

# I Wake Up Singing

Words and Music Robert Michael Turco © 2015



(Pop - Theater)

For The Love Of The Song Music BMI



It starts inside me like a ticking clock  
When the beat kicks in and my eyes slowly open up  
Then the rhythm grabs me and back and forth we rock  
And a melody comes blooming from my heart



I wake up singing to greet a brand new day  
Hope rising from inside until I'm swept away  
I wake up singing embracing every change  
The day flows fine when I wake up singing

I brush my teeth I wash my face  
Every sound around me orchestrates my pace  
I grab my bag and dance on out the door  
And the world surrounds me and my spirit soars



I wake up singing and music fills my heart  
Today's a symphony and I will play my part  
I wake up singing arms open to the world  
The day flows fine when I wake up singing

And the people that I meet on these city streets  
Will have a voice and a story I come to know  
I will reach for them someday in my very special way  
And show them my love and my joy

I wake up singing to greet a brand new day  
Hope rising from inside until I'm sweep away  
I wake up singing embracing every change  
The days flow fine  
When I wake up singing and music fills my heart  
Today's a symphony and I will play my part  
I wake up singing arms open to the world  
The days flow fine  
The days flow fine  
The days flow fine



When I wake up singing

When I wake up singing (up and hold)



## Connected

Words Robert Michael Turco and Karen Gazzillo

Music Robert Michael Turco

MAGS, the Bird Lady & Addy Song

We're connected you and I  
We are connected heart to heart and mind to mind  
    You finish a sentence I had begun  
        You think of a word it's on the tip of my tongue  
            It's a kind of magic that we share  
                We are so connected

We're connected in so many ways  
Always connected forever and a day  
    We watch the clouds go by together  
        Feeding birds in all kinds of weather  
            We open up our arms to all we meet  
                We are so connected



When I'm alone I call for you  
    In heartache or times of joy  
And you hear me  
    It feels like you are always near me

You're connected to my soul  
You and I will never really be alone  
    It was you that made me see  
        The power to dream is alive in me  
            You fill my life with purpose and reason to believe  
                We are so connected  
                We are so connected  
                We are so connected

Remembering Beverly:

We're connected you and I  
When I'm near you, I often sigh  
A breath of relief because I see  
All I am and need to be..

We're connected in so many ways  
Whether in heartache or times of praise  
You quietly taught me to understand –  
No need for words or harsh demands

Whenever life's been full of pain  
Or opportunities have offered gain  
You taught me that I could survive  
By my determination and my drive

We're still connected in so many ways  
While quietly teaching me to praise  
Your love of God inspires me still  
Providing strength to do God's will.

We're connected you and I

When I am with you I feel seen  
I feel heard  
I feel special

When I'm with you I feel I'm known

I feel valued and understood

We are connected you and I

Bridge:

When I see the smile on your face I smile  
When I feel the joy in your voice I am joyful to

I know

We are Connected  
So close and connected  
You and I

“When you have once seen the glow of happiness on the face of a beloved person, you know that a man can have no vocation but to awaken that light on the faces surrounding him. In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer.”  
— **Albert Camus**

Invisible threads are the strongest ties

Love is our true destiny. We do not find the meaning of life by ourselves alone - we find it with another

It is an absolute human certainty that no one can know his own beauty or perceive a sense of his own worth until it has been reflected back to him in the mirror of another loving, caring human being.”

We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow men; and among those fibers, as sympathetic threads, our actions run as causes, and they come back to us as effects

We cultivate love when we allow our most vulnerable and powerful selves to be deeply seen and known, and when we honor the spiritual connection that grows from that offering with trust, respect, kindness and affection.

Love is not something we give or get; it is something that we nurture and grow, a connection that can only be cultivated between two people when it exists within each one of them – we can only love others as much as we love ourselves.

Shame, blame, disrespect, betrayal, and the withholding of affection damage the roots from which love grows. Love can only survive these injuries if they are acknowledged, healed and rare.”

– Brené Brown, **The Gifts of Imperfection: Let Go of Who You Think You're Supposed to Be and Embrace Who You Are**

A dream you dream alone is only a dream. A dream you dream together is reality

You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us. And the world will live as one

I define connection as the energy that exists between people when they feel seen, heard, and valued; when they can give and receive without judgment; and when they derive sustenance and strength from the relationship

The world is so empty if one thinks only of mountains, rivers & cities; but to know someone who thinks & feels with us, & who, though distant, is close to us in spirit, this makes the earth for us an inhabited garden

The eyes are one of the most powerful tools a woman can have. With one look, she can relay the most intimate message. After the connection is made, words cease to exist.

We are like islands in the sea, separate on the surface but connected in the deep

Sometimes, reaching out and taking someone's hand is the beginning of a journey.

At other times, it is allowing another to take yours.

He looks at her and smiles. "You're sort of dangerous, you know?"

She stares at him. "Me?"

"Yeah," he says sitting back. "I'm way too honest with you."

Spirituality is recognizing and celebrating that we are all inextricably connected to each other by a power greater than all of us, and that our connection to that power and to one another is grounded in love and compassion. Practicing spirituality brings a sense of perspective, meaning and purpose to our lives.

It really boils down to this: that all life is interrelated. We are all caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied into a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one destiny, affects all indirectly."

— **Martin Luther King Jr.**

Friends ask you questions; enemies question you.

There is no perfection, only beautiful versions of brokenness.

We are all so much together, but we are all dying of loneliness.

That's what Jamie didn't understand: it was never just sex. Even the fastest, dirtiest, most impersonal screw was about more than sex. It was about connection. It was about looking at another human being and seeing your own loneliness and neediness reflected back. It was recognising that together you had the power to temporarily banish that sense of isolation. It was about experiencing what it was to be human at the basest, most instinctive level. How could that be described as just anything?"

The more connections you and your lover make, not just between your bodies, but between your minds, your hearts, and your souls, the more you will strengthen the fabric of your relationship, and the more real moments you will experience together.

I think there is a song out there to describe just about any situation.

Any fact becomes important when it's connected to another.

“...he prayed fundamentally as a gesture of love for what had gone and would go and could be loved in no other way. When he prayed he touched his parents, who could not otherwise be touched, and he touched a feeling that we are all children who lose our parents, all of us, every man and woman and boy and girl, and we too will all be lost by those who come after us and love us, and this loss unites humanity, unites every human being, the temporary nature of our being-ness, and our shared sorrow, the heartache we each carry and yet too often refuse to acknowledge in one another, and out of this Saeed felt it might be possible, in the face of death, to believe in humanity's potential for building a better world, so he prayed as a lament, as a consolation, and as a hope....”

— Mohsin Hamid, Exit West

# Don't Feed The Animals

Words and Music Robert Michael Turco ©2013, 2015

(pub song sing-a-long)  
For The Love Of The Song Music BMI

Sung by The Book

Don't feed the animals  
They are insatiable  
And if you let them they will nibble and eat you out of house and home

Don't feed the animals  
You'll be untraceable  
They will hound you and surround you and never ever let you go

I'm not talking about those pretty puppy's people  
I am relating to Hyenas and those cutesy, cutesy Weasels

Don't feed the animals  
They are insatiable  
And if you let them they will nibble and eat you out of house and home

Oh Bop Bop De Bop Blah Blah Oh Bop Bop De Bop

Don't feed the animals  
They just may turn on you  
And confound you and astound you and turn your brain to applesauce

Don't feed the animals  
They are a prickly crew  
They will ruin you and consume you and finish using dental floss

I'm not speaking of those purring puffy pussy - cats  
I am referring to slick Pythons and those Boa, Boa Constrictors

Don't feed the animals  
They are insatiable  
And if you let them they will nibble and eat you out of house and home

La De De Da

They will eat you out of house and home



SCAT FINISH



## A Judge In Your Pocket

Words and Music Robert Michael Turco © 2015

For The Love Of The Song Music BMI

Sung By Grime, Chintz, & Judge Smudge

With a judge in your pocket it'll be ok  
Put a judge in your pocket it will make your day  
You'll never have a worry in the world with a judge nice and snug



Have a judge in your pocket he will fix the \$core  
Find a judge for your pocket watch the profits \$oar  
You'll never find yourself out in the cold with a judge on the dole



If you spread your dough around (If you spread the dough around)  
Then your business plan is sound (Then your business plan is sound)  
Watch your competition blush  
Right before they're crushed  
And you'll be barefoot picking posies (Triangle Ting)

Place a judge in your pocket and you've something rare  
A lovely judge in your pocket and you'll have no cares  
You'll find yourself counting out the rake with a judge on the take

Pick a judge for your pocket you'll be so astute  
Yes a judge in your pocket give your mirror a salute  
You'll find that you have everything you need if your judge does the deed

It doesn't matter what you do (It doesn't matter what you do)  
With your judge to get you through (With your judge to get you through)  
You can pay your workers dirt  
And your judge will make it work  
And everything will turn out rosy (Triangle Ting)

With a judge in your pocket it'll be ok  
Put a judge in your pocket it will make your day  
You'll never have a worry in the world  
With a judge  
With a judge  
Nice and snug

## Something In The Middle

Words and Music Robert Michael Turco © 2015, 2019

(HEADY sings with LOUIE as a reluctant male prop)

{HEADY is in disguise in the Museum of Art in Central Park as ADDY and JUNIOR walk up. Heady has a baby carriage and is looking at Thomas Hart Benton Painting – [The Boy](#)} She begins to sing:

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**Studying this painting  
Staring here for hours**

**Don't know what it means  
Up, down, and in between**

**Something in the middle Draws me  
Something in the middle Calls me  
Something in the middle Makes me feel this way**

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{HEADY moves along to a display of “modern” (for then) Jukebox's)

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**I was listening to this [jukebox](#)**



**trumpet talking sweetly**

**Playing out the grooves**

**Got me flowing with its moves**

**Something in the middle Draws me  
Something in the middle Calls me  
Something in the middle Makes me feel this way  
Something in the middle Moves me  
Something in the middle Soothes me  
Something in the middle Makes me feel this way**

**Oh It's sometimes bitter Sometimes sweet  
But it makes me feel complete**

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{Verse music break with trumpet lead}

(Heady looking into the baby carriage watching the child sleep)



**I like studying his face  
The rhythm of his beauty**

**And watching while he sleeps  
Pulling me in deep**

**Something in the middle Draws me  
Something in the middle Calls me  
Something in the middle Makes me feel this way  
Something in the middle Moves me  
Something in the middle Soothes me  
Something in the middle Makes me feel this way**

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## Dancing With My Baby In Spain

Words and Music Robert Michael Turco © 2015

BMI



When I'm weary  
    Doing something boring and dreary  
        Cold calling it, Deary  
            I go dancing with my baby in Spain

When I'm typing  
    Something they got us all hyping I  
        shut out everyone griping  
            And go dancing with my baby in Spain


Tick tock	Turn off machinery
Tick tock	Change up your scenery
Tick Tock	Gloomy to greenery
Tick tock	Tick tock

When I'm frazzled  
    Dealing with the grind and the hassles  
        I pack my mind up and travel  
            I'm dancing with my baby in Spain

I don't get angry  
    I don't get crazy or cranky  
        A little head hanky---panky  
            And I'm dancing with my baby in Spain

Tick tock	Ward off calamity
Tick tock	Escape insanity
Tick tock	Create reality
Tick tock	Tick tock

(Music and Dancing)

Tick tock	Turn off machinery	
Tick tock	Change up your scenery	
Tick Tock	Gloomy to greenery	
	Go dancing	
	Go dancing	
	Go dancing	
	Dancing with your baby in Spain	
	(Big End)	