

My Turn

©Grit Laskin

This song demonstrates lessons Grit has learned from his excursions beyond the realms of folk music. The complex narrative structure allows him

to offer morals within morals, as well as a story within a story. "My Turn" and "Guitar Maker" are from the Borealis recording, a few simple words.

C#m E B7

1. So here's the deal A sim-ple deal I'll give you eight-y years of liv-ing
2. Sounds fair I said You're on, I said Next thing I knew my lungs got bus-y

C#m 1. E A B7

Don't waste your chance Have no re-grets That's all I ask for what I'm giv-ing
And so be-gan my turn at life

2. E A B7

(Instrumental) What made me think it would be eas-y?

E B A E F#m A B7

And though at times I cursed and rant-ed I nev-er once my vow re-cant-ed

I chal-lenged rules, I laughed at fash-ion And for my lov-er saved my

Bm E

deep-est pas-sion. DC

"So here's the deal,
A simple deal:
I'll give you eighty years of living.
Don't waste your chance,
Have no regrets,
That's all I ask for what I'm giving.

"Sounds fair," I said,
"You're on," I said.
Next thing I knew, my lungs got busy.
And so began
My turn at life
what made me think this would be easy?

Chorus:
And though at times I cursed and ranted,
I never once my vow recanted.
I challenged rules, I laughed at fashion,
And for my lover saved my deepest passion.

The memory's clear,
Still so clear:
In '41 I refused conscription.
I wouldn't go,
I couldn't kill—
"It's not my war," was my conviction.

So I went north;
They shipped me north,
A so-called camp for risky cases.
That's where we met,
Our gazes caught,
And longing blushed in both our faces.

"She's not your kind;
You're not *her* kind.
It isn't done, you're snubbing custom.
Those foreign ways,
Her slanted eyes—
Take it from us ya just can't trust 'em.

Ah, how we laughed,
So good to laugh,
For fifty years we shamed predictions.
Sure, bricks were hurled,
And curses spat,
But none could pierce our linked affections.

The years went fast,
Much too fast.
The bed we shared is now half empty.
I cup your hand
Inside my own—
Feels real as life. this notent memorv.

A thousand times,
Ten thousand times,
Your hand in mine, held fierce, held gently.
On winter strolls
Or pickets lines,
Tethered by touch were we, contently.

I'm eighty now.
Well, almost, now;
A single day is all that's pending.
One more daybreak,
A last sunset,
The simple deal is simply ending.

I got my chance,
One precious chance;
What time I owned was never squandered.
I vowed a life
Of no regrets,
And so it was, by fortune rendered.

Final Chorus:
And though at times he cursed and ranted,
He never once his vow recanted.
He challenged rules, he laughed at fashion,
And for his lover saved his deepest passion.