

1 *As a wheelie* – words & music by Sonia Allori.

I am rolling
Down a hill,
My brakes are failing ...
Oh dear me!

Oh it seemed ...
A good idea,
I was so longing ...
To be free!

As a wheelie, I am bound,
By the speeds I can go.
There's cautious, and there's careful,
But mostly, there is slow.

Scenes are passing...
Trees are blurring...
I feel the wind,
In my hair...

There's no sorrow,
The end is nearing...
Oh feck it,
I don't care!

As a wheelie, I am bound,
By the speeds I can go.
This changes, with a gradient,
And mostly, there is "woah"!

Oh my life,
It streams before me.
There are still things,
I've to do.

I am not ready,
For this ending,
Oh bloody Nora,
I've lost a shoe!

As a wheelie, I am bound
By the speeds, I can go.
Oh bless it, there's a pot-hole
And I come to a stop !?

2. Memorial to an important lace shirt – Words by Sonia Allori (source - Hannah Hoch)

Music by Sonia Allori

Blur the lines.
Small is large, large is small.
Blur the lines.

Fixed boundaries.
Small is large, large is small.
Blur the lines.

Show the world through the eyes of an ant.
Blur the lines.
Small is large, large is small.

Blur the lines.
Fixed boundaries.
Small is large, large is small.

Blur the lines.
Show the world through the eyes of the moon.
Collect everything.
Make a statement.
Criticise.

Small is large, large is small.
Blur the lines.
Use it like colour as the poet uses words.

Collect everything.
Make a statement.
Criticise.
Blur the lines.
Alas poor shirt!

4. ***Never lose heart*** – Words & Music by Sonia Allori

Never lose your head,
Even when those around you are losing theirs,
'Cos that's an awful lot of heads,
To trip over,
Or kick up the corridor!

La la la la la

Never lose your trust in people,
Even if they let you down,
'Cos it's a case of give and take,
You have to give a little,
And lose all the hate.

La la la la la

Never lose hope,
That life will keep surprising every day,
You've got to keep the faith alive,
Believe in yourself,
Don't stick your hand in a bee hive!

La la la la la

Never lose heart,
Even though life's frustrating,
Your body's misbehaving,
You can do it if you try,
And if not,
Then maybe one day you will fly! La la la la la la ...

6. ***Curiouser*** – Words & music by Sonia Allori

What do you hear when you see the sea?
Nothing now but remembered sounds.
Wheels cut trails through velvet sand,
Deeper and deeper making narrow bands.
You chance upon a shell,
Making shadows like ears in the afternoon sun.

7. *Human nature* – Words & music by Sonia Allori

I'm looking out the window again,
My little view upon the world.
The snow is melting, and green emerging,
Crows dive-bombing and robins hiding.

I'm looking out the window again,
At the people passing by.
Brows furrowed, shopping bags fluttering,
Faces covered, voices muttering.

I'm looking out the window again,
At the mountains and the trees.
There are now tiny signs of Spring,
And thoughts of wine and cheese!

I'm looking out the window again,
And wondering what's next for the world.
Life's not easy, it's often breezy,
But surely there's some hope!

I'm looking out the window again.
I'm looking out the window again.
Looking out the window again....

8. *Noodles* – Words & Music by Sonia Allori

For an hour I searched for flour,
But the whole world is baking.
Cakes to sweeten the soul,
And bread shaped like trees & flowers.

And if only everything that's wrong could be solved with gluten free noodles.

It really isn't fair I thought,
That life's worth is questioned.
You pay your fare and ride the train,
You follow rules, you go insane.

And if only everything that's wrong could be solved with gluten free noodles.

We've all got mail these days,
Mostly cyber and less paper.
A happier planet, no a land of confusion,
Gift-wrapped with a bow of Trump's delusions.

And if only everything that's wrong could be solved with gluten free noodles.

Be alone, be a pair, eat a pear
Be like my dad who has no hair,
Be prepared, be a good sport,
Have dark thoughts and don't resort to fakery (in a bakery).

And if only everything that's wrong could be solved with gluten free noodles.

Eat less meat, eat less.
Be more, do more, work more.
Try not to snore, or bore.
And do try to meet your fellow humans (in person once in a while).

And if only everything that's wrong could be solved with gluten free noodles.

9. Covid toes – Words & Music by Sonia Allori

Corona is like Jaws,
Popping up unexpectedly,
Like a shark around corners,
Catching everyone unawares.

Chorus:
In the throes
Of Covid woes
Currently massaging
My Covid toes.

The virus,
Like a thief in the night,
But with teeth
That bite you on the bum and on other places!

Chorus:
In the throes
Of Covid woes
Currently massaging
My Covid toes.

Creeping fatigue,
That washes over the whole of you.
Sapping strength and clouding mind,
Like treacle and cotton wool.

Chorus:
In the throes
Of Covid woes
Currently massaging
My Covid toes.

Post-Covid norm is it a new norm?
Or just a norm where folks might,
Look up at the sky and see things
And people

Chorus:
In the throes
Of Covid woes
Currently massaging
My Covid toes.
My Covid toes.

What I hear – Words & music by Sonia Allori

What I hear is muffled
Small sounds grumbling
From another room.

What I see is twofold
With glasses or without
In focus or a delicious blur.

What I say is thoughtful

Not quick but fun and sometimes
Laced with slurring.
Though sadly not through gin!

What I know changes
From day to day I live,
I learn, I read and listen.

What I feel is sharp
It cuts to the quick
And aims for the heart.

What I do is goof and loon about.
A jester hiding
A melancholy soul behind a smile.

Who I am is nobody?
And everybody
And all that is between.