

Milk ROAD

JULIA WADE

INSPIRATIONAL JOURNEYS ACROSS PLANET EARTH

Credits

CD and Digi-Book Design by Craig Wagner

CD Mastered by Phil Klum of
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Background Voices Performed by
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Peter Link and Julia Wade

All Instruments
Performed and
Programmed
by Peter Link

CD Produced and
Orchestrated by
Peter Link at
Link Recording
Studios, NYC

Songs

WHEN HE WALKS WITH ME

Music and Lyrics by
Julie Gold

ON MY WAY TO YOU

Music and Lyrics by
Michel LeGrand and Alan &
Marilyn Bergman

Silk Road

Music and Lyrics by
Peter Link

THINKING MADE IT SO

Music and Lyrics by
Peter Link

BUT FOR YOU

Music and Lyrics by
Peter Link

My Body

Music and Lyrics by
Peter Link

THERE WAS YOU

Music and Lyrics by
Peter Link

WHAT PEACE LOOKS LIKE

Music by Peter Link
Lyrics by
Peter Link & Julia Wade

THE ROAD

Music and Lyrics by
Peter Link

Julia's THANK YOU'S

My sincere thanks to those who are
*"Traveling down the Silk Road
To a different drum
To a different sound
To a better world
To a higher ground
... Showing all mankind
Just what could be
And what should be
On the Silk Road"*

You continue to re-awaken me and
call me to action every day.

My heartfelt thanks go to all who helped to create this CD:

Craig Wagner for your always-inspired graphics.

Phil Klum for your loving attention to the mastering.

Jenny Burton, Margaret Dorn and Peter Link for your fantastic vocals.

Thank you, Julie Gold, for all the glorious music that pours through you and
for sharing your song on this album.

Special gratitude goes to Tom Watson and Judee Wales Watson for your
important contribution on this CD. We love you and we're so grateful that
you are in our lives!

Thank you, Grace Barner, for your inspiration behind the scenes of
"On My Way To You." This song is dedicated to you, Grace!

To Gerry Bars: Thank you, Mom, for your enduring love and for
encouraging me all my life to go after my dreams.

To my producer,
principal
composer,
and partner
in life, Peter
Link. Thank you
for this grand
and continuing
adventure in
music together.
I am forever
grateful
for Sunday
afternoons
because

*"There was you
There you were
There - not too late
Not too soon
There on that Sunday afternoon"*

FOREWORD

FROM PRODUCER, PETER LINK

For the last couple of years now I had been developing an idea that has totally intrigued me. Now it seems to have blossomed full to greet us here at Christmas time – a time of the birth of many new ideas.

I've lived with the title Silk Road for some time now. I didn't know why I originally thought it was a song, but I've since discovered it in full. Over two years Julia and I worked with the song, re-wrote it, re-conceptualized it, re-wrote it again and again until, hopefully, we got it right. We laughingly call this, "Silk Road IV".

My research discovered that "The Silk Routes (collectively known as the "Silk Road") were important paths for cultural, commercial and technological exchange between traders, merchants, pilgrims, missionaries, soldiers, nomads and urban dwellers from Ancient China, Ancient India, Ancient Tibet, Persian Empire and Mediterranean countries for almost 3,000 years. It gets its name from the lucrative Chinese silk trade, which began during the Han Dynasty (206 BCE – 220 CE)."





“Extending 4,000 miles, the routes enabled people to transport goods, slaves and luxuries such as silk, satin, hemp and other fine fabrics, musk, other perfumes, spices, medicines, jewels, glassware and even rhubarb, as well as serving as a conduit for the spread of knowledge, ideas, cultures, zoological specimens and some non indigenous disease conditions between Ancient China, Ancient India, Asia Minor and the Mediterranean. Trade on the Silk Road was a significant factor in the development of the great civilizations of China, India, Egypt, Persia(Ancient Iran), Arabia, and Rome, and in several respects helped lay the foundations for the modern world.

“Activities along the Silk Road over many centuries facilitated the transmission not just of goods but also ideas and culture, notably in the area of religions. Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, Manichaeism, and Islam all spread across Eurasia through trade networks that were tied to specific religious communities and their institutions.”

I was watching the news one night many months ago and was fascinated at how fast the mostly peaceful demonstrations for change in Egypt were spreading throughout the world. Libya was just beginning to get the idea that they too did not have to live under the madness of a wacko dictator and they were just beginning to demonstrate as well.

The idea that people just did not have to take it anymore seemed to be sweeping the globe. I thought to myself, “In this accelerated world of ours, good ideas get transported in next to no time now.” Countries are no longer sheltered from the rest of the world like China was back in the 50s. Today, news travels like lightning over radio, television and now the Internet.

It came to me that the Internet is today’s Silk Road. It connects the people of the world and transports ideas among its people. Yesteryear it might have taken months for a new idea to travel from Europe to China, but today even the common man knows this morning what happened nearly everywhere last night.

INSIGHT - Julia

WHEN HE WALKS WITH ME

Julie Gold is a modern day visionary. She might not put it that way, but she does receive regular gifts from God in the form of songs.

I am fortunate to have just recorded my third Julie Gold song. It opens the CD in a most transcendent way. I am also fortunate to work regularly and closely with another visionary named Peter Link.

I don't use that term lightly, and it truly does apply to both of these musicians. Together, through song, lyric, orchestral coloring and arrangement, "When He Walks With Me" becomes a kaleidoscope of prayer, anthem, protest and celebration.

"When He Walks With Me" is an inspirational song, which is right up my alley. What makes this one different for me, though, is that it's also an issue song. It's right there in the trenches grappling with the big world problems of today. The song has its feet planted on terra firma in its expression of hope and healing.

It's also a love song - between me and He who walks with me.

So it's the perfect song to open a new album whose themes are sacred and Inspirational, dealing with the issues of our world today and also the personal relationships with those closest to us.⁽¹⁾

Thanks for taking this journey with me. Come walk with us ...



WHEN HE WALKS

WITH ME

Music and Lyrics by Julie Gold

He walks in the ghetto
And the holy land
He walks through the garden
And across the sand
And he walks beside my ally
And my enemy
And I know that I walk taller
When He walks with me

When He walks
Beside me
When He walks with me

He walks with the beggar
Searching for some bread
He sleeps at the station
On a concrete bed
And I know He has his reasons
Whatever they may be
And I know that I walk taller
When He walks with me

And He hears the voices rising
From cities set aflame
He knows the people calling Him
By ev'ry sort of name

And He hears the baby crying
He hears the old man pray
And we all will walk together
On the judgment day

When He walks
Beside me
When He walks with me

He walks with the warden
And the captive man
Each one is a pris'ner
With an escape plan
Even though the bad things
happen
And wherever I might be
Oh I know that I walk taller
When He walks with me

Yes I know that I walk taller
When He walks with me

When He walks
When He walks
When He walks with me

He walks in the ghetto
He walks with the beggar
And He hears the voices rising
When He walks with me

INSIGHT - Julia

On My Way to You

"On My Way To You" is one of those classic songs in life. I imagine that anyone who chances to hear the song will immediately connect to it with a story of their own. Certainly that's true for me.

Not only is it a classic song, but it's a classic love song. An internal journey, "On My Way To You" explores the emotional terrain of the heart.

My producer, Peter Link, suggested the song for the SILK ROAD CD, because, again, it's just one of those songs in life. It's as if you are being awakened from a deep sleep into conscious awareness. You'll understand what I mean when you hear it!

Whenever I work on a song that I've performed before, I treat it like it's brand new. I always have to rediscover it. That's a hard and fast rule. So, for my recording, I had to find out what "On My Way To You" means to me at this point in my life, especially with Peter Link's orchestration and its palette of emotion and music.

Every song reveals itself to me - each time I work on it - and I bang on the door until the song lets me in.

This time, "On My Way to You" did let me in, and it opened itself to me in the most surprising way while I was on a three-week journey across the country. At one point I stayed alone in a new friend's home while she was on vacation.

Yet, she was there - her essence, her qualities, her things - all around me.

Grace's husband, Frank, passed on several years ago, but he was there too. I could feel their love lingering in every corner.

In the mornings, I would get vocally warmed up and work on my music. One day, while rehearsing, I was thinking deeply about "On My Way To You," - how it related to me, how I felt about it, and why. I went through my own story. I asked my usual questions: Who am I in this song? Who am I talking to? How do I feel? What am I doing? Why am I doing it?

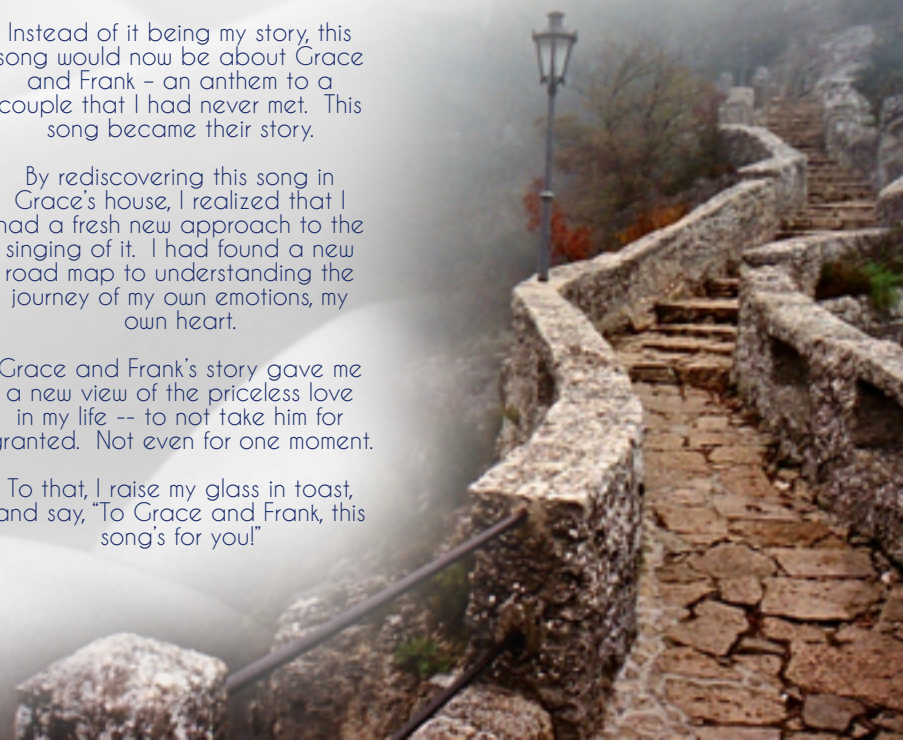
And it hit me!

Instead of it being my story, this song would now be about Grace and Frank - an anthem to a couple that I had never met. This song became their story.

By rediscovering this song in Grace's house, I realized that I had a fresh new approach to the singing of it. I had found a new road map to understanding the journey of my own emotions, my own heart.

Grace and Frank's story gave me a new view of the priceless love in my life -- to not take him for granted. Not even for one moment.

To that, I raise my glass in toast, and say, "To Grace and Frank, this song's for you!"



On My Way to You

Music and Lyrics by Michel Legrand and Alan & Marilyn Bergman

So often as I wait for sleep
I find myself reciting
The words I've said or should have said
Like scenes that need rewriting
The smiles I never answered
Doors perhaps I should have opened
Songs forgotten in the morning

I relive the roles I've played
The tears I may have squandered
The many pipers I have paid
Along the roads I've wandered

Yet all the time I knew it
Love was somewhere out there waiting
Though I may regret a kiss or two
If I had changed a single day
What went amiss or went astray
I may have never found my way to you

It happens so often as I wait for sleep...

And all the time I knew it
Love was somewhere out there waiting
Though I may regret a kiss or two

If I had changed a single day
What went amiss or went astray
I would not change a thing that happened
On my way to you

INSIGHT - Julia

Silk Road

This CD, *Silk Road*, was born, in part because Peter and I constantly discuss the wonders -- and the problems -- of modern technology in our world today. The title song, *Silk Road*, takes a metaphorical look at these very issues.

Peter discovered the metaphor for this. The idea is that the Internet is the modern-day Silk Road, connecting anyone and everyone: world leaders, the common man, even the remote Maasai herder in Africa.

Inevitably, as it happens around our headquarters at Watchfire Music, these discussions lead to ... well, you know -- a song. *Silk Road* was born.

Like the historical Silk Road, the song went through a series of evolutions that included multiple performances, discussions and rewrites until we came to this definitive recording.

As we explored the concept of this modern day Silk Road, the enabler in the Age of Information, we began to explore the ramifications and great potentialities of this new road. It's a road that can lead us through a more internal path where we can share our thoughts with others across the planet almost as fast as we can think our thoughts ... if used with care and ethics.

At its core we think the Silk Road of today has the enormous potential (somewhat already realized) to bring positive change and healing to our planet.



How amazing to think about traveling this modern Silk Road, sharing our ever-developing inner paths with one another. Silk Road gives us our road map:

*Today
This same road
Spans the earth
Weaving its silver thread
Today
In the same way
Thoughts are born
As their ideas spread

More and more the road
goes inward
Weaving through paths of
consciousness
Spanning the concepts of
many a mind
Traveling the innermost
journey
Yes more and more the
road goes inward
To a world beyond space
and time*

The ancient Silk Roads enabled man to explore and connect Planet Earth. Perhaps this modern Silk Road can enable us to explore the more spiritual landscape of our lives.

Silk Road

Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

Traveling down the Silk Road
Traveling down the Silk Road
Weaving the silver threads of knowledge
We spin our lives
Traveling down the Silk Road

Traveling down the Silk Road
Traveling down the Silk Road
Spanning a world in evolution
We journey on
Traveling down the Silk Road

We're traveling down the Silk Road
To a different drum
To a different sound
To a better world
To a higher ground

We have a chance now
There's a Silk Road connecting hearts and
minds
Showing all mankind
Just what could be
And what should be
On the Silk Road

It's a revolution of the common man
Saying "just let us live our lives in peace"
No sleepless nights,
No crying child
No fear, you hear?
No bloodshed
No thousands dead on CNN
Just peace instead
On the Silk Road

In ancient times this road transported
Silk and satin
Herbs and spices
Cinnamon ginger
Clove and musk
Ivory jade glass and gold
The intercourse of mankind young and old

The Golden Peaches of Samarkand
Ostrich eggs and opium
Buddhism!

Traveling down the Silk Road
Traveling down the Silk Road
Bridging the gap between the families
Of all mankind
Traveling down the Silk Road

Today
This same road
Spans the earth
Weaving its silver thread
Today
In the same way
Thoughts are born
As their ideas spread

More and more the road goes inward
Weaving through paths of consciousness
Spanning the concepts of many a mind
Traveling the innermost journey
Yes more and more the road goes inward
To a world beyond space and time

Today we still travel this road
It's a different time
But the same old tale
Trying to bridge two worlds
But on a larger scale

It happened in America
With Martin Luther King
It happened in India
With Mahatma Gandhi
It happened in Egypt
With the people
The common man

The common man
The common man

Traveling down the Silk Road
Traveling down the Silk Road
Chasing the Age of Information
And on we go
Traveling down the Silk Road

Traveling down the Silk Road
Traveling down the Silk Road
Bridging the thoughts and grand ideas
Of all mankind
Traveling down the Silk Road

Traveling down the Silk Road
Traveling down the Silk Road
Weaving the silver threads of knowledge
We spin our lives
Traveling down the Silk Road

INSIGHT - PETER

THINKING MADE #30

One of my favorite things to contemplate is a statement by one of my heroes, Albert Einstein, who said that something isn't there and so we see it, but rather, we see it and so it is there. This got me to thinking. I realized that he was really saying that as we think it, it appears.

So we create our world in our minds. This goes for the physical world as well as our imaginative world. And on second thought, this goes for each of us as well.

I've always found this to be a pretty mind-boggling concept, but not really when one considers the world of our dreams. When in that mental state, the world around us seems as real as the world around us in our waking state. Then there's the awakened state that most spiritual leaders often speak of – that which we are working to attain in this life on Planet Earth. Three states of thinking: Dreams, Waking and Awakened.⁽²⁾

“How can you prove whether at this moment we are sleeping, and all our thoughts are a dream; or whether we are awake, and talking to one another in the waking state?”
– Plato

This ancient thinker struggled with the same thoughts as we do this very moment. It seems like we spend most of our time in this earthly experience floundering about in the second state.

“We are what we think. All that we are arises with our thoughts. With our thoughts, we make the world.”
– Buddha

“The world we have created is a product of our thinking; it cannot be changed without changing our thinking.”
– Albert Einstein



THINKING MADE IT SO

Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

I thought I could do it
I did it
And thinking made it so
I thought it would heal
And the pain went away
My thinking made it so

I knew I'd survive
In the midst of the battle
Through evil's illusion
And the endless rattle
Of dissenting doubts
And the fear of the foe

I held to the thought
Of life everlasting
I never let go
No I never let go

I claimed my right
I set my sail
And through the night
I stood the rail
I'm here today to tell the tale
My thinking made it so
Yes thinking made it so

I thought I could do it
I did it
And thinking made it so
I thought myself free
And the shock disappeared
The grief just let me go

I knew I'd survive
In a time of such trial
Through tears and through ashes
While all the while
I went on with life
And went on with the show

We each go our way
Though separate and distant
We never let go
No we never let go

We live our lives
Though transitory
We share the past
The flops, the glory
You're with me now in each
sweet story
My thinking made it so
Yes thinking made it so

I've been thinking a lot about
thinking
I've had thoughts a lot about
thoughts
I've decided I'm simply excited
To live this life guided by
Each little positive thought

Yes I'm so delighted that
Thinking makes it so!

INSIGHT - PETER

But for You

I began to write this song many years ago at the request of Julia's voice teacher, Bill Schuman, for one of his other students who was recording an album. I didn't get it right. The lyric was too obtuse.

However, the melody stayed with me for years and I often found myself humming it and wondering to myself, "Whatever happened to that song?" I re-wrote the lyric, but still did not get it right.

And so it sat on the proverbial shelf for another half decade.

I think somewhere in there was even yet another iteration.
Clearly, it was just not its time.

When Julia and I first started to work on Silk Road, we agreed that love songs would become a more prevalent part of her repertoire.

After all, what's more inspirational than a good love song?

Once again I turned back to this old yet unborn chestnut and this time, gratefully, I feel I got it right.

To me, it's about timing and the life-saving energies of new love. Julia actually lived this moment in her life. I know because I watched her through it.



But For You

Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

Had I not lost
All that I had
I might have passed you by
But there are things beyond understanding
Life-changing moments undefined

Had we not met
Had we not laughed
Had we not spoken words
Had we not both stood there in silence
I might have left love far behind

But as my world turned in your eyes
I became part of you
Just for the moment
You opened your life and let me in
Then as the world turned once again
And thousands of miles rushed in
Standing alone I knew
I would not chance to love again
But for you

Once my heart was broken
Shattered far beyond repair
Now I would not take a chance on life
And love again
But for you

I knew you felt
All that I felt
Standing there next to me
Swept away though just for a moment
It was a time born out of time

And though I'd left love far behind
And hopelessly walked away
Just for a moment
You opened your life and let me in
And though the world went rushing on
With all of the pain I knew
And knowing that love was through
I could not chance to love again
But for you
But for you
But for you
But for you

INSIGHT - Julia

MY BODY

This is a song about my body. But I'm not so sure it's about me.
Because me, and my body... well, you see, we're a bit of a mystery.

We spend our lives trying to figure out our bodies - physically, on the one hand, spiritually, on the other... and we try to get all the shades in between. This body ... It's very hard to define.

This song, too, is quite hard to describe. My Body is not a theatre song. It's not a "retro-techno" pop song. It's not a classical song. It's not a comedy song. It's not a 21st century pop song. It's not a spiritual song. It's not even an inspirational song. It's not a send-up, either.

That's because it's all of these things. My Body is a complex piece with lots of parts and functions -- kind of like my body.

The song pokes fun at my body. It takes my body seriously. It laughs wholeheartedly at its flaws. It celebrates its wonders, its abilities, and it complains bitterly of its ironies and incomprehensibilities. But it doesn't much consider me.

My Body is more about life in my body... living in my body ... living beyond my body ... living in spite of my body ... living in this paradox... living here and now on Planet Earth ...

I find it all rather amusing and yet confusing too. Well, you see, it's all a bit of a mystery. Me and my body.



My Body

Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

I am not my body
My body is not me
I mean to live beyond it
In some capacity
I believe I've lived before it
Though memory fails
I cannot ignore it
Everything else
Pales in comparison

This wondrous invention
Of flesh and bone technology
Only belongs to me
Temporarily

I know not where it came from
I know not how it works
I took no part in its conception
Its genius or its quirks
It carries on in sleep
Requiring little of me
It is mine to keep
And cost me nothing

Yes it is the house of my consciousness
For perhaps a hundred years
It manufactures babies
And laughter and tears

It's a miracle of invention
In its breath
In its sight
In its tubes
In its muscle
In its appetite

In its pleasure
In its pain
In its taste
And its touch
In its foot
In its hand
In its amazing ability
To discern Tchaikovsky
From Sgt. Pepper's Lonely
Hearts Club Band

I am not my body
My body is not me
But me and my body
We basically agree
To live, for a time,
On this speck in space
This embrace of mind and matter
This interface
Through this vast universe of illusion
And conjecture we go
For reasons
That I'll probably never know

Well we might as well make the best of it.
So let's dance!
Yeah let us dance
We got to dance now
Work yo' body
Work yo' body
Work yo' body
Let us dance

I am not my body
No my body is not me
But I'm amazed
By both its function
Oh and yes
Its mystery
But I go about my business
Mostly unaware
I sit in thought
I climb the stair

So little do I think ahead
And tell it what to do
It seems to work just fine
From its matter-mind

Every blink
Every step
Every breath
Every heartbeat
Every quick reaction
Every wild attraction

I am not my body
No my body is not me
It bears no real resemblance
To my true being

But hey, let's make the best of it!
And let's dance!!!

INSIGHT - Julia

THERE WAS YOU

There Was You is a about a singer and a composer. It's a love story. It's a sweet story, but it has some drama to it too. I've told and retold this story many times to friends and strangers. I've told it sometimes humorously, and other times earnestly. This song, however, tells the tale with poetry and lyricism. I could not tell it any better. So I'd rather sing it to you. It's my story, and it's a true story.



THERE WAS YOU

Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

Heartbreak came so easy to one so young
Love had turned quite contrary
To a young girl's dreams
So I gathered up what was left
And moved warily on
A change of scene
A change of dream

A new start to a new life was all I asked
Love would be quite suspended
In this young girl's life
But the world does not always work
In all the ways that we want
Too soon we met
Too soon too soon

I shook your hand
I caught your smile
The voice inside me screamed "No, no!"
While my heart danced in midair
I barred the door
Refused to look
I knew I didn't dare
I searched the floor for answers
And I found you standing there
So there was you
There you were
There on that Sunday afternoon

But love was still too dangerous
Too hazardous
Too perilous
And I far too vulnerable to let go
When I chanced to look again
You were gone
You were gone
So I moved warily on

As time went by I wondered
"Hey! Where'd he go?"
Love's no longer quite so daunting
To a young girl's heart
I had missed my chance botched it up
And now it was too late
My timing bad
Too late too late

And then came fate
Or God's design
We came to meet by chance again
And I caught you unaware
You passed me by
I called your name
From somewhere in midair
You see I'd searched my heart for answers
And I found you standing there
Yes there was you
There you were
There -- not too late
Not too soon
There on that Sunday afternoon

INSIGHT - Julia

What Peace Looks Like

My social conscience was awakened in earnest during my post college years. I was teaching music workshops in Los Angeles. Specifically, I was teaching in three schools in the inner city zone of South Central, LA when the Rodney King riots broke out in 1992. That changed my life.

Fast-forward now to the last eight years:

Hundreds of hours of travel and as many hours of pre-performance quiet time have added up to my reading some truly inspiring books and watching documentaries and films based on the true stories of world problems and how they affect children..

One extraordinary story stole my heart in the documentary film, War Dance. It's about children from the Acholi tribe growing up in Patongo, a remote war refugee camp in Uganda. After the camp's primary school wins the regional music competition, the students prepare and head to the national competition in Kampala.

The film follows several youngsters in their daily lives. As each one prepares for the music competition, they are preparing to step beyond the borders of the camp for the first time since they arrived as war refugees. One of them is Nancy, a 13-year old girl. She is on the bus that takes the group to Kampala for the competition.

When asked by one of the filmmakers what she most looks forward to on this trip, she answers, "I want to know that peace looks like!"

Her unequivocal answer literally knocked me off my chair. It called me to action.

When I heard Nancy say, "I want to know what peace looks like," I started writing, and it became the foundation of What Peace Looks Like whose lyrics I co-wrote with Peter Link. I had no choice but to DO something. And that something is this song. ⁽³⁾

WHAT PEACE LOOKS LIKE

*Music by Peter Link
Lyrics by Peter Link & Julia Wade*

"I want to know what peace looks like"
The girl of Uganda said,
"I want to know what peace looks like"
She's spent her life in fractured war
But now she's stepping through a door
That takes her far from harm

"I want to know what peace looks like"
The boy of the Sudan said,
"I wanna feel what it feels like
I want to have enough to eat
I want to feel my mother's heat
As she wraps me in her arms"

"I want to know what peace looks like
My wish, my hope, my dream
A night without the nightmares
I want to know the inner calm
The thread of self-esteem
I want to know what peace looks like
And I want to feel it too
Yes I do"

Oh Lord, the lessons of the children of war
The roar of their misfortune;
The hopelessness that lies before
And still they live to love again

Oh Lord, the lessons of the children of war
The roar of their misfortune;
The hopelessness that lies before
And still they live to love again

Because that's what children do
Yeah that's what children do

And if they can do it
We can do it too
Yes if they can do it
We can do it too

"I wanna to know what peace looks like"
The child of the ghetto said,
"I wanna go where peace is known
I've had enough of hopelessness
A cracked out mom and fatherless
And the gangs that haunt the streets"

And oh Lord, the lessons of the children of war
The roar of their misfortune;
The hopelessness that lies before
And still they live to love again
Oh Lord, the lessons of the children of war
The roar of their misfortune;
The hopelessness that lies before
And still they live to love again

Because that's what children do
Yeah that's what children do

And if they can do it
We can do it too
Yes if they can do it
We can do it too!



INSIGHT - PETER *THE ROAD*

A number of years ago Julia and I had a second home tucked back in the Sangre De Cristo Mountains of Colorado. Every late winter I would take a few weeks by myself and go stay there to work on whatever project was going on. I had cloned my NYC recording studio in our Colorado home so that I could work back and forth with ease.

The alone times were great, but because of the beauty of the mountains, the loneliness of being snowed in, and the natural romance of the surroundings, I would miss The Missus terribly. After several weeks of being apart, she would hop in the car and drive from New York to Colorado. Julia adores road trips. She'll never have a problem touring.

I think she could live on the road.

Our home was located in the wilderness at 9000 feet nestled in the mountains and we had a long driveway that I could look out onto through all the large picture windows of the house. I would sit with my guitar in my overstuffed chair and wait, mostly impatiently, for her to come driving up that dirt road through the snow.

I wrote this song waiting for her in that chair by the window and imagined her driving across Kansas hoping she'd feel the same energies I was feeling.

Turns out she was.

I recorded this song myself on my Thru Me CD about a decade ago, but Julia always wanted to sing it as well. If there was ever a song about journeys, this is it. It seems a fitting end to this CD and its themes of Inspirational Journeys Across Planet Earth.



THE ROAD

Music and Lyrics by Peter Link

If you don't hurry up
I don't know
If my heart can take it
If you don't get here soon
Then the moon's
Gonna laugh and go back down

Heaven knows how much I love you
It's kickin' a hole in the side of the sky
An' the moon's pourin' through its light
Like a river
Showin' you
Showin' you the way

If you don't push ahead
You should know
I may just go crazy
If you don't hurry up
I don't know
If the stars will still be here

Heaven knows how much I love you
The snow on the mountain was made just
for you
An' the whiteness and wonder
That pours through my window
Is showin' you
Showin' you the way

But looking out of my lonely window
All I see is an empty road
Just the road

And the highway rolls like an endless river
As the white lines on the road slip by
An' the windshield wipers tell their story
As the hours on the road rush by

An' there's only one long road to travel
An' it ends right here inside my heart
Lonely is the road 'cross Kansas

And if you don't hurry up
I don't know
If my heart can take it



To Close - Peter

I write this closing on the last day of my work in the studio before I turn the album over to my masterer. Finishing a project like this is always a time of mixed emotions – glad to get it done and sorry to see it go.

It's a bit like raising kids, I suppose. You live through all the ups and downs of birth, childhood, teenagehood and the maturing process of a child so dear, and you're glad to see him or her go off to college or out into the world, but at the same time you know you'll miss them terribly.

This project has been especially difficult to leave. The subject matter has been so near and dear to our hearts, Julia's career is in such an exciting evolution, her vocal prowess is also in a dramatic state of evolution, and the work, for me, has been so challenging and yet so fulfilling.

I'm grateful to have had the opportunity to father such a wide-reaching journey. Special mention must go to our designer, Craig Wagner, who has just out-done himself with the beauty of both the CD package and this Digi-Book. He took our ideas beyond our imagination. How often does this happen?

I'm curious and excited to see where this new road will lead us. The opening up of Julia's musical journey extending to the far reaches of the world has gone from dirt path to modern eight-lane highway in these past months, but it shall always be remembered as an exquisite journey down this metaphorical Silk Road.

Thanks for traveling with us.