your last time?  
We both know better, this isn't mine  
I looked back, and I saw the sign  
It said "No return, No return, No return, No return, no return  
Down the travelled road*

# EVERYTHING SEEMS BETTER

*I was sitting on the boat dozing off for a nap and wondered what it might be like have your consciousness continue on after your earthly body has perished. So my idea was to have a somewhat dark subject like death and an afterlife sound upbeat in a reggae style tune. I mean, when any bodily pains or sensations are no longer felt wouldn't everything seem better? Who knows, but I thought the idea was interesting.*

*The song is also a tongue in cheek attempt to make fun of the idea of an afterlife actually existing. Hence the reversing of the heaven/hell scenario because I think it's odd that people think they know where your "soul" goes after you die.*

*I feel the same way that Mark Twain did about death.*

*Another day just like the last, A day when I was put to rest  
Dirt and flowers, surround me, Peaceful quiet all around you see  
Woah, Everything Seems Better*

*I never wondered where I'd go, No hell above, no heaven below  
My short life seemed better because, I never lied to myself about what never was  
and Everything Seems Better  
Woah, Everything Seems Better*

*I'm not hungry, not tired, no fear, no hate, no lies  
No voices, no crowds, No storms, no dark clouds  
If you listen and don't get bored, This song has no minor chords  
Yes, Everything Seems Better  
Woah, Everything Seems Better*

*I'm turning to dust, there's nothing I can do  
No pressure, obligations, no options it's true  
I can wait, do I have a choice?  
Life just goes on around me, I bid you all adieu*

*Darkness closes in, my eyes no longer see,  
My brain simply matter, my heart doesn't beat  
Legs that can't walk, or arms no longer hold  
Everything Seems Better, forever I'll be old  
I do miss the sun, I do miss the breeze, I miss the ocean waves, I do miss the trees  
These things that I miss I've had plenty of, A life full of family, friends, and love  
With all of the above, Everything Seems Better  
Those memories make Everything Seems Better  
I've nothing to regret, and Everything Seems Better  
Woah, Everything Seems Better*

# VULTURES

*I guess social media frenzy, corporate greed, and friends that gossip about friends or throw away relationships are where this title comes from.*

*Doesn't it feel like people are just waiting to pounce? I've always had high hopes for humanity and love the amazing people around me, but there is an entire world out there that would just as soon see you fail rather than succeed.*

*The corporate vultures I mention are the ones that take your money for a service then charge you more for things you already thought you paid for.*

*Am I paranoid or cynical? Maybe....*

*Vultures, pickin' my bones  
Vultures won't leave me alone  
Vultures, waiting for me to fail  
In the dying light, beyond the pale*

*As we gather, turn the page  
If you like me, the world's my stage  
One wrong move, one wrong word  
The vultures ready, to thin the herd*

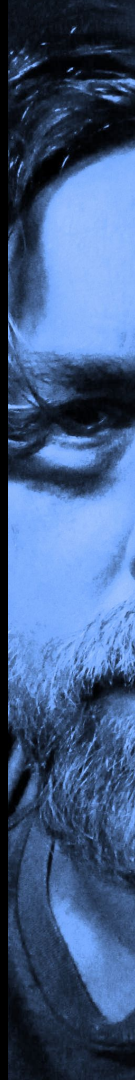
*Chorus*

*Ride or die, family for life  
You ask me to choose, it's just not right  
now everything's tattered, nobody wins  
The vultures hover over, this morbid attraction*

*Chorus*

*Bridge-  
Sell, sell, sell, I've already paid  
You want me to upgrade the profits you've made  
The corporate machine is never satisfied  
The vultures live, waiting for you to buy*

*Chorus ad nauseam*



# YOU MADE IT THIS FAR

*This came from a late restless night while surfing and waiting to get sleepy again. I guess I read some motivational story, then proceeded to yammer a bunch of ideas into my voice recorder which a few days later became lyrics for this tune. My thought is that if you made it this far you should be proud of yourself and ready to keep going even further. Trust your inner voice and don't get bogged down by outside negativity.*

*I'm dedicating this to my niece Fawn, who has come a long way in the past year. I'm proud of you kid! Love, Uncle GG*

*Why would you not keep going?*

*I couldn't stop without knowing*

*What the future holds, despite what you've been told  
You can stop and think again, but the ice is getting thin*

*Keep moving, take a chance again*

*Embrace the life you're in*

*No matter where you are, you made it this far!*

*You've made it this far*

*When it's over yes you'll know*

*it's almost time, not far to go*

*the top of the hill is waiting there*

*Leave behind your sad despair*

*A long journey, a single step*

*Times are hard, outrun regret*

*Not every battle a victory*

*Stand to fight, another day free*

*Don't sit and count your scars, You've made it this far*

*Keep reaching for that star, you made it this far*

*You made it this far!*

*Bridge-Don't stop now*

*If you do you'll fade away*

*Keep moving on*

*Blaze like the sun.....quick solo (over chorus)*

*No matter where you are, you made it this far!*

*Keep reaching for that star, you made it this far*

*Life's crazy and bizarre but you made it this far!*

# TRUTH

*The recent pandemic has left me and you with mixed emotions about many things. When you add politics, the news media, large corporations, and big pharma into this storyline, the truth and the lies are blurred beyond recognition. These entities are truthful to the people they serve (no, not to us the people, but those who pay them). Boiled down, this song is more about being scared to put chemicals into my body when everyone is in a big rush to fix a worldwide pandemic. I want global health, but at what cost? My life? Is it true that we are safe like we are led to believe? Boiling it down further, fear of the unknown and where my journey might end because I passively trusted.*

*Will we ever be, better than we are?*

*Better than we are*

*Better than we are*

*Now the truth is gone,*

*It's sinkin' like a stone*

*Sinkin' like a stone*

*Sinkin' like a stone*

*When the truth reveals itself, you know you're not alone*

*Will we ever really know, just sinkin' like a stone*

*You fall in line, pull up your sleeve, so now it's come to this*

*You close your eyes, take a dose, fall into the abyss*

*Will we ever be, better than we are?*

*Better than we are*

*Better than we are*

*Now the truth is gone,*

*It's sinkin' like a stone*

*Sinkin' like a stone*

*We're sinkin' like a stone*

*Maybe tomorrow, someday soon, light won't bounce off of the moon*

*And when the sun is gone you'll see, you've been erased from history*

*I give myself, it's not a lot, for the greater good so fire the shot*

*Wish me luck on the other side and hope that I survive the ride*

*When the truth disappears, there'll be no place to hide*

*Chorus*

# MY DIRTY ANGEL

*Do you believe in guardian angels? This tune is a humorous look at my guardian angel who just happened to be sent to assist after a few of his own mishaps and is out on parole. I mean this angel is a mess, but he's here for me so is it his fault or mine when I get in trouble? You be the judge.*

*When folks say the devil made me do it, I wonder if they really believe it or just want a scapegoat after knowing darn well it's all on them.*

*I wanted this song to feel like a rollercoaster ride. Please remain seated until the ride comes to a complete stop.*

*A heavenly buddy by my side, Unfaithful guardian along for the ride  
With bloodshot eyes and wings that are frayed  
Drinks like a fish, smokes 2 packs a day*

*I've got a Dirty Angel, highly unstable  
Guiding me toward the red light  
My Dirty Angel, not far from danger  
I'd be better off with the devil tonight*

*Leaving me to my own devices, Not a good idea  
I'm my own human sacrifice yeah, Off the rails, riding on 2 wheels  
Where's my dirty angel, nowhere in sight  
Oh wait, he's at the bar hitting on your wife*

*I've got a Dirty Angel, drunk under the table  
Laughs as I teeter on the ledge  
My Dirty Angel, out of good behavior  
Watching me as I fall over the edge*

*Who sent him here? I do not know  
Or is he really just in my head  
Good or bad, the irony is deep  
oh When he's gone will I care  
Or blame myself, will I dare  
To own what I do and still be able to sleep*

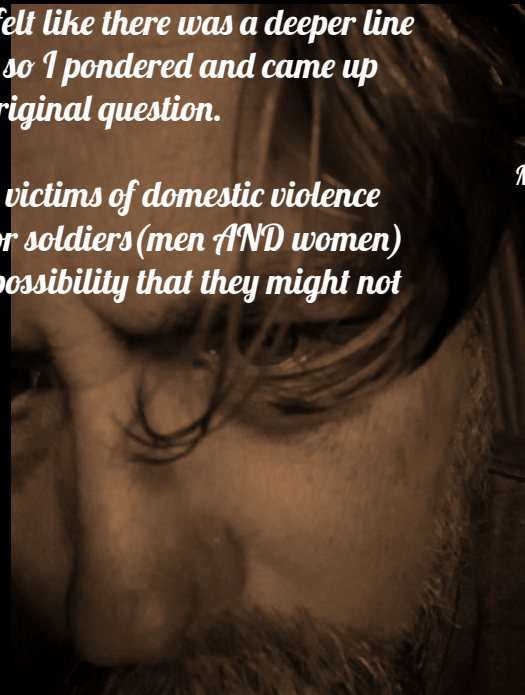
*I've got a Dirty Angel, highly unstable, Guiding me toward the red light  
My Dirty Angel, not far from danger, I'd be better off with the devil....solo  
Yeah I'd be better off with the devil, not this  
Dirty Angel, drunk under the table, Laughs as I teeter on the ledge  
My Dirty Angel, out of good behavior, Watching me as I fall over the edge*



# THE FATHER'S FACE (4 STORIES)

*I was at an afternoon gig outside one day and this 20 something year old girl came in with her 2 year old son. For some odd reason I just wondered if there was a father in the picture, and where he was, or if she is constantly reminded of him as she holds her son. I felt like there was a deeper line of stories that fit this situation so I pondered and came up with ideas that might fit my original question.*

*I am dedicating this song to victims of domestic violence and also to law enforcement or soldiers (men AND women) that leave every day with the possibility that they might not make it home.*



*He was there that lonely night and stayed for awhile  
He was there and he made you smile  
She knew that he'd be gone one day  
She always hoped that he would stay  
Together you created, a bond no one could break  
A life created by the love you made  
Now every time she looks at her child, she sees The Father's Face*

*Love isn't always a walk in the park, a side of him was sometimes dark  
But love made her too blind to care  
The children screamed when they'd fight, his violent action never right  
To speak up she'd never dare  
Her bruises show in the daylight, Her only solace when he left that night  
Only love can fear erase, but she still sees The Father's Face*

*Highschool sweethearts, and best friends, The love they have it never ends  
Marriage, a family, a life they live, And never a question of the love they give  
On the day he has to leave, on duty off to war  
The chance that he won't be back worries them even more  
When the casket takes his place, the children see The Father's Face  
When the casket takes his place, a flag covers The Father's Face*

*He took her down, he had his way  
Her screams and cries never fade  
He ran away into the night  
and took her peace, but left a life  
Now years later, every minute every day  
She holds this little boy she loves in every way  
At night when she dreams, she still see' The Father's Face  
When she dreams, she still sees The Father's Face  
In her haunted dreams, she still sees The Father's face*



# NEXT EXIT DOWN

*I was going for a metaphorical word salad with these lyrics, but I think I was just a vessel for a song that later turned out in my opinion to be about suicide. I can't imagine how bleak and hopeless it must feel to have a depression that shadows everything and makes ending it all feel like the best solution. I am in no way promoting suicide, just acknowledging that it is a part of life that I wish we could alleviate.*

*I am dedicating this song to those we've known and loved that have left us way too early by their own hand. We all know a few.*

*What's next, do ya know?  
You search for a soul only to find, a black hole  
What's next, do ya know?  
You're searchin' for a soul  
Does it matter, where ya go?*

*Time ticking, meter clicking, Speeding past, moving fast  
Turn around, losing ground, Look ahead, words unsaid  
What's lost is found, Next Exit Down*

*Exit, it's time to leave  
You hide the web you weave  
Is it really, so bad?  
Exit, it's time to leave  
you've burned the bridge you need  
Now you fall through, the life you had*

*Take a leap, hearts you keep, Wish away, every day  
Find the sun, a race you run, Don't look down, you're losing ground  
What's lost is found, Next Exit Down*

*Time ticking, meter clicking  
Speeding past, moving fast  
Turn around, losing ground  
Look ahead, words unsaid  
Take a leap, hearts you keep  
Wish away, every day  
Find the sun, a race you run  
Don't look down, you're losing ground  
What's lost is found, Next Exit Down*

# OLD GRAY WOLF

*One day I looked in the mirror and saw a lot of gray.  
Lines on my face, and maybe a harder edge than I've seen  
before after decades of self examination. I thought, old gray  
wolf. Then wondered if a song might follow. It did. The  
story begins with a wolf cub being born, having to survive,  
then growing into a young wolf that defends the  
pack (military service), finally ending up today older and  
gray.*

*Howling at the moon has many meanings; mostly venting  
with friends and running with the pack. The howling goes  
on...*

*Cold dark winter of '63, A cub is born in the wild and free  
Growing stronger every day, Survival is the only way  
A mother nurtures, a father gone to chase the sunrise, goodbye son  
The little wolf, long life ahead  
A mother and sister to protect*

*Little wolf, growing strong  
Little wolf, reflection in the pond  
Little wolf, awake at dawn  
Little wolf, carries on*

*The young wolf defends the pack, Sometimes leaves, always comes back  
Hunting, fighting, licking wounds,  
Another night, another moon*

*Young wolf, bold and strong  
Young wolf, reflection in the pond  
Young wolf, everything to give  
Young wolf, he has the will to live*

*Sun is setting, the paths been long  
Howling at the moon, a haunting song  
The old gray wolf reflecting in the pond  
See's his own face, thinks of days gone*

*No family of his own (Old Gray Wolf) just the pack  
Long in the tooth (OGW) made many tracks  
The Old Gray wolf reflects in the pond  
His life's been good (OGW) , the howling goes on (the howling goes on)*