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## B. SONG LYRICS

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As a songwriter and some-time performer, I have written perhaps 80 complete songs, generally including both music and lyrics. However, as a participant in the New Tuner's Workshop in Chicago (1993-95) and the BMI - Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop in New York City (2001-04), I specialized as a lyricist. I also took part in the Gotham Writer's Workshop with Alvin Eng in 2000. I hold an MA in Musical Theatre Writing from New York University Tisch School of the Arts, 2001.

My songs tend to be lyric-centered, and may tell a story or express a philosophical viewpoint. Quite a few are meant to be humorous, as well, such as the first example below.

Incidentally, I have some experience and/or training in acting (winning several awards in secondary school), voice and clowning, and worked briefly as a professional Bunraku puppeteer. An original poem, *Sweat of my Brow*, was selected in 2002 to be read on National Public Radio by the poetry editor of the *New Yorker* magazine.

### Take My Heart (excerpt)

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Take my heart,  
Take my liver and spleen,  
And everything in-between.

Take my lung,  
Take my other lung,  
I b'lieve you can even have my tongue, 'cause

*I'm an organ donor,  
That's what the little card said. . .  
When I die, don't cry, don't say good-bye,  
Take my insides instead.*

Old Saint Pete won't sweep me down the flue  
If I'm missing a valve or two,  
And this husk that I leave behind—  
Not much more use than an orange rind, so

*I'm an organ donor,  
That's what the little card said. . .  
When I die, don't cry, don't say good-bye,  
Take my insides instead.*

Now, it's a comfort to know that I won't be alone  
If I should ever come to harm:  
A hundred folks or so, wanting blood and bone,  
Are lining up in case I buy the farm. . . .

### Pass the Salt (excerpt)

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She's always listening  
But she don't know what for  
The closing of a door  
A whistle far away  
And though she's unraveling  
She goes on planting seeds  
When they come up weeds, she says  
A little more love is all it needs

Her face in the vanity  
She won't look in the eye  
She might start to cry  
And what good would that do?  
Her friends keep wondering

But she can't let them know  
The scars that never show; she thinks  
A little more time, perhaps I'll go

*When she said, "Pass the salt"  
It sounded like "Goodbye"  
She asked, "How was your day?"  
But she meant, "I am leaving"  
And she says to the clock  
Can you imagine me on my own  
All alone again?  
How could I think  
There could be something beyond that door  
Anymore for me?*