

Flying Home

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For Pat, Sheila, and Marian, the three wise women.

The Flying Home Album

Well, it took a while but here it is, a new album. It's called **Flying Home**. There are 13 songs, the oldest, **A Sailor Lost At Sea**, being from 1995 and the newest, [Embrace Me From Afar](#), composed in 2020, at the beginning of the pandemic. The rest are from the teen years in between. A few of the songs are already on this website as singles.

Although the lyrics and melodies for all of the songs are accompanied on acoustic fingerstyle guitar, it feels like this album is more about the words than the last one. And unlike the last album, [Way Back When](#), where I had something I wanted to tell you about each song, I don't really have anything more to say about these new ones other than what I already have for the few songs already posted. All the songs tell their own story. I've included the lyrics for one of them as part of this post though. It's called **Spark To Flame**. It's another way for you to check out something from the album, of course, but I chose it because it's about songwriting and being a musician and a writer. For me, it covers it all. It's basically about why I do what I do and I think of all the pieces I've written, it's probably my favourite.

As for the download, it contains all of the songs in MP3 format, a pdf file of all the lyrics, and a printable CD cover. And as usual, it's free. In the pdf, along with the lyrics, I've included this post and the posts for some of the songs that are already on the site, the ones that say something more than just, "Hey, here's a new song."

If you find something you like in what I do, I'd appreciate it if you spread the word. I write and compose to communicate things not only to myself but to others as well. That's why, almost 15 years ago on this site's first post, one that was about my poetry book, [The Hard Won Hush](#), I quoted the painter Edgar Degas, "Art is not so much a matter of what you see but of what you can get others to see." I still feel the same way about that as I did back then. I always will. So, once again, may you see something in these creations that helps you in your search for the hard won hush and may you find a little Magic in them to strengthen your wings for the flight toward home.

Spark To Flame

I have walked this road for a lifetime,
Let love and childlike wonder light the way,
Known that all was well, waiting in the background,
But fought against what's wrong within the play.

Where are you tonight, beyond my heart,
When all that I have loved begins to wane?
Where are you tonight, beyond my heart?
Give me peace and I'll fan spark to flame.

I have drawn the words out of the starlight,
Cast the spell of notes with my hands.
Every poem and tale tried to give back the Magic
To the dreams of every woman, child, and man.

Where are you tonight, beyond my heart,
When all that I have loved begins to wane?
Where are you tonight, beyond my heart?
Give me peace and I'll fan spark to flame.

Somewhere up ahead, a candle in a window
Pushes back the darkness outside.
Somewhere on a shore, we all stand waiting
For truth to finally come in with the tide.

Where are you tonight, beyond my heart,
When all that I have loved begins to wane?
Though I'm lost tonight, as long as I'm alive,
Give me sparks and I'll fan them to flame.

Give me sparks and I'll fan them to flame.

Album Lyrics

Flying Home

I'll stand in the rain till I stand in the mud.
I'll wash all the wounds clear of the blood.
There's so many stories I need to forget.
I'm ready to leave here, not to die yet.

I could go anyplace, I can go anytime.
I'm not here to write reasons that make your life rhyme.
This is my road I'm walking, this might be my last day.
If you're not here to help, don't stand in my way.

I've seen that highway.
I don't know where it goes,
But any road I take
Won't be a mistake.
We're all just flying home.

I might cry when I'm leaving, I might cry for someone.
I might mourn for what once was never got done.
But there'll be no more tears when I cross that line
Cause there's no broken dream that can't be left behind.

And when I go, there'll be one thing I want to say,
"I'm not mad at anybody, there's no one I hate.
I wish everyone well, I wish them good luck.
Just got to stop spinning my wheels before I get stuck."

I've seen that highway.
I don't know where it goes,
But any road I take
Won't be a mistake.
We're all just flying home.

And there'll be no more darkness from then on,
Just night all around me, clear and strong.
There'll be no more doubt, corrupting as rust.
I'll leave it behind me, dead in the dust.

Everyone looks for freedom in their own way.
Seems some get it easy, some have to pay.
But you're always as free as you know that you are.
It's as close as your heart, it just seems so damn far.

I've seen that highway.
I don't know where it goes,
But any road I take
Won't be a mistake.
We're all just flying home.

We've all seen that highway
And we don't know where it goes,
But any road you take
Won't be a mistake.
We're all just flying home.

We're all just flying home.

Between Us

Growth lines on a wall,
Heights of a happy family.
No one lives here anymore.
Only the door has broken free.

A branch broke through a window,
Shattered pane on the floor.
And only the doves, who found a way in,
Find peace here anymore.

There's a river runs between us
From the past down to this time
And there you stand on your side
And here I stand on mine.

Jump in, let's just jump in.
Swim toward me now.
I won't let you drown
Like I did once before.

Growth lines on a face,
End of a happy family.
No one lives inside me now.
Only love has broken free.

A fist broke a mirror,
Shattered reflection on the floor.
And only sleep, that rarely comes,
Brings peace here anymore.

There's a bridge somewhere between us,
At either end, a warning sign
And there you stand on your side
And here I stand on mine.

Jump in, let's just jump in.
Swim toward me now.
Don't let me drown
As I did once before.

Jump in, let's just jump in.
Swim toward me now.
Don't let me drown.
I can't surface anymore.

Down To This

There were times when I wished
I'd never fallen for you.
Life can be so hard.
Sometimes I wonder if we'll ever make it through.

But it always comes down to this:
If there's something there in your kiss
Lets me know that I might just be missed,
I'll come back to you.

There were times when you must have wished
You'd never met me.
I can be so hard to be with,
I can see why you'd want to be free.

But it always comes down to this:
If there's something there in my kiss
Lets you know that you'd always be missed,
Then come back to me.

There are times when we have seen love
As it's meant to be.
If we ever drift apart,
Let's remember for you and me

That it should always come down to this:
That if there's something there in our kiss
That reminds of all we would miss,
We should come back to love.

Easy and Eden

I loved you so long ago
When all skies were blue.
At the corner of Easy and Eden,
Back then, you loved me too.

That house, so filled with love,
Where our dream was born,
A dream built strong and true
But it couldn't withstand the storm.

Sometimes you're just the end of the line,
It's not you alone
Brings the lightning crashing down
Onto your happy home.

Ghost lovers in a haunted house
Can't get scared away.
Some baggage never leaves home.
Some trash can't get thrown away.

Sometimes the dream just dies.
You're forced to watch it go.
What we could have been for each other,
Well, I guess we'll never know.

Sometimes you're just the end of the line,
It's not you alone
Brings the lightning crashing down
Onto your happy home.

I loved you so long ago
When all skies were blue.
At the corner of Easy and Eden,
Back then, you loved me too.

Back then, you loved me too.

Embrace Me From Afar

There's something wonderful happening. I have the feeling that it must be the same everywhere. I hope that it is. I keep seeing people coming together under one banner, helping each other, caring about strangers, showing love and compassion in so many ways.

It's as if a seed has been sown in the midst of this crisis. As terrible a loss as COVID-19 has caused, there's something precious and necessary that can be gained from it. All of us coming together as one people may be what saves this planet and the human beings who live on it. There's an opportunity here. If we miss what may be a last chance to love and trust each other, future generations, as well as our own, will have to suffer because of that mistake.

This opportunity is clothed in a hard darkness that, to speak plainly, kills with no mercy. It can easily take all that we love and leave behind nothing but grief, doubt, and questions. But somewhere within this nightmare, we needed to rise to the occasion, not only to deal with the present crisis but future ones as well. We needed to show ourselves how life **can** be and who we really are. The miracle is that we did just that and continue to do so every day. We may not completely recognize yet that things can be different from now on, but there's a whisper of it that's growing louder. It's beginning to dawn on us that a new day is here and that there's light now to guide us home.

And that light has always been love. We are so much more than we think we are. We are capable of being so much more than we've been. We will overcome this latest threat to humanity but into the life that follows, let's take the love that we've learned. We can't afford to leave it behind.

The song below came from two sources: the thoughts expressed above and being asked to do the music for a video. The video is just the beginning of a project called "Étreinte(s)" that Jenny Lepage has been planning on working on for a long time. The English word would be "Embrace," but there are other levels to the meaning of the French word. The lyrics to the song for the video are there on YouTube and below. Here's a link to her video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=shiSFLdxLu8>

Because of what it's saying, I'd like this song to be heard by as many people as possible. Please feel free to spread it around. As with the rest of my work, it's free.

Embrace Me From Afar

I wish that I could hold you close to me,
Banish all our fear so we can see
The answer that is waiting for us all.
Listen and you'll hear it softly call.

Here and there and everywhere I see
That us and them is now becoming we.
They say it's always darkest before dawn
And I can feel a sunrise coming on.

Embrace me from afar.
Embrace who you really are.
It might seem like there's just you and just me
But everyone everywhere now has a chance to see
That if we embrace each other from afar
And all of us are feeling the one thing that we are,
There is nothing now that we cannot be
When love for each other finally sets our hearts free.

Perhaps within hard times a seed was sown
For those who've lost their way on their way home.
And we have always only been just one
And only love when all is said and done.

Here and there and everywhere I see
That us and them is now becoming we.
They say it's always darkest before dawn
And I can feel a sunrise coming on.

Embrace me from afar.
Embrace who you really are.
It might seem like there's just you and just me
But everyone everywhere now has a chance to see
That if we embrace each other from afar
And all of us are feeling the one thing that we are,
There is nothing now that we cannot be
When love for each other finally sets our hearts free.

A Sailor Lost At Sea

A sailor crossed the sea,
Found my mother and then they found me.
He left me this stormy life
Till I found shelter with a child and wife.

They are my joy
And we've set sail for what may be
But sometimes I'm the captain of my life,
Sometimes just a sailor lost at sea.

The years go spinning by.
Children grow into their wings and fly.
And my mother's growing old.
They are our stories that too soon unfold.

They are my joy
And they've set sail for what must be.
Sometimes I'm the captain of my life,
Sometimes just a sailor lost at sea.

I look in my lover's eyes.
There are doubts there that I can't disguise.
But I know we'll find our way.
The shore gets closer with each passing day.

She is my joy
And we've set sail for what may be
But sometimes I'm the captain of my life,
Sometimes just a sailor lost at sea.

And when my day is done,
Well it's just another setting sun.
You circle round again
And everyone you love will never end.

Life is a joy.
We all set sail to set us free.
But sometimes you're the captain of your life,
Sometimes just a sailor lost at sea.

Sometimes I'm the captain of my life,
Sometimes just a sailor lost at sea.

Her

I've been running so long,
I can't find where I began
And the signpost I once knew
Rotted and fell on barren land.

It's all about her
And what went wrong,
Every damn song.

She was Magic, she was mine
For so very short a time
But the sorrow somehow got saved
To carry with me to my grave.

It's all about her
And what went wrong,
Every damn song.

How could someone that you love
Seem to die before they die?
And when their spirit flies away,
It's a stranger that says goodbye.

It's all about her
And what went wrong,
Every damn song.

How Can I Find You

Around and around I go
Through the wind and snow,
Heading home,
Always home.

And will this old car
Ever make it that far?
I don't know,
I don't know.
Perhaps I never did.

How can I find you?
How can I find you
When you won't see me
For who I really am?

Around and around I go
Through notes high and low,
Heading home,
Always home.

And will this old guitar
Ever make it that far?
I don't know,
I don't know.
Perhaps I never did.

How can I find you?
How can I find you
When you won't see me
For who I really am?

Nobody Knows

I'm on a road that has an end,
Just like it did for all my friends.
I may see them once again.
Nobody knows.

When you come here,
You're not alone,
We're all lost like you.
No one knows what life's about
Or just what they should do.

You're on a road that has an end,
Just like it did for all your friends.
You may see them once again.
Nobody knows.

Some will say that up above,
It's all light and love.
But I've seen it all around.
You just have to look till it's found.

It makes no sense, what I see,
That I am you and you are me
And everything under the sun
Is only love and only one.

When you come here,
You're not alone,
We're all lost like you.
No one knows what life's about
Or just what they should do.

We're on a road that has an end,
Just like it did for all our friends.
We may see them once again.
Nobody knows.

Perception lies, I know that's true
But this is what I do:
When I see that it's all love,
I release another dove.

So I'll sing this little song
And hope that it's not long
Till I believe what I've seen,
That all this is a dream.

When you come here,
You're not alone,
We're all one with you
And though it sometimes seems so hard,
This might see you through.

You're on a road that might not end.
It might not've for our friends
And when we see them once again,
We'll say, "I might have known."

Senses

I feel something on my skin,
Something golden from the wind.
Where it comes from,
Is where I've been.

I hear something in the tune,
Something silver from the moon,
Notes on paper
Like a stone with runes.

Somehow I can't remember,
Somehow I can't forget,
But the feeling in this moment
Is that I'll get there yet.

There's a scent of something near,
What it is is not quite clear.
I sense power
But feel no fear.

All of my senses
Tell me there's something more.
All of these fences,
All of these walls and doors,
When will they open?
When will I finally know?
Where am I going,
Where does this river flow?

Somehow I can't remember,
Somehow I can't forget,
But the feeling in this moment
Is that I'll get there yet.

I taste something in your kiss,
More than love, more than bliss,
On a mountain
Obscured by mist.

I see something in your eyes,
Hidden by your life's disguise.
Given wings some day,
It might just fly.

Somehow I can't remember,
Somehow I can't forget,
But the feeling in this moment
Is that we'll get there yet.

I feel something on the wind.

Spark To Flame

I have walked this road for a lifetime,
Let love and childlike wonder light the way,
Known that all was well, waiting in the background,
But fought against what's wrong within the play.

Where are you tonight, beyond my heart,
When all that I have loved begins to wane?
Where are you tonight, beyond my heart?
Give me peace and I'll fan spark to flame.

I have drawn the words out of the starlight,
Cast the spell of notes with my hands.
Every poem and tale tried to give back the Magic
To the dreams of every woman, child, and man.

Where are you tonight, beyond my heart,
When all that I have loved begins to wane?
Where are you tonight, beyond my heart?
Give me peace and I'll fan spark to flame.

Somewhere up ahead, a candle in a window
Pushes back the darkness outside.
Somewhere on a shore, we all stand waiting
For truth to finally come in with the tide.

Where are you tonight, beyond my heart,
When all that I have loved begins to wane?
Though I'm lost tonight, as long as I'm alive,
Give me sparks and I'll fan them to flame.

Give me sparks and I'll fan them to flame.

Three Questions (for Jody)

Last year, I unexpectedly lost one of my closest friends. I once said to her that I thought that life might be just a dream. She said, “Yeah, but it’s a beautiful dream.” I agreed. I think we both always felt that, despite whatever happens, life is a wonderful, Magical adventure. And she led a Magical life. We all can, but I think that whenever anyone came in contact with Jody, some of that special Jody Magic rubbed off and you got to take a little home with you.

In this universe, in this thing that we live in, this Oneness, Source, God, whatever you want to call it, if there’s any kindness, fairness, or goodness in that, and I think there is, then anyone who knew Jody Trevail will get to meet up with her again someday. It’s only right and fair.

I dreamt of Jody recently, which rarely happens, and I’m not actually sure that I would define it as just a dream. There was an unusual feel to it. And she knew that I dream a lot, all night long. It seems so right that she would say, on coming up to me, “I knew I’d find you here in....” I don’t remember how she finished that sentence or what else was said, if anything, after that. That’s also unusual for me, but it felt right, in the song, to end the line with “the Light.”

The lyrics are below. It’s called, “Three Questions,” and those questions are the ones I’ve been so focused on since she left.

Someday, I’m going to write a piece about our friendship, probably sounding like Trippy Jack. That’s Jody’s name for me when the writing in my letters to her took what I would call a poetic turn. I hope that what I’ll write for her will be something that she’ll like and that it will be the best thing I’ve ever done or ever will do. A last gift to my soul friend. Till we meet again.

Three Questions (for Jody)

I’ll wait for the night you’ll come to me,
A kind, gentle ghost I’d like to see.
You were such a soul friend to me.
Now I can’t let you go or let it be.

Do you still exist?
Are you OK?
And will we meet again
One day?

I think I met you in a dream last night.
You said you knew you’d find me in the Light.
You might have told me that there’s no need to fear
But I woke up too soon, I’m stranded here.

Do I still exist?
Am I OK?
And will we meet again
One day?

Your face was hidden but I saw right through,
For all you were in life came shining through.
And there was something else, pure power too,
A kind of glowing from what you now knew.

Do we still exist?
Are we OK?
And will we meet again
One day?

When I Lived

Here's another one from the "Flying Home" album. It's a quiet tune but that seems to be the right energy for what's being said.

It's been a while since I posted anything and, because of that and the song's lyrics, I should say to any friends and relatives that, although the song is for the most part autobiographical, I'm not dying. That part is just a projection into a hopefully far distant future.

I took this picture of myself ([see post](#)) some time in the early '70s. The stone had been the bottom step of an old house's porch. When the owners built a new porch, they turned over the stone and found that it was from someone's grave, though I imagine, from the shape of it, they probably suspected as much. After that, for years, it leaned against the back wall of their garage. For all I know, it might still be there.

I'm not sure why I thought to take this picture, though I've always liked it. It does seem to work for the song, maybe I knew I'd need it in the future. But of course in those days, I couldn't have imagined where it would end up.

I've long forgotten whose name was on this stone, but I think they lived in the 1800s. I may not know who they were, but strange as it might seem, I want to dedicate this song to them and to the Magic I hope they saw in *their* life. So, stranger from another time, even though you're now "long gone without a trace," whoever you may have been, wherever you are now, this is for you.

When I Lived

Time is getting short,
Time is flowing by,
Time to make the best of things
And say all my goodbyes.

I'll write one more poem,
Sing one more tune,
Play guitar one more time
For the sun and the moon.

And when I'm dead and buried,
Long gone without a trace,
There'll be no one to remember
The smile on my face.
But when I lived, I was happy
Just to watch the Magic rise
In the world all around me
And sometimes in her eyes.

We lived for each other.
We lived for a dream
Till something from the past came
To torture us it seemed.

Magic lives forever
But love can sometimes die
When you push someone past the point
Where they can even try.

And when I'm dead and buried,
Long gone without a trace,
There'll be no one to remember
The smile on my face.
But when I lived, I was happy
Just to watch the Magic rise
In the world all around me
And sometimes in her eyes.

I chose the good memories
And threw away the rest.
In any life that's truly lived,
You can only do your best.

I gave myself to life.
I lost my love to time.
I always saw the Magic's glow
But I missed love's warning sign.

And when I'm dead and buried,
Lost without a trace,
There'll be no one to remember
The smile on my face.
But when I lived, I was happy
Just to watch the Magic rise
In the world all around me
And sometimes in her eyes.

Time is getting short,
Time is flowing by,
Time to make the best of things,
And time for me to fly.

I'll write one more poem,
Sing one more tune,
Play guitar one more time
For the sun and the moon.

And when I'm dead and buried,
Lost without a trace,
There'll be no one to remember
The smile on my face.
But when I lived, I was happy
Just to watch the Magic rise
In the world all around me
And sometimes in her eyes.