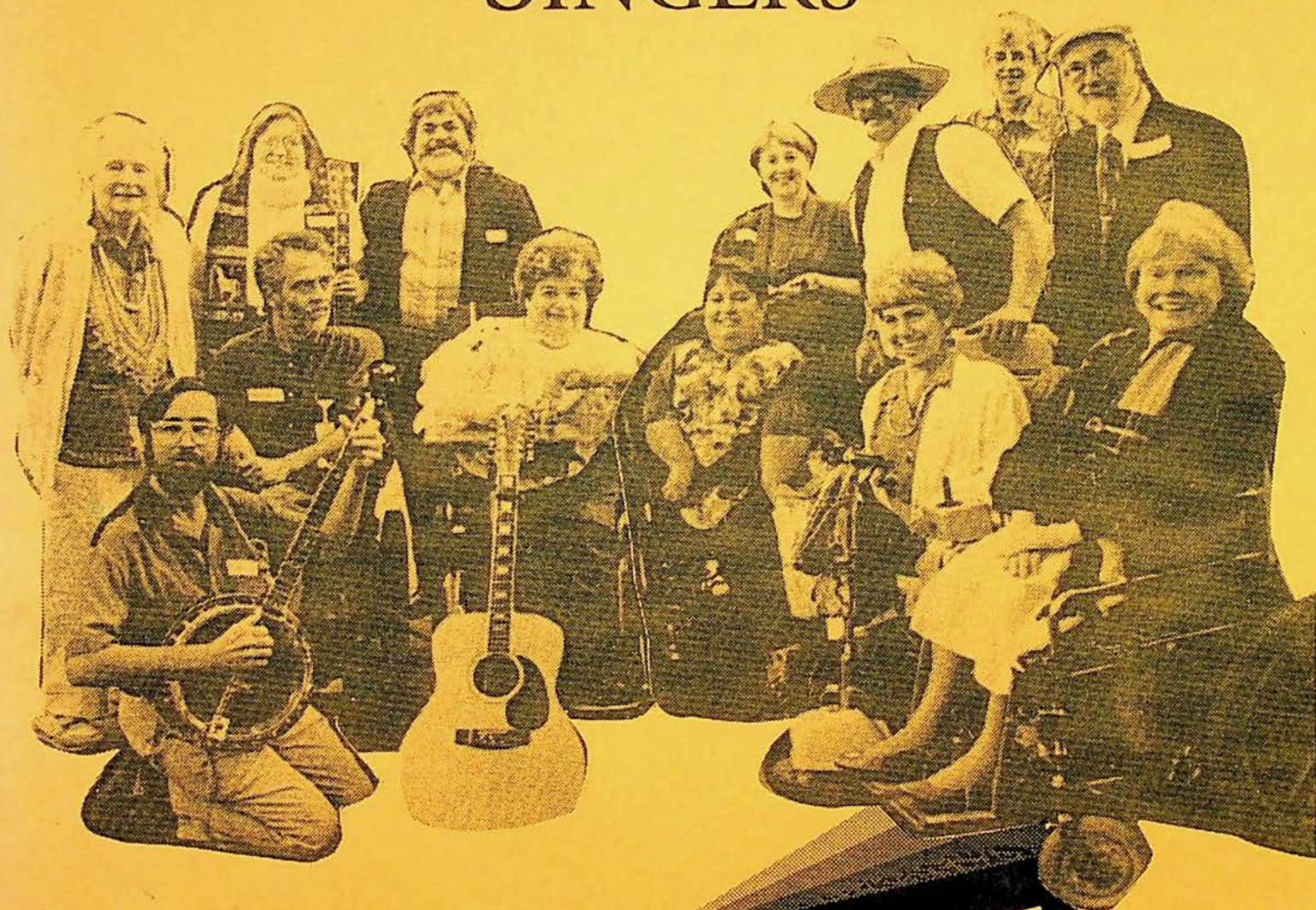


THE DISABLED IN ACTION SINGERS



IN MOTION

THE HISTORY
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THE SONGS

THE DISABLED IN ACTION SINGERS

IN MOTION

THE HISTORY

Disabled in Action (DIA) is the name of a civil rights group dedicated to improving the legal, social and economic condition of people with disabilities so that they may achieve complete integration into society. A non-profit, tax-exempt organization, DIA began in the early 1970's as one of many new and different liberation movements. Black and Native American people were fighting for more freedom; so were poor people, Third World People of all nationalities, Women, Gays, and Lesbians.

This was the beginning of a militant disability rights movement. Up to this time, it had been unheard of, and some thought it frankly ridiculous. But those who had been locked out by both physical and attitudinal barriers would take it no longer. For instance, one of their first acts was to picket the Jerry Lewis telethon where year after year his program sensationalized the situation of disabled people by perpetuating a freakshow image of people with muscular dystrophy.

At DIA Christmas parties in the late 1970's, Sam Anderson, Sid Emerman, Michael Imperiale, Karen Luxton and others were playing music together and thought it would be a great idea to share their music not only to encourage people within the disabled community but also to inform those outside it. And so The Disabled in Action Singers was formed. Soon this singing group became a prime tool to spread the message of disabled liberation as well as to raise needed funds. They sang in schools and hospitals, at rallies and parties and then began doing concerts, including performing at the Great Hudson River Revival (Clearwater Festival) and later joining Pete Seeger's Coalition of Choruses.

Over the years, The DIA Singers have continued to do what they do best: collecting, writing and singing songs. Like other singing groups with a message, they sing songs of peace, songs of love, songs of empowerment and liberation. What makes The DIA Singers special is that they sing from the point of view of people living with disabilities who have experienced the attitudes which label them as "other". Whether disabled or temporarily able-bodied, they fervently believe and joyfully sing:

The world's for all people; we all must belong
Harmony's great if we sing the same song
And no one's left out anymore

Cover Photograph

Back Row: Sis Cunningham, Maura Gregory, Mel Tanzman,
Marcia Bernstein, Michael Imperiale, Sam Anderson, Sidney Emerman

Front Row: Eric Levine, Bobby Levine, Marilyn Saviola,
Mary Ann Marra, Frieda Zames, Anne Emerman

Not in Picture: Sally Campbell, Nancy DeLuca, Laura Wernick

c p 1994 Disabled in Action of Greater New York
Produced by Eric Levine
Engineering by Laura Wernick
Cover Design by Barbara Aliprantis
Liner Notes by Eric Levine
Editing by Marcia Bernstein and Sally Campbell

THE SINGERS

The DIA Singers chorus of voices includes 14 people and is heard throughout the tape;

SAM ANDERSON
MARCIA BERNSTEIN
SALLY CAMPBELL
SIS CUNNINGHAM
ANNE EMERMAN
SIDNEY EMERMAN
MICHAEL IMPERIALE

BOBBY LEVINE
ERIC LEVINE
MARY ANN MARRA
MARILYN SAVIOLA
MEL TANZMAN
LAURA WERNICK
FRIEDA ZAMES

Instrumentals by **ERIC LEVINE, MAURA GREGORY,**
NANCY DeLUCA and SIDNEY EMERMAN

Sam Anderson - One of the original DIA Singers, Sam has an earthy and very communicative bass/baritone voice. His presence tends to "stop the show." Sam has been a longtime advocate for disability rights, working with DIA and city and state government. He has a PhD in psychology and does medical research at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital.

Marcia Bernstein - A new member of the group, Marcia brings a life of choral experience to The DIA Singers. Her expressive soprano voice is evident only some of the time. Her 3-octave range allows additional harmonies to enrich the vocal arrangements. Marcia teaches deaf kindergarten children in the Bronx.

Sally Campbell - A recent addition, Sally brings her energy, her voice and her love of life to The DIA Singers. She's a Quaker who writes songs, helps run a folk music cafe, The Peoples' Voice Cafe in Greenwich Village, and is working on creating housing for homeless people with AIDS. She's also the children's librarian at the newly accessible Library for the Blind in NYC .

Sis Cunningham - When Sis, now in her 80's, was asked if she'd like

to join The DIA Singers, it was a longshot. She'd sung with The Red Dust Players and The Almanac Singers (including Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Lee Hays and Leadbelly). She also founded Broadside Magazine which helped to launch the careers of Dylan, Tom Paxton, etc. Happily, Sis did not hesitate a moment; she joined right up. She's an activist at heart, and with the passing years she has acquired some disabilities. What a great way to bring about social change!

Nancy DeLuca - A former DIA singer, Nancy is a science teacher in Boston and a gay activist as well as a warm humanist. When Nancy heard we were making a tape, she flew down from Boston to add that delicious harmonica and mandolin she's famous for.

Anne Emerman - The director of the Mayor's Office for People with Disabilities under Mayor David Dinkins, Anne has been an activist in the disability movement for years. She promotes using song as an organizing and coalition-building tool. She believes this is one of the best ways to communicate the disability community's message of integration, equal access and opportunity for everyone.

Sidney Emerman - The other side of the Emerman Dynamic Duo, Sidney is an accomplished musician and folk music enthusiast. When he's not singing in his mellow bass voice, his recorder playing punctuates many of the tracks on this tape. What the audience doesn't see is the precision that he brings to rehearsals and to planning details of accessibility, his gentle sense of humor and his straightforward honesty. Sidney is a chemistry professor at Kingsborough Community College.

Maura Gregory - Maura plays her jumbo-sized steel-string guitar with a driving, steady rhythm. Her input is invaluable on questions of arranging songs, as is her general take on all group matters both musical and other. Maura is an attorney who is committed to practicing public interest law. She lives with her husband Mel Tanzman (also in The DIA singers) and their new son Andres, who at the inception of this tape is just beginning to walk.

Michael Imperiale - Michael used to sing semi-professionally. He knows folk songs, Italian Songs, Jewish Songs and old pop songs and

sings them all with a romantically expressive booming basso voice. Michael is a disability activist, and he has participated in civil disobedience a number of times for the cause. Going with his spouse, Frieda Zames, from meeting to meeting, you can always count on Michael to carry chairs, bring loads of food, serve everybody coffee and tea, and provide hugs, kisses and/or handshakes to all who come in the door. Michael makes everybody feel at home.

Bobby Levine - Bobby is a longtime disability activist with a broad knowledge of music, folk music being an old favorite. Bobby was a city planner in California for many years and has come now to New York, where he works on disability issues and lives with his new wife Toby.

Eric Levine - Eric, with his 12-string, his banjo, his occasional vocal solo, is also the musical director of The DIA Singers. He is a working musician in New York City who does 10 to 20 large and small concert programs a year on his own, does music with children and plays backup guitar with Irish, Scottish and Jewish musicians. Eric works with the intercultural coffee house movement and often sings with Matt Jones. He also teaches music and is a longtime peace activist with the War Resisters League.

Mary Anne Marra - We are very lucky to have Mary Ann, a new soprano, who sang semi-professionally at one time. She has a deliciously clear and expressive voice which keeps us listening to what she's singing or talking about. Her enthusiasm shines through and illuminates our music. Mary Ann is a social worker in Brooklyn.

Marilyn Saviola - Marilyn is a longtime DIA singer and is the director of the Center for Independence of The Disabled in New York (CIDNY). Marilyn is one of the top disabled activists in New York and is extremely knowledgeable about disability issues. Her input is always invaluable both in terms of song selection and in terms of how and where we present The DIA Singers.

Mel Tanzman - With his unique voice, Mel exudes a rare warmth and presence. Always adding a high spirit to things, Mel likes to wrap up a song, singing the culminating final verse. He sang with The Four Parts

of the Movement Chorus for many years before he and his wife Maura Gregory joined The DIA Singers. Mel is a social worker at Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association (EPVA) and is highly knowledgeable about disability and rehabilitation. And don't forget his new son, Andres!

Laura Wernick - Laura doubles as both our technical expert for recording and amplification and as one of our singers. Laura is active in the peace movement in Israel and is often back and forth for months at a time. She has worked for Tikkun Magazine and has done professional audio work for theaters and elsewhere.

Frieda Zames - Formerly president of Disabled in Action, Frieda is a tireless activist who has spent years fighting for the rights of disabled people from legislation to civil disobedience. Frieda is a spirit in the chorus, a source of ideas, knowledge and moral support. She is a mathematician and just recently retired from teaching math at the N.J. Institute of Technology. She lives with Michael Imperiale in New York, where they both make the world better for people with disabilities.

THE SONGS

SIDE ONE

1. Two Good Legs	3.42
2. Walking On My Wheels	3.21
3. Jim Dickson	3.44
4. MTA Song	2.34
5. Streets of New York City	4.45
6. Thanksgiving Eve	3.02
7. Loves Gonna' Carry Us	3.15
TOTAL	24.52

SIDE TWO

1. Pass The Laws	4.48
2. National Health Insurance Blues	3.49
3. Housecalls	4.51
4. He May Be Slow	4.08
5. River	4.13
6. The DIA Song	1.54
TOTAL	24.13

SIDE ONE

1. Two Good Legs - Words & Music By Patricia Shih, Fragile Glass Music Publishing (BMI) (Used with permission)

Vocals Sam Anderson
 Sid Emerman
 Anne Emerman
 Marcia Bernstein
 Michael Imperiale
 Mel Tanzman
 Banjo Eric Levine
 Guitar Maura Gregory

An important song for us because unlike earlier songs that often had a "please accept us" tone, this is a more militant, yet still absolutely humanistic, song, and it puts disability in a more positive light.

Oh I may not be able to walk like others do
 But I get around, nothing keeps me down, I've a different point of view
 Now there are those who trample others, in pursuit of that head start
 What good is having two good legs if you're crippled in the heart?

REFRAIN:

Oh crippled in the heart
 Yes, crippled in the heart
 What good is having two good legs if you're crippled in the heart? 2x

I can not hear you talking, my hands replace my voice
 But I don't feel sad 'cause it ain't so bad,
 I'm not disturbed by noise.
 Now there are those who never listen to what others have to say
 What good is having two good ears
 If they're gonna' be deaf that way?

REFRAIN

I've never seen a sunset, so "red" is just a word
 But I don't cry 'cause the visions I have dreamed are never blurred
 Now there are those who look right through you
 And refuse to see the light
 What good is having two good eyes if the mind has no insight?

REFRAIN

I am a little slower
 In action, thought, and word
 A world that can't wait spins at seventy-eight
 I'm at thirty-three and a third
 But there are those who swiftly run by
 And those who swiftly judge
 What good is being speedy if the spirit doesn't budge?
 REFRAIN

Oh yes, I am disabled, but I'm able to say this:
 "When you see me come, see a whole human
 Not the parts that I might miss
 And I won't hide all my shortcomings
 If yours you'll also wear
 For humanity, not ability, is the handicap we share."
 REFRAIN

2. **Walking On My Wheels** - Words & Music by Mark Cohen, M.D. (Used with permission)

Vocal Mary Anne Marra
 Guitars Maura Gregory & Eric Levine

A truly delightful song from the point of view of a happy 9-year-old girl who loves herself, her life and her wheelchair. The songwriter is a pediatrician in California.

My name is Annie and I'm nine
 Take a look at this amazing chair of mine
 It's silver and shiny and the wheels go round
 Just a little push and I really cover ground!
 CHORUS:
 Walkin' on my wheels, I'm walkin' on my wheels
 People let me tell you just how good it feels
 I can go anywhere if I've got my chair
 Watch me now I'm walkin' on my wheels

Why don't my legs work? You really want to know?
My muscles are weak because of polio
But I work out everyday and my arms are strong
They're just the thing for rolling me along

CHORUS

Every day when I go to school
I ride a bus that's really pretty cool
The lift takes my chair right down to the floor
Help me with the locks and I'll race you to the door

CHORUS

Wasn't that funny when the substitute teacher
Asked us to name that silly looking creature
I raised my hand, she nearly dropped her chalk
She thought I couldn't think just because I couldn't walk

CHORUS

Can you come over? Ask your folks
We can use the computer or just tell jokes
And maybe later on I can come to visit you
If your building has a ramp so my chair can visit too

CHORUS

My friend Jack has a chair like me
But he's really old, he's almost twenty-three
He can shoot basketball just like Doctor J.
And just last week he started teaching me to play

CHORUS

3.The Ballad of Jim Dickson - Words & Music By Eric Levine

Vocal & 12-string Guitar Eric Levine

A ballad about a blind man who sailed across the Atlantic Ocean solo, with sophisticated equipment that gave him the ability to navigate. William F. Buckley Jr., a sailor himself, was so upset that a blind man might try to snatch his machismo, that he made it the focus of an article and a television debate.

CHORUS:

To sail across the sea in a boat at your command
 To sail across the sea and say goodbye to land
 Jim Dickson was his name,
 And his eyes they could not see
 But his message focused clearly
 As he sailed across the sea

The boat was named Eye Opener, the voyage purpose clear
 To sail a boat through prejudice, to spit to the winds of fear
 The sea was very stormy, the sea was very rough
 He could not make it to Plymouth, but Bermuda was enough
 When he got into the harbor, the press was all around
 The idea of a sightless sailor their minds it did confound
 "Did you really think you could do it?" and Dickson did reply
 "I got through one of the tougher storms, in fact I am alive."

CHORUS

Then out from the Ivy Leagues of Yale Bill Buckley lifted his pen
 A conservative neo-fascist right-wing American
 He said Jim Dickson never could appreciate the sea
 "Without the eyes that I have, how can you do like me?"
 Jim Dickson responded to Buckley, "Oh, who are you to say
 What I can and can't appreciate, as I travel on my way?
 You may have 20/20, your rods and cones all fine
 But your vision of the future is not half as keen as mine."

CHORUS

Some people see the sea with eyes, some people hear the waves
 We all perceive the world around in many different ways
 In Buckley's world there are barriers that anchor you in sand
 But he could not keep Jim Dickson malingering on the land
 The whole thing went on Nightline, the Dickson-Buckley debate
 Buckley said that the blind could not "appreciate ballet"
 And as we watched we could not help but hear the words they say
 As Buckley and Koppel pontificated in a patronizing way

CHORUS

4. Denise and the MTA - Words by Sidney Emerman and Sam Anderson. Tune Traditional.

Vocals Sam Anderson and Sid Emerman

Banjo Eric Levine

Guitar Maura Gregory

The true story of a women in a wheelchair who performed a dramatic act of civil disobedience which led to the movement to make all New York City Buses truly accessible (they are almost now).

'Twas a pleasant warm day in the month of September

'81 on the 30th day

When a plucky little maid named Denise McQuade

Went to ride on the MTA

It was opening day for the rear lift buses

On the route M 104

Denise looked up Broadway, saw that GMC coming

And wheeled right to its front door

CHORUS:

And will she ever get on?

No, she'll never get on. No, she'll never get on board

She may wait forever on the streets of Gotham

For the bus plan is a fraud

The bus driver said, "I'm sorry lady, they didn't give me a lift key."

Denise flew into action threw herself on the steps

Said "You won't leave here without me."

When the MTA brass heard of this impasse

They offered her a boost to get inside

But she stuck to her guns, said "You promised us the lift,

So get the key - and then we shall ride."

Well they hemmed and they hawed, they pondered and they jawed

And seven hours later brought the key

When Denise and her chair got a lift into the air

She flashed a sign of victory

CHORUS:

And will she get her ride?

Yes, she'll get her ride, she's triumphantly inside

With her will, with her way she has won the day

Overcoming the bureaucrats' pride

Now her victory smile and her victory sign

Weren't seen by just you and me

It made page one of the New York Post

And Arnold Diaz put it all on TV

Now many years have come and gone since that day Denise got on

And a thousand wheelchair riders board each day

And soon all buses will have lifts on both day and night-time shifts

'Cause they put Denise in charge down at the MTA.

CHORUS:

And will we all get on?

Yes, we'll all get on

We'll make the system work for us

Able-bodied and disabled we will ride together

On the subway and on the bus!

5. The Streets of New York City adapted from "The Streets of London"

by Ralph McTell (c 1970 Essex Music Intl TRO) New Words By

Mel Tanzman and Maura Gregory (Used with permission}

Vocals

Eric Levine

Sally Campbell

Michael Imperiale

Marcia Bernstein

Mel Tanzman

Guitar

Maura Gregory

12-string guitar

Eric Levine

Recorder

Sidney Emerman

Taken from the popular song, Mel Tanzman and Maura Gregory of the DIA singers paint a picture of loneliness and desperation in all 5 boroughs of our city.

Have you seen the young man outside the closed Queens factory
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely at his side
Is yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

CHORUS:

So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand
And lead you through the streets of New York City
I'll show you somethin' to make you change your mind

Have you seen the woman who walks the streets of Brooklyn
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talkin', she keeps right on awalkin'
Carryin' her home in two black plastic bags

CHORUS

In the all-night Burger King at a quarter past eleven
Sits an old man, there on his own
Looking at Manhattan over the rim of his coffee cup
Each cup lasts an hour. He wanders home alone

CHORUS

Have you seen the woman on the Staten Island ferry
Staring out the window at the water below?
Last time that her lover beat her
She left, swore no one'd mistreat her
But now she's out of money, and nowhere else to go

CHORUS

Have you seen the veteran outside the Bronx VA Hospital
Sitting in his fatigues in a beat up wheelchair?
Still suffering from the scars of war
But they won't help him anymore
One more broken promise from a government that doesn't care

CHORUS

6. Thanksgiving Eve - Words & Music By Bob Franke Telephone Pole Music (Used with permission)

Vocals Marcia Bernstein
12 string Guitar Eric Levine

A song of sober reflection and inspiration which Bob Franke brought to a potluck Thanksgiving Day party. He says of it "I was thinking about how to express my view of the truth in a manner that would be accessible to lots of people whatever their religious tradition."

It's so easy to dream of the days gone by
It's a hard thing to think of the times to come
But the grace to accept every moment as a gift
Is a gift that is given to some

CHORUS:

What can you do with your days but work and hope
That your dreams bind your work to your play?
What can you do with each moment of your life
But love till you've loved it away?
Love till you've loved it away

There are sorrows enough for the whole worlds end
There are no guarantees but the grave
But this life that I live and the times that I have spent
Are treasures too precious to save

CHORUS

7. Love's Gonna' Carry Us - Words and Music By Fred Small c 1981 Pine Barrens Music (BMI) (Used with permission)

Vocals Michael Imperiale
Laura Wernick
Marcia Bernstein
12-string guitar Eric Levine

And from the personal inspiration of the last song to the social inspiration of this song, Fred Small gives us wise advice on how to struggle together. Disabled in Action is made up of singer-activists, and we relate wholeheartedly to this advice.

CHORUS:

It's been a long hard time, it's gonna' be a long steep climb
But no one's gonna' change our minds about what we gotta' do
And when the road gets rough, everybody saying "Just give it up!"
All of our friends' sweet love's gonna' carry us through

We don't got the money but we got the will
We've got voices talking the truth that could never be stilled
They're gonna' threaten, you know they have killed to get their way
But this movement we are building will not go away

CHORUS

Beware of the heroes, beware of the stars
Because victory is hollow if it ain't really ours
We're talkin' about changes, not just changing those faces at the top
They say that freedom is a constant struggle and you can't ever stop
Don't stop!

CHORUS

Now we're gonna' argue, we won't always agree
But we can't let anger blind us to all we can be
'Cause we need the laughter, and we need the tears to wash us clean
We need sisters and brothers beside us to follow the dream

CHORUS

SIDE TWO

1.Pass The Laws - Words and Music by Joanna Cazden c 1977 (Used with permission)

Vocals	Sam Anderson
	Sally Campbell
	Michael Imperiale
	Marcia Bernstein
	Mary Ann Marra
	Mel Tanzman
12-string Guitar	Eric Levine
Kazoo	Maura Gregory

Here is a song about a minority group that comes from the other side of a politicized polarity.

Come gather round good people, you must hear me well
There's a danger in our country as you will hear me tell
It begins with banging elbows as peacefully we dine
It will end with the destruction of all that's good and fine so

CHORUS:

Pass the laws, pass the laws
Make it clear in every clause
Lefthanders are humanoid,
We've got to keep them unemployed
Southpaw liberation is the ruin of our nation
Make it formal, make 'em normal, pass the laws

We can't have them in the army or teaching in our schools
Their minds are backward, sinister, they'll undermine the rules
And they're stubborn as the devil though we lecture every night
That the Bible cautions us to follow all that's good and right so

CHORUS

We have tortured them and twisted them and taunted them with rocks

Tried Thorazine and Freud, behavior mod, electric shocks
 We've erased from all our history books this mutant 10 percent
 We've robbed them, robbed them of their children
 And still they won't repent.

We can no longer hire to babysit the young girl living next to us
 For I heard her tell the children that she is ambidextrous
 Worst of all she had the nerve to say that anyone can learn
 The fulfilling, conscious joys
 Of using either hand by turn so

CHORUS

There's left and right, white and black,
 Short ones below, tall ones above
 Many ways we choose to live, ways we look and ways we love
 And though differences are scary I declare the bigger fright
 Is in bigotry legitimized, the danger's on the Right so

CHORUS:

Pass the laws, pass the laws
 Make it clear in every clause
 People have a right to be
 There's room for you, there's room for me
 Human liberation is our only salvation
 Make it formal, not abnormal. Pass the laws!

2.National Health Insurance Talking Blues - Words & Music by Eric Levine c 1994

Vocals, Banjo & Guitar Eric Levine
 An intimate, critical look into the innards of the current U.S. medical
 system. (Sing like a typical 'Talking Blues')

Well, I went down the street last night
 I knew things were not exactly right
 Some people came up to me under the light
 Next thing I knew I'd been stabbed with a knife
 I woke up in a hospital

Some neatly dressed person came up to me with a clipboard

And asked me this question:

Do you have Blue Cross? Do you have Blue Shield?
 Major Medical? HMO? UFO? Rider J? Deductible? HIP?
 I said, "No, but I've got B-L-O-O-D
 Running down my primary A-S-S
 To my secondary T-O-E."
 He said, "Sorry we can't treat you."
 I said, "I'm gonna' V-O-M-I-T on Y-O-U."
 So they took me up to the O.R. S-T-A-T

You know I had a hell of a time, the surgeon cut all along the line
 When he found out I was uninsured
 Not a moment of his time could I procure
 Sent me back from the hospital the same day
 I think they call it "same-day surgery."
 IV still in my arm
 Foley catheter still in my folio
 NG tube still in my nose
 Surgeon said, "Here's a wire cutters and a pamphlet.
 Take your sutures out yourself
 And don't shower for month."

Now you know it deserves some recollection
 I got one hell of an infection
 Back to the hospital I did zoom, 2 a.m. to the emergency room
 A triage nurse sent me right were I had to go: Admissions
 Waited 4 hours
 Then a well dressed person came up to me with a clipboard
 and asked me this question:

Do you have Blue Cross? Do you have Blue Shield?
 Major Medical? HMO? UFO? Rider J? Deductible?
 I said, "No, but I've got P-U-S and a T-E-M-P of 106.
 My heart is going out of NSR into PCPs and A-fibs.
 They said "Sorry, we don't deal with any of those companies."

You know it's really a terrible shame

Housecalls, good old housecalls
That's the way things were meant to be
Housecalls, good old housecalls
Doctor, oh doctor, come to me

Nowadays when I'm ailing I call the doctor's office
They say he's on leave till next July
Or they say the doctor's busy
Would you please call back on Tuesday
And I think nobody cares if I die
So I'm staggering out the door, and I'm stumbling up the street
I don't know if I can make it at all
When I get to emergency, I start to count the hours
Waiting for my number to be called

I had a little accident and landed in the hospital
A resident team was touring my floor
I said, "Doctors, could I ask you something,
Just a little question?"
But they'd already vanished out the door
Today it seems they have a different doctor
For every little thing that goes wrong
If whatever's ailing me is not within their specialty
It's "Sorry, good luck and so long."

CHORUS

In modern times your chances for longevity are greater
No matter the condition of your health
But you'd better have the do re mi
To pay for new technology
Survival may depend upon your wealth
But who wants to live to be ninety or a hundred
To muddle through these bitter senior years
Without that good old doctor to come to your bedside
And staunch your wounds and banish your fears

The papers have reported a new and welcome practice

Of a number of our good psychiatrists
 They've agreed to make a housecall
 If they can be convinced
 That a reasonable emergency exists
 This should ease our worries and give us some comfort
 But permit me to tell you what I think:
 If GP's would make housecalls whenever they are needed
 I don't believe I'd ever need a shrink

CHORUS

4.He May Be Slow - Words & music by Tom Paxton (Used with permission)

Vocals	Mary Ann Marra
	Michael Imperiale
12-string Guitar	Eric Levine
Harmonica	Nancy Deluca

A beautiful song about a child's relationship with a brother who has a disability. "He may be slow, Lord, but he's right on time."

Oh I have a little brother named Jim
 Sometimes I get a little worried about him
 Jim's about the nicest kid I know, but Jim is slow
 He always follows me wherever I go
 He thinks there's nothing in this world that I don't know
 He doesn't smile like the other kids do
 But the love shines through, the love shines through

CHORUS:

He may be slow, but he's still in motion
 He's got his own road, his own hill to climb
 All he needs is a little devotion
 He may be slow Lord, but he's right on time

When I take him down to wait for the bus
 Those who know us have a smile for us
 I zip his jacket and I straighten his hat
 He likes that
 When they bring him back home around three
 I can tell that he's been looking for me
 And the wrestling and the tumbling begins
 He usually wins, he usually wins.

CHORUS 2x

5.River - Words and Music By Bill Staines c. Mineral River Music (BMI)
 (Used with permission)

Vocals	Marcia Bernstein
	Michael Imperiale
	Sidney Emerman
	Mary Ann Marra
	Sam Anderson
Guitars	Eric Levine
Recorder	Sidney Emerman

The music of this song flows along with us, carrying us like a river
 which brings us together in friendship.

I was born in the path of the winter wind
 And raised where the mountains are old
 Their springtime waters came dancing down
 And I remember the tales they told

The whistling ways of my younger days
 Too quickly have faded on by
 Yet all of my memories linger on
 Like the light in a fading sky

CHORUS:

River, take me along in your sunshine. Sing me your song
 Ever moving and winding and free
 You rolling old river, you changing old river
 Let's you and me, river, run down to the sea

Well I've been to the city and back again
 I've been moved by some things that I've learned
 Met a lot of good people and I've called them my friends
 Felt the change when the seasons turned

I've heard all the songs that the children sing
 And listened to love's melodies
 I've felt my own music within me rise
 Like the wind in the autumn trees

CHORUS

Some day when the flowers are blooming still
 Some day when the grass is still green
 My rolling waters will round the bend
 Flow into the open sea

So here's to the rainbow that's followed us here
 And here's to the friends that we know
 And here's to the song that's within us now
 We will sing it where'er we go

CHORUS

**6.The DIA Song - Words by Karen Luxton Gourgey & Fred Goldfarb
 Tune 'Weave Me The Sunshine' by Peter Yarrow**

Vocals	Anne and Sidney Emerman Marcia Bernstein and Sam Anderson Michael Imperiale
Harmonica	Nancy DeLuca
12-string guitar	Eric Levine

This song has been an anthem for the DIA singers from the inception of the group. It is a true disability freedom song!

CHORUS:

Where, where, where have you left us?
 Right outside your door
 But we are your daughters and we are your sons
 And we won't be locked out anymore

You call us "afflicted," you think we're so strange
It's just those convictions that forged our true chains
But we'll stand together, we see through your games
And we won't be kept down anymore.

CHORUS:

Where, where, where have you left us?
Right outside your door
But we are your mothers and we are your fathers
And we won't be locked out anymore

You tell us how sorry you feel for our plight
Then lock us in dungeons well out of your sight
But we'll pull your walls down, break into the light
And you won't keep us down anymore

CHORUS:

Where, where, where have you left us?
Right outside your door
But we are your sisters and we are your brothers
And we won't be locked out anymore

Barriers have kept us apart for too long
The world's for all people; we all must belong
Harmony's great if we sing the same song
And no one's left out anymore

Harmony's great if we sing the same song
And no one's left out anymore!