

## **Liam Mueller's Song**

Liam's music can be found on Instagram @liam.mueller\_music and on Spotify under the name Liam Mueller

### **A Homeless Man Aggressively Came up to Me for Money**

I don't know how to feel  
Can this even be real  
Why did it feel like something wrong  
If giving's supposed to be right

What would I be if not a good man  
What would I do if not be gracious  
But at the end of that interaction  
I felt robbed and broken.

I lift my eyes above the rainclouds  
I feel the claws tear at my limbs  
I'm shaken up and yet I feel  
It could've been worse for me

I close my heart and feel it beating  
Light bouncing brightly from the moon  
Earth, wind, and sky it all comes crashing down  
Everything looms and blooms.

## **Sara Carr's Song**

It's well known within the music therapy field that the degree is tough to get through and to complete. However, no one prepares you for the disorientation after everything is done, and you're off to a different degree and a new job. You still carry the fatigue, the broken pieces, and the burnout with you, but it's carried alongside the new knowledge of your work, your life, and yourself as you've grown. The process of recovery and resetting is long and a different type of healing, but it's relieving and the weight on your shoulders feels lighter every week. There are new challenges that are faced with excitement instead of dread as you find your place in your new life. This song was written about a month after I finished my degree and captures my perspective on this experience.

## Tiny

I take a deep breath and clear the mess around me.  
Sweep away the ashes and debris.  
It's been a while since I've stood on my own two feet;  
A numb beginning but I now want to feel the heat.  
Fighting for my voice to be heard.  
No matter how I fight I still get burned.  
I feel so close to breaking through  
To a world so close and so brand new.  
Though she may be tiny,  
She will thrive.  
I'm slowly getting up and moving forward.  
I've fought my way out of being cornered.  
Free from the restraints of my defeat,  
Placing the missing pieces to help me feel complete.  
Fighting for my voice to be heard.  
No matter how I fight I still get burned.  
I feel so close to breaking through  
To a world so close and so brand new.  
Though she may be tiny,  
She will thrive.  
She's not broken, she's still learning.  
She's not broken, still dimly burning.  
She's not broken, her tenacity returning.  
She's not broken. (2x)

Fighting for my voice to be heard.  
No matter how I fight I still get burned.  
I feel so close to breaking through  
To a world so close and so brand new.  
Starting to feel like my voice is being heard.  
Starting to fight like hell and not get burned.  
Starting to see the cracks of breaking through,  
Soon to reach that world that's so brand new.  
Though she may be tiny,  
She will thrive.  
Though she may be tiny,  
She will thrive.

## Campbell Ransom's Songs

Campbell's music can be found on TikTok @campbellransommusic

### Fountain of Youth

i think i like how quickly you walk right into the room  
urgently tear down my walls so that i'm closer to you  
fuel the fire  
set me aflame

i think you're gonna break my heart but i'm used to the pain  
cant settle down with you, to tell you the truth  
but will you be my little fountain of youth?  
cause i don't know how to say goodbye  
don't wanna scare you off so every time i'll take the blame  
keep changing all the rules to our sick & twisted game  
cruel desire  
cant be tamed

you stick to my white shirt like an unrelenting oil stain  
cant settle down with you to tell you the truth  
but will you be my little fountain of youth?  
or this could go on  
you could love me till the end  
ride it out til dawn

but you're not gonna take the chance  
You're never, you're never gonna take the chance on me  
thought trying harder, harder, would maybe make it last  
you never know what i want  
you never ask what I need  
i work hard for the love and you take it from me  
you never know what I want  
you never ask what I need  
i hate this new begging version of me  
but

i think i like how quickly you walk right into the room  
urgently tear down my walls so that i'm closer to you  
You fuel the fire  
And then set me aflame  
I let you break my heart and im okay with the pain

## The start of the end

the bliss is kicking in  
“i love you” i say to him  
is this the start of the end?  
i think it is  
cause now i’m hitting every light  
and no one’s checking in  
my flowers are all dead  
i think you did me in  
cause i’m fighting the urge to leave  
i’m searching for what’s up his sleeve  
i’m hoping that he won’t give me something to grieve  
i used to say  
please leave before I get attached  
i dont know how to handle being loved back  
please leave before I pull out a map  
and chart the world for something better, ignoring what I already have  
cause now i’m hitting every light  
and no one’s checking in  
my flowers are all dead  
i think you did me in  
cause i’m fighting the urge to leave  
i’m searching for what’s up his sleeve  
but now i’m different  
and he’s kind  
and i’m charting the world with his hand in mine  
but now im different  
and hes kind  
and if this is the start of the end  
if this is the start of the end  
then that's fine

## Oliver Sanchez's Songs

### Forget Me

Campfire stories how they left their hearts in San Francisco by and by. Yet with my family I've let sleeping giants lie. Every number dialed I feel a year pass by. I can't help but be destructive right now. As it's been months since I've seen a slimmer of your fading outline.

Pre-chorus: That year flew by without a word I had a plan to cross the world But haven't left this island. That her mind is lost in, that I left my heart in. But now until then.

Will you remember me when the kaleidoscopes in your mind keep changing. Will you remember me when family bonds start breaking. Remember when were miles part, stone cold heart, lock & and key wondering if there's a God who loves me, till I beg please, don't forget me

Is this a home or living hell, locked inside living room or a jail cell. your best friend died, it's been years, still grievin' And you thought that time would be somehow healing' When love finds you ,

you're too numb to feel it. I struggle to find the love for a man that turns heel.

Love your neighbor as thyself, how can I when it's just so hard to feel.

This week was heavy, I buckled underneath the weight

What can you do, but pray? I learned count your blessings, yet how can I ever leave it up to fate. When I'm stuck on the page.

Will you remember me when the kaleidoscopes in your mind keep changing. Will you remember me when family bonds start breaking. Remember when were miles part, stone cold heart, lock & and key wondering if there's a God who loves me, till I beg please, don't forget me

Hearing my dad suffer in silence with a roar in me that can't keep quiet. Thousands of miles away the truth is my hands are tied. While the are active, keep her captive.

Will you remember me when the kaleidoscopes in your mind keep changing. Will you remember me when family bonds start breaking. Remember when were miles part, stone cold heart, lock & and key wondering if there's a God who loves me, till I beg please, don't forget me

### LUST

Since I was young being thrown through the fire and the flood. Yet human desire keeps us torn from the body and the blood. The web of lies has us sexualize, fantasize, yet we call ourselves believers. When we all know we struggle with the same yet we love pointing fingers. world is throwing sticks and stones, our mortal combat always breaking bones and souls.

Something's got a hold of me lately

No, I don't know myself anymore

Feels like the walls are all closing' in

And the devil's knockin' at my door

We've been getting down on our knees for the wrong God's. Plastering our egos on a tainted cross. Having to let The prince of darkness can take the form of a woman or a man. You fall into

the temptation in question of his plan. Every time you come around, you know I can't say no. You can call me two- faced as they doubt who they can trust. When all they see is, lust. When all they see is lust.

Voices in my head, anxiety in my bed, till the 8AM nightmare's calling.  
My bad habits lead to late nights endin' alone  
Conversations with a stranger I barely know  
Swearin' this will be the last, but it probably won't

We've been getting down on our knees for the wrong God's. Plastering our egos on a tainted cross. Having to let The prince of darkness can take the form of a woman or a man. You fall into the temptation in question of his plan. Every time you come around, you know I can't say no. You can call me two- faced as they doubt who they can trust.  
When all they see is, lust. When all they see is lust.

I came to this community to break the lock and key holding captive music in my soul. Once faith opened my eyes I came to realize the blood of Lucifer on the walls. To where the only way to free myself was to look inside for the truth and hang up the call.

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When all they see is, lust. When all they see is lust.

### **Island Boy**

Sun in the sky, salt in the air, wind is blowing, sea is flowing, I know I'm home. I'll admit at times my Spanish may be rusty but I know what's in my blood. When I see that flag red, white and blue figuratively tattooed across my chest. I remember less and less and mostly things that I regret In my phone are several texts from girls I've never met. (I never know how that happens but, whatever)

Sayin, love can change the world in a moment but what do I know. Rolled down window, wind on my face, speed down to Guaynabo. Crashing waves on open plains down on by El Morro.  
You can take this boy way from the island, can't take the island out of this island boy

Vejo San Juan holds close the island's soul. Leave it to DR to be the place to go. I bet my mother's proud of me from each scar upon my knee, Tells the story about an island who groomed a boy into the man he's supposed to be. Leavin my heart down on the board walk of La Guancha. Keeps me grounded in the roots, faith and where I got them.

Sayin, love can change the world in a moment but what do I know. Rolled down window, wind on my face, speed down to Guaynabo. Crashing waves on open plains down on by El Morro.  
You can take this boy way from the island, can't take the island out of this is.

## Meghan Jennings' Songs

### If you want me to

[Verse 1]

Some days, the clouds  
Have no sil-ver lin-ing  
Some-times, there's no-thing to  
Be said.  
So I won't try to,  
No, I won't try to.

[Verse 2]

I've walked that roade be-fore,  
Lonely, but not alone.  
A fate of my foolish  
De-sign.  
I had  
Ripped out my own heart,  
And placed it on a shelf,  
To survive.  
If you follow any footsteps,  
Don't choose mine.

[Pre-Chorus]

Now, I can see you  
Trying to do the same  
Sacrifice yourself  
To fix  
Everything.  
And it hurts to hear, but there's  
No fix-ing this.  
But I won't  
Leave you all alone  
When it's time to face it.

[Chorus]

So, if you want to  
Scream in-to the void,  
I'll scream with you.  
If you need things to break,  
I'll su-ppl-ly.  
If you need,  
Company in the quiet,  
I'll sit quiet by your side,  
If you want  
Me  
To...  
If you want...  
Me...  
To...  
Only if you want  
Me  
To.

### Blank Slates and Small Towns

[Verse 1]

Why am I so scared when I think about the  
future?  
All I want to do is get through today.  
But why's it all a blank slate in my head  
When I wonder where I'll be?  
Five years from now is something I know,  
But can't see.

[Chorus 1]

But I'm afraid to change, and I always have,  
I'm a coward that way, you could say.  
Afraid of blank slates and small towns.  
Blank slates means starting over, but  
Small towns just stay the same  
I'm afraid of never changing, and I'm afraid of  
change  
So I'm scared of Blank Slates and Small Towns.

[Verse 2]

I grew up in Blank Slates,  
It was hard, but I'd find my way.  
Only to tear up my roots, just to plant them  
again.  
Small Towns were always short and sweet,  
But were never more than a moment  
Here is where I've been the longest,  
But One day, I'll have to go,

If anything, so I'll know,  
I'll be okay on my own.

[Chorus 2]

But I'm afraid to change, and I always have,  
I'm a coward that way, you could say.  
Afraid of blank slates and small towns.  
I know what I want from my life,  
It's getting there that's hard  
Blank slates mean starting over,  
But Small Towns will stay the same.  
I'm afraid of not changing, and  
I'm afraid of change.  
One thing this town has taught me  
Two things can be the same

## Sugar and Spice

*I went to a Catholic high school run by a conservative branch of the church. There was a double narrative between how the boys and girls were treated. I still consider myself a Catholic, but I also acknowledge that there were some things that we were taught in school that weren't okay, and fed into a toxic narrative that surrounded the school. This song uses lines and quotes from teachers and administrators that were said to the girls' class during my high school experience.*

[Verse 1]

Cross your legs, ladies sit proper,  
And never let your shoulders be seen uncovered  
    'Cause it's a woman's job  
    to keep the men in line (Um, I'm 15)  
We'll measure your skirts for a proper length,  
If they ride up, you're still to blame,  
    'Cuz the boys can't help but  
    Act on what they see  
    (But what does that mean?)

[Pre-chorus]

Are we girls, or are we women?  
Are they boys or are they men?  
Poor little soul, you don't seem to get it,  
Here's a little tune to explain it all  
    Again:

[Chorus]

"Little Girls are made from everything nice,  
Mixed together with Sugar and Spice,  
But boys are made with Snips and Snails,  
And grow to be Wolves from Puppy Dog Tails."  
    Now boys will be boys  
    But girls have a higher standard,  
    Sweet girl, that's just a woman's life,  
    better just fall in line.

[Verse 2]

Surrounded by his friends,  
might be when he'll ask you out,  
    Ladies,, don't say 'no'  
    Even if you don't like him, ,  
Cause You don't want to hurt his  
    fragile heart.  
    You can say "no" later,  
    After all his bragging starts.

[Pre-Chorus]

Are we girls, or are we women?  
Are they boys or are they men?  
You don't get it yet, so  
    Here's a little tune  
    To explain it all again:

[Chorus]

Little Girls are made from Sugar and Spice,  
Mixed together with everything nice.  
But boys are made with Snips and Snails,  
And they grow to be Wolves from Puppy Dog Tails.  
Fine, I may be made from Sugar and Spice,  
Well, if that's your narrative,  
I don't think I'll subscribe.  
Doesn't hurt me if you say  
    I'm not too nice.

[Bridge]

It's so exhausting, frustrating  
Why am I responsible for  
    His actions?!  
    Don't you think  
    They grew into animals  
Because that's what you called them?  
You made me think my worth came  
    From what I wore,  
And that's taken years to unlearn

[Chorus]

Cause if  
Little Girls are made from Sugar and Spice,  
Mixed together with everything nice.  
And Boys are made with Snips and Snails,  
Then grow to be Wolves from Puppy Dog Tails.  
Fine, I may be made from Sugar and Spice,  
But I won't be your kind of Nice.