

FIVE SONGS

By

Carlos Alejandro Ponzio de León

Listen, My Blue Beaten Heart

Carlos Alejandro Ponzio de León

$\text{♩} = 106$

F Dm C



Lis-ten, my blue beat-enheart: She sings while the birds dis-band and whis-pers gent-ly to

6 D Bb



beg-gars danc-ing songs in a no-man's land with a red sky heav en.

11 F Dm C



Lis-ten, my blue beat-en heart: She finds tough to un-der-stand pre-

15 D Bb



fers to watch through the win-dow look-ing out for a vis-i-tant from a far far

20 D⁷ G⁷ C F A Dm



kng-dom. The leg-end tells a-bout e-ter-nal love that ne-ver

27 A Dm G⁷ C C⁷



cries and for-ev-er lies in a tend-er heart

33 F Dm C



Lis-ten, my blue beat-enheart: Her wan-der-ing makes a stand that begs for death un-de

38 D Bb C F



fend-ed An-gels fall from a fair-y-land with a dear heart mend-ed.

I Never Pretended

Carlos Alejandro Ponzio de León

G Am D C D⁷

An old friend calls back from his win - ter in Prague To - geth - er we wrote some

7 Em G Am D

po - ems and songs His blue drink bright speech with the "some - thing to teach" im -

13 C D⁷ G F

por - tant in life but not for a strife When I was six - teen I

20 C F

nev - er pre - tend - ed to love for ev - er, nev - er pre - tend - ed to fall in Heav - en, We

24 Dm C G

were - n't a - kin, nev - er pre - tend - ed to stay. He says old gold times were a

30 Am D C D⁷ Em

moun - tain to climb our acts had to a - bide and boys had to hide Then

36 G Am D Em
 found a pearl's land where we could hold hands. Now with a treas-ured

42 Am D C Bb F Em F
 win - ter in Prague an old friend is call - ing me back When I was six teen_

49 C F
 — I nev - er pre-tend-ed to love for-ev - er, nev - er pre-tend-ed to

53 Dm C
 fall in Heav-en, We were-n't a-kin, nev - er pre-tend-ed to stay.

57 F
 Nev-er pre-tend-ed to love for ev - er, nev - er pre-tend-ed to stay in Heav-en, I

61 C F G C
 nev-er pre-tend-ed to love for-ev - er, I nev-er pre-tend-ed to love in Heav en_

You Want to Be Alone

Carlos Alejandro Ponzio de León

♩=132

E A

A ba-by girl hides with her moth-er in a small bed-room
An-oth-er weak prom-ise to suf-fer, now that years show the

5

C#m

full of mi-cro-phones. All day and all night con-cert vid-e - os_
grass_com-plete-ly grown. She prays for sun - light, need-less in-stru- ments

10

F# G#m

— will stand on their wall, like a grave- stone. A liq-uor store is
— won't help for a cry, like a cy - clone. She wants to run a -

14

A F Dm C#m A B

near-by, it's a Fri-day that won't close un - til Sun-day.
way now, with-out good-bye they won't be there by Mon-day.

19

1. 2. E D G Em D

He needs to fly full-blown fill-ing his mind with a

26

C G D

dream. He says "Dar - ling I know I know I know, I know".

33 Bm A B E

The pa-per work ain't a long

38 A C#m

moss-er, They di-vide house and daugh-ter on the phone. Calm days, no

43 F# G#m

more fights, far - a - way and as hours come to pass by, cry-ing

47 A F

mile-stones - tres-pass her heart on au-tumn, and he comes in to play

51 Dm C Dm Am A B

so - ber-er con-certs, but on-ly for some months.

56 D G Em D C

He needs to fly full-blown fill-ing his mind with a dream. He

63 G D

says "Dar - ling I know I know I know, I

68 C G

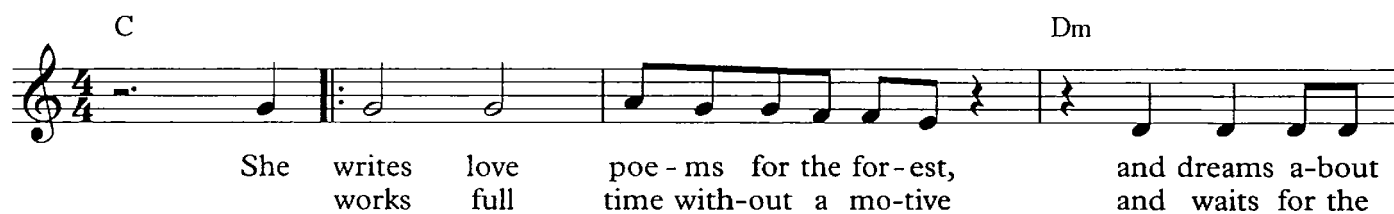
know, You want to be a - lone".

What Was the Purpose of Being Born in Heaven?

Carlos Alejandro Ponzio de León

$\text{♩} = 90$

C Dm



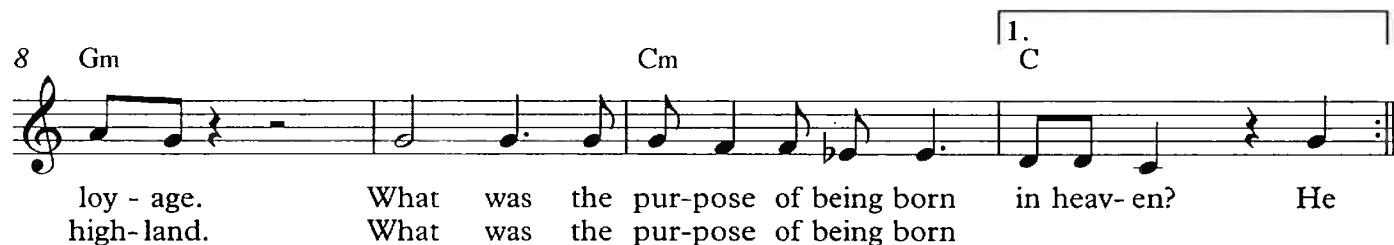
She writes love poems for the forest, and dreams about works full time without a motive and waits for the

4 Am



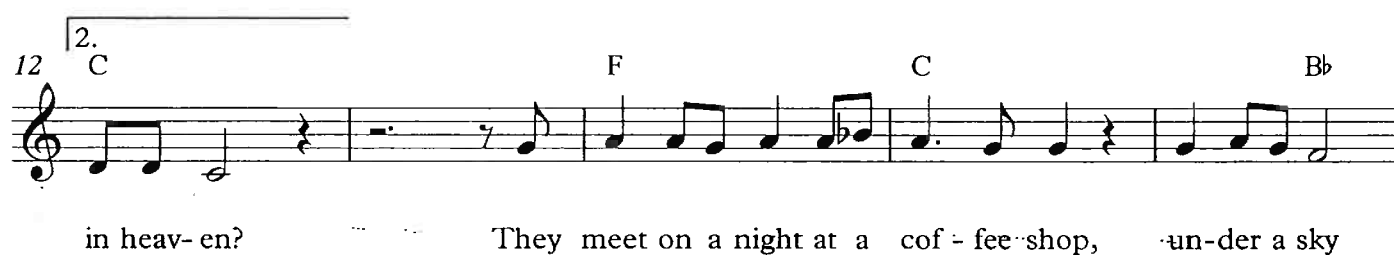
lone-ly jour-neys on a cruising voy-age be-cause ties were a tox-ic al-week-end boat-ing to the ar-id is-land, and there's no way to climb to the

8 1.
C



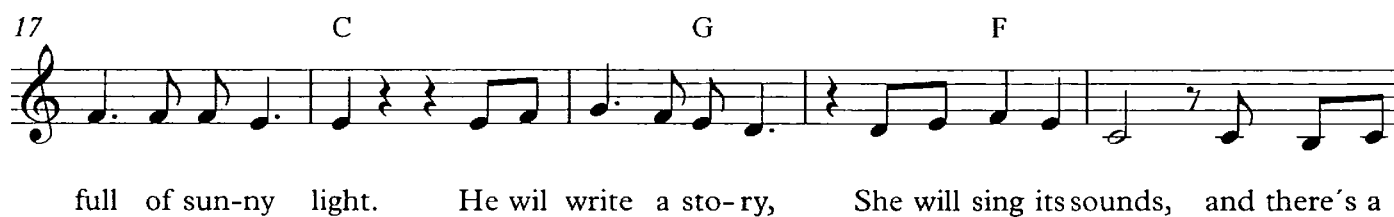
loy-age. What was the pur-pose of being born in heav-en? He high-land. What was the pur-pose of being born

12 2.
C F C Bb



in heav-en? They meet on a night at a cof-fee-shop, un-der a sky

17 C G F



full of sun-ny light. He wil write a sto-ry, She will sing its sounds, and there's a

22 G D E A F G C



cou-ple whose mean-ing was being born in heav-en.

28 C F

The smoke of a white cof-fee mak-er on a Sun-day morn ing, wed-ding

33 C B \flat Am

rings and no more lone-ly trips. Then, the sud-den ep-i- sode, the un-ex-pect-ed ill-ness.

38 Dm Cm

Med-i-cines, hos-pi-tal rooms and the fi-nal bye. What was the

43 C B \flat

pur-pose of being born in heav-en? Un-der a sky full of sun-ny

48 C G F

light. He will write a sto-ry, She will sing its sounds, and there's a

52 G D E A F G C

cou-ple whose mean-ing was being born in heav-en.

The Good Old Days

Carlos Alejandro Ponzio de León

♩ = 100

Em Am

A mo - tor - cy - cle meant ease when home rules had their ex - emp - tions
free - dom had to be bought the whole week, Mon - day through Fri - day,

4 G Am

and cour - age was in the sum - mer's breeze. There
from emp - ty morn - ings to dreams un - taught. The

7 Bm Em Bm B

was a time when free - dom was free and he's thank ful for that; for the good old
cap - tain called the shots, so he had his ad - vice, but he missed all the good old

11 1. Em 2. Em B D^{o7} C

days. Then days. A - long in years, the

18 E⁷ F#m F

good old days were bro - ken down, and no old man was found in

25 1. C 2. C F#m B Em

town. A - town And now that eve-ry-one's gone,

31 Am G

a "carte blanc" rule is his by-road to the silent des-ert and dream-y

35 Am Bm Em Bm

roam. A tor-tured e - ra swal -lowed his place and it end-ed the race

39 B Em B D^{o7} C

for the good old days. A - long in years, the

46 E⁷ F#m

good old days were bro - ken down, and no old

51 F 1. C 2. C

man was found in town. A - town.

Listen, My Blue Beaten Heart

Listen, my blue beaten heart:

She sings while the birds disband
and whispers gently to beggars
dancing to songs in a no-man's land
with a red sky heaven.

Listen, my blue beaten heart:

She finds tough to understand.
Prefers to watch through the window
looking out for a visitant
from a far, far kingdom.

The legend tells
about eternal love
that never cries
and forever lies
in a tender heart.

Listen, my blue beaten heart:

Her wandering makes a stand
that begs, for death, undefended.
Angels fall from a fairyland
with a dear heart mended.

I Never Pretended

An old friend calls back
from his winter in Prague;
together we wrote
some poems and songs.

His blue drink bright speech
with the "something to teach"
important in life
but not for a strife.

When I was sixteen
I never pretended to love forever,
never pretended to fall in heaven,
We weren't akin,
never pretended to stay.

He says old gold times
were a mountain to climb:
our acts had to abide
and boys had to hide.

Then found a pearl's land
where we could hold hands.
Now with a treasured winter in Prague
an old friend is calling me back.

When I was sixteen

I never pretended to love forever,

never pretended to fall in heaven,

We weren't akin,

never pretended to stay.

Never pretended to love forever

never pretended to stay in heaven

I never pretended to love forever

I never pretended to love in heaven.

You Want to Be Alone

A baby girl hides with her mother
in a small bedroom full of microphones.

All day and all night,
concert videos will stand on their wall.

Like a gravestone,
a liquor store is nearby,
it's a Friday that won't close until Sunday.

Another weak promise to suffer,
now that years show the grass completely grown.

She prays for sunlight,
needless instruments won't help for a cry.

Like a cyclone
She wants to run away now
without goodbye, they won't be there by Monday

He needs to fly full-blown
filling his mind with a dream.

He says: "Darling, I know,
I know, I know, I know".

The paperwork ain't a long mosser.
They divide house and daughter on the phone.
Calm days, no more fights,
faraway and as hours come to pass by,
crying milestones

trespass her heart on autumn
and he comes in to play soberer concerts
but only for some months

He needs to fly full-blown
filling his mind with a dream.

He says: "Darling, I know,
I know, I know, I know,
You want to be alone".

What was the purpose of being born in heaven?

Verse 1:

She writes love poems for the forest
and dreams about lonely journeys on a cruising voyage
because ties were a toxic alloyage.
What was the purpose of being born in heaven?

Verse 2:

He works full time without a motive
and waits for the weekend boating to the arid island.
and there's no way to climb to the highland.
What was the purpose of being born in heaven?

Chorus:

They meet on a night
at a coffee shop.
Under a sky full of sunny light.
He will write a story,
She will sing its sounds,
and there's a couple whose meaning
was being born in heaven.

Bridge:

The smoke of a white coffee maker on a Sunday morning,
wedding rings and no more lonely trips.
Then the sudden episode, the unexpected illness
Medicines, hospital rooms and the final bye
What was the purpose of being born in heaven?

Chorus:

There's a sky full of sunny light.
He will write a story,
She will sing its sounds,
and there's a couple whose meaning
was being born in heaven.

The Good Old Days

Verse 1:

A motorcycle meant ease
when home rules had their exemptions
and courage was in the summer's breeze.
There was a time when freedom was free
and he's thankful for that;
for the good old days.

Verse 2:

Then freedom had to be bought
the whole week, Monday through Friday,
from empty mornings to dreams untaught.
The captain called the shots, so he had
his advice, but he missed
all the good old days.

Chorus:

Along in years,
the good old days
were broken down,
and no old man
was found in town.

Verse 3:

And now that everyone's gone,
a "carte blanche" rule is his byroad
to the silent desert and dreamy roam.
A tortured era swallowed his place
and it ended the race
for the good old days.

Chorus:

Along in years,
the good old days
were broken down,
and no old man
was found in town.