

DR LLOYD FELL'S



**SONG BOOK
VOLUME 1**

SINGING SONGS TOGETHER

As an adjunct to scientific explanation I am keen on the experience of singing these simple songs together to trigger a didactic process. Singing together seem to provide a different experience of human communication and knowing in which the crucial elements are **connection** and **flow** - not an exchange of information.

Singing together is an ancient practice, particularly associated in the past with work and worship. Its value is still recognised today in religious practice, in commercial advertising and in the teaching of children, more so in indigenous cultures. I mean it as a metaphor for the many ways in which we keep our knowing alive through caring interaction - by dancing together, or playing together - with a lightness that lessens common obstacles to knowing such as taking ourselves too seriously.

Lloyd Fell

The BIOSONG symbol on the cover page was designed and drawn by my friend, Graham Sharpe, in 1989. Graham was also co-creator and co-presenter of the original version of 'Stress the Musical.'

SONGBOOK VOLUME 1

For this Third Edition of Songbook, Volume 1, I have selected 26 of my songs, including six that were not in earlier editions. They are also loosely arranged into five different themes this time.

Lloyd Fell, October, 2006

SONGS FROM 'STRESS THE MUSICAL'

#1 I'VE GOT STRESS (U3A Version)

I've got stress, I've got stress
Since I got here today I've got stress
'Cause I do hope you'll like me, I want to impress
I've practiced all morning, but nevertheless
My thoughts seem to be in a hell of a mess
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress

I've got stress, I've got stress
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress
And I wonder if you've got it, everyone does
If you haven't you should, it'll give you a buzz
Or perhaps you're the blighter who gives it to us
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress

I've got stress, I've got stress
Every time I do this I've got stress
I started this new course for pleasure and play
But since meeting the tutor I've had it all day
Don't know what it is, but it won't go away
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress

I've got stress, I've got stress
It's a U3A syndrome I guess
They told me that study would strengthen my brain
But with all this thinking again and again
All that I've got in my head is a pain
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress

I've got stress, I've got stress
It's a serious problem no less
I've thought of retiring at home in my bed
But I seem to prefer to keep busy instead
If I didn't have . . . tension, I'd prob'ly be dead
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress
What a mess, I confess, I've got stress

<p>There is also a cabaret version and a workshop version of this song, which is the opening number of 'Stress the Musical', a one-hour musical play/workshop that I wrote in 1989. The next two songs are actually 2006 versions for the same show.</p>
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#2 KNOW YOURSELF

**Know yourself
And you will know who you're being
And then accept yourself
So you will like what you're seeing
And then forget yourself
That's all you need to do
And it will help you to keep up with everything that happens
In the big wide world**

It helps if you will use all your senses
Even those you're not sure they exist
Otherwise you might put up defenses
And think of all the things you must resist

Whatever we oppose, opposes us. That with which we flow, flows with us.
Whatever we embrace, goes with us. What we suppose, knows with us.
So sing with us

Chorus

#3 WE ARE THE SONG

(We are the product of our history of connections)

Threads connect us every day in everything we do
Everything we notice and pay attention to
These threads are hardly broken; they just renew each day
They follow one another in an incremental way
Honouring these details, the truth will set us free
Where we are right now is where we're meant to be

**We are the songlines of our lives
We are the laughter and the cries
We are the being right and wrong
We are the singing, we are the song**

We often think of what we are as what we ought to be
Some imagined super being, absolutely free
Or perhaps a victim of events that were not kind
This denies us our free will; suffocates the mind
We can only be exactly what we have become
The product of our history; the race that we have run

Chorus

SONGS ABOUT MIND-BODY SCIENCE

#4 SONG OF AUTONOMOUS UNITIES

**I am an autonomous unity
My structure is very profound
While everything else is a line to me
To me I am perfectly round
My history mystery I will unveil
Believing I know as I do
This world I bring forth is my own - and I love
Your autopoietical you
Not hypothetical, just parenthetical,
Autopoietical you**

#5 I PRODUCE MYSELF

Now I'm a man who said that he was going to the top
Who claimed he had the necessary skills
Who had a great ambition which nobody could stop
And said: "I'll do what anybody wills"
So I produced the goods for other people
I made a standard line that you could stock
I daren't make them wrong - I was the quality control
Until one day it hit me like a rock
That I am not the same as other people
Even though I learned to do like you
I try to do a lot of things that other people do, but
I produce myself and that is all I do

**I must tell you this in all due fairness
That I will never be the same as you
I try to do a lot of things that other people do, but
I produce myself and that is all I do**

They told me that the most important thing was to produce
That output was the measure of a man
Advancement will depend on the amount that you produce
Provided that it fits the business plan
So I produced the goods for other people
I tried to be as good as all the rest
I dared to hope I might become the ultimate success

Until one day they put me to the test
The only thing that counted was my output
I was only what I could produce
I want to do a lot of things that other people do, but
I produce myself and that is all I do

So I know that the way that I am here with you as we do what we can do together
Is the same as the way that I am with the world - this and me, that and me, this and me

And from the two arises all my output
Always me with something else it's true
I may not do a lot of things that other people do, but
I produce myself and that is what I do

Chorus

#6 THE SECOND-ORDER SONG

If I'm doing something to it, it's an object
To objectify existence is a must
By discovering the objects all around me
I know my world is something I can trust
(*Trust!!* *Trust??*)
But what if it is doing something to me?
Have I become a victim of its way?
Could it be I've given it my power?
How come I don't seem to have a say?

**Second order, second order,
Second order singing is a song, song, song,
Second order, second order,
Second order singing is a song.**

What is this that I am doing to it?
Giving it its objectivity
As if it was completely independent
Of little, old, good-for-nothing me

I do believe that I was its inventor
Perhaps I only have myself to blame
What I do and what it does are not different
The action and the object are the same

Chorus

#7 DRIFTING

We bring forth our world and our world draws us onward

I hear the singing that streams through the valley
I hear the merry voice calling
I see the dark clouds that drift o'er the mountain
I feel the gentle rain falling
How do I know that their call is for me
Or where the path goes when the path is so free
I know the music that flows through my forest
For I sing the song that is calling

**Drifting here and there I go
Only drifting can I know
Over the mountain and down through the valley
Drifting toward my calling**

You do and I do and I know and you know
Two lonely voices are ringing
Where is the harmony given by nature
For the duet we are singing
Where is the dancing, the movement so free
There in the calling - the drifting - for me
When all the people join hands in the forest
There will be love in our calling

Chorus

We hear the singing that streams through the valley
We hear the bright voices calling
We see the dark clouds that drift o'er the mountain
We feel the gentle rain falling
Now we are joined, 'tis a chorus we hear
The calling of love is the absence of fear
We know the music that flows through the forest
For we sing the song that is calling

Chorus

<p>These songs were written around 1990 to assist my understanding of the revolutionary thinking concerning second-order cybernetics, autopoiesis, structural coupling and co-drifting that I learned about from the work of Humberto Maturana. I have used them in lectures and workshops about the biology of cognition and the human spirit ever since.</p>
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#8 THE CONVERSING CAFÉ
(for Alan Stewart)

I talk to people at work every day
And I'm affected by things that we say
We talk for power or self preservation
Winning the argument, justification
Needing agreement to guarantee outcomes
Separately having our way

I long to be able to speak without fearing
Trust and belong as a part of the whole
When we're conversing we're working together
Not just our minds but our heart and our soul

For I've seen the sparkling eyes
I have felt that connection
We came together not to persuade
But to treat each other well
In this together whatever we say
At the Conversing Café
In this together whatever we say
At the Conversing Café

Talking and listening we do every day
Cultures created by all that we say
Speaking oppression, how heavy the heart is
Lightness and laughter are not just for parties
Speak without needing the answer you wanted
Let out your spirit to play

So we are able to speak without fearing
Trust and belong as a part of the whole
When we're conversing we're working together
Not just our minds but our heart and our soul

Chorus

This song arose during a journey with my friend, Alan Stewart, in 2000, along the Great Ocean Road and the Coorong in Southern Australia as we discussed his work as a consultant and facilitator. Alan was a pioneer in this country of Open Space Technology and World Café principles and he successfully combined these two into a workshop format that he called The Conversing Café.

#9 THE UNMADE PATH
(inspired by Pille Bunnell)

We walk, our faces turned to what we want
The path we made is there behind us
Where is the path ahead to show us where to go?
It's not there - the wonder blinds us
We do not see the seed of our becoming
We cannot watch the choices grow
We don't choose an outcome, but we know what we attend to
And we do what we know

**We orient as we feel
And walk as we are
We orient as we feel
And walk as we are
What do I see?
Where am I looking?
What do I hear?
What am I feeling?
Do I know fear?
Do I know love?**

Our paths are stories of the past we have told
When we reflect we spread our feelings
We see with love it happened as it should
Everything according to our dealings
We think we know the why of all we do
But when we understand the how
We connect the presence of the past to future dreams
And see them here and now

Chorus

We look and step with love upon the road
Even though we know not where it takes us
But when we cherish the beauty that we have
We know that life does not forsake us
We understand surrender to our being
Connects our footprints to our star
Freedom to tread surely with confidence and love
Is for the person that we are

Chorus

#10 MAKE THE CONNECTION

I make the connection to know I am here
My predilection is mistrust and fear
But the correction is being sincere
Trying to make the connection

Make the connection to be who you are
Reach out your hand and you follow your star
As we are joined we draw strength from afar
If we will make the connection

In introspection my worries abound
And circumspection that goes round and round
For my protection this motto I've found
It's good to make the connection

Chorus

Seeking perfection I never can see
In my reflection I think: is that me?
There's no detection of who I could be
Until I make the connection

Careful inspection will probably show
Much resurrection of things that you know
But the selection of which way to go
Comes when you make the connection

Chorus

#11 MAKING IT HAPPEN

Making it happen is like, in the moonlight,
Watching the shimmering waves in the sea
Making it happen is mostly just being
Aware of the movement in you and me

Only together it flows
Not one of us really knows

Making it happen is hearing that movement
Conscious, unconsciously, setting it free
Making it happen is like, in the moonlight,
Knowing the darkness is meant to be

Chorus

#12 TALKING UP, TALKING DOWN

**How do we co-exist in the world today?
How do we get along with our fellows?
We just talk and our words make the world what it is
Talking up, talking down, our world**

And they say it will be a great sight to see
When the world is a better place
But the way it will be will be spoken by me
And will shine like the smile on your face

Chorus

#13 A LITTLE SONG OF MEANING

**There's the funniest thing about making meaning
That it seems to be like being in love
There's the funniest thing about making meaning
That it seems to be like being in love**

I know I want to make some meaning
But the words don't come out right
That's why I have to sing this song of my experience
I know I want to make some meaning
But the words don't come out right
That's why I have to sing this song to you

Chorus

SONGS ABOUT LOVE

#14 THE WHITE ROSE

1. You're the white rose that blooms in my garden
But I know I can't call you my own
You're the dew drops that cling
To the white rose in spring
As the soft morning sunlight shines down
You're the white rose that blooms in my garden
But this beautiful sight to behold
Is the white rose that blooms
The white rose that blooms
It's the white rose that blooms for the world

**How I worshiped your face
How I cherished your touch
But it could only mean pain
If I loved you too much**

2. You're the lovelight that shines in my eyes now
And this light by the world can be seen
You're the fond memory
Of what beauty can be
And the sweet taste of what might have been
You're the lovelight that shines in my eyes now
But this beautiful light to behold
Is the lovelight that shines
The lovelight that shines
It's the lovelight that shines for the world

Chorus and verse 1

#15 THE WORLD IN YOU

*In the act of loving one another we become aware
of the universal wholeness*

**I see the world in you
I see the whole of life in all its glory
Maybe even see the moral of the story
I see the world in you
I see the wonder of the world in what you do
I see the world in you**

I hear the world in you
I hear the harmony in our emotions
Hear the melody that sings of our devotion
I hear the world in you
I hear the music that runs our living through
I hear the world in you

The world seems full of fragments, of pieces here and there
It's hard to put them all together
It's not in generalities, or in a broader view
It's when I look into your eyes
That I can see the soul

Chorus

#16 LOVE IS FOR THE GIVING

1. Love is for the giving
Everyone knows that is so
Love cannot ever be had for the asking
Love is a gift - that we know

2. (And) love is for the living
Cannot be held in a store
Only if given completely and freely
Can love last for evermore

**So the love that we live and the love that we give
Is returned to our hearts every day
And the love we believe is the love we receive
Teach us now to believe - to give love away**

3. Love is for the giving
True love returns as it goes
True love is given completely and freely
True love eternally flows

[Spoken over verses 1 and 2 the second time through]

St Francis said:

*Make me an instrument of your peace
Where there is hatred - let me show love
Where there is injury - pardon
Where there is doubt - faith
Where there is despair - hope
Where there is darkness - light
Where there is sadness - joy
Grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled - as to console
To be understood - as to understand
To be loved - as to love, for
It is in giving that we receive
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
It is in dying, we are born, for evermore*

Chorus and verse 3

The song above was written for my marriage to Penelope in 1989 and sung by friends of ours at the outdoor ceremony.

The next song was for my friend, Trevor Ireton.

#17 LOVE MAKES YOU

I heard a ditty the simple folk sang
As they went about working each day
They looked at each other without any fear
In a quaint sort of lovable way
I hadn't seen it since I was a child
And I hadn't heard anyone say
How I feel will be how I behave
As I love so I play

**Love makes you warm and expanded
Fear makes you cold and contracted
Love makes you warm and expanded
And this will be how you acted
Love makes you warm and expanded
Fear makes you cold and contracted
Love makes you warm and expanded
And this will be how you acted
And this will be how you act**

Love makes you (repeat)

I tried to capture the simple folk song
In my crass intellectual way
Feelings prefigure behaviour I thought
How we forget this today
Putting down feelings as nothing at all
The worship of reason holds sway
But love play shall not be forgotten by all
As I love so I play

Chorus

#18 LOVE IS EVERYWHERE

Love is in the conversation
Love is blowin' on the breeze
Love is somewhere that you just can't touch, or see, or smell,
But you know darn well, that
Love is in the conversation
Love is somewhere in the air
Love is there and you know it's there because
Love is everywhere

#19 LODE (lo_dah)

Lode, my friend
You're a part of my being
I love you, and call you my own
Once in a while
I can see what you're seeing
And I wonder at how much you've grown

**Do you remember the magical music
And how we laughed loud and long
Through all the trials and painful illusions
They were playing our song**

Of the Road in the Sky
You and I were agreeing
Even though I never knew
When I hated
Despaired of my being
I was just punishing you
But we remember etc.

Of the Road in the Sky
You and I are enjoying
Living one day at a time
The time of our lives
Is the moment we're living
When I can share yours and mine
And we remember etc.

Of the Road in the Sky
It is onward we're going
Where the Road leads we don't know
But we can live
Content in the knowing
Wherever it leads we will go

For we remember etc.
Of the Road in the Sky
Lode and I - Road in the Sky - Lode and I - We are one

<p>This song accompanied a small book of the same name outlining 25 chapters of my life as a Kookaburra. 'Lode' is also the 'handle' I sometimes used to represent myself on the World Wide Web, though it has been more commonly spelled 'Loda' in recent years.</p>

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL THEMES

These songs were inspired by my friend, Phill Buckmaster, and the work he did to bridge cultural divides through music, art, poetry and story. The song below is dedicated to three Aboriginal artists who were also friends of ours: Sonny Beckett, his father Les and Tex Skuthorpe. The words of the chorus were given to me by Sonny from the notes attached to one of his paintings. He died at the age of 21. The way in which we all sat around talking is fondly remembered in this song.

#20 I CAN HEAR MY COLOURS SINGING

**I can hear my colours singing
Through my culture deep within
Feel a peaceful sense of beauty
For I am brother to the wind**

I thought that I had lost my dreaming
I thought that I had lost my way
I thought that I had lost my people
All gone astray
But then I heard the sound of talking
I sat round talking every day
And in the words that I was talking
I heard a black man, a black woman, black man, a black woman, say

Chorus

I thought that I had lost my talking
I thought that I had lost my mind
But then I heard it all around me
Flowing on the wind
The wind that sounds like colours singing
A spirit moving in the sky
And in the words that I was singing
I heard a black man, a black woman, black man, a black woman, say

Chorus

This song was arranged by Pat Rix for a combined choir that she conducted in Adelaide and performed in an Adelaide Town Hall concert in 1998 and also in a Festival of the Coast at Grange Jetty, Adelaide, in 2001. It was also recorded in 1999 by the Armidale High School choir for an Aboriginal Reconciliation CD that was entitled Together Together.

#21 SONGLINES IN THE CITY

1. When I travel in the country I know the way to go
What my people told me is the only way I know
But sometimes in the city I get lost and feeling bad
There are so many people there with eyes that look so mad
There's got to be a knowledge of where I'm meant to be
This earth that I belong to, it knows more than me
You only seem to hear it when you sing it as your own
Have you ever tried to sing upon the land that is your home?

**There are songlines in the city for the people there to hear
But the people keep on walking
Never knowing what they fear
They keep walking, never knowing
For the people cannot hear
There are songlines in the city . . . for the people**

2. Long ago they did it, but few still know the songs
Nowadays we stray from the place where we belong
We lost this way of knowing a long, long time ago
Hearing only city sounds we don't know what we know
Music is our meaning and how we find our way
The most important matters are not things you can say
The ancestors made lines to show us where to go
The music is our memory of what we need to know

Stay back from the river
Tread softly on the hillside for a while
We will ask the land to tell us
And we listen, listen, listen, listen, listen, listen, listen. . .

3. The buildings of our cities, just shapes upon the ground
If we listen careful they don't change the sound
Dreaming tracks are footprints of ancestors long gone
Places we have been before remembered in a song
Possessions make us tired, we don't sing no more
I think we have forgotten what our songs are for
Everything we notice tells a story in a song
What we know, where we been and what we're doing wrong

Chorus

<p>This song accompanied a paper entitled 'Songlines in the City: Hearing the Spirit Dimension' published in the Proceedings of the 2nd Australian Conference on Spirituality, Leadership and Management, 1999.</p>

#22 MARTIN AND BENNELONG (Brothers in Arms)

Martin and Bennelong came from different worlds
There at Port Jackson when the flag was unfurled
One man was pale and remembered a homeland so green
The other was dark and his home was wherever he'd been

Martin and Bennelong were on opposite sides
Both had a sickness that goes with the fiercest of prides
The darker sold out to the white man for whiskey and wine
The paler stole rum as his way to the end of the line

Look for the sameness and not for the difference
Life is a struggle, not least for a drinker
That fight which can only be won by surrender
Takes many to death in despair

Martin and Bennelong fell to the ground far apart
Lay without hearing the crying of each other's heart
They lost the fight and as life slipped from out of their palms
God smiled and said, it's okay now, you're brothers in arms

#23 THIS LAND IS MY HOME

Coming back to where I lived when I was very young
Standing on this earth that gave me strength to laugh and run
I recall how land and sky were innocence and joy
I saw the sun rise every morning as a boy
I grew up on a dairy farm in northern New South Wales
Dad and us would watch the sunrise from the old cow bails
Life was mostly dreaming then of things that I would do
Now I've been and done them all and come back home to you

**This land is part of me. This earth, it is my Mother.
This ground my feet embrace. This land, it is my home**

This land was cleared to make a farm and raise a family
We all moved on and now the land is planted back in trees
But land and sky and you and I are one eternal plan
I saw the sun rise here this morning as a man
I know that life is asking me to love you without fear
Caring for the land and sky and all that we hold dear
Brothers, sisters, everywhere, come let me take your hand
And we can live in harmony, belonging to the land

Chorus

SONGS ABOUT THE WORKPLACE

#24 FUN AT WORK

1. I go to work to have some fun
You what!? You work to get some mon-ey
So you can afford to have your leisure
And when you've worked an awful lot
You stop and find that you've forgot-ten
What it was that used to give you pleasure!

Oh my! Why, why?
This is what it means to make a living?
Oh my! Why, why?
This is what it means to make a living

2. You have to work to keep ahead
Of mortgages and other ded-icated
Spending plans for your retiring
But when the journey's almost done
You hear your motor cough and won-der
Are there any cylinders still firing!

Chorus

3. I'll live it up another day
Once this work's out of my way for
That will be the time I will be happy
And when there's nothing left to do
The problem could be then that you may
Find that doing nothing can be crappy!

Chorus

4. You get to work all full of doubt
And then you get a list of out-comes
That will prove your day has been a winner
You know as soon as you begin
That by the time you get them fin-ished
There's no way that you'll be home for dinner!

Chorus

5. Our mission is that we'll be great
And never do a thing that's hate-ful
Working hard together we can make it
But we need to plan a lot
And with these goals and roles and what-not
You will have to fudge a bit and fake it!

Chorus

6. Work is what we mostly do
And if you feel a little rue-ful
That it isn't quite a bed of roses
You can always chuck it in
And, even though it might feel sin-ful,
Join us happy out-of-work composers!

Chorus

#25 RHYTHM IN MY BONES

I wonder a lot how we do what we do
How we manage to live here together
But I know there is something vibrating in me
That is also vibrating in you

There's a rhythm in my bones
There's a rhythm in my body
There's a rhythm in my bones
There's a rhythm in my soul

So what will we do on the first day?
What will do on the last?
What will we do on the days in between?
What if the future is already past? (Oh!)
This here and now is the moment
Everything happens on time
Just let the rhythm of life be your friend
Each little step a beginning not an end
Trust in the music to guide you round the bend
Follow the song in your soul

Chorus

**#26 NO SINGING ALLOWED
(IN THIS BOARDROOM)**

**There's no singing allowed in this boardroom
The company motto is clear**
We sponsor the arts and we do know the score
But business dictates what the workplace is for
And everyone knows there's no singing in here

**The boardroom is where great decisions
Are made in a rational way**
Directors are logical, clear in the mind
Entrusted, responsible, whom you won't find
Stooping to sing-song and story and play

**There's no time for frivolous pastimes
No taking off serious masks**
Keep your eye on the ball, on your toes - to react
Win the point, score! Playing games would detract
From the performance of serious tasks

**We cannot have singing in boardrooms
For reason must always prevail**
For reason is power, emotion is not
Gut feelings, well, sometimes, they're worth quite a lot,
But reason is certain, so it cannot fail

**All Hail, All Hail
All Hail to the power of reason
All Hail, All Hail
All Hail to the power of reason**
[Pay attention, please. The Accountant has the floor.]

These last three songs were written during my term as the inaugural Company Secretary of Spirituality, Leadership and Management (SLAM) Limited from 2000—2002. This Company was created to promote the awareness of spirituality in the workplace.