

SCOTT SIMPSON LYRIC BOOK

2000-2019

FULL DISCOGRAPHY:

2000 **Ozzie's Guitar**
2000 **Topo: Acoustic Landscapes ***
2002 **Grace**
2005 **Circuitous** (*remastered in 2015*)
2006 **Before the Great Divide** (*remastered in 2015*)
2008 **Nothing Knew**
2008 **RED EP**
2009 **Breaking Shells Original Film Soundtrack**
2010 **Letting the Sunlight Back In**
2011 **Tasunke Witko (Crazy Horse) Original Film Soundtrack***
2011 **No Standing**
2012 **Digital Citizenship Original Film Soundtrack ***
2012 **The Long View**
2012 **Black Hills Dirt EP**
2012 **Nebraska Catfish**
2013 **Edge of the Known**
2014 **Deadeye's Wild West Original Cast Recording**
2014 **LIVE in the Black Hills**
2014 **Do Not Rush the Dawn**
2015 **The Road Behind ***
2015 **Circuitous & Before the Great Divide** (*remastered double LP*)
2017 **Two Weeks in April ***
2017 **Reflections & Refugees ***
2017 **Refuge**
2018 **A. Dream**
2018 **Gravitate**
2019 **LIVE in the Black Hills Vol. 2**

**Denotes an all-instrumental album not included in this lyric book*

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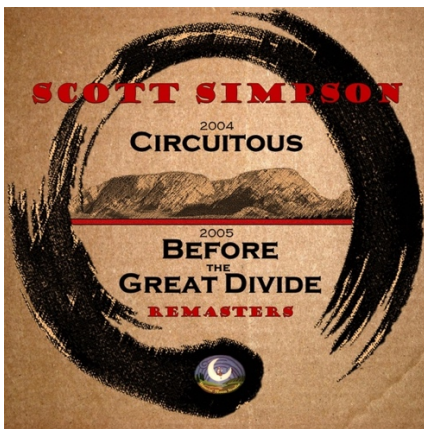


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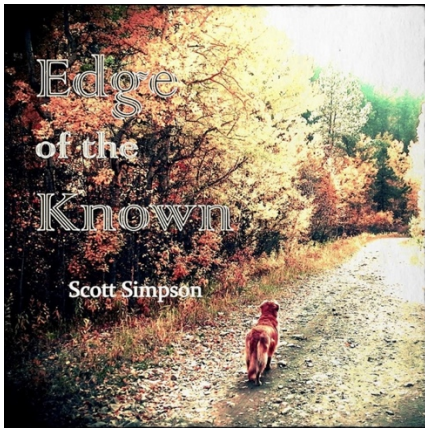


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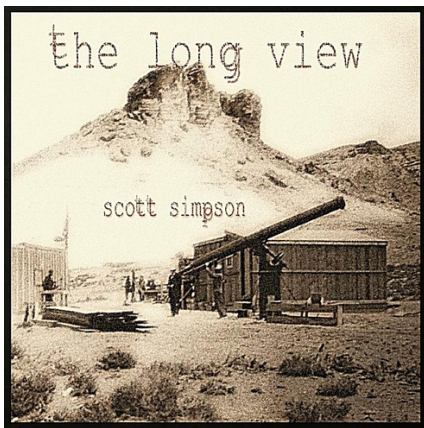
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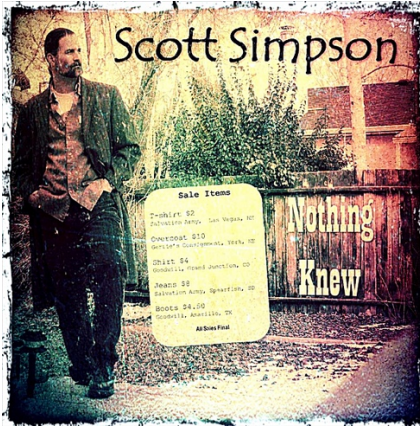
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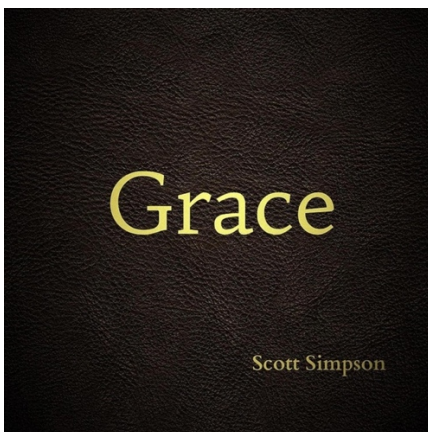
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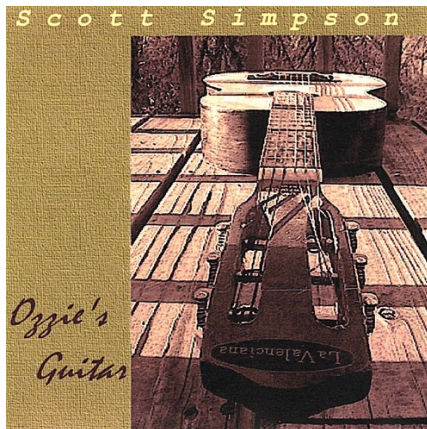


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Released, 2019



Dakota

She was fearless
I saw her win a stand-off with a mountain lion.
She was shameless

She'd nuzzle in for a hug like she'd been cryin'
Oh, Dakota... won't be hiking with me again...
Yeah, Dakota means friend.

She had a temper...
She'd remind you whose food bowl was whose...
She liked to run...
And she'd come back whenever her careless heart would choose
Oh, Dakota... she won't be barkin' at the turkeys again
Yeah, Dakota means friend.

She was black as night
And bright-eyed as the puppy she'd been at birth
She always kept guard
While we slept as safe as any place on earth.
Oh, Dakota... feels like she'll be watchin' over us again
Dakota... do you know how rich it's been?
Oh, Dakota means friend...
Yeah, Dakota, like the name you wear, you will always be my friend...
Dakota, like the name you wear...
You will always be my friend.

Ragged Set of Claws

I am not the man I used to be
I am not the boy I was
Some days I have trouble getting use to me
Some nights I fight a ragged set of claws
They're a ragged set of claws

Brave adventures were my future
Back when I dreamed myself a hero's cape and hood
But every time I leave my bat cave these days
Some clever joker shows me why I should stay cave bound for good
I should stay cave bound for good

My hours have grown narrow:
Eat, sleep, do my job
My friends increase their distance
It's taken years to grow this ragged set of claws
This ragged set of claws...

(instrumental verse)

Just starting out is always lovely
It's when we write the stories we believe
But down the road we meet the monsters
In the battle is when we see we've been deceived
Yeah, the monster is me,
I've been deceived.

My hours have grown narrow:
Eat, sleep, do my job
My friends increase their distance
It's taken years to grow, just to grow, oh...
My hours have grown narrow:
I Eat, I sleep, I do my job
All my friends they seem so distant
It took me years just to grow this ragged set of claws
This ragged set of claws...
Took me years to grow
This ragged set of claws...
This ragged set...
This ragged set of claws.

Heatwave

Three dogs and a hammock
And a cool breeze after a hot day
Heatwave in the canyon
You're singin' *Eagle and the Hawk* from memory
Seems like we were just kids
Thirty years and a lifetime away
Seems like all the hard times
Come and go like a heatwave...

Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might
We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Until we burn out the fight.

Two kids and a red jeep
On a dirt road up to the mountain top
Late nights in the basement
Watch 'em sing and dance like they'll never stop
Watch 'em grow through the tough years—
Middle school, boyfriends and bullies—
You and I learned the hard way
Hearts burst when they get so full, please...

Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might
We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Until we burn out the fight.

(instrumental verse & chorus)

Ten years and a few more dollars
Maybe we'll both leave our jobs
Spend weeks on an island beach
I don't know, what are the odds?
But right now I want to hear about your day—
The crazy things your co-worker said.
I want to tell you how I missed you last week
When I was in some distant hotel bed...

Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might

We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might
We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Until we burn out the fight.

Seems like we were just kids
Thirty years and a lifetime away
Seems like all the hard times
Come and go like a heatwave...

Silent Time

The silent time is always filled with sun
In summer time or winter, even at night with the curtains drawn
Curtains drawn... curtains drawn

I have dreamed such dreams of massive cities... complicated landscapes
Where friends and enemies and strangers live and die, are born again
In silence... ooh the silent time. In silence... ooh the silent time.

This song is mostly made of silence between the notes,
This song is mostly made of space between the words,
This song is mostly made of breath between the lips,
This song is mostly made of rests beneath the beats.
Oh silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.

The people, the places... the props the faces...
Elements and atoms... knots and fathoms...
Substance and perception... fabric and confection...
This is that, and that is so important... ooh, oh
Silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.
Silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.

The silent time is filled with sun
In summer time or winter, even night with the curtains drawn
Ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.
Silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.
Silence...

One Step

I saw a man in a mirror
I saw a man, but he didn't see me
I saw a man in a mirror

Just trying to get himself free, yeah
Just trying to get himself free.

I heard a voice in the silence,
Breath goes in and breath goes out,
I heard a voice in the silence
Working its way to a shout,
Yeah working its way to a shout.

I felt a heart start beating
Ringing in the ears, a thump in the chest
I felt a heart start beating,
When the stranger became my guest,
Oh, the stranger became my guest.

I know the earth's still moving
Never was still, it never did stop.
I know the earth's still moving,
Spinning through space like a top,
Yeah spinning through space like a top.

See you can't do the dance without stillness
You can't find love without risking loss
You can't hear the song without silence,
One step and you're across,
Yeah one step and we're all across!

Now She's Gone

Now she's gone
Far from home
And all the things she left

Make me cry.
Never fear
I'm still here
They say that home's a place
You go to die...

But I'm alive,
Yeah, I'm alive.
I'm still here--
Never fear.

We spoke last night
She said she's alright
But she couldn't mask the break
In her voice.
It's cold out there
It's cold in here
But this old world sometimes
Demands a choice...

So, I'm awake,
Yeah, I'm awake.
Still on the line,
Oh yeah, you'll do fine...you'll do fine...

I see her face
Most every place:
The house, the grass, the mountains
And the sky.
But now she's gone
Far from home
And all the things she left
Make me cry.

Up on the Mountain

When I'm lost, when I forget my name
When the sky is clouded but it gives no rain
When I'm thirsty, but the spring is dry
I climb up where the forest sweeps the sky...

Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Day to day, well, I look around
All I see is mostly on the ground
In the valley it's hard to see
Beyond the clutter surrounding me

But up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Life is small, so am I
We're born, we eat, we laugh, we cry
Sometimes it's hard to see just why
Everybody has a time to die
But up top on the mountainside
Where that horizon meets the eye
I'm like a bird who has yet to fly
There's so much we never realize

'Til we're on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
Where I can see forever
I can see forever

(instrumental)

When you meet eternity
It's gonna bring you to your knees
The lame shall walk and the blind will see
Oh, when you meet eternity
When you meet eternity
It's gonna bring you to your knees
The lame shall walk and the blind will see

Oh, when you meet eternity

Up on the mountain

Up on the mountain

Up on the mountain...

I can see forever.

Enough Love

Don't have enough pocket change to pay my respects;
Don't have enough dollar bills to write no personal checks.
Don't have enough pocket change just to pay my respects,
But I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

Can't seem to drink enough to swallow my pride;
I got a thirst that's hard to quench; it just won't satisfy.
Can't seem to drink enough just to swallow my pride,
But I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

When we're apart I want to cry...
But when I get back home, ain't nothin' I need, you can't supply.

Ain't enough hours in the day for the good times to roll;
All the seconds and minutes seem to get swallowed in a big black hole.
Ain't enough hours in the day for the good times to roll,
But I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

(instrumental verse)

When we're apart I want to cry...
But when I get back home, ain't nothin' I need, you can't supply.

Can't sing it low enough to sing it down in hell.
Can't sing it high enough to sing it with the angels.
But I'm gonna sing it loud enough for the whole wide world to tell
That I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.
Yeah, I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.
I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

You're not on your momma's hip anymore.
You left your Daddy's shoulders—
Now you're standing on the floor
Always ready to open up
Another door
Sometimes all this world wants to teach you
Is how to keep score.

There are hills you climb sometimes
Just because they're there...
There are things worth learning even if the grade isn't there.
Oh, you've got to take them when they come—
They may not come again
Just like the desert flower
Always be ready for the rain.

Everybody's got something they want from you;
You're gonna need a refuge—a place to run to.

You're gonna need some friends
Along the way,
The kind that will stand with you
Not get in your way.
And some are gonna last,
And some for just awhile...
It's more about the faces
Than the miles.

The best advice
Will always take you by surprise.
It's okay to be scared
Just don't let it close your eyes;
There's so much,
So much you need to see.
And don't forget...
You can count on me.

Everybody's got something they want from you;
You're gonna need a refuge—a place to run to.
Some days you're gonna wonder what this world's come to;
I want to be your refuge—the one you run to.
Please let me be your refuge—the one you run to.

Flyin' Home

Ants on parade
Summer lemonade
Dirt bike brigade
Blizzard no-school days
Fistful of dandelion
On the wind,
The seeds are flyin' home
Flyin' home
The seeds are flyin' home
Flyin' home

First real job
Feel like a classroom mob
Got so much to say
I lost my cool
But they loved me anyway
Got a wife and a baby girl
Weekdays spent under the weight of the world
Then home...
Flyin' home...
Flyin' home, yeah
I was flyin' home.

(instrumental verse)

Not quite retired
Sippin' wine by the fire
Seems like the lightning struck
While I was still tryin' to show some pluck, yeah
Years then months then days then hours
Soon I'll be pushin' up the flowers:
Home.
Finally home, yeah
I'll be home, yeah
Flyin' home.
Flyin' home,
Flyin' home,
Flyin' home, yeah
Flyin' home
Yeah, yeah
Flyin' home,
Flyin' home,
We're always flyin' home.

Fire Builds the City

Rewind the film, and the fire builds the city
Rewind the film, and the huntsman revives the fox
Rewind the film, and the banker steals the money
Rewind the film and you put my heart,
Yeah, you put my heart back together again
You put my heart back together again
Rewind, rewind, rewind

Reverse the car, and you find your way back home again
Reverse the words, and somehow they say... somehow they say
They say you were meant for me and I was meant,
I was meant for this life, yeah
Rewind, rewind, yeah

(instrumental)

Untake the pill, and find yourself awake again
I'll unbreak my promises, I'll find myself,
I'll find myself the truth, oh, find myself the truth
Let's rewind today, find ourselves,
find ourselves walking in the sunlight again, yeah
We can rewind the night, turn the fight, turn the fight
Back into love, back into love
Rewind, yeah
Rewind, yeah
Rewind, turn the fight back in
Turn the fight back into love
Rewind, rewind...
Rewind, oh rewind, yeah, yeah..

Fire builds the city
Fire builds the city
Fire builds the city, fire
Oh, yeah
And the fire builds the city
And the fire builds this city
And the fire builds
And the fire builds this city, yeah
And the fire builds
And the fire builds
And the fire builds this city
And the fire builds
And the fire builds
And the fire builds...fire, fire...

When I was a child,
I would look into the sky—
See every bird, see every cloud
Know the native state of me was flight...
At any time, I just might fly...

Now that I am an older man,
I'm doing well just to see
And gravity seems the master here—
Just might hit the ground if they set me free...
I'm sure to fall if they set me free...

But here she comes again...
The sun she climbs these canyon walls
She lights mid-winter like a distant star—
Bright but cold as hell,
You gotta dance before you fall
Love now or not at all.

Time's a drip that leaves a stain
Every storm's a brownish smudge
This house is shake and stone and timbers turning soft
Every corner stores a grudge
I try to lift... they just won't budge.

But here she comes again...
The sun she climbs these canyon walls
Bright but cold as hell,
You gotta dance before you fall
Love now or not at all.

So here I go again...
I try to scale these broken walls
Heart in hand like a beacon— bright...
Bright but cold as hell,
To learn to fly, you learn to fall...
Love now or not at all...
Love now and that is all.



Released, 2018



Same Sun

Same sun, different windows
Same storm, different wind blows
Same stars, different stories
Same war, different glories

We stand in different places
We smile with different faces
You can't see through my eyes
I can't breathe-in your sighs

Same words different meanings
Same nation different leanings
Same truth different lies
Same allegiance different flag that flies...

We start in different places
Same children different races
We cry from different eyes
Bound by these common ties

(Instrumental verse & chorus)

Same sun, same mother
One circle intersects another
Same stars hang above us
Same search for someone to love us

Someone, someone to love us
Someone, someone to love us
Someone, someone to love us
Someone, someone to love

Enough Love

Don't have enough pocket change to pay my respects;
Don't have enough dollar bills to write no personal checks.
Don't have enough pocket change just to pay my respects,
But I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

Can't seem to drink enough to swallow my pride;
I got a thirst that's hard to quench; it just won't satisfy.
Can't seem to drink enough just to swallow my pride,
But I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

When we're apart I want to cry...
But when I get back home, ain't nothin' I need, you can't supply.

Ain't enough hours in the day for the good times to roll;
All the seconds and minutes seem to get swallowed in a big black hole.
Ain't enough hours in the day for the good times to roll,
But I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

(instrumental verse)

When we're apart I want to cry...
But when I get back home, ain't nothin' I need, you can't supply.

Can't sing it low enough to sing it down in hell.
Can't sing it high enough to sing it with the angels.
But I'm gonna sing it loud enough for the whole wide world to tell
That I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.
Yeah I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.
I get enough love from you to kiss these blues goodbye.

I won't love you tomorrow
The same as today
I can't beg steal or borrow
Enough time to say
Just how much pain and sorrow
I'd feel if we stayed
Only this close. Like stars, no,
We must gravitate.
We must gravitate.

Particles this entangled
Don't notice the space
In between, all the angles
The curves of your face
All the demons and angels
Could never displace
These hearts we have wrangled
Together in grace.
Together in grace.
We must gravitate.
We must gravitate.

And the center will hold us
Together my friend
Even though we go spiraling
Out to the fringe
Every center is out on the edge
Of some other
Every homecoming teaches
How love takes us further.
How love takes us further.
Love takes us further.
Love takes us.

(instrumental)

I will love you tomorrow
More than today
Though I'll still feel the sorrow
Of lost yesterdays
We can look to the stars though
To show us the way
Stardust deep in our marrow
Night spins into day.

Night spins into day.
Together in grace.
Together in grace.
We must gravitate.
We must gravitate.
Oh, we must gravitate.

Sunflower Fields

Sunflower fields in late July
Gold spread beneath bright blue sky
They turn their heads as we pass by
They're swaying slowly
There below me
Thinking only
Of light...

These August days go on for miles
Your summer skin can make me wild
Come on, let's hit the road in style...
Your bare feet kicked up
On the dashboard of my truck
Your smile turns dusk
Into light...
In this summer sunshine
I'm yours, you're mine
Time stops and life
Is light...

(Instrumental)

We'll hold this sun deep in our bones
When winter's grip is hard as stone
We'll turn our faces toward the known:
Earth is spinning
Love is winning
A new beginning's
Light...
Lazy days go
By like rays of
Light we face, so
Bright we can't know
Why, but there's no
Sight like us
In late July...
In late July...
Sunflower fields in late July
(repeat to end)

Heatwave

Three dogs and a hammock
And a cool breeze after a hot day
Heatwave in the canyon
You're singin' Eagle and the Hawk from memory
Seems like we were just kids
Thirty years and a lifetime away
Seems like all the hard times
Come and go like a heatwave...

Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might
We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Until we burn out the fight.

Two kids and a red jeep
On a dirt road up to the mountain top
Late nights in the basement
Watch 'em sing and dance like they'll never stop
Watch 'em grow through the tough years—
Middle school, boyfriends and bullies—
You and I learned the hard way
Hearts burst when they get so full, please...

Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might
We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Until we burn out the fight.

(instrumental verse & chorus)

Ten years and a few more dollars
Maybe we'll both leave our jobs
Spend weeks on an island beach
I don't know, what are the odds?
But right now I want to hear about your day—
The crazy things your co-worker said.
I want to tell you how I missed you last week
When I was in some distant hotel bed...

Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might

We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Open the windows, turn off the lights
Bring on the thunder—flash in the night
Rain on the rooftop... try as we might
We can't get to love, until we burn out the fight.
Until we burn out the fight.

Seems like we were just kids
Thirty years and a lifetime away
Seems like all the hard times
Come and go like a heatwave...

I was not the first to see
The beauty of a leaf & tree
Don't let me be the last
Ten thousand centuries
To say goodbye with such strange ease
Oh, can it be?

Will my children know the place where they come from?
That their feet were made for grass?
Can we throw away this place that is our home
Like "home" was something from the past?

She-wolf runs to save her den
Her pups will always have a friend
Shell fight until the end
Eagle builds her nest on high
So she can teach her children how to fly
Or they would surly die.

Will my children know the place where they come from?
That their feet were made for grass?
Can we throw away this place that is our home
Like "home" was something from the past?
Oh, is home something from the past?

I was not the first to see
The beauty of a leaf & tree
Don't let me be the last
Ten thousand centuries
To say goodbye with such strange ease
Oh, can it be?
Can it be? Oh can it be?
Don't let it be.
Don't let it be.

Ballad of Donald

One day old Donald
He was chewin' on a Big Mac
Up in the tower like a golden haired nic-nac
Jr said pops you gotta take on the big time
Donald said, yes... but not on my dime!
Not on my dime!
Not on my dime!

So he worked out a presidential
Escalator scene
Just to launch his plan to burn through
Some public green
Said something 'bout some rapists
And a southern wall
And won a ticket to the White House
From the whitest folks of all!
The whitest folks of all!
The whitest folks of all!

Yeah, I'm cleaning up the dump—
Not worried 'bout subpoenas
Evangelicals are pumped
I'll ship the aliens to Venus
Got the Democrats stumped
With presidential obscenity
I'm Donald J. Trump
And the J. stands for Jenius.

He launched a Twitter-fied spat
With the Rocket Man
Emptied bureau offices
All across the land
Said the coal would flow
But the solar he'd tax
Don't need no science
When you're making up the facts.
Yeah makin' up facts...
Alternative facts.

Now he wants a parade
To show off his tanks
He'd improve his image more
With a new set of Spanx
Now he owes the House Republicans

A big old thanks
For the war on intelligence
Instead of Russian banks.
What Russian banks?
Oh yeah, thanks!

Yeah, I'm cleaning up the dump—
Not worried 'bout subpoenas
Evangelicals are pumped
I'll ship the aliens to Venus
Got the Democrats stumped
With presidential obscenity
I'm Donald J. Trump
And the J. stands for Genius.

Yeah, I'm cleaning up the dump—
Not worried 'bout subpoenas
Evangelicals are pumped
I'll ship the aliens to Venus
Got the Democrats stumped
With presidential obscenity
I'm Donald J. Trump
And the J. stands for Genius.

(instrumental intro)

Came home from work yesterday
To another shooting on TV
Seventeen innocents went to school that morning
Never came home again...

They never came home again...
They're never comin' home again.

And the people somebody voted for
Can't keep us safe from ourselves
And the people somebody voted for
Can't keep the damn guns off the shelves
And the little boys who watch the TV screens,
They see the power the feel the thrill.
Whose gonna love all those little boys away
From the black hole behind the kill?

(instrumental)

And the people somebody voted for
They take their orders from the NRA
And the people somebody voted for
They say we can't talk about this... we can't talk about this today.
The people somebody voted for
Say the answer is just a few more guns
Those people somebody voted for
They're just playin' a zero sum.

(instrumental close)

Cracks

What is broken in me
is open in me...
Where you see me split apart,
you catch a glimpse of my true heart...
my true heart.

It's song that opens the cracks.
Each beat divides me front from back, yeah.
I'm opened up by melody;
I'm laid bare with harmony...
with harmony...

Unmusical days limp by.
Instead of dancing they
heave and they sigh.
To stay intact
is not to act on beauty...
beauty...

I want to live disintegrated,
all full of holes, obliterated
into shards, released at last
into beauty like colored glass...
colored glass...

(instrumental)

What's broken in me
that's what's open in me...
Where you see me split apart,
you catch a glimpse of my true heart...
my true heart...
(repeat to end)

The Beating Heart of All That Is

(Instrumental Open)

Before beginnings...
The beating heart of all that is.
Beyond all endings...
The beating heart of all that is.
Before beginnings...
The beating heart of all that is.
Beyond all endings...
The beating heart of all that is.

(Instrumental)

Before beginnings...
The beating heart of all that is.
Beyond all endings...
The beating heart of all that is.
Before beginnings...
The beating heart of all that is.
Beyond all endings...
The beating heart of all that is.

(Instrumental Close)



Released, 2018

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

09 Eagle



A. Dream

January twenty, the nightmare began
The seeds of destruction just waiting for a hand
To cast them out—not a great big hand
Just one on a man who could stand in the curtains and

Toss red meat to his Alt Right peeps who were
Lookin' ...for some Fatherland or a slight of hand
From a backwards, armband, reprimand
Of every stand that was taken by the man in the

Office before him—
They're gonna Louis Lamoure him,
Gonna Viet Nam war him...
Anything-good-that-was-done-before him
Is gonna be ripped from the core, then

The corporations sucking up the gravy will adore him—
As this fake-news, breakthrough, debuts his snake-moves.

And how about the words you spewed in the campaign?
Inhumane as acid rain...
Making light of the pain you've left in your wake
Like Campaign and no emergency brake, or making

Capital Gains on a cholera outbreak...
You can't hide sewage with a handful of Tic-Tacs
Or play Casanova with pussy-grab attacks
Try to hide it, override it like every time you even tried it

She lied—it wasn't you, it's all a lie, a sigh, a spy who must've
Faked a dossier or leaked some hearsay...
It couldn't be the women's accusations— your

Qualifications set you far above the allegations,
Destruct 'em with some deportations 'til you run out
The Statute of Limitations...

Where is the love? Where is the honesty?
Where is the hope that used to be?
Where? Where has it gone?

Call 'em names-- crooked, cryin', liddle, lyin'
Rocket man and Pocahontas
while you stand there looking jaundiced,

Laugh, then wash your hands like Pontius...

Call collusion an illusion-- a fusion
You gotta get some kinda truth infusion
cause a lie on a lie on a lie on a lie
only sticks an inch-long needle in everybody's eye

Surround yourself with Bannon, Kushner, Flynn
Ivanka, Sarah, Steven Miller, Kelly Anne...
It's like a swimmin' pool full of bathtub gin--
No "swamp" just a cesspool full of lyin' grins

Get your justice from your puppet Sessions
To cover all those indiscretions--
EPA, Education, Interior, State Department,
Shrinking government for your own enlargement...

Get woke— this ain't no dream, it's a nightmare.
Get woke— this ain't no dream, it's a nightmare.
Get woke— this ain't no dream, it's a nightmare.
Get woke— this ain't no dream, it's a nightmare.

(Repeat to end)

The Fifty-One Percent

From Birmingham on up to DC
Across the middle and from sea to shining sea
It's rising—just watch and see

May be tough for you to understand
That's why I'm 'splainin' to you man to man to man
C'mon fellas, take a knee...

Your private plumbing don't buy you a public pass
Don't matter if the man in charge is both pachyderm and jackass
Any preacher, judge or politician is as slimy as a week-old bass
If he relegates the 51 percent to second class.

I don't care what you hang from your ball hitch
I don't care where you spit or scratch your itch
We ain't talkin' bout mere etiquette.

This is more than fixin' a sexist snub
This is pullin' down the pillars of the Ol' Boys Club
You best watch you head—you ain't seen nothin' yet!

Your private plumbing don't buy you a public pass
Don't matter if the man in charge is both pachyderm and jackass
Any preacher, judge or politician is as slimy as a week-old bass
If he relegates the 51 percent to second class.

(Instrumental)

Your private plumbing don't buy you a public pass
Don't matter if the man in charge is both pachyderm and jackass
Any preacher, judge or politician is as slimy as a week-old bass
If he relegates the 51 percent to second class.
Your private plumbing don't buy you a public pass
Don't matter if the man in charge is both pachyderm and jackass
Any preacher, judge or politician is as slimy as a week-old bass
If he relegates the 51 percent to second class.

On the prairie— on the Great Plains
Before the highways and the long coal trains
Lived a people, with a kinship
Grandfather put them on this land in friendship
All family, blood through the veins
Of the people and the nations and the grasses and the rains
No “wilderness,” no fear...
Those indigenous nations still living right here—

Still livin' right here
Still livin' right here
Still livin' right here
Still livin' right here

A hundred policies made, tried to take em
A hundred treaties signed, just to break em
They stand together for the sake of the water
All the seventh-generation grandsons and granddaughters
It can seem lonely—but they're not alone
Singing prayers for the spirits of the ones who passed on
Open your eyes to the beauty you're crossing
Learn how to walk in Mitak' Oyasin.

Mitak' Oyasin
Mitak' Oyasin
Mitakuye Oyasin
Mitak' Oyasin

I'll Never Stop

Some friends are the marrying kind
Some loves are a forever sign
And a promise of unending joy.
I stumbled like a clumsy kid
Looking for treasure, and there it was, hid
In you...unending joy.

Shut the windows, lock the door
See the dark clouds—in they roll...
You and I are safe and warm
Making music of the angry storm.
Start the pickup, load up the pups
We'll find a trail that takes us up and up and up...
Catch a vision on the mountaintop—
Aspen dancin' like they'll never stop
Never stop...
I'll never stop loving you.

Some days we dress our wounds
Some nights are a tangled loom
Of restless dreams...restless dreams.
It's been a long unpredictable road
But you and I, we packed a truckload
Of shared hopefulness and restless dreams.

Shut the windows, lock the door
See the dark clouds—in they roll
You and I are safe and warm
Making music of the angry storm.
Start the pickup, load up the pups
We'll find a trail that takes us up and up and up...
Catch a vision on the mountaintop—
Aspen dancin' like they'll never stop
Never stop...
I'll never stop loving you.
Shut the windows, lock the door
See the dark clouds—in they roll
You and I are safe and warm
Making music of the angry storm.
Start the pickup, load up the pups
We'll find a trail that takes us up and up and up...
Catch a vision on the mountaintop—
Aspen dancin' like they'll never stop
Never stop... I'll never stop loving you.

Alone

He was alone, he was alone.
She was alone, she was alone...

And we're born, and...
And we're born, and...
And we're born, and we don't know nothin'...

Gotta find a face, gotta find a place...
Gotta find a heart, gotta find a hand...

He was alone, he was alone.
She was alone, she was alone....

She Forgets Sometimes

She forgets sometimes
All the notes and pickup lines
Designed to win her heart
A million right from the start
She forgets sometimes
How she launched a thousand ships
Her name on every guy's lips
Even the shy boys found the heart to take the risk...
But she forgets sometimes
If she finds another line
If the size is not quite right
Or if the snapshots never seem to catch her in the right light

She forgets sometimes
How I wrote her rhymes
How I chased her car
And why I went so far
Just to win her love
Beyond, between and above
And there's no golden past
To shine as bright or hold as fast
As what we have at last.

She forgets sometimes
How beauty deepens like good wine
How true love teaches us to see
That every season adds another line— another line of poetry
But she forgets sometimes...
'Cause we move a little slower at dawn
And the radio doesn't play our favorite songs... anymore
And short is long and weak is strong and right is wrong...
She forgets sometimes
How many heads she's turned
And how the one who finally learned
The way to have and hold
Unlocked the prize of growing old
With her...

There's an old shoebox down in our garage
Full of notes and pictures about a girl I used to know
She was a beauty, true, I gave my best and won
But she doesn't hold a candle to the woman she's become...

She forgets sometimes

I still write her rhymes
I watch the driveway for her car
When she's been all day out working hard...
Our house is filled with love
Beyond, between and above
And there's no golden past
To shine as bright or hold as fast
As what we have at last.

May these lines and this old guitar
Help you remember...
How beautiful you are.
May these lines and this old guitar
Help you remember...
How beautiful you are.

Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet— huh!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet!

Got a megaphone in my hand
I'm the biggest-league influence in the land
Im the best there's ever been, my rating-numbers
Show my fingers and my brain don't ever slumber
Just me alone on my golden throne
Throwing White House shade like a Twitter drone
I call em names, then dot, dot, dot
I make em wait for my next big thought...

Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet— huh!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet!

Morning trend:
take in a little Fox and Friends
It all depends
On what they say about the Dems,

Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet— huh!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet— huh!

Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet!

Conspiracy:
Is just his starting gear, you see...
Intelligence, an over-rated
Emphasis...

Who knew what I could do
One-forty Trumps taps and I can make it come true
Then my cabinet crew, they better push it on through
Cause anything else we're gonna call Fake News.
When I unleash my massive Twitter storm
You can watch the dems and pundits swarm
To try and figure out next, what I might say...
About the Rocket Man or Covfefe.

Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet— huh!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet— huh!
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet a little, cheat a little
Jump... TrumpFunk
gotta tweet!

Take My Heart

Take my heart and hold it tight
When the shadows steal my sight.
Take my hand, like a childhood friend
We'll climb the hill as the night descends.
Take my feet where e're you'd run,
Across the moon, beyond the sun.
Take my head, so full of dread;
Give me a dream of you instead...

Take my eyes, they're open wide;
You've shown me there's no place to hide
Take my ears with whispered tones;
Plant your secrets in my bones.
Take my chin and lift it up
From this ancient, lonely cup.
Take my mouth and help it to sing
This song of love and healing.

Dreams

Woke up at three am
Couldn't get to sleep again
Damn dreams won't leave me alone.
Don't know just what they bode,
But after every episode
I have to relearn what it means to be home.

And dreams may come like a friend
But dreams don't care about you in the end
Cause dreams give life to possibility
But these dreams will be the death of me.

I saw a vision of my birth
Seemed like the smallest thing on earth
Until love lifted me to look into her face
I had an image of my future
But fate is fickle—you can't choose her
Acceptance is my saving grace.

And dreams may come like a friend
But dreams don't care about you in the end
Cause dreams give life to possibility
But dreams don't always show the best of me.

They say the dreamers will be gone
Once the realists can move on
And make the planet follow all their rules.
But it never made sense to me
How random every fence can be
How perfect angles can construct a ship of fools.

(Instrumental)

And dreams may come like a friend
But dreams don't care about you in the end
Cause dreams give life to possibility
And dreams cross boundaries toward the rest of me.

And dreams may come like a friend
But dreams don't care about you in the end
Cause dreams give life to possibility

But dreams can be their own destiny.



Released. 2017



Coming Home Tonight

Oh, the pines are standing
Still tonight
Snow falls down without a sound
In the pale moonlight
Life is warm despite the storm
Of a winter night
Life is bright despite the dark
Of this mountain sky...
Of this mountain sky...

Oh, the world, you'll catch her
Standing still sometimes
All around, not one sound
To help you mark the time
Life itself exists between
All those dotted lines
We all must leave to make the coming...
Coming home feel right...
Coming home feels right, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
Coming home feels right...

She's coming home, all alone
Down the interstate,
One long broken line, she swears this time
She won't be late...
Life is long despite the death
Of innocence,
Life is soft, despite the hardness of the frozen road,
The frozen road we travel on...
We travel on...
Oh, travel on...

Love You Perfectly

All my love
All my doubt
All the things I've done
All the things I could do without...

Oh, it's you
You are the one who sees me through
Yeah, and it's me
Gonna try to love you perfectly.

On the day we met
I didn't yet know you owned my soul
I only saw your beauty there, on the surface shining
Waiting to make me whole.

Oh, it's you
You are the one who sees me through
Oh, yeah and it's me
Gonna try to love you perfectly.

We are joined in this dance
Every day and every hour
We will share every delicacy
Every sweet and every sour.

Oh, it's you
You are the one who sees me through
Yeah, and it's me
Gonna try to love you perfectly.
Oh, it's you
You are the one who sees me through
Yeah, yeah and it's me
Gonna try to love you perfectly.

One Step

I saw a man in a mirror
I saw a man, but he didn't see me
I saw a man in a mirror

Just trying to get himself free, yeah
Just trying to get himself free.

I heard a voice in the silence,
Breath goes in and breath goes out,
I heard a voice in the silence
Working its way to a shout,
Yeah working its way to a shout.

I felt a heart start beating
Ringing in the ears, a thump in the chest
I felt a heart start beating,
When the stranger became my guest,
Oh, the stranger became my guest.

I know the earth's still moving
Never was still, it never did stop.
I know the earth's still moving,
Spinning through space like a top,
Yeah spinning through space like a top.

See you can't do the dance without stillness
You can't find love without risking loss
You can't hear the song without silence,
One step and you're across,
Yeah one step and we're all across!

My First Song

I was only six or seven years old,
You must've been a worn-out thirty-two.
Don't know what stories you'd been told;
Don't know what you went home to...

But you brought a tiredness behind your eyes,
And you brought a shuffle in your walk.
They only left when your anger flared--
Felt like hell made out of ditto ink and chalk, yeah
Felt like hell made out of ditto ink and chalk,
Felt like hell made out of ditto ink and chalk.

It was a song—my very first,
The kind a first-grader would like to write,
Full of wanna-be Maurice Sendak and Dr. Seuss,
Full of possibility and light...
It went like this...

One day I was a-walkin' down the street, street, street
A funny old man I did meet, meet, meet
He was walkin' on his big old feet, feet, feet
'til he fell right on his seat, seat seat...

Yeah that's what I wrote...
My first song... yeah

You'd given us a few minutes and a
Blank sheet of lined paper.
I had no idea what I was
Supposed to do...
Maybe I wasn't listening, or
Maybe I was scared,
But knowing me, it was probably just
That song I HAD to write...
My first song...

I made language into music
I gave it a beat, gave it a rhyme
Made it funny—made a story, yeah
One that didn't exist outside of right there—
What I did in my mind...

I wrote my first song...
I wrote my first song...

I wrote my first song... yeah
On that paper you handed to me...

What I wanted to see was what you might think of it
Would you laugh? Would you smile?
Would it brighten that darkness there behind your eyes?
Would you sing it out loud?

But your tired, angry eyes,
Well, they looked, and read, and were more tired.
You could've just put it down now...
Too bad you couldn't just retire.
No—you stole my poetry
You went and stole my literary device...

You wrote, NO, NO, NO in big red letters across the top
Wrote NO, NO, NO on my first song...
You wrote, NO, NO, NO in big red letters across the top
Wrote NO, NO, NO on my first song...
On my first song...

So, I became a teacher,
A teacher with a guitar in his hands.
I may sound corny, may sound "un-rigorous"
But someone's got to take a stand
For singin'...

YES, YES, YES... You've got a song to sing!
YES, YES, YES... I won't give up on you!
YES, YES, YES... We're gonna let FREEDOM RING!
YES, YES, YES... You are the BEST when YOU are YOU!

YES, YES, YES... You've got a song to sing!
YES, YES, YES... I won't give up on you!
YES, YES, YES... We're gonna let FREEDOM RING!
YES, YES, YES... You are the BEST when YOU are YOU!
When you are you...
You are the best when You are You!
When YOU are YOU.

I was only six or seven years old,
You must've been a worn-out thirty-two...

When I was a child,
I would look into the sky—
See every bird, see every cloud
Know the native state of me was flight...
At any time, I just might fly...

Now that I am an older man,
I'm doing well just to see
And gravity seems the master here—
Just might hit the ground if they set me free...
I'm sure to fall if they set me free...

But here she comes again...
The sun she climbs these canyon walls
She lights mid-winter like a distant star—
Bright but cold as hell,
You gotta dance before you fall
Love now or not at all.

Time's a drip that leaves a stain
Every storm's a brownish smudge
This house is shake and stone and timbers turning soft
Every corner stores a grudge
I try to lift... they just won't budge.

But here she comes again...
The sun she climbs these canyon walls
Bright but cold as hell,
You gotta dance before you fall
Love now or not at all.

So here I go again...
I try to scale these broken walls
Heart in hand like a beacon— bright...
Bright but cold as hell,
To learn to fly, you learn to fall...
Love now or not at all...
Love now and that is all.

Paw Paw Was a Quiet Man

Paw Paw was a quiet man,
Everyone just knew—
He would never say a word
If it weren't true.

Evening milk and cornbread,
Just "knockin' old Joe"
He'd stretch out his long old legs
Wiggle his toes.

Paw Paw, take me fishin'
Let's see what might bite.
Paw Paw is this worm okay?
Do I have my hook tied tight?
Paw Paw, why ain't I catching anything?
He pulled back his big old grin
And said, "You ain't holdin' your mouth right."

Maw Maw talked a blue streak,
Paw Paw listened long.
He married her and loved her good...
Even when she was wrong.

His politics were his alone to know,
His only sermon was his life.
But if he chose to speak his mind,
It cut the babble like a knife.

Paw Paw, take me fishin'
Let's see what might bite.
Paw Paw is this worm okay?
Do I have my hook tied tight?
Paw Paw, why ain't I catching anything?
He pulled back his big old grin
And said, "You ain't holdin' your mouth right."

He's been gone for 27 years now,
I miss him just the same.
There's things in life so stubborn now...
Can't talk my way out of everything...

Paw Paw, take me fishin'
Let's see what might bite.
Paw Paw is this job okay?

When's the right time to fight?
Paw Paw, see my children?
Paw Paw, see my wife?
Paw Paw, why is life so hard?
He pulls back his big old grin
And says, "Maybe you ain't holdin' your mouth right."

Silent Time

The silent time is always filled with sun
In summer time or winter, even at night with the curtains drawn
Curtains drawn... curtains drawn

I have dreamed such dreams of massive cities... complicated landscapes
Where friends and enemies and strangers live and die, are born again
In silence... ooh the silent time. In silence... ooh the silent time.

This song is mostly made of silence between the notes,
This song is mostly made of space between the words,
This song is mostly made of breath between the lips,
This song is mostly made of rests beneath the beats.
Oh silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.

The people, the places... the props the faces...
Elements and atoms... knots and fathoms...
Substance and perception... fabric and confection...
This is that, and that is so important... ooh, oh
Silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.
Silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.

The silent time is filled with sun
In summer time or winter, even night with the curtains drawn
Ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.
Silence... ooh the silent time. Silence... ooh the silent time.
Silence...

My Daughter Teaches Her Husband to Swim

She shows him how to kick his feet
How to breathe and how to tread
He says he always sinks just like a stone...

Maybe, but love is lighter than bone
Yeah, true love is lighter than bone.

The moon she's watching from up above
Until the wind and the clouds start to push and shove,
Start to push and shove
Every dark night is brighter with love
Even the darkest night is brighter with love

This man, he has this daughter
She fell in love and he gained a son
Together, they navigate these unknown waters
I call this man the lucky one

The lesson ends with a trip to the deep end
They hold hands like the closest of best friends
Part steadying, and part romance
Just like a very first dance...
Pardon me, may I have this dance?

This man, he has this daughter
She fell in love and he gained a son
Together, they navigate these unknown waters
I call this man the lucky one.

Sometimes, you need the stone,
To hold you true, keep you steady,
To mark what's "home"
To mark what's "home"
Sometimes the river, she'll silt it in...
Keep that stone from rollin' again.

My wife slips in next to me
Whispers ever so quietly...
Warm, like a day full of song,
Familiar as our love is long,
Familiar 'cause love is strong...

These two, they have this daughter
Who fell in love and they gained a son

Time runs by like rapid water
Carrying along all us lucky ones.
True love is lighter than bone,
And love lights the night like a rising sun.

If You Weren't Around

When I'm with you
Time slows down
All the words I try to speak
Get lost in the folds of your soft flannel gown.
Now I know myself,
But I don't know who I'd be
If you weren't around.

When the night closes in
There's a soft wholesome sound
Comin' down all around.
Well, the crickets have songs to sing
And the wind--- she has stories to spread around.
Now I know this world,
But I don't know what it would be
If you weren't around.

There's something so sweet
About the first time you kiss someone;
But time is a strong kind of wine
And I've grown drunk with you, body, soul and mind.
Now I know what love is...
But, I know what love is
Cause you stayed around.

Dakota

She was fearless
I saw her win a stand-off with a mountain lion.
She was shameless

She'd nuzzle in for a hug like she'd been cryin'
Oh, Dakota... won't be hiking with me again...
Yeah, Dakota means friend.

She had a temper...
She'd remind you whose food bowl was whose...
She liked to run...
And she'd come back whenever her careless heart would choose
Oh, Dakota... she won't be barkin' at the turkeys again
Yeah, Dakota means friend.

She was black as night
And bright-eyed as the puppy she'd been at birth
She always kept guard
While we slept as safe as any place on earth.
Oh, Dakota... feels like she'll be watchin' over us again
Dakota... do you know how rich it's been?
Oh, Dakota means friend...
Yeah, Dakota, like the name you wear, you will always be my friend...
Dakota, like the name you wear...
You will always be my friend.

Now She's Gone

Now she's gone
Far from home
And all the things she left

Make me cry.
Never fear
I'm still here
They say that home's a place
You go to die...

But I'm alive,
Yeah, I'm alive.
I'm still here--
Never fear.

We spoke last night
She said she's alright
But she couldn't mask the break
In her voice.
It's cold out there
It's cold in here
But this old world sometimes
Demands a choice...

So, I'm awake,
Yeah, I'm awake.
Still on the line,
Oh yeah, you'll do fine...you'll do fine...

I see her face
Most every place:
The house, the grass, the mountains
And the sky.
But now she's gone
Far from home
And all the things she left
Make me cry.

You're not on your momma's hip anymore.
You left your Daddy's shoulders—
Now you're standing on the floor
Always ready to open up
Another door
Sometimes all this world wants to teach you
Is how to keep score.

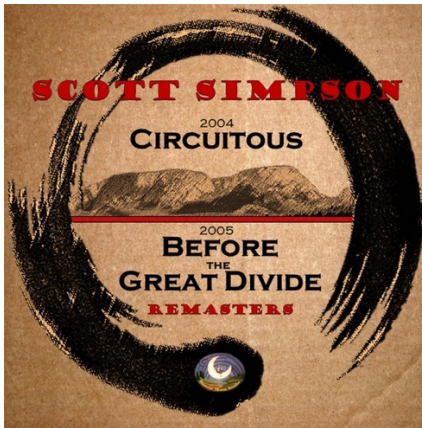
There are hills you climb sometimes
Just because they're there...
There are things worth learning even if the grade isn't there.
Oh, you've got to take them when they come—
They may not come again
Just like the desert flower
Always be ready for the rain.

Everybody's got something they want from you;
You're gonna need a refuge—a place to run to.

You're gonna need some friends
Along the way,
The kind that will stand with you
Not get in your way.
And some are gonna last,
And some for just awhile...
It's more about the faces
Than the miles.

The best advice
Will always take you by surprise.
It's okay to be scared
Just don't let it close your eyes;
There's so much,
So much you need to see.
And don't forget...
You can count on me.

Everybody's got something they want from you;
You're gonna need a refuge—a place to run to.
Some days you're gonna wonder what this world's come to;
I want to be your refuge—the one you run to.
Please let me be your refuge—the one you run to.



Remastered, 2015

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

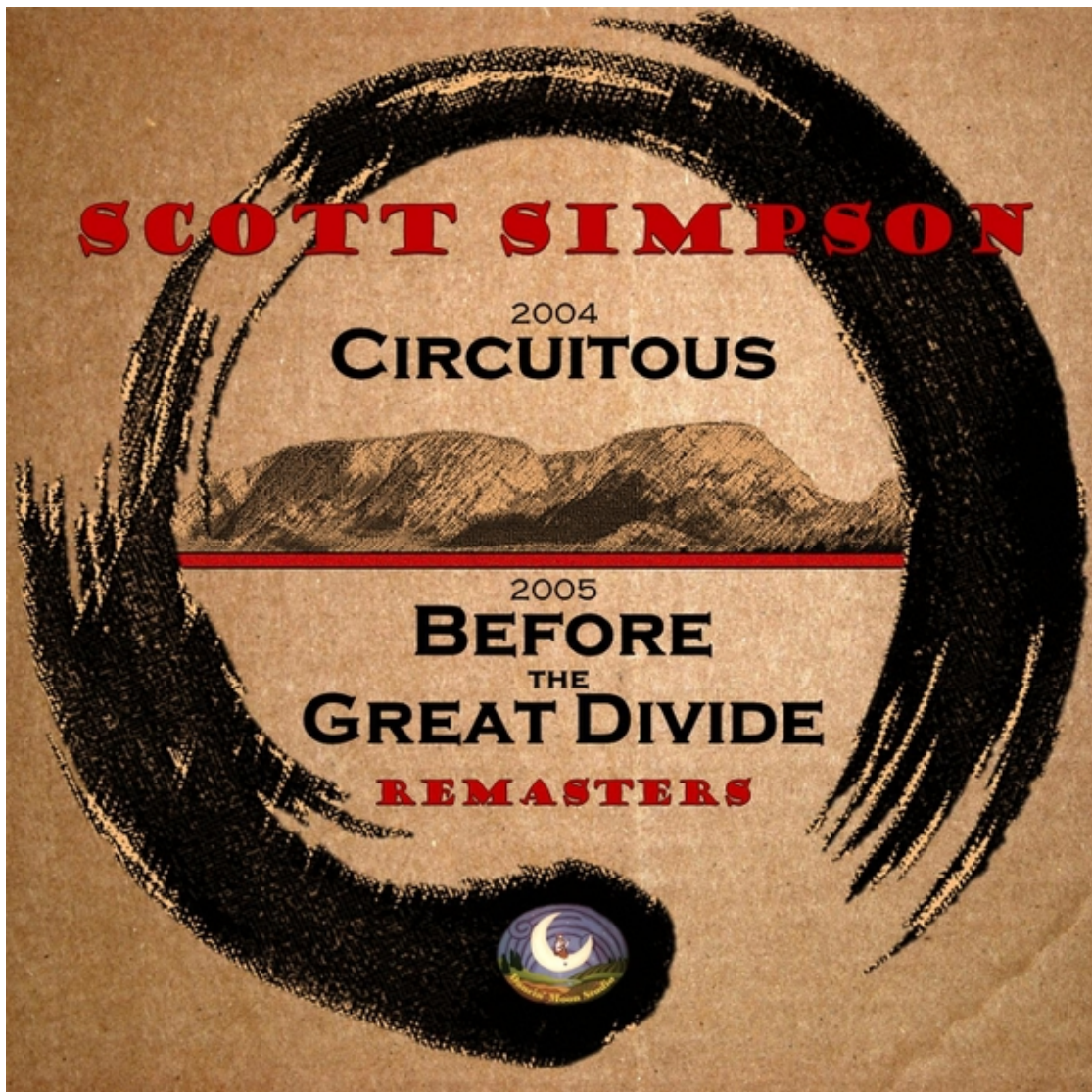
09 After Rain

22 Grindstone

Additional traditional covers on this album

14 Poor Wayfaring Stranger

15 The Water is Wide



What I Got

I'm the poet without a pen,
and the priest who can't hear God;
I'm the dancer with two clubfeet,
and the farmer who can't break the sod,
yeah, I'm the farmer who can't break the sod.

Mine's the wagon with square wheels,
and the house without a door;
my only hat doesn't fit my head,
and my feet won't touch the floor,
no, my feet never touch the floor.

I got the key that fits no lock,
and the kite that has no tail;
I got sand when I needed a rock,
and a plan that's already failed.
If I lost all my teeth but two,
they'd be both on the bottom side;
If I played hide-n-seek with a blind man,
I'd still have no place to hide,

because, some folks get the short end;
I've never even seen the stick.
Well, you might feel some sympathy
if you saw the wounds I sometimes lick.

My true love said goodbye to me
on the day before we met;
the life I dreamed was stillborn,
but I ain't through with dreaming yet.
See, I set out to touch the moon,
but I couldn't get past the sea;
then the moon, she danced across the waves—
that night she came to me,
I sang, and the moon, she danced with me.

(instrumental)

It ain't about how you bargain,
it's what you give when the rest will not.
It's an empty hand and an open heart
when the song is all you've got,
yeah, this song is what I've got,
oh, my song is what I've got.

'Cause the poem don't need the pen,
and the priest, he can't speak for God.
You gotta dance as graceful as you can
'till they lay you down in the sod—
no, I'm not afraid 'cause I know, some day,
gonna lay me down,
gonna lay me down to rest in the sod.

Up on the Mountain

When I'm lost, when I forget my name
When the sky is clouded but it gives no rain
When I'm thirsty, but the spring is dry
I climb up where the forest sweeps the sky...

Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Day to day, well, I look around
All I see is mostly on the ground
In the valley it's hard to see
Beyond the clutter surrounding me

But up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
I can see forever

Life is small, so am I
We're born, we eat, we laugh, we cry
Sometimes it's hard to see just why
Everybody has a time to die
But up top on the mountainside
Where that horizon meets the eye
I'm like a bird who has yet to fly
There's so much we never realize

'Til we're on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...
Where I can see forever
I can see forever

(instrumental)

When you meet eternity
It's gonna bring you to your knees
The lame shall walk and the blind will see
Oh, when you meet eternity
When you meet eternity
It's gonna bring you to your knees
The lame shall walk and the blind will see

Oh, when you meet eternity

Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain
Up on the mountain...

I can see forever

Dry Creek Rising

I was sound asleep when the water did come
And the clouds broke open like a big bass drum
Well, my little tin roof made a rumbling sound
And I looked out the window, Lord, we're gonna drown
Dry Creek a-risin'
Never seen it before
Dry Creek a-risin'
Gonna grab the children
Kick out the door
Head for high ground
And pray to the Lord

The horses in the pasture ain't too good
Up to their withers in thick red mud
Headed down stream toward the reservoir
But with that barbed fence, they won't make it that far
Dry Creek a-risin'
That wasn't in the cards
Dry Creek a-risin'
Well, you make your plans
Work real hard
But that Devil lives
In your own back yard

(Instrumental)

There's an old red pickup and it's upside down
And a propane tank from clear 'cross town
What's yours is mine, what's mine is yours
But there ain't much left worth nothin' no more.
Dry Creek a-risin'
You'd best open your eyes
Dry Creek a-risin'
I'll tell you no lies
Dry Creek a-risin'
Take you by surprise
Dry Creek a-risin'
May come from the ground
May come from the sky
Don't hold too tight
You're gonna kiss it goodbye

Mineral Hill

There's a story of an old mining town
where the old ones said there was gold to be found
in Mineral Hill,
where the river meets the ground,
where that rolling stream will bring all the color rushing down.

Many a woman with her hair all of brown
went to make her home in that old mining town
of Mineral Hill,
where the river meets the ground,
where that rolling stream will bring all the color rushing down.

And every woman has a ring
of solid gold,
every man has a dream,
or so I'm told,
and the old timers sing of the gold
of Mineral Hill.

Joshua was a young, well-meanin' man;
sweet Savanna wore his ring on her hand
to Mineral Hill.
Joshua worked from the dawn till his back was bent,
Savanna spent her days in a tin-panner's tent
on Mineral Hill,
where the river meets the ground,
where that rolling stream will bring all the color rushing down.

Then one day she told him the news:
Joshua's child would be born with the mining crews
of Mineral Hill.
But the love of gold is a powerful thing
and it grows with every pick axe's ring
on Mineral Hill,
where the river meets the ground,
where that rolling stream will bring all the color rushing down.

Through the lonely autumn months Savanna grew;
by the winter time the only love that Joshua knew
was Mineral Hill.
So when the word reached his ears it was too late.

Down by the creek, Joshua clawed at the slate
of Mineral Hill,
where the river meets the ground,
where that rolling stream will bring all the color rushing down.

(chorus)

It was cold when they marked the double grave,
all was silent in a white and barren glade
on Mineral Hill.
Joshua buried, as the old ones stood around,
on love's sweet hand, the only gold to be found
on Mineral Hill,
where the river meets the ground,
where that rolling stream will bring all the color rushing down.

And every woman has a ring
of solid gold,
every man has a dream,
or so I'm told,
and the old ones, they still sing of the gold
that Joshua gave up to Mineral Hill.

Home

We moved to town on a Monday
The house was empty and so were we;
We ordered pizza from a man on the phone.
This town ain't bad, but it ain't home.

I took my daughter to a brand new school,
New faces, new rules; on the playground,
She was all alone.
This town ain't bad, but it sure ain't home.

And the wind will blow
Catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away...
Far away from home.

Don't know the names of the streets I drive
Can't find my house, don't know why
Some people want to be a rollin' stone.
No, this town ain't so bad, but it sure ain't home.

(instrumental verse and chorus)

We wake up between strange walls,
We get up and we pace the halls,
Try to remember why we ever set out to roam,
Pray the good Lord's gonna bring us home...
We pray the good Lord's gonna bring us on back home.

And the wind will blow
Catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away...
Steal us on back home.
And the wind will blow
And catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away
Go on, steal us on back home.

Back of Grandpa's Truck

In the back of Grandpa's truck
I learned the taste of wind
With him behind the wheel
I'll jump in the back again
It's a long road to follow
And night is coming 'round
But Grandpa's been this way before
And he's never let me down

Up on Grandpa's mountain
I learned to shoot a gun
Down behind the bluffs
Where the snakes all catch the sun
It was his daddy's weapon
'Til he passed it on to me
The stock in my hands
Felt like part of the family tree

He's looking both directions
Out ahead and back behind
He maps the past with stories
Marks the trail with his advice
Sometimes I get the wanderlust
But I'm afraid to trust my luck
Well, I know I won't get lost
If I'm in the back of Grandpa's truck

Well, it's flannel in the winter
And jeans all year 'round
It's boots and gloves for workin'
A little bit of coffee to wash it down
His tools are in the toolbox
And his guns are on the wall
But his faith is in the good Lord
Watching over us all
Yes, his faith is in the good Lord
Watching over us all

He's looking both directions
Out ahead and back behind
He maps the past with stories
Marks the trail with his advice
Sometimes I get the wanderlust
But I'm afraid to trust my luck

Well, I know I won't get lost
If I'm in the back of Grandpa's truck
I know I won't get lost
If I'm in the back of Grandpa's truck

I'm gonna put him behind the wheel
And jump in the back again

Something's blowing through the Hills tonight
something's riding on the wind
Orion's lying down beside me now
just to comfort his old friend

I can't remember when we made the change
I can't remember what went wrong
I'm just here waiting for the wind to shift
bring me words to sing this song

I never said I didn't love you
you never said you didn't care
so why am I here with the lonely stars
while you're crying, crying somewhere out there

Here's a river that's run empty now
you still can see the polished stones
after all the care she gave to them
the river left them all alone

And there's a storm cloud waiting in the west
to fill the lowlands with her tears
she'll move the mountains when the levies break
like they haven't moved in years

I know I told you that I love you
but you never seem to hear
that's why I'm heavy as a lonely stone
and I'm crying, yes I'm crying way out here

(instrumental)
I want to tell you that I'm sorry
I know that's only words
how can we make things work
when we're just too far apart to be heard

The Hills are singing me a song tonight
I listen hard to catch the tune
they say the winter is approaching fast
and I must be leaving soon

The trees are putting on their autumn coats
the squirrels are gathering their store
I pledged myself to you ten years ago

how could I ask for more?

I left the house and you were crying
I didn't know the words to say
I still don't know just how to comfort you
but I'm coming home, I'm gonna try anyway.

Johnny lives in a wealthy home
His parents bought him a car
He goes to church with the answers there on his lips
But there's no one who really wants to know
What Johnny's questions are
Theresa dyes her hair bright pink—
Says she likes it that way
When they all think I'm probably screwed up, she says,
At least they're thinking of me...
Might as well give 'em something to say

I don't claim to listen well
But they say there's an ocean in every empty shell
I know too many children know the taste of Hell...
They have something to tell...
They have something to tell...
They have something to tell...
We just have to listen

Melissa looks in the mirror
She can't get rid of this fat
All the school girls remind her
If you want to make it in this school... in this world
Fat's not where it's at
Jerry runs cross-country
Man, he's in a zone when he's in the race
His feet pound and the miles fly by, you see
He's marking distance from his pain... from his pain
From his father's drunken face

I don't claim to listen well
But they say there's an ocean in every empty shell
I know too many children know the taste of Hell...
They have something to tell...
They have something to tell...
Rich or poor, thick or thin,
Smart or dumb, out or in,
No matter what kind of face you put on it
All alone, you can't get beyond it
I've got something to tell you...
You've got something to tell too...
We all have something to tell...
Please just listen... Please just listen...

Rock In The Stream

I've been there in the summer,
in the southern Rocky Range
amid the evergreen and aspen---
a quiet voice that doesn't change.

And it's almost like a dream
but it's a rock in the stream

Old Coyote sings a love song
to a lonely yellow moon
where the Old One once in wonder
breathed life into his flute

And it's almost like a dream
but it's a rock in the stream

Life gives you everything, everything it has.
God comes to touch you, and set you on the path.

In the Sangre De Cristo mountains
between the Hermit and the Crest,
clear waters wash the valley
and the soul can find its rest

And it's almost like a dream
but it's a rock in the stream.

(instrumental verse and chorus)

Please take me back, take me to my home.
Please, please take me back, and I'll no longer roam.

In the Sangre De Cristo mountains
beneath the moon's yellow gleam
amid the evergreen and aspen
I have stopped for a dream
it's like a rock
 in an ever-moving stream.

The Company You Keep

I've walked this road behind me
With no one else but you.
We had some words--- got lost a time or two,
But that road was wide enough for me to walk with you,
for me to walk with you.

This dust upon my boots,
I couldn't shake it off even if I wanted to.
And who knows where I'll be when the day is finally through;
There's one thing I know--- I'll be there with you.
I'll be there with you.

Tell me a story, sing me a song,
The sky is dark and the road is long.
What keeps you together when the climb is steep?
It's not your destination, it's the company you keep,
it's the company you keep.

Have you ever watched the sun set,
Or stood in the night like a single star?
Have you ever walked an empty road all by yourself?
Doesn't matter where you're going, you know how lost you are,
you know how lost you are.

Tell me a story, sing me a song,
The sky is dark and the road is long.
What keeps you together when the climb is steep?
It's not your destination, it's the company you keep,
it's the company you keep, ooh, ooh,
it's the company you keep.

Columbus sailed the ocean
Wind and foam
He never turned around, but
Still got back home
Cast your bread upon the water,
As they say
It's back in time for dinner
Another day

I'll draw my circle
I'll draw it blue
I'll draw my circle around you

It's like a three ring circus
Without a net
You only spin with wild abandon
When you haven't fallen yet
The moon's in orbit
Around the earth
She turns a blind eye
For all it's worth

I'll draw my circle
I'll draw it blue
I'll draw my circle around you

I try to tie the loose ends
Of my heart
The slipknot tightens when the
Breaking starts
My consolation
Will come around:
It's my own voice I hear
When the echo sounds

I'll take my compass
Here's what I'll do...
I'll swing it wide
I'll swing it true
I'll draw my circle
I'll draw it blue
I'll draw my circle around you
I'll draw my circle around
Me and you

The Reckless Resurrected

Down to the river just to find myself,
But I was not there
Into the forest to hear your voice,
But the aspen were still bare

Oh my God, what have I done
With the spirit you breathed into me?
We're just the reckless resurrected—
Don't know we're free

You can't live your life in a mine field,
Everyone wrong doesn't make you right
You can argue your point, even win the war
It won't bring the dead back to life.

Oh my God, what have I done
With the spirit you breathed into me?
We're just the reckless resurrected—
Don't know we're free

Look around you now, see, the springtime's here;
Easter's come and gone
The water's high and the apple blossoms gather 'round
Summer's coming on...

And even when the night is stormy
There's a still, quiet voice bringing peace
Sing this song until the rising of the sun,
Oh, let it rise, yeah... let it be...

Oh my God, what have I done?
It's your spirit you breathed into me.
We're just the reckless resurrected,
Teach us to be free

(Instrumental)

Down to the river just to find myself,
Jesus met me there
Into the forest to hear your voice,
And the trees were filled with prayer

Oh my God, what have I done?
It's your spirit you breathed into me.
We're just the reckless resurrected,
And we're learning to be free
We're learning to be free.

Let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

Autumn's come around again
and the world is turning brown, brown
something's fallen from the highest limb
all her friends, they say, "She don't come around
anymore

There's a sidewalk running past her gate
and a welcome sign on her front door
but they're just throwbacks to another time, another place
and no one knows her—no, I don't know her
anymore

Let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

And the world is like an ocean
you never know how deep till it's too late
the more you struggle, the more you lose
and every rise makes you hesitate

But Autumn's come around again
all the leaves are falling down again
oh, don't you believe in the empty sound of wind
no, you know you'll come around again
I know you'll come around, around again

Just let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time
give me a sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

I Can Live Without You

I can live without you
It's not such a hard thing to do
Just a little bit of water, some air and a bowl of food
I can live without you
I can live without you

You could never break my heart
It was broken from the start
I was just the fool who thought you might reassemble the parts
But you could never break my heart
You could never break my heart

Very soon I'll forget your name
I won't lose any sleep or feel any pain
They say the mind lets go to avoid going insane
So very soon I'll forget your name
Very soon I'll forget your name

There was a time I was hopelessly bound
To the sound of your voice
Now I'm dogged by the jangle of these chains on the ground
I had to make a little song of the noise
I made me a song of the noise
Like I had some kinda choice

(instrumental)

I can live without you
It's not such a hard thing to do
Just a little bit of water, some air and a bowl of food
I can live without you
I can live without you

When It's Cold Outside

There's nothing quite like a fire inside
on a cold winter night.
There's nothing quite like a place to hide
when it's cold outside,
when it's cold outside.

There's nothing quite like a family who cares
always there by your side.
There's nothing quite like a warm holiday
to make the world seem alright
when it's cold outside.

Give me woodsmoke and the warmth of a hearth
and I'll never grow cold;
give me children with holiday eyes
and I'll never grow old.

There's nothing quite like a fire inside
and a song for the night.
There's nothing quite like a family whose love
keeps the flame alive
when it's cold outside.

Origin of the Blues

I don't know what I'm gonna do
No, I don't know, no no no child what I'm gonna do
I gotta find me the origin of my blues.

I went to the kitchen to see if my blues were there
Said I went to the kitchen to see if my blues were there
Didn't find no blues, so I made me a sandwich and I ate it in my chair

Gonna go to the movie, see whats on the screen
Said I went to the movie show to see what's on the big screen
Well I paid my seven dollars, did not learn a thing

Took me to the school now, gonna learn where the blues come from
I took myself to the school now, to learn where the blues come from
Well, I left my teacher standin' there, he made me feel so dumb...

Look out now... (instrumental verse)

See I don't know... I don't know where I got my blues
Said I don't know, I don't know child just where I got, where I got these blues
But there's one thing I know, makes me feel so much better now
When I share 'em with you.

Even when I'm asleep there's a light that shines
Even when I'm dry, there's water turned to wine
There's a wonder and a sign, there's a gold refined
I'm no longer mine...

Even when I'm awake, there's a rest that comes
When I'm out of step I can hear the drums
And my heartbeat thrums, though my lips are dumb
We still sing as one...

Important questions sometimes go unasked
Even honesty sometimes wears a mask
It's a fearful task, but don't let it pass
Answers come at last...

Na na na na na...

Questions won't be asked if you will not speak
You can't find a thing if you refuse to seek
I want to turn my cheek, but my spirit's weak
Then the hinges creak...

Na na na na na...

Even when I'm asleep there's a light that shines
Even when I'm dry, there's water turned to wine
There's a wonder and a sign, there's a gold refined
I'm no longer mine...

Before the Great Divide

I'm right, you're wrong
So, you know it won't be long
'til we both are headed down to separate oceans
Pushed along by a flood of emotions
Tell me, where'd we get this crazy notion?

It's what you said
Still stuck in my head
Gonna pick it apart to find some reason
To justify the changing of my season
This is it, no more teasin'

God, lifts the oceans drop by drop, oh
God, places crystals one by one on top
Drifts of shining powder ten feet high
Pure and white, together, touching sky
Resting there, before the great divide.

(instrumental verse)

It's gravity, I guess
Makes our hearts digress
And no one's blessed with wings, no
We trade in our feathers for boot-strings
The cruelest season is the spring,
The spring...

God, lifts the oceans drop by drop, oh
God, places crystals one by one on top
Drifts of shining powder ten feet high
Pure and white, together, touching sky
Oh God, hold us here... hold us here
Ease our fear... oh God hold us here
Before the great divide...
Before the great divide...
Before the great divide.

(fade with sound of *waiver of liability* language)

You're not on your momma's hip anymore.
You left your Daddy's shoulders—
Now you're standing on the floor
Always ready to open up
Another door
Sometimes all this world wants to teach you
Is how to keep score.

There are hills you climb sometimes
Just because they're there...
There are things worth learning even if the grade isn't there.
Oh, you've got to take them when they come—
They may not come again
Just like the desert flower
Always be ready for the rain.

Everybody's got something they want from you;
You're gonna need a refuge—a place to run to.

You're gonna need some friends
Along the way,
The kind that will stand with you
Not get in your way.
And some are gonna last,
And some for just awhile...
It's more about the faces
Than the miles.

The best advice
Will always take you by surprise.
It's okay to be scared
Just don't let it close your eyes;
There's so much,
So much you need to see.
And don't forget...
You can count on me.

Everybody's got something they want from you;
You're gonna need a refuge—a place to run to.
Some days you're gonna wonder what this world's come to;
I want to be your refuge—the one you run to.
Please let me be your refuge—the one you run to.

The Reckless Resurrected

Down to the river just to find myself,
But I was not there
Into the forest to hear your voice,
But the aspen were still bare

Oh my God, what have I done
With the spirit you breathed into me?
We're just the reckless resurrected—
Don't know we're free

You can't live your life in a mine field,
Everyone wrong doesn't make you right
You can argue your point, even win the war
It won't bring the dead back to life.

Oh my God, what have I done
With the spirit you breathed into me?
We're just the reckless resurrected—
Don't know we're free

Look around you now, see, the springtime's here;
Easter's come and gone
The water's high and the apple blossoms gather 'round
Summer's coming on...

And even when the night is stormy
There's a still, quiet voice bringing peace
Sing this song until the rising of the sun,
Oh, let it rise, yeah... let it be...

Oh my God, what have I done?
It's your spirit you breathed into me.
We're just the reckless resurrected,
Teach us to be free

(Instrumental)

Down to the river just to find myself,
Jesus met me there
Into the forest to hear your voice,
And the trees were filled with prayer

Oh my God, what have I done?
It's your spirit you breathed into me.
We're just the reckless resurrected,
And we're learning to be free
We're learning to be free.



Released, 2014



Do Not Rush the Dawn

Music and Lyrics by Scott Simpson

Something's been asleep in me
like filtered sun on the river rocks,
like quiet breeze, almost still leaves
or the faint hint of wild pasque.
Oh, something's been asleep in me.
What it is, I do not ask,
but I let it sleep, let it dream
oh, let it dream...
Do not rush the dawn.

Something is at last at rest
like tattered kites on the back-porch shelves
like arguments worn down to tears,
empty pulpits... broken bells...
Something is at last at rest
birds have fallen silent now
beneath their wings no hunger sings...
no hunger sings...
Do not rush the dawn.

And I will close these eyes
still my fear
let my heart grow wise
love draws near...
midnight makes the perfect mirror
of this muddy and troubled pond,
so do not rush the dawn,
do not rush the dawn,
do not rush the dawn,
do not rush the dawn.

Something's been asleep in me
like filtered sun on the river rocks,
but I let it sleep, let it dream
oh, let it dream...
Do not rush the dawn.

And I will close these eyes
still my fear
let my heart grow wise
love draws near...
midnight makes the perfect mirror
of this muddy and troubled pond,

so, do not rush the dawn.

And I will close these eyes
still my fear
let my heart grow wise
love draws near...
midnight makes the perfect mirror
of this muddy and troubled pond,
so, do not rush the dawn,
do not rush the dawn,
do not rush the dawn,
do not rush the dawn.

I Still Love You

Music and Lyrics by Mark Baldridge, Arrangement, Scott Simpson

If you only knew what I'd do for you,
nothing could come between us.
See yourself through my eyes—
you're my prize,
Oh, nothing could come between us.

Oh, the haunting fears
that play upon your ears
make you think I can't love you,
but there's nothing I can't do...
nothing I can't do.

Through the raging storm
you'll be safe and warm,
my arms around you.
Feel the pull of the tide
it fills you up from the inside,
Let my love surround you.

Ah, the haunting fears
that play upon your ears
don't let them come inside—
I'm a safe place to hide,
to hide, a safe place to hide.

Troublesome times are here
but do not fear,
do not fear...
When you doubt
will you stay and fight it out?
Stay, and fight it out.
A prisoner for years
held by haunting fears,
you have cause to doubt...

Oh, but the rock and trees
lakes, skies and seas
are telling you the truth:
I still love you.
Love you... love you.

Oh, but the rock and trees
lakes, skies and seas

are telling you the truth,
if you only knew...
if you only knew...
if you only knew.

Gifted

Music and Lyrics by Scott Simpson

The puppy, the raindrop,
the blade of grass
a playmate, an ocean,
a bridge to the past...
the eyes of the child
are filled with ways
to spin gold of gum wrappers,
to make centuries of days...

I have been gifted from birth
to live on this planet called Earth

The shyness, the smile,
the girl with blonde hair
across the room,
the curious stare
your hand in mine,
the warmth of love's touch
one being of two,
so little, so much...

I have been gifted by you
and all things old are made new,
made new...

(Instrumental Verse)

Grandfather, your daughter,
my mother, my source
your eyes dim with seeing,
still steer the good course
this long line of vessels
travels dawn to dusk
'til we're one with the ocean,
all driftwood and rust...

We have been gifted with sails
with stars and harbors and gales
an Armada of family and friends—
the gift of horizons that never end

Never end... Never end...
The gift of horizons that never end.

When You Were Here

Music by Scott Simpson, Lyrics by Max G. Merchen and Scott Simpson

I heard the river call my name
to the place where we had lain
beneath the distant stars.

And so I sat on rain-soaked grass
thinking of the evening past
and of the words we shared.

It isn't sorrow that I feel
I have no hurts that need to heal,
just a guarded emptiness.

But sunshine follows morning rain
and dries the tear into a stain—
a mottled memory of you.

What will come no one can say
I know the things for which I pray...
If it be your will...
if it be your will...
if it be your will...

Should my hopes and dreams not come true
I know that "no" is an answer too...
I'll have to wait and see.

What will come no one can say
I know the things for which I pray...
If it be your will...
if it be your will...
if it be your will...
If it be your will...
if it be your will...
if it be your will...

I heard the river call my name
but it didn't sound the same
as when you were here...
when you were here...

when you were here.

Poor Old Jed

Music by Scott Simpson, Lyrics by Max G. Merchen and Scott Simpson

Poor old Jed
well, he died today.
He was eighty-eight,
so they say.
Funeral's gonna be
right away...
He didn't have no kinfolk.

Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.
Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.

He didn't have
a whole lotta loot, naw,
Just an old gold watch
and a flannel suit.
An old hound-dog
and a cat to boot, yeah
but he didn't have no kinfolk.

Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.
Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.

(Instrumental)

His old shack
well it was built of stone
his front yard there was overgrown
yeah, he lived there
he lived there all alone,
he didn't have no kinfolk.

Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.
Poor old Jed,

Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.

(Instrumental)

Today they laid him in the ground,
see, the folks are comin'
see the folks are comin'
from miles around.
Nobody gonna let old Jed down now,
no, no...
he didn't have no kinfolk.

Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.
Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.
Poor old Jed,
Poor old Jed,
he didn't have no kinfolk.

Horses

Music and Lyrics by Mark Baldrige, Arrangement, Scott Simpson

I had a dream
and you were in it.
You held horses
waiting for me:
two horses
black with white stars
on their foreheads,
oh, what can it mean?

You carried water
and I carried bread
we rode your horses
as we fed
and the water,
it tasted of cream.
We rode your horses
down to the sea.

And the last time
that I saw you,
you were letting the horses
run free.
I reached to touch you
and awoke in my bed,
I found I'd been weeping
Oh, it was a dream...

All that next day
I felt just out of sight,
You were waiting
with horses...
for me.

Kickin' Calf

Music by Scott Simpson, Lyrics by Max G. Merchen and Scott Simpson

Like a Pilgrim to the Guru
You came looking for advice.
You want to know what to do
Before you roll the dice.
The Game of Love's a gamble, son,
Each time you take a chance
Every day a heart is lost or won
In the Crapshoot called romance.
You want to know if she's the one
When she sets your heart a-flutter,
Or will she just use you up
Then throw you in the gutter?

Oh, you can call me crazy
You can call me daft
But in the hard-knock school of Love
I'm the master of this craft.
You may think it's funny,
Yeah, go ahead and laugh.
But just remember son,
A kickin' cow's gonna raise a kickin' calf.

Will you be her Shining Knight,
Her one and only shmo?
Or will her fancy just take flight
There's just one way to know.
There's just one place you have to look
That will tell you like no other.
Before the hook is set
Get to know her mother.
You want to know if she's the one
When she sets your soul a-flame,
Or will she just burn you
like love was just a game?

You can call me crazy,
You can call me daft
But in the hard-knock school of Love
I'm the master of this craft.
You may think it's funny,
Yeah, go ahead and laugh.
But just remember son,
A kickin' cow's gonna raise a kickin' calf.

Listen to the childhood tales
Spilling from her sister,
Respect her father, befriend her brother,
Just don't tell them that you kissed her.
If you truly want to see
The kind of woman she will be
From a source that's like no other,
You've got to get to know her mother.
So, before you set your mouth in gear
And ask her to say, "I do,"
Take a look in the Mother Mirror—
There's your future staring back at you!

You can call me crazy,
You can call me daft
But in the hard-knock school of Love
I'm the master of this craft.
You may think it's funny,
Yeah, go ahead and laugh.
Just remember that I warned you,
Gonna raise a kickin' calf...
You can call me crazy,
You can call me daft
But in the hard-knock school of Love
I'm the master of this craft.
You may think it's funny,
Go ahead and laugh.
But just remember son,
A kickin' cow's gonna raise a kickin' calf.
A kickin' calf... A kickin' calf...
A kickin' calf...
Yeah, a kickin' cow's gonna raise a kickin' calf.

Jeff Davis Pie

Music and Lyrics by Scott Simpson

Well Mamma called me up 'n said,
"It's your grandma's birthday son, so you 'n
Sheryl need to come--- and bring the girls."
She said that it was 80 years since
Grandma'd taken her first breath,
and a party with all the family'd "mean the world..."

Well 80 years is a
long time to hang around
if you count your age by time.
But Grandma's 80 years was like a
small slice of her Jeff Davis pie,
and we all think a second 80'd be just fine!

Well, Grandma came from Arkansas 'n
that's where she me my grandpa 'n
they had three daughters--- each ten years apart.
She cooked the meals 'n washed the clothes
and I think she even had time to sew
a dress or two or three or forty-four.

Well 80 years is a
long time to hang around
if you count your age by time.
But Grandma's 80 years was like a
small slice of her Jeff Davis pie,
and we all think a second 80'd be just fine!

Now I remember trips across the mountain,
'round about Christmas time---
that queasy feelin' when we took a curve too fast.
But I remember pullin' up to that
screened-in porch and thinkin' we'd surprise 'em
'till my brother let the screen door slam.

I remember cinnamon rolls and eatin' raw dough
and old lipsticks in the bottom drawer
and that big steel bed that squeaked beneath my head...
And those gas room-heaters and the magnifying mirror
and that plastic-shrunken-head souvenir
and coleslaw and toastin' buttery bread...

And the time that Grandpa gave me a gun

and I shot that squirrel that was old as the sun
and Grandma softened him up in a dumplin' stew...
And when we'd go to church she'd pass
around the Certs after service, then we'd
all go home to eat 'n sleep till 2, or 3 or 4 or 5 or..

80 years is a
long time to hang around
if you count your age by time.
But Grandma's 80 years was like a
small slice of her Jeff Davis pie,
and we all think a second 80'd be just fine!

Now, some people like to QUANTIFY
and graph their lives like pieces of pie
and subdivide their story like a book.
But 80's just a number...
and don't it make you wonder
why somebody'd slice up a pie if it's just for looks?
You best dig right in, cause...

80 years is a
long time to hang around
if you count your age in time.
But Grandma's 80 years was like a
little bitty slice of her Jeff Davis pie,
and we all think a second 80'd be just fine!
Cause the spice of life sure ain't time---
No, it's Grandma 'n Grandpa 'n Jeff Davis pie.

Bugsy

Music and Lyrics by Scott Simpson

She's right there by my head
It's not a double, it's a queen-sized bed.
She's got a funny little snore
when she sleeps
and a little black nose to sniff out
the secrets that she keeps.
It don't matter how my day
ducked and dodged me,
she's right there with her
warm little body.
I sit down, she's up in my lap
licking off my worries
'til she curls up for a nap.
Bugsy, Bugsy, Bugsy girl
you've got my heart,
I've got the whole wide world.
See, there ain't no judgment
in your wide-open eyes,
you take what's given
and you tell no lies.
It's real, you're an
understated party...
it don't matter if we're early
or we're tardy.
You sniff out love
and you jump up for a treat.
You get so excited
you can't stay on your feet.
Oh Bugsy girl, come on up here,
let me whisper in your ear...
You know I love you Bugsy,
Bugsy girl...
Bugsy, Bugsy, Bugsy girl.
Now some things in life
have their price,
you plunk down your change
and you think that's nice,
but there're some friendships
that just can't be bought,
they're freely given and they're
freely sought.
Me, I love the furry kind
a little cold on the nose

and waggly on the behind.
Yeah little Bussy's just as
good as they get.
I ain't seen none that could
match her yet, no.
Bussy, Bussy, Bussy girl
you've got my heart,
I've got the whole wide world.
See, there ain't no judgment
in your wide-open eyes,
you take what's given
and you tell no lies.
It's real, you're an
ankle-high army—
I see you coming and you
always disarm me.
I've got to smile when you
run that way,
your legs like springs
when the big dogs play.
Well, you sniff at the flowers
and you chew at the grass;
you never let a single
morsel pass.
You've got a hunger
just puts me to shame.
makes me happy just to speak
your name.
Bussy, won't you come up here
let me whisper in your ear...
You know I love you Bussy,
Bussy girl...
Bussy, Bussy, Bussy girl.
Bussy, Bussy, Bussy girl.
Bussy, Bussy, Bussy girl
you've got my heart,
I've got the whole wide world.
See, there ain't no judgment
in your wide-open eyes,
you take what's given
and you tell no lies.
Bussy, Bussy, Bussy girl.



Released, 2014

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

13 Canary Yeller Reprise



Wild Wild West

Sung by Ma

Cue: "Oh, ma. Don't tell that sad story again."

Some folks like to reminisce
That the wild, wild west was good
Well if "wild" were good, your Pa was the best,
If I could slap him on the back, I would,
If I could slap him on the back I would!

See, Marshall Bond was a brave man,
his posses fine and true.
So when the Deadwood stage was robbed again,
we knew just what he'd do...

The finest men in town were called
to the square, for to make a plan.
And their horses stamped, and their rifles shined
and your Pa was the thirteenth man,
your Pa was the thirteenth man.

I told myself that a hero's born
when a coward turns to face the storm
and maybe this here mouse of mine
will find his manhood redefined
and when the posse caught their crook,
and the outlaw scum was booked,
and the West was won
with them shiny guns
and a whoop and a hollar
in the blazin' sun
and the beer went around
in that Deadwood town
your Pa found his manhood, sure...

She was a purty thing, so I'm told,
saloon girls always are...
and when the men returned they were missing one,
that snake who was your Pa!

So I ran this inn all by myself
near twenty back-breaking years
wore my fingers to the bone
never wasted any tears--
silk purses from sow's ears!

I told myself that a hero's born
when a coward turns to face the storm
and maybe this here mouse of mine
will find his manhood redefined
and when the posse caught their crook,
and the outlaw scum was booked,
and the West was won
with them shiny guns
and a whoop and a hollar
in the blazin' sun
and the beer went around
in that Deadwood town
your Pa found his manhood, sure...

Some folks like to reminisce
That the wild, wild west was good
Well if "wild" were good, your Pa was the best,
If I could slap him on the back, I would,
If I could slap him on the back I would!

Deadeye Dan

Sung by Dan

Cue: "Bessie, we've met a skeptic. Let's give her a preview of our show!"

I'm Deadeye Dan, I'm a Wild West man,
I'm as sure with a Colt as a poker hand,
I kin wrangle up a steer or a grizzly bear...
you best watch yourself when you catch my stare...

(music vamp as Dan struts around eyeing audience members)

Bessie: Oh... this is the part I get so tired of.

Ma: (after a pause) What's he doin'?

Bessie: (sarcastically) Oh he's givin' everybody the "Deadeye"

Ma: Well why's he walking like that?

Bessie: He calls that his "six-gun swagger"

Ma: (pause) Looks more like he sat in some cactus...

(music stops, Dan turns upstage to look toward Ma)

Rosie: He gives me goosebumps!

(Dan smiles, tips hat to Rosie, delivers next verse straight to her, getting very close)

(music kick in)

I'm Deadeye Dan, I'm a Wild West man,
I can win a fight-- or a pretty girl's hand,
I got a strong lasso and my very own brand...

(Dan makes eyes at Rosie as the music vamps... Ma begins to beeline toward the two,
Dan notices and splits away left delivering the next line of the song)

I ride off into the West and make a brand new plan...

See the West isn't just a direction or a place,
it's a grit in yer teeth and a scowl on yer face...
I take this stage as a man on trial,
You can judge me true with a frown or a smile!
Just DON'T call me a liar...
Deadeye Dan set the West on fire!

(music stops abruptly as Dan goes into a spoken clarification of what he means)

Dan: Unless you're talking about that, uh, blaze back in '78... now I was nowhere near that barn when...

(music kicks in)

I'm Deadeye Dan, I'm a Wild West man,
as wise inside as old Solomon,
a wisdom wrung from this lawless land...

(music vamps)

Dan: (spoken) Uhm... are there any Lawmen here tonight? You know, Deadeye Dan's always ready to support our public servants with a 50 cent discount!

(music kicks in)

So be sure to catch Deadeye Dan!
Deadeye Dan! Deadeye Dan!

Dan: (spoken as music wraps up) Three nights only! A dollar'll git you in the door!

Canary Yeller

Sung by Bessy

Cue: "...Let's settle the score with a showdown in the street!"

Okay, miss Calamity Jane
You set out to find fortune and fame
Too bad it's such a shame
You're canary yeller with a dime-store name

I was raised in the Badlands
That's how they got so bad
All the snakes and the lizards and the coyotes there
Would scatter when I got mad.

Just 'cause I clean up purty
Don't mean I can't still shoot.
I'm a ten-clawed cougar with lightning speed
In jeans and cowgirl boots!

Okay, miss Calamity Jane
You set out to find fortune and fame
Too bad it's such a shame
You're canary yeller with a dime-store name

Buffalo Bill I jilted
Butch Cassidy called me "Ma'am"
Wyatt Earp just wet his boots
'n them Daltons, they all ran

They say a woman's place is in the home
Well, I'm at home on the open range
I kin ride 'n shoot 'n spit 'n cuss
And I reckon that won't change

Okay, miss Calamity Jane
Badlands Bessy's the real thang
Too bad it's such a shame
You're canary yeller with a dime-store name
Boo-Hoo, miss Calamity Jane
Badlands Bessy's at the reins
You should hang yer sissy head in shame
You're canary yeller with a dime-store name

Yeah Badlands Bessy's the real thang...
'n you're canary yeller with a dime-store name...

Lonely No More

Sung by Rosie

Cue: "Thank-you... This here's a lonely old cowboy song about love."

Out on the mesa
You don't have to face
A thousand prying eyes

Up on the mountain
You don't have to count
All them busy folk passin' you by

Just give me a place
With only your face
And I'll never be lonely no more

Down on the prairie
It ain't ever scary
Just to listen to a lone coyote's call

The howl fills the open
The miles I was hopin'
You cover by early this fall

Just give me a mile
In the light of your smile
And I'll never be lonely no more

No matter the season
I have trouble breathin'
The noisy big-city air

There's always a riot
And never a quiet
No matter how long you stay there

Just a small space of air
Your voice soft like a prayer
Even one country mile
In the light of your smile
Just find me a place
And your loving face
And I'll never be lonely no more,
No, I'll never be lonely no more.

Wildflower Moon

Sung by Rosie

Cue: "Good. Now, Dan, you just sit down here and we'll see if Rosie's got what it takes."

The birds are singing
And the rabbits play
Down by the waterside
Looking for love, looking for love

My love lives in a dugout shack
Down by Buffalo Gap
His eyes are deep as a prairie dog hole
And his smile's as sharp as a trap

Hi, ho don't you know
I'm his little wildflower
You can't make pone
From store-bought meal
And you can't get shine
Without sour

Come on up to the Hills with me
Springtime full in bloom
Sun so bright you'll close your eyes
Rest your mind by the light of a
wildflower moon

I told him he was my true love
He asked me how I know
I said all the other pretty fellers I'd seen
Was a bit more kin than beau

Hi, ho don't you know
I'm his little wildflower
You can't make pone
From store-bought meal
And you can't get shine
Without sour

Now I got me a coon hat, fits me fine
I wear it down to the church
Yeah, I got me a spirit rough as a oak
But a soul as white as a birch

Hi, ho don't you know
I'm his little wildflower

You can't make pone
From store-bought meal
And you can't get shine
Without sour

Come on up to the Hills with me
Springtime full in bloom
Sun so bright you'll close your eyes
Rest your mind by the light of a
wildflower moon

Now some grow broad and some grow tall
And some grow just plain wild
But you'll always grow needles on a white-pine tree
And thorns on a wildflower child

Hi, ho don't you know
I'm his little wildflower
You can't make pone
From store-bought meal
And you can't get shine
Without sour

Come on up to the Hills with me
Springtime full in bloom
Sun so bright you'll close your eyes
Rest your mind by the light of a
wildflower moon

Have I Got A Deal For You!

Sung by Dan & Ma

Cue: “If I ever hear of an idea more ridiculous than putting my money in your show,
I’ll eat that hat of yours!”

(Dan singing)

Madam, have I got a deal for you—
An investment with sure-fire return,
People are hungry for a new frontier
And back east they have greenbacks to burn!

Just a gun and a horse and a tallish tale
And a mildly colorful name,
And all the banker’s wives leave their opera seats
For a hero of Western fame,
Yes, a hero of Western Fame!

(Ma singing)

What kind of fool do you take me for?
I know your kind too well...
You’d steal your mother’s last good tooth
If you thought it just might sell!

I haven’t worked for these twenty years
Just to fly-by-night give it away!
Rosie and I have a future here
No pipe-dream can lead us astray,
No pipe-dream will lead us astray!

(Dan & Ma sing together... not to each other, but facing away from center, both
thinking of their own teetering dreams)

Just think...
All the work I’ve done,
All the battles I’ve won,
I’m nearly fifty-one!
I can’t let it end this way!

On the brink...
Of pay-off time,
All the nickels and dimes...
I’m not in my prime!
I can’t let it fall half-way!

(Ma singing, resolved)

Mister, have I got a deal for you,

And I'll swear by Bethlehem's star!
You be gone by the morning's earliest light
I'll not tell 'em what a rouge you are!
Watch out! Or you'll push me too far!

(Dan & Ma sing together... at each other, each building the case for their own hard work)
Just think...
All the work I've done,
All the battles I've won,
I'm nearly fifty-one!
I can't let it end this way!

On the brink...
Of pay-off time,
All the nickels and dimes...
I'm not in my prime!
I can't let it fall half-way!

(Rosie enters behind, unseen by Ma... Dan singing, making the pretense of giving in)
Madam, I see you're a woman with sense,
Though I cannot persuade you of mine...
Some things in life are a matter of fate,
I'll respect where you've drawn the line...

(Dan grinning, turns to sing last line as an aside, knowing he has won as Rosie approaches Ma)
And the fruit rolls away from the vine!

(Music ends abruptly, Rosie speaks with determination to Ma)

Rosie – Ma... I've decided it's best to straight out tell you. I'm joining Deadeye
Dan's Wild West Show.

Like My Pa

Sung by Ma & Rosie

Cue: "You're just like your pa, girl. Runnin' off on me at the drop of a hat!"

(Rosie sings)

Like my Pa? Just like my Pa?

Well I don't even know what that means at all!

Ever since I was a little girl

You've told me 'bout the big bad world

But my Pa? I never knew my Pa...

I used to dream about the time I'd meet him

Face to face...

Maybe I'd see in him that part of me

I just can't place...

In you...

In you...

(Rosie) Like my Pa? Like my Pa?

(Ma) I never meant to make you scared of the world...

(Rosie) I don't even know what that means at all...

(Ma) I just don't want to see you hurt, my little girl...

(Rosie) Ever since I was a little child

(Ma) Ever since you were a little child

(Rosie) I never saw my mother smile... (pause)

(Ma) You aren't like your Pa... You aren't your Pa.

(Rosie) I used to dream about the time I'd meet him face to face

(Ma) You used to dream about the time you'd meet him face to face

(Ma) It took me years to see those things...

I'd never erase...

In you...

In you...

(Rosie sings)

I'm like my Pa, I'm like my Pa...

I have to find out what that means for me, Ma...

It's time this sheltered little girl

Grew up and saw the big wide world

And find her Pa...

(Ma sings)

I've lost it all!
(Rosie)
I'm like my Pa!

Ma- (music stops abruptly) Fine!

Somethin' 'bout Somethin'

Sung by Dan & Rosie

Cue: "What are you saying?"

(Dan sings)

A blue mountain mornin'—a mist on the lakes
Those are your eyes.
Your sweet voice is gentle as the aspen that quake
I'll tell you no lies...

A man gets lonesome
In the wide-openness
Like a bull with no cow,
A buck with no buck-ess
It's high time you learned
That the birds and the bees
Say somethin' 'bout somethin'
'Bout you and me.

Rosie- (spoken) I still don't know what in the world you're talkin' about.

(Dan sings)

You see the cottonwood tree has cotton to share
Sends it off on the breeze
You're like the hillside... all... hilly and fair...
(aside) Someone help me please!

(Rosie sings)

So, a man gets lonesome
On the prairie so wide
Wants to sit by them trees
On that big hillside?
But I still can't quite figure
How the birds and the bees
Say somethin' 'bout somethin'
'Bout you and me.

(Dan sings)

See it's somethin' 'bout somethin'
'bout ladies and gents

(Rosie sings)

'n somethin' 'bout grass
't other side of the fence...?

(Dan sings)

You know how the meadows collect morning dew?

Darlin' that's you...
You know how the sun sets with a warm western glow?
(pause in song... Rosie shrugs shoulders, Dan continues)
What can I do?

(Dan & Rosie sing)
It's somethin' 'bout somethin'
'bout ganders and geese
(Dan sings)
'n Jack 'n Jill...
(Rosie sings)
'n wool bein' fleeced?

(Dan sings)
My sweetheart I see that we're getting nowhere
Though your scent's sweet as sage
In the lonely night air.

Rosie- (spoken, song has ended) You make me sound like a national park!

A Mother

Sung by Ma & Bessie

Cue: "It's a terrible gamble. But Rosie's the only family I got."

(Ma sings)

I ain't no angel, I ain't no saint
I've done some work would make a grown man faint
Sometimes I'd like to change some things that I just cain't
But there's one thing of which you'll hear no complaint...
I'm a mother...
I'm a mother...
So many days leave you feeling outrun
But a child's eyes hold your moon and sun,
And a mother's work is never done...
But I'd have it no other way,
To watch her grow just one more day...

(Bessie sings)

I reckon some folks don't see me at all
I'm rough as split-rail, and my fuse is small
But there's a part of me hears a softer call—
Wraps around me like a gentle shawl..
My mother...
I never knew my mother...
So many days leave me feeling outrun
I play my role and I answer to none
But sometimes it's hard bein' alone...
I imagine it some other way,
I feel like a cold little stray...

(Both sing)

Mother... mother
Mother... mother
It there's hope for this crazy world
It ain't some law or some flag unfurled...

(Ma sings)

It's a hand tusslin' a headful of curls..

(Bessie sings)

It's the gift of wearin' your grandma's pearls...

(Ma sings)

It's someone to bake your favorite cinnamon swirls...

(Bessie sings)

It's two hands to clap as you spin and twirl...

(Both sing)

To bring some light where it's gray,

She's not just some silly cliché'
A mother...
A mother...

A mother...

Deadeye Dan (reprise)

Sung by Dan

Cue: "I've got you bound already and could easily throw you down a rattlesnake den."

I'm Deadeye Dan, that's who I am,
Just watch as I work my little plan,
You'll close your mouth and stay right there...
I'm not a rouge, I'm a showman, extraordinaire!

Dan- And give me that ticket! I'll give it to someone who appreciates me!

Hampton Town

Sung by Dan & Bessie & Caller from the Band

Cue: "Thank-you folks. Bessie, let's start this show with music!"

(Caller, stands up from the band to call)

Take her hand, that pretty little thing

Promenade around the ring

Possum in the hen house, coon in the spring

Hold on tight cause we're a-gonna sing

(Bessie sings)

If you're a traveling man then listen here

a stranger alone has cause for fear

if you go down to Hampton, watch your back

(Dan adds harmony)

or it's tar and a-feather and don't come back

or you're wearing a rope without no slack

you'll be swinging like taters in a gunny sack...

if you go down to Hampton, watch your back

(Caller)

Now you're cookin', here we go

Change directions, do ci do

Bow to your partner, bow to your beau

Careful not to step on your sweetheart's toe

(Bessie sings)

Well, the Sheriff, they just call him Jed

grease his palm, he'll turn his head

(Dan sings)

'less a man like you is toting cash,

(Dan and Bessie)

best make your visit, make it fast

your luck's gonna run out in a flash

them Hampton folk don't take to "trash"

(Dan sings)

'less a man like you is toting cash

(Caller)

Step to the middle, step to the side

In Hampton town, ain't nowhere to hide

(Dan and Bessie)

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground

for the good folk God done spread around

but I'd burn my boots and settle down

'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(Caller)

Gone tomorrow, here today
Hold her sweet while you promenade
Kick up yer heels just like I say
And hold on tight cause now we gonna play

(instrumental verse)

(Dan and Bessie)

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(Caller)

Step to the corners, ladies first
Quick as a rabbit, slow as a hearse
Don't stop now there's one more verse
A little bit softer-- could be worse

(Dan sings)

You see, I had a girl some time ago
was the sweetest thing you'd ever know
but she went down to Hampton and never came out

(Dan and Bessie)

yeah, they twisted her nearly inside-out
she forgot what love is all about
now she's a Hampton girl, ain't no doubt

(Dan sings)

yeah, she went down to Hampton and never came out

(Caller)

Step to the middle, step to the side
In Hampton town, ain't nowhere to hide

(Dan and Bessie)

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down

(Bessie sings)

'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(Dan and Bessie)

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around

but I'd burn my boots and settle down
(Dan sings)
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(Caller)
Take that girl, swing her 'round
Fancy shoes and a calico gown
Roost in the holler, or peck on the ground
But never go down to Hampton town!

Emiline

Sung by Dan & Bessie

Cue: "Here's a little story from a few years back 'bout a mine not too far from here."

(Bessie)

Down by the creek,
there's a cold wind blows
For to tell the tale
of the Elk Branch Load
And the men who worked
the Adelson Mine
And their lovely Rose, Sweet Emiline

(Dan)

She was a dark-haired beauty
of Gypsy blood
Nearly floated over
them boulders and mud
And there was not a man,
smitten by gold
Who wouldn't give his share,
her hand to hold

(Dan & Bessie)

Grab that fiddle get the bow,
darlin' don't say no
Take me for a spin in the early moonlight, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline

(Dan)

For six long months they toiled by day
That hillside gave each man his pay
But at night the aspen swayed in time
As each man took his turn with Emiline

(Bessie)

And when Emiline begins to dance
She'll spin you into a powerful trance
You'll wake up there
on the cold, hard floor
Her name on your lips
and hungry for more

(Dan & Bessie)

Grab that fiddle get the bow,

darlin' don't say no
Take me for a spin in the early moonlight, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline
(Bessie)
Now stories are told of sirens and maids
Who steal men's hearts and make them slaves
Well, in the seventh month
she stole the mine—
All the gold, the men,
and the pale moonshine

(Dan)
That's why there's nothing left
but water and stone
And a wooden sluice
all bleached to bone
Yes, but she still haunts
that hidden glade
Every time the aspen tremble and sway

(Dan & Bessie)
Grab that fiddle get the bow,
darlin' don't say no
Take me for a spin in the early moonlight, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline

(Dan)
There's a lesson in this sorrowful rhyme:
Beware the creek at evening time,
(Bessie)
Young man, beware
the glitter and the shine
And the lovely dance of sweet Emiline

(Dan & Bessie)
Grab that fiddle get the bow,
darlin' don't say no
Take me for a spin in the early moonlight, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,

darlin' don't you know

I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline

I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline

Down by the creek,

there's a cold wind that blows

At Home in Spearfish

Sung by Ma—reprising the tune of Wild Wild West

Cue: “But I figure you’ll want to know what became of us in later years.”

Well, Bessie made her home right here;
she never missed the travelin’ thrills
but in Spearfish, with her pen and ink,
was Poet Laureate of the lovely Black Hills!

And Rosie enrolled at the normal school
to be a teacher of piano and voice,
guided Spearfish town in the melodious arts...
(spoken) and took up with one of these here band boys...

(band members look awkwardly at each other for a moment... shrug and move on)

Yep, the reasons we call Spearfish home
could fill a seven hundred fifty page tome.
She’s where the trout stream flows
and the orchards grow
and the Lookout rises
‘bove the clapboard homes,
she’s the Queen City valley
and a star of the West,
She’s the place we love the best...

(Vamp from Deadeye Dan theme begins under Ma’s next monologue)

Ma – And Dan? Well I hired him to do odd jobs at the hotel, to help with the back-breaking, fingers worn to the bone work. One thing led to another, as is often the case with kindred spirits, and, well, we got married, Dan and me. Ran the first Ma and Pa hotel in the country.

Deadeye Dan Finale

(Cast sings)

He's Deadeye Dan
He's a reformed man
He can sweep a floor
And scrub a dirty pan
Now he's an honest worker
And a family man...

(music vamps as Dan sweeps up and down the aisles)

Bessie- What's he doin'?

Rosie- Oh, he calls that his "push-broom saunter"

Bessie- (To Ma) Well, let me be the first to give you a slap on the back!

Ma- What for?

Bessie- Looks to me like you finally tamed the Wild, Wild West!

(Cast sings)

Deadeye Dan!

Deadeye Dan!

Deadeye Dan!!



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Man on the Mountain

The man on the mountain
he doesn't come down but once a week
the man on the mountain
he'll buy his supplies and never speak
the man on the mountain
he's too lost to find, too blinded to seek

She died in the winter
when their baby boy was barely weaned
he couldn't even touch her—
she and the child were quarantined
and then when he lost them
he knew that he'd never see the spring

Way up there upon the mountain
the air is thin as it can be
but he wants to get as close to Heaven
as a man in Hell can ever be

You have to dig deep there
to find enough water just to drink
you have to climb higher
to find enough space just to think
but memory is painful
it only leads him to the brink

(instrumental verse)

Way up there upon the mountain
the air is thin as it can be
but he wants to be as close to Heaven
as a man in Hell could ever be

Life on the mountain,
it's not so romantic as they say—
whether you're banished
or you choose to go away—
if your only companions
are the ghosts of yesterday

Way up there upon the mountain
the air is thin as it can be
but he wants to be as close to Heaven
as a man in Hell could ever be.

People As Tall As Mountains

There's a bird here,
It has a broke wing
And there are coyotes
On the prowl;
And there are people
Forgot how to sing,
They are broken Somehow.

There is a pine tree
Once struck by lightening
Its needles red-brown
As blood;
And there are people
As tall as mountains
Who now have fallen
Right where they stood.

There's a bird here,
It has a broke wing
And there are coyotes
On the prowl;
And there are people
Forgot how to sing,
They are broken Somehow.
There is a pine tree
Once struck by lightening
Its needles red-brown
As blood;
And there are people
As tall as mountains
Who now have fallen
Right where they stood.
They have fallen...
They have fallen,
Right where we stood.

Wildflower Moon

The birds are singing
And the rabbits play
Down by the waterside
Looking for love, looking for love

My love lives in a Hickory house
Down by Buffalo Gap
She's so sweet all the maple trees
Won't give up their sap

Hi, ho don't you know
She's my little wildflower
You can't make pone
From store-bought meal
And you can't get shine
Without sour

Come on up to the Hills with me
Springtime full in bloom
Sun so bright you'll close your eyes
Rest your mind by the light of a
wildflower moon

She told me I was her true love
I asked her how I'd know
She said all the other pretty fellers she knew
Was a bit more kin than beau

(refrain)

Now she has a coon hat, fits her fine
Wears it down to the church
Yeah, she's got a spirit rough as a oak
And a soul as white as a birch

(refrain)(chorus)

Now some grow broad and some grow tall
And some grow just plain wild
But you'll always grow needles on a white-pine tree
And thorns on a wildflower child
(refrain) (chorus)

A Little Late

If I was a horse, I'd let you ride me down to the sea
If I was a dove, I'd collect every olive branch I could see
If I was a whirlwind, I'd steal the smoke from these city skies
If I was God, I'd crash your party with no disguise
With no disguise, with no disguise,
I'd crash your party with no disguise.

If I was a salesman, I'd sell you all of this for \$19.99
If I was a teacher, there'd be no child, no child left behind
And if I won the lottery, well, I'd retire and move down to the beach
If you want to save yourself, you must enter two by two and each by each
Oh each by each, each by each,
Yeah, you have to enter two by two and each by each

Oh, but I am not a horse, you're gonna have to find your own ride down to the sea
And even if I was a dove, tell me who the hell's gonna listen to me?
Gonna take more than a Texas spring tornado just to clean up these dirty city skies
And God's been here all along, among us, we just plugged our ears and covered up our eyes
Yeah, we covered up our eyes, covered up our eyes, yeah,
We just plugged our ears and covered up our eyes.

Yeah, yeah, yeah... (instrumental)

So get away from me with your sales pitch—I already got everything that I need
I've always been a teacher, yeah, it just takes time and patience to germinate the seed
And someone always wins the Lotto, and ten thousand others always lose
When the water's up above your neck, it's a little late, a little late to choose...
Too late to choose, too late to choose
Too late to choose, oh, can it be...
Don't need a horse, you don't need a horse, yeah
You don't need a horse, cause here comes the sea
Here comes the sea, here comes the sea
Here comes the sea...

(repeat to end)

A Good Man

David was a golden boy
his mamma's only son
he'd pull his Converse high-tops on
and man, could David run.
Growing up south Arkansas
in 1952
free-throws and picture shows—
what more could a good boy do?
What more could a good boy do?

He never ran for president
his name was known by few
but everywhere that David went
well, he'd have some time for you.
What else would a good boy do?

David went to college
and he found himself a wife
got a job in Memphis
settled down into his life.
Their first child was a big surprise
right out of the blue
of course, he named him David
what else would a good boy do?
What else would a good boy do?

He never made a fortune
leastwise, that I knew
but he wrapped his family in his arms
and loved them strong and true.
What else would a good man do?

They say a good man's hard to find
I reckon that it's true—
and if that job paid any better
there wouldn't be so few.
So here's to all the good boys,
every mother's son
lace up your high-tops lads
long may you run.
Long may you run.

He could have done most anything—
spread his wings and flew

but he chose to stay here on the ground
to show his son just what to do.
What more could a good man do?

Yeah, you could have done most anything—
spread your wings and flew
but you chose to stay here on the ground
to show me what to do.
And I want to be a good man just like you.
I want to be a good man just like you.

Dry Creek Rising

I was sound asleep when the water did come
And the clouds broke open like a big bass drum
Well, my little tin roof made a rumbling sound
And I looked out the window, Lord, we're gonna drown
Dry Creek a-risin'
Never seen it before
Dry Creek a-risin'
Gonna grab the children
Kick out the door
Head for high ground
And pray to the Lord

The horses in the pasture ain't too good
Up to their withers in thick red mud
Headed down stream toward the reservoir
But with that barbed fence, they won't make it that far
Dry Creek a-risin'
That wasn't in the cards
Dry Creek a-risin'
Well, you make your plans
Work real hard
But that Devil lives
In your own back yard

(Instrumental)

There's an old red pickup and it's upside down
And a propane tank from clear 'cross town
What's yours is mine, what's mine is yours
But there ain't much left worth nothin' no more.
Dry Creek a-risin'
You'd best open your eyes
Dry Creek a-risin'
I'll tell you no lies
Dry Creek a-risin'
Take you by surprise
Dry Creek a-risin'
May come from the ground
May come from the sky
Don't hold too tight
You're gonna kiss it goodbye

The poet said that life was just a dream.
He was talking to me.
The poet said that life was like a stream.
He was talking to me.

And so you row your boat
on gently down the stream
even when
you think you're gonna scream
because you know
that life is just a dream.

Well, Jack and Jill were best of friends.
He would follow her and she would follow him
anywhere...
up the hill, they were thirsty.

But Jacky lost his footing
and tumbled down the hill.
Right behind him
came his Jill.
They went up thirsty,
they're thirsty still.
They're thirsty still.

Little boy, why do you look so blue?
It seems to me you've got nothin' to do
but dream...
sleep, and dream of sheep.

The sheep are in the meadow,
the cows are in the corn.
All the people
seem so forlorn.
So leave your dreams,
come blow your horn,
come blow your horn.

And so you row your boat
on gently down the stream
even when
you think you're gonna scream
because you know
that life is just a dream.

We moved to town on a Monday
The house was empty and so were we;
We ordered pizza from a man on the phone.
This town ain't bad, but it ain't home.

I took my daughter to a brand new school,
New faces, new rules; on the playground,
She was all alone.
This town ain't bad, but it sure ain't home.

And the wind will blow
Catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away...
Far away from home.

Don't know the names of the streets I drive
Can't find my house, don't know why
Some people want to be a rollin' stone.
No, this town ain't so bad, but it sure ain't home.

(instrumental verse and chorus)

We wake up between strange walls,
We get up and we pace the halls,
Try to remember why we ever set out to roam,
Pray the good Lord's gonna bring us home...
We pray the good Lord's gonna bring us on back home.

And the wind will blow
Catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away...
Steal us on back home.
And the wind will blow
And catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away
Go on, steal us on back home.

She's a born again believer
Her grandpa preached the Word
Her momma slaves every Saturday night
On a potluck Sunday bird
She wore down my excuses
Inviting me to church
Those eyes were blue as Jordan's shore
I had a wilderness of thirst

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

Well, the pews are hard and wooden
And the sermon, monotone
But there ain't a Lord's Day morning
You're gonna find me at home
Yeah, she's right there beside me
And her momma's on the other side
And I'm praising the Lord for amazing Grace
Man, that ain't no lie

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

It's a hard row to be plowing
Between a woman and the Lord
Most days it seems like I'm lying to both
Though I haven't said a word
One day I hope she'll see me
As more than a soul to save
Until that day I'll just carry on
And pray to God to give me Grace

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

One day I hope she'll realize
The beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

Lovely Now

I worked as hard as anyone could do
I worked for them, I even worked for you,
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?
I felt as useful as any tool,
Just fold me up next to the carpenter's rule
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?

Whose field is this?
Whose sunshine and whose rain?
Whose plot is this?
Whose plow and whose pain?
Oh, would you cut me now?
Is that the marketable plan?
Even the mower
Sometimes lets the lily stand.

Birds conspire with the summer clouds
No bottom line, no cheering crowds...
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?
(whistling)
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?

Whose field is this?
Whose sunshine and whose rain?
Whose plot is this?
Whose plow and whose pain?
Oh, would you cut me now?
Is that the marketable plan?
Even the mower
Sometimes lets the lily stand.

Some need to bloom, others need to sing
But the sweetest work is in the Being
In the Being, in the Being,
Being Now...

Whose field is this?
Whose sunshine and whose rain?
Whose plot is this?
Whose plow and whose pain?
Oh, would you cut me now?
Is that the marketable plan?
'Cause even the mower
Sometimes lets the lily stand.

I went down to New Mexico
with my father and my little girl
it was unreal and it was dreamlike
it was like another world of enchantment
--just like they say on the signs.

It was rainy and it was gray all across the Rockies
I drove the pickup truck my father slept a lot--
he's getting older now, so am I, so am I
And my daughter, well, she isn't little anymore...
she's seventeen and riding behind these two old men
in the back seat with her headphones
and we're stopping once again for a bathroom
and another cup of coffee.

And my father knows how painful life can be
so we just talk about the signs we pass along the way
but he reaches across the front seat to put his hand on my neck
and he rubs it, just like he did when I was just twenty-one
and my fiancée broke up with me and I was on the run from myself,
or at least who I thought I was gonna be,
who I thought I was gonna be...

So we drop off my daughter with her sleeping bag and her guitar
for two weeks at camp, and there's laughing kids and there's cars
and there's parents and they're huggin' their children
and the sun finally begins to shine...
And we are what we are, not what we were gonna be
and the road stretches from bathroom to cup of coffee
and my father and I, we trade off driving and sleeping
and he rubs my neck, and I rub his
and we can see all the peaks this time
all back through Colorado--
it's so full of color
--just like they say on all the signs

it's so full of color
--just like they say on all the signs,
on all the signs.

What I Got

I'm the poet without a pen,
and the priest who can't hear God;
I'm the dancer with two clubfeet,
and the farmer who can't break the sod,
yeah, I'm the farmer who can't break the sod.

Mine's the wagon with square wheels,
and the house without a door;
my only hat doesn't fit my head,
and my feet won't touch the floor,
no, my feet never touch the floor.

I got the key that fits no lock,
and the kite that has no tail;
I got sand when I needed a rock,
and a plan that's already failed.
If I lost all my teeth but two,
they'd be both on the bottom side;
If I played hide-n-seek with a blind man,
I'd still have no place to hide,

because, some folks get the short end;
I've never even seen the stick.
Well, you might feel some sympathy
if you saw the wounds I sometimes lick.

My true love said goodbye to me
on the day before we met;
the life I dreamed was stillborn,
but I ain't through with dreaming yet.
See, I set out to touch the moon,
but I couldn't get past the sea;
then the moon, she danced across the waves—
that night she came to me,
I sang, and the moon, she danced with me.

(instrumental)

It ain't about how you bargain,
it's what you give when the rest will not.
It's an empty hand and an open heart
when the song is all you've got,
yeah, this song is what I've got,
oh, my song is what I've got.

‘Cause the poem don’t need the pen,
and the priest, he can’t speak for God.
You gotta dance as graceful as you can
‘till they lay you down in the sod—
no, I’m not afraid ‘cause I know, some day,
gonna lay me down,
gonna lay me down to rest in the sod.

Hampton Town

If you're a traveling man then listen here
a stranger alone has cause for fear
if you go down to Hampton, watch your back
or it's tar and a-feather and don't come back
or you're wearing a rope without no slack
you'll be swinging like taters in a gunny sack...
if you go down to Hampton, watch your back

Well, the Sheriff, they just call him Jed
grease his palm, he'll turn his head
'less a man like you is toting cash,
best make your visit, make it fast
your luck's gonna run out in a flash
them Hampton folk don't take to "trash"
'less a man like you is toting cash

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(instrumental verse)

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

You see, I had a girl sometime ago
was the sweetest thing you'd ever know
but she went down to Hampton and never came out
yeah, they twisted her nearly inside-out
she forgot what love is all about
now she's a Hampton girl, ain't no doubt
yeah, she went down to Hampton and never came out

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town
Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

In the Back of Grandpa's Truck

In the back of Grandpa's truck
I learned the taste of wind
With him behind the wheel
I'll jump in the back again
It's a long road to follow
And night is coming 'round
But Grandpa's been this way before
And he's never let me down

Up on Grandpa's mountain
I learned to shoot a gun
Down behind the bluffs
Where the snakes all catch the sun
It was his daddy's weapon
'Til he passed it on to me
The stock in my hands
Felt like part of the family tree

He's looking both directions
Out ahead and back behind
He maps the past with stories
Marks the trail with his advice
Sometimes I get the wanderlust
But I'm afraid to trust my luck
Well, I know I won't get lost
If I'm in the back of Grandpa's truck

Well, it's flannel in the winter
And jeans all year 'round
It's boots and gloves for workin'
A little bit of coffee to wash it down
His tools are in the toolbox
And his guns are on the wall
But his faith is in the good Lord
Watching over us all
Yes, his faith is in the good Lord
Watching over us all

He's looking both directions
Out ahead and back behind
He maps the past with stories
Marks the trail with his advice

Sometimes I get the wanderlust
But I'm afraid to trust my luck
Well, I know I won't get lost
If I'm in the back of Grandpa's truck
I know I won't get lost
If I'm in the back of Grandpa's truck

I'm gonna put him behind the wheel
And jump in the back again

Place the Flowers

Place the flowers in water
throw some seed out for the birds
stop to hear the children's laughter
work a kind thought into words
into words

We are only here a moment
but a moment's all you need

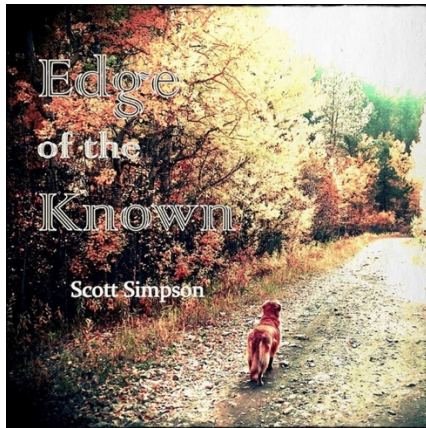
Watch the sun climb up the mountain
see the mist rise from the lake
catch something flash beneath the surface
know something hidden can awake
can awake

We are only here a moment
but a moment's all you need

Go walking in the moonlight
ancient wisdom in her glow
tiny sparks that leave the campfire
burn so bright before they go
but they must go

We are only here a moment
but a moment's all you need

You can never reap the harvest
till you pause to plant the seed

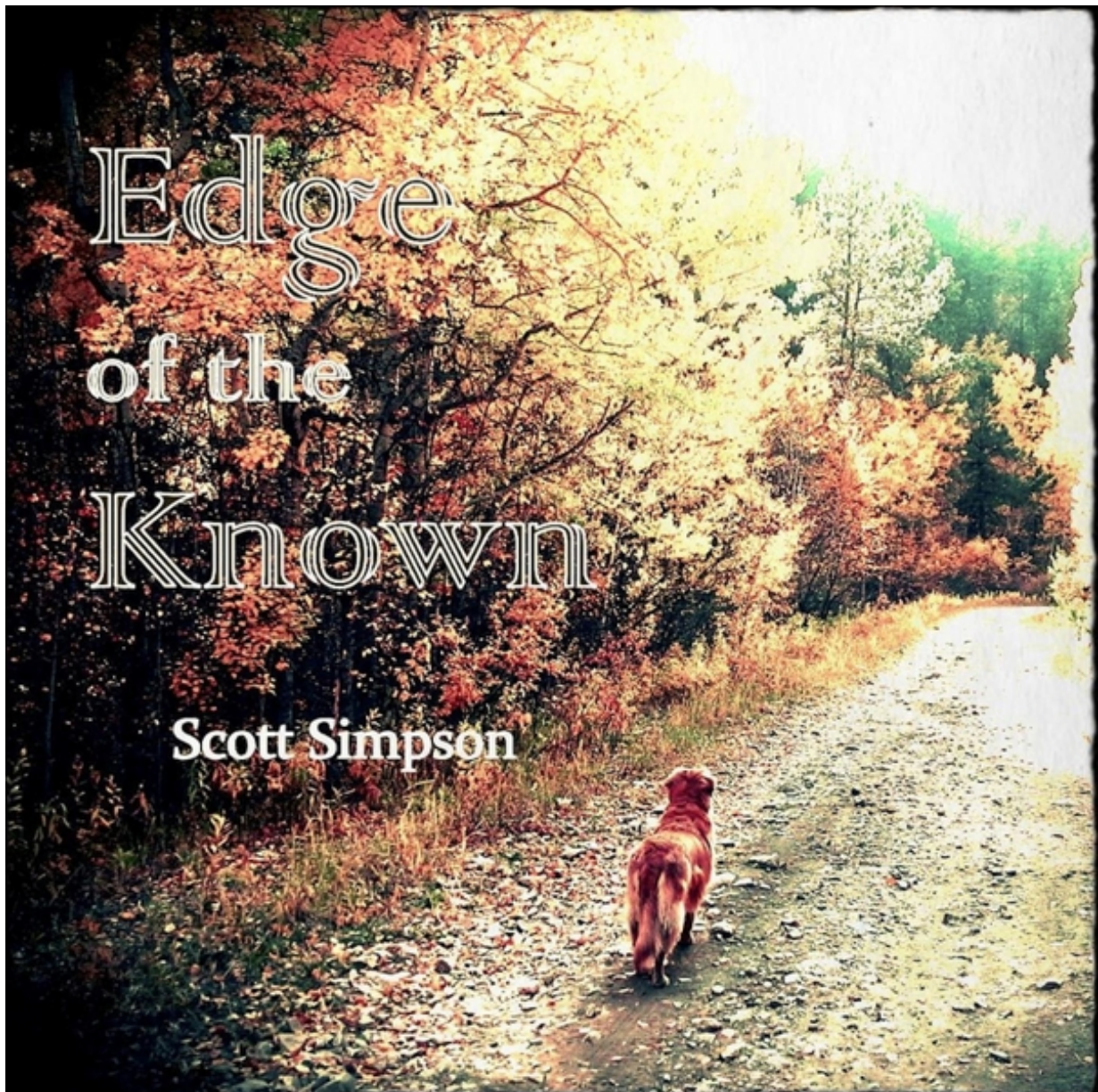


Released, 2013

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

06 Photo Graphe'

09 Rocks Make a River Sing



I am jumping, jumping fences, fences I have built,
Feet are pounding, frozen grasses, edge of all my guilt.
Swaying branches, edge of breaking, make a mournful sound,
Shiny apples, shiny apples, fallen on the ground.

All my races now have been unrun.
All my doings here have been undone.

Coming to the edge of the known
Always has the feel of bare bone
Strip away the critics you'll finally stand on your own.

I am listening to the owls, to wind upon their wings,
To the hunter and the hunted, songs that each one sings.
In the end there is a story told about this dance,
It is danger, it is hunger, death and romance.

All my races now have been unrun.
All my doings here have been undone.

Coming to the edge of the known
Always has the feel of bare bone
Strip away the punchline, you'll finally stand on your own.

I am made of mud and water,
I am born of sun and grass,
I am blood and I am wind,
I am, and I shall pass...

I am made of mud and water,
I am born of sun and grass,
I am blood and I am wind,
I am, and I shall pass...

I am made of mud and water,
I am born of sun and grass,
I am blood and I am wind,
I am, and I shall pass...

All my races now have been unrun.
All my doings here have been undone.

Coming to the edge of the known
Always has the feel of bare bone

Strip away the noise, and you're never, never alone.

Coming to the edge of the known
Always has the feel of bare bone
Strip away the noise, and you're never, never alone.

I am made of mud and water,
I am born of sun and grass,
I am blood and I am wind,
I am, and I shall pass...

(repeat to end)

Sun is Shining Down

(arr. by Scott Simpson, with original music and lyrics for Sunshine on my Shoulders by John Denver)

Sun is shining down, sun is shining down...

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy,
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry,
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely,
Sunshine almost always makes me high.

Sun is shining down, sun is shining down...

If I had a day that I could give you
I'd give a day just like today,
And if I had a song that I could sing for you
I'd sing a song to make you feel this way.
If I had a tale that I could tell you
I'd tell a tale sure to make you smile,
And if I had a wish that I could wish for you
I'd make a wish for sunshine all the while.

Sun is shining down, sun is shining down...
Sun is shining down, sun is shining down...

Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy,
Sunshine in my eyes can make me cry,
Sunshine on the water looks so lovely,
Sunshine almost always makes me high.

Sun is shining down, sun is shining down...
Sun is shining down, sun is shining down...

People As Tall As Mountains

There's a bird here,
It has a broke wing
And there are coyotes
On the prowl;
And there are people
Forgot how to sing,
They are broken Somehow.

There is a pine tree
Once struck by lightening
Its needles red-brown
As blood;
And there are people
As tall as mountains
Who now have fallen
Right where they stood.

There's a bird here,
It has a broke wing
And there are coyotes
On the prowl;
And there are people
Forgot how to sing,
They are broken Somehow.
There is a pine tree
Once struck by lightening
Its needles red-brown
As blood;
And there are people
As tall as mountains
Who now have fallen
Right where they stood.
They have fallen...
They have fallen,
Right where we stood.

Smoke on the Mountainside

Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.

Can't find a trail
Without the smell of powder
The taste of the chase,
Can't find a creek
Without the flavor of blood
Spilled on the bank

Can't find a road
Where the Camo Rodeo
Hasn't yet been,
Can't find a night
Without the crackle of guns
On either end

Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.

I don't know myself
Without a snub-nosed partner
Close to my heart;
So much concealment,
And ready for action—
Tear something apart

I've been up to the mountain
Just to see what was true;
I saw the signs of worship
At the altar of amendment
Number two...

Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.

(Instrumental Verse)

Can't find a town
Without amputees
And crying mothers;
Can't we find a way?
We're destroying ourselves
When we're destroying "the other"

I've been up to the mountain
Just to see what was true;
I saw the signs of worship
At the altar of amendment
Number two...

Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.
Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.
Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.

Smoke on the mountainside,
Barbed-wire, fur and hide
Smoke on the mountainside
Shots are fired, there's no place to hide.

(fade to end)

Big Snow

They say it's quiet just before the storm,
You know I'm lying if I say I pick the substance over form
Over form...

These limbs are heavy with a coldness from the sky,
Sometimes it gives me pause to watch my breath leaving when I sigh...

Winter is magic, oh, it sparkles and it swirls around the hills,
But winter's deadly—it tries to pry the door and crack the window sills,
Tries to crack the window sills...

So, grab your brother, sister, do not let him wander far from home,
Cause when the darkness comes, the woods will steal him,
The woods will steal him for their own, steal him for their own...

Eeyeah... Big snow...Eeyeah...Big snow...

The northern country is a wild untamed season of the mind,
So many stars above, so many eyes that follow from behind,
Follow from behind...

The only eyes that really matter are the ones you use to cry,
Winter swallows every sound beyond the passing year's goodbye,
The passing year's goodbye, goodbye...

Eeyeah... Big snow...
Eeyeah...Big snow...
Eeyeah... Big snow...
Eeyeah...Big snow...

Bushwhackin'

Every day my clock is ticking
Except it's not a clock
It's my smartphone playing chicken
With this here six-pound rock.
Don't care what text is arriving,
Just which appointment I just missed,
I gotta get somewhere I don't need permission
Just to shout out loud, just to take a piss.

Don't pay me no nevermind I'm just
Runnin' round these woods,
Gotta get some bushwackin' done or I will
Lose my mind for good, now
Yes I will
Lose my mind for good

This planet's getting hotter
And I'm not just talking degrees
You gotta get yourself out of the kitchen
You gotta get yourself back into the trees.
They say the more you cram into an hour
The more you can relax later on,
But there's no work makes a bird, makes a flower
Ignore 'em too long an 'fore you know it they're gone.

Don't pay me no nevermind I'm just
Runnin' round these woods,
Gotta get some bushwackin' done or I will
Lose my mind for good.
Don't pay me no nevermind I'm just
Runnin' round these woods,
Gotta get some bushwackin' done or I will
Lose my mind for good, now
Yes I will
Lose my mind for good

Who Sings This Song?

Oooh, ooh, ooh, ooh...

Who owns this land?
Who owns this land?
Who owns this land?
Who took it from these hands?

Who built this fence?
Who built this fence?
Who built this fence?
Who's been in and who's been out ever since?

Who broke the peace?
Who broke the peace?
Who broke the peace?
When's this occupation ever gonna cease?

Who sings this song?
Who sings this song?
Who sings this song?
How loud we gonna sing it, and how long?

Who sings this song?
Who sings this song?
Who sings this song?
How loud we gonna sing it, and how long?

How long?
How long?
How long?
How long must we sing this song?

How long?
How long?
How long?
How long must we sing this song?

Edge of the Known

On the edge of town
There's a road I drive when I'm feeling
Out of sorts...
On the edge of town
I drive...

On the edge of love
There's a feeling like you've grown another heart
On the edge of love,
Oh, it beats...

All of the questions you want to ask
About the future, about the past
Speak them into the air at last
Let them fly, far and fast...

On the edge of death
They say you finally see the life you have
On the edge of death
Oh, they say you can see...

On the edge of the known
You can lay down your need for certainty
On the edge of the known
Oh, you can open up...
You can open yourself up
On the edge of the known...

All of the questions you want to ask
About the future, about the past
Speak them into the air at last
Let them fly, far and fast...
All of the questions you want to ask
About the future, about the past
Speak them into the air at last
Let them fly, far and fast...
All of the questions you want to ask
About the future, about the past
Speak them into the air at last
Let them fly, far and fast...



Released, 2012



Nebraska Catfish

Walking along the tracks
There's no trains a-comin' through Nebraska
Prairie sun on the rails like a knife cuttin' out a slice
Checkin' catfish lines tossed in the Platte
Dark and muddy
What's on the other end
I don't know til I give it a tug...
I don't know til I give it a tug...
I don't know til I give it a tug...

So many hidden things, they leave their trails
They leave their marks
You can see them in the faces walkin' down the street, mid-February
I don't know their names, I don't know their stories
But I know the tug that pulls and fights
Oh, here they are in the current, moving upstream:
Hook set, and it's not coming out...
Hook set, and it's not coming out...
Hook set, and it's not coming out...
Not coming out...

Walking along the tracks
There's no trains a-comin' through Nebraska
The boy sits on the grass in the shelter-belt
Oh, the corn fields are checkered out
Their lines are broken, their lines are broken
Every stalk's an amputee
Aw shucks...

The wind makes the cottonwoods creak
The limbs are fallin', limbs are fallin'
There's a storm a-comin, can you feel the tug?
Can you feel the tug?
What's still submerged
It makes the twigs dance, makes the snow-fence howl
It's a song it's a dance,
It's a catfish still alive on the line...

I don't know til I give it a tug...
Hook set, and it's not coming out...
I don't know til I give it a tug...
Hook set, and it's not coming out...

Midwest Town

In a Midwest town
when the winter comes you never see the ground;
see the children spill onto the street
for the wind to scatter like autumn leaves.
Take yourself to a small cafe,
and have a cup of coffee with your toast today.
Hear the farmers talkin' politics
with their leather hands and brown toothpicks.

Yeah...
she's comin' in big slow flakes
to touch your face---
best watch out,
she'll be driftin' above your neck
in no time

In a Midwest town
by the interstate--- hear the semi-sound.
Hear it droning in the air at night
just beneath the geese in flight.
And they spread their gracious wings
in the night-blind sky they begin to sing.
There you are--- safe and sound
in a Midwest town you can never be found.

They'll never find you there.
People leave their doors unlocked---
go for walks at three-in-the-morning
in a Midwest town.

In a Midwest town
people go to church without their heads held down.
In a Midwest town
you can raise your kids with their feet on the ground.
You can go down to the Tastee Freeze
or go swingin' in the park--- whatever you please.
You can listen to the creek in a springtime thaw,
steal a porch-swing kiss--- anything at all.
Find your love in a Midwest town...
You can find your love in a Midwest town...

Found my love in Nebraska...
Found my love in Nebraska...
Found my love in Nebraska...

Found my love in Nebraska...

Cherry Hill

Cherry Hill, oh Cherry Hill
Got my fill on Cherry Hill
Cherry Hill, oh Cherry Hill
Got my fill on Cherry Hill

There was a place we kids would go
To ride our bikes and sled our snow
It was a magic place—everybody said so,
Yeah, I been there, and I oughta know.

Lots of trails and lots of trees
And a hill where the grass was up to your knees
Didn't take much more than a "Momma please?"
And we were out the door like a summertime breeze.

Well it was hide-n-seek and dirt bike chase
We were just kids thinkin' it was our place
'fore the strangers came n left more than a trace
We found 'em under the bridge—you shoulda seen Kirk's face.

(Chorus)

See they were pictures from some magazine
The kind none of us had ever seen
Some were sick, some were just mean
Oh, but they sucked us in like a candy machine

Now eight years old's too young to die
But my eight years fell away with a sigh
Like middle-aged men we began to cry
There on Cherry Hill beneath a summer sky...

Cherry Hill never was the same
Mighta been fear, mighta been shame
But my bike gathered dust and a rusty chain
Once us boys had a taste of a grown man's pain

Well I might go there if I'm back in town
Just to see the bridge and hear the cricket sound
But there's no more surprises left to be found
Once a boys grown up and been around

Tell me, are there no more surprises left to be found
Before the cherries fall and the sun goes down?

Cherry Hill, oh Cherry Hill
Got my fill on Cherry Hill
Cherry Hill, oh Cherry Hill
Got my fill on Cherry Hill
Oh I had my fill of Cherry Hill.

Into New

(Based on closing lines of Wendell Berry's "A Purification")

Like the night sky into blue
Or a single cell becoming two,
Like me leaning into you,
Something old is escaping into new.

I used to worry my mistakes;
Guilt makes the bones and the body ache,
Now I am leaning into you;
Something old is escaping into new.

Like the past into now,
A spring renewed somehow.
Like the wind or the dawn—
Always returning, always gone
Ancient wisdom, come to light
A fading love that finds its fight
See how I'm leaning into you?
Something old is escaping into new.

I always wanted desperately to win
Disguising loss with a grin
But now that I am loved by you
Something old is escaping into new.
Now that I am loved by you
Something old is escaping into new.

So cold, so cold, so cold

I went out walking in my hometown last night,
I hadn't done that in quite a long, long time.
There was a full moon--- she went behind the clouds
And lit the storm-front from behind.
I have a friend; he wrote a letter.
He had no one to send it to.
I wrote a song--- but I could sing it so much better
If I could sing my song for you.

I was thinking about the time we said goodbye
The way most good friends do:
"See you later, when we both have the time..."
Then the time ran out on you.

So cold, so cold, so cold
So cold, so cold, so cold

At 3 am, you never see a soul
When the winter is on the ground.
The houses are hollow and the brick streets are so cold;
Some nights are lost never to be found.

So cold, so cold, so cold
So cold, so cold, so cold

I was thinking about the time we said goodbye
The way most good friends do:
"See you later, when we both have the time..."
Then the time ran out on you,
I was thinking about the time we said goodbye
The way most good friends do:
"See you later, when we both have the time..."
Then the time ran out on you,
And then the time ran out on you.

So cold, so cold, so cold
So cold, so cold, so cold

Playdough Boy

He had a cassette recorder, he had songs in his head
He placed them into the microphone.

Playdough boy, Playdough boy, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 Playdough boy

Middle school is a playdough factory
Put them in and push the plunger down
Playdough boy...
He lost the top of his head
He lost the tips of his fingers...

Playdough boy, Playdough boy, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 Playdough boy

Nobody ever asked him—he would have told them
He liked drawing, you know he liked the summer grass
Playdough boy...
He loved the smell of the dirt
He love to watch the ants carrying the dead back home

Playdough boy, Playdough boy, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 Playdough boy

He had a cassette recorder, he had songs in his head
He placed them into the microphone.
Playdough boy...
Sitting in the Platte
He felt the coolness steal the sand down stream
Playdough boy...
Nobody ever asked him, he would have told them
He would have told them all.

Playdough boy, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 Playdough boy, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 Playdough boy

The factory—they had holes like stars
They had holes like snakes and flowers
Holes like spaghetti
The factory—they had holes like stars
And everybody likes stars
Everybody likes stars...
Push the plunger down, push the plunger down...
Push the plunger down...

10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
Playdough boy, Playdough boy, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 Playdough boy

He could have been anything, He could have been anything
Playdough boy, there's all kinds of stars... There's all kinds of stars...

Playdough boy, Playdough boy
10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14
Playdough boy, Playdough boy

Look, Doris

Look, Doris there's a train a-coming
And it's headed straight for your head
Listen, Doris to the whistle blowing
And the lights are flashing red
They're flashing red

Not every crossing has a warning sign
Not every sign has a right to be red
It don't take no fortune teller
Just to know you've got to lie where you've made your bed
You've got to lie where you've made your bed, Doris
You've got to lie where you've made your bed

Listen Doris there's a car a-coming
Gonna hit you from behind
Listen, Doris to his wheels a-grinding
As he swerves past the yellow line
Past the yellow line

Not every road leads to Heaven Doris
And some drivers are blind
Not every road has a shoulder, Doris
And the fields that you pass may be filled with mines
All those fields are filled with mines, Doris
Oh the fields are filled with mines

Everybody's got a destination
Everybody's got somewhere to go
The going's easy
But the coming home is slow...
It's so slow, Doris
Oh comin' home is slow...

Look, Doris there's a train a-coming
And it's headed straight for your head
Listen, Doris to the whistle blowing
And the lights are flashing red
They're flashing red
The lights are flashing red
The lights are flashing red, Doris
Flashing red.

Blue and White

(York College Song
words and music by Ruby Carol Rickard
Arr. Scott Simpson)

On the hill of the rising sun
Stands a college we love so dear
Rooted deep is our loyalty
Grounded firm is our faith, sincere.

In our hearts will ever, ever be
Blue and white a blessed memory
Through the years our voices raise in praise to thee
All hail, York, hail.

Looking down on a busy town
Stands our college with aims so high
For the best in our work and sport
We are glad we can sound the cry.

In our hearts will ever, ever be
Blue and white a blessed memory
Through the years our voices raise in praise to thee
All hail, York, hail.

Our voices raise in praise to thee, oh
All hail, York, hail.

Winter Fields

Out here in these winter fields
silence is the only thing that's growing,
even now when it's not snowing
and there's nothing but the wind.

And I want to know--- do you remember
weren't those seeds that we were sowing?
Didn't our bodies ache with knowing
that our love would never end?

Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay

Upstairs where the children sleep
and dream of their tomorrows,
do you think they know our sorrows---
how hard it is, sometimes, to break the ground?

Down stairs, we are in our chairs
with nothing to disturb us,
but the thing that makes me nervous
is how hard it is, sometimes, to make a sound.

Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay

Out here in these winter fields...
Out here in these winter fields...
Out here in these winter fields...
Out here in these winter fields...
There's nothing but the wind.

Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay

There's nothing but the wind.

Gone (for Kirk)

(Based on two lines from James Taylor's Carolina on My Mind)

I'm gone, I'm gone
Say nice things about me.
I'm gone, I'm gone
You'll have to carry on without me.

I'm gone, I'm gone
Say nice things about me.
I'm gone, I'm gone
You'll have to carry on without me.

I'm gone, I'm gone
Say nice things about me.
I'm gone, I'm gone
You'll have to carry on without me.

I'm gone, I'm gone
Say nice things about me.
I'm gone, I'm gone
You'll have to carry on without me.

I'm gone, I'm gone
Say nice things about me.
I'm gone, I'm gone
You'll have to carry on without me.



Released, 2012



Well I was headed out west on interstate 90
Not too worried 'bout what lay behind me
So much was just up ahead,
Voices to be heard and lines to be read, yeah
Some wounds are still so fresh
They tell their stories in bone and flesh
Some landscapes ring so true
They pull me in—they're gonna get you too!

I'm gone to South Dakota,
Aren't you coming with me?
They've got a distant horizon and mountains...
Of history.

Well, I saw the Rushmore carving against a needled sky
And Crazy horse pointing to where his people lie
I stood in Saloon number 10 where Wild Bill finally folded
Saw tailings, good and bad, from when the Black Hills golded
Down toward Fort Robinson the cells were harsh
And up at Medora, Teddy's ranch, the soldiers marched
Well, the Missouri was a highway, and the railroad grew
Broken treaties carved the land up, and the people too
Some things are sad reminders of what should never be
No one will forget Wounded Knee...

I'm gone to South Dakota,
Aren't you coming with me?
They've got a distant horizon and mountains...
Of history.
They've got mountains of history
Yeah, yeah
Mountains of history, yeah, yeah!

I'm gone to South Dakota,
Aren't you coming with me?
There's a whole lot of adventure
And a little bit of mystery.
Said I'm gone to South Dakota,
Aren't you coming with me?
They've got a distant horizon and mountains...
Of history... mountains of history...
They've got mountains of history
Yeah, yeah...

I wasn't made for the concrete jungle
My wheels roll with something rougher than that
I want a path full of the unexpected
I want the sun beatin' on my back
Don't want to live my life antiseptic
Don't mind some sweat and a little hurt
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah

(instrumental verse)

I was born with a strong addiction
To everything that makes me feel alive
Don't wanna die without ever living
Life's not a stage... it's a ride!
Can't have a heartbeat and stay at home
Can't have a breath and stay inert
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah

(instrumental verse)

Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah
Ride on the edge, take on the trail
Back to the sky, back to the dirt, yeah, yeah

Down by the river of Babylon we sat on the banks and cried
It was on the muddy banks of the Babylonian river, we sat, we sat
And we cried, Lord, we cried
We were remembering home, felt like, felt like we had died.

(instrumental)

Well we stacked up there, underneath the aspen tree, a stack of old guitars
I said there, under the aspen tree, was a stack of silent guitars
I'm askin' Lord how can we play, how can we sing?
How can we sing with these scars? How can we sing, how can we play
With these scars?

(instrumental)

Well, every face... every face I see is sarcastic and mocking
They say—go on, play me a song—a happy song
Every face I see, well they're laughin' they're laughin'
They want a happy song, yeah, they want a happy song...
I said how can I sing a happy song when I'm here all day
I'm here all night long? How can I sing a happy song
So far from home? Yeah, yeah...

(instrumental)

Well, I'm gonna let my fingers wither and fall off,
Gonna let my tongue swell up and turn black.
Let my fingers wither and fall off, like the leaves on the trees
Let my tongue swell and turn black
If I ever forget my home, now
If I ever forget to head back... if I ever forget you,
No, I'm coming back to my home now, yeah, yeah, yeah

Gonna get back home now...
Gonna get back home, gonna get back home

I won't ever forget my home,
Ain't ever gonna turn my back.

Fat tire, got to get me a grip
'fore my legs give out and my lungs expire
Fat tire, don't want to slip
Cause the going's steep and the trail's on fire.

Fat tire, don't need no retread
The mountain is a monster and the hunger's got to be fed.
Fat tire, ain't messin' with a road-bike
Ain't no pavement and we're tearin' up a long hike.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!

Fat tire, spinnin' through the mud now
Ain't no French tour, ain't no high-brow
Fat tire, you know you're gonna have fun
And it ain't gonna kill you, though you know it's gonna hurt some!

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!

(instrumental)

Fat tire, got to get me a grip
'fore my legs give out and my lungs expire
Fat tire, don't want to slip
Cause the going's steep and the trail's on fire.

Fat tire, don't need no retread
Fat tire, the hunger's got to be fed.
Fat tire, ain't messin' with a road-bike
Fat tire, we're tearin' up a long hike.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!

Fat tire, spinnin' through the mud now
Fat tire, ain't no high-brow
Fat tire, you know you're gonna have fun
Oh, you know it's gonna hurt some!

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey fat tire!

Stuck in a mudrut, but I'm trying to fly,
Stuck in a mudrut, there's a dark angry sky,
Can't make no progress, beg, borrow or buy,
But I'm going nowhere if I fail to try.

Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.

Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.

Oh, you know I'm stuck in a mudrut.
I'm stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.

Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.

Stuck.
Stuck in a mudrut.
Stuck in a mudrut.

Rock Song

Oh, the race isn't to the swift,
It's to the heart that won't stop beating.
And the day is a living gift
Every minute fresh as a lover's greeting
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.

And love doesn't stop at one
It goes on and on to the ends of creation.
Unify every race and tongue
And war is done no tribe no nation.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.

And the lion lies with the lamb
The skies are full of singing
All the swords are beaten into plowshares,
Hear the ringing.

(instrumental)

They will teach us whose we are
They have not forgotten, we must listen.
Learn the song all creation sings
To the only king full of love and wisdom.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.

And the lion lies with the lamb
The skies are full of singing
All the swords are beaten into plowshares,
Hear the ringing.

(instrumental)

And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out

And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.

Oh the rocks cry out, hear the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
Hear the rocks cry out, hear the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.

And the lion lies with the lamb
The skies are full of singing
All the swords are beaten into plowshares,
Hear the ringing.

And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
And the rocks cry out, and the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.
Hear the rocks cry out, hear the rocks cry out
And the trees are clapping.

Mile 52 Blues

Well, a hundred miles is a long, long ride
A hundred miles is a long long ride
Ain't no place that you can hide.
A hundred miles is a long long ride

Yeah but I'm ridin' in the sun,
I'm just ridin' in the sun.
I'm passin' mile 21
I'm just ridin', ridin' ridin' in the sun.

Well there's so much that you can see
There's so much you can see
At mile 33...
There's so much, so much so much that you can see.

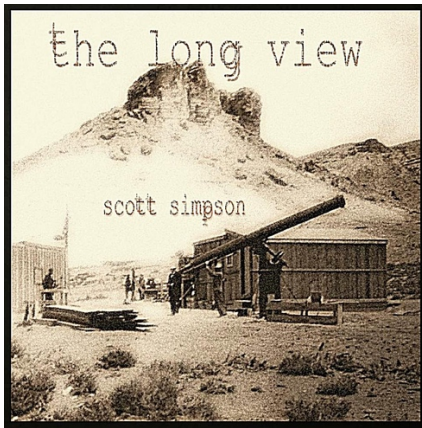
I'm just glad that I'm alive,
I'm just glad I'm alive.
Here at mile 45
I'm just glad that I'm alive, alive, alive...

Yeah, yeah... I'm at mile 45...

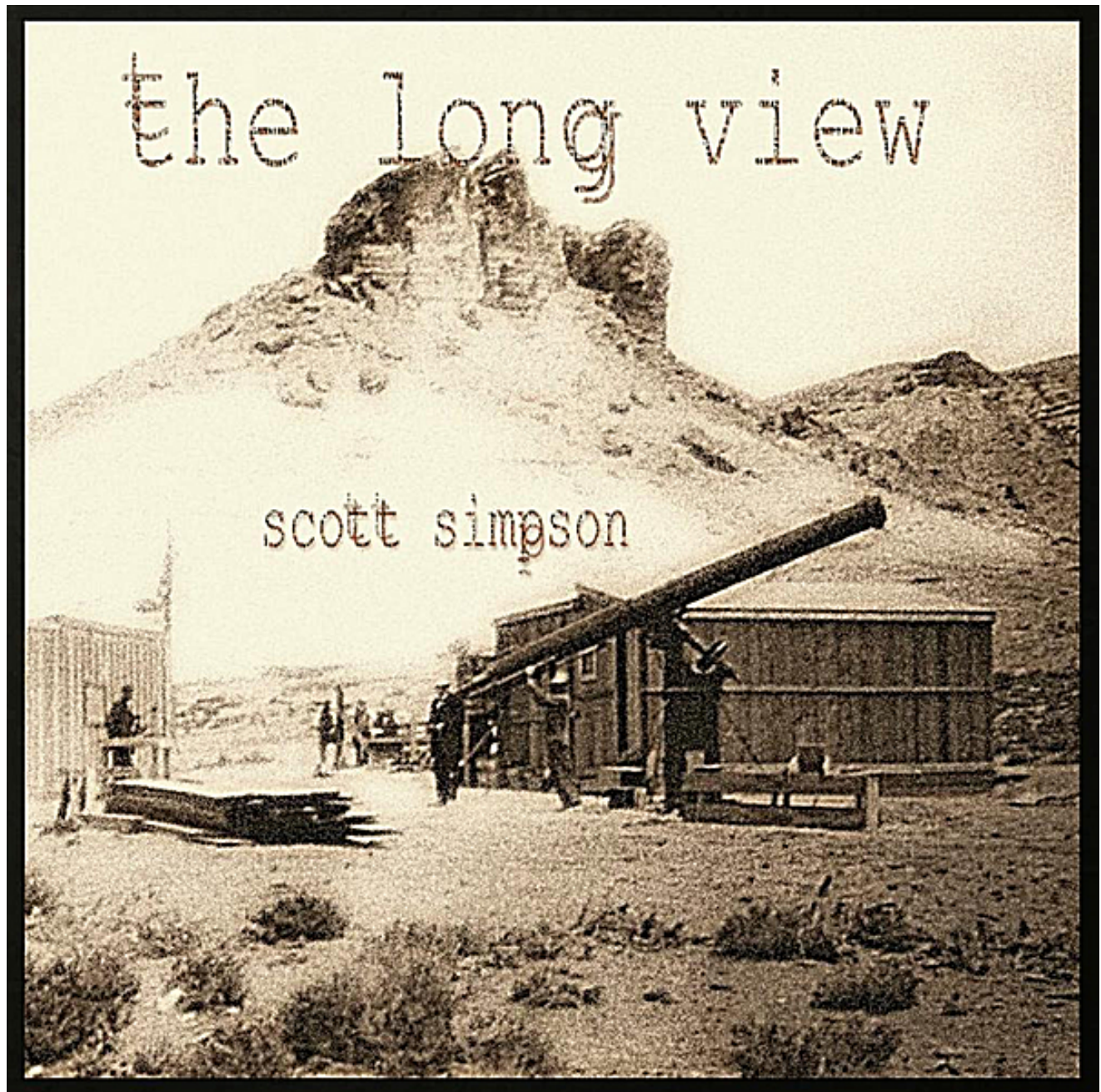
(instrumental)

Now's the time to get the blues...
Now's the time to get the blues,
Just at mile 52, yeah,
Now's the time, the time, the time to get the blues
Here at mile 52
Here at mile 52
Now's the time now's the time to get the blues
Here at mile 52
Mile 52
Mile 52
Get the blues...
Mile 52
52...

Now now watcha gonna do?
Here at 52
I got the blues
Mile 52...
Watcha gonna do? (long fade)



Released, 2012



The Long View

It's hard to take the long view
In a near-sighted world
It's hard to take the long view.
Wait too long and you'll make the wrong move
'cause it's a fast-moving world,
And it's hard to take the long view.

So I got myself a 5 year plan,
Yeah, I wrote it down last night
While YouTube was buffering
Gonna make a killin' day-trading stock
Then double it in Vegas,
Then use the funds to solve world suffering.

(chorus)

So I put everything on line
Made my relationships all clickable
And now I'm married to 41partygirl
Don't see her much—but I'm sure we'll be happy
Ever-after...
She's got 2038 followers.

(instrumental chorus)

Last week they solved world hunger
With a corporate subsidy—
Big Mac n fries for every kid!
Next week they take on education
Free-market style,
Put the Disney folks in charge of it.

They're gonna end the war on terror
With a new, smarter-bomb
It only kills the ones who still want to fight...
They'll carpet-bomb the planet
It'll leave just us and everyone who likes us
And tell me, what's not to like?

Oh, be sure to "Like" us!

It's hard to take the long view
In a near-sighted world
It's hard to take the long view.

Wait too long and you'll make the wrong move
'cause it's a fast-moving world,
And it's hard to take the long view.
It's hard to take the long view
In a near-sighted world
It's hard to take the long view.
Wait too long and you'll make the wrong move
'cause it's a fast-moving world,
And it's hard to take the long view.
It's hard to take the long view.

A Little Late

If I was a horse, I'd let you ride me down to the sea
If I was a dove, I'd collect every olive branch I could see
If I was a whirlwind, I'd steal the smoke from these city skies
If I was God, I'd crash your party with no disguise
With no disguise, with no disguise,
I'd crash your party with no disguise.

If I was a salesman, I'd sell you all of this for \$19.99
If I was a teacher, there'd be no child, no child left behind
And if I won the lottery, well, I'd retire and move down to the beach
If you want to save yourself, you must enter two by two and each by each
Oh each by each, each by each,
Yeah, you have to enter two by two and each by each

Oh, but I am not a horse, you're gonna have to find your own ride down to the sea
And even if I was a dove, tell me who the hell's gonna listen to me?
Gonna take more than a Texas spring tornado just to clean up these dirty city skies
And God's been here all along, among us, we just plugged our ears and covered up our eyes
Yeah, we covered up our eyes, covered up our eyes, yeah,
We just plugged our ears and covered up our eyes.

Yeah, yeah, yeah... (instrumental)

So get away from me with your sales pitch—I already got everything that I need
I've always been a teacher, yeah, it just takes time and patience to germinate the seed
And someone always wins the Lotto, and ten thousand others always lose
When the water's up above your neck, it's a little late, a little late to choose...
Too late to choose, too late to choose
Too late to choose, oh, can it be...
Don't need a horse, you don't need a horse, yeah
You don't need a horse, cause here comes the sea
Here comes the sea, here comes the sea
Here comes the sea...

(repeat to end)

Deepen the Well

In the fall, my ego needed sleep;
He sat up nights composing poems I could not keep.

My strong root is when the quiet reveals my voice;
My strong root is when stillness makes my choice;
My strong root is at the bottom of this hand-dug well;
How far the bucket has to drop? I cannot tell.
I cannot tell.

The winter came and the snow began to fall;
I built no shelter, had no covering at all.

I am unveiling something ancient inside;
I am uncovering all I've tried to hide;
I give up speaking for listening;
The wisdom's in the air—it's glistening.
It's glistening.

In the spring, the horses roll and play;
They sun their bellies, they upend an April day.

I'll place the earth beneath my head;
Of mud and early grass I'll make my bed;
I'll show my teeth and snort at the sky;
Can't you see the idea of summer in these wild mustang eyes?
Mustang eyes...

(instrumental)

And in the summer all the world's in bloom;
Sun brings down the snowmelt, waters this colorful loom;
My strong root is deep in this soil;
These Camas lilies don't labor, they don't toil;
They don't toil... they don't toil...

There's no fence could mark the edge of what it means to live;
You'll never dig so deep you'll hit the end of what you have to give;

The deeper the well, the more life there is to give.
The deeper the well, the more life there is to give.
The deeper the well, the more life there is to give.
The deeper the well, the more life there is to give.

Lovely Now

I worked as hard as anyone could do
I worked for them, I even worked for you,
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?
I felt as useful as any tool,
Just fold me up next to the carpenter's rule
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?

Whose field is this?
Whose sunshine and whose rain?
Whose plot is this?
Whose plow and whose pain?
Oh, would you cut me now?
Is that the marketable plan?
Even the mower
Sometimes lets the lily stand.

Birds conspire with the summer clouds
No bottom line, no cheering crowds...
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?
(whistling)
Am I lovely now, tell me, am I lovely now?

Whose field is this?
Whose sunshine and whose rain?
Whose plot is this?
Whose plow and whose pain?
Oh, would you cut me now?
Is that the marketable plan?
Even the mower
Sometimes lets the lily stand.

Some need to bloom, others need to sing
But the sweetest work is in the Being
In the Being, in the Being,
Being Now...

Whose field is this?
Whose sunshine and whose rain?
Whose plot is this?
Whose plow and whose pain?
Oh, would you cut me now?
Is that the marketable plan?
'Cause even the mower
Sometimes lets the lily stand.

Casting Pearls

This pebble on the bottom, this pebble in my shoe,
is shaping every current, this pebble won't be moved
take it into your body, place it upon your tongue
to swallow can be painful, to open's to become...

This piggy goes to market
this piggy stays at home
this piggy's eating beef
this piggy will eat none
this piggy wears his scars
this piggy's wasted to bone
this piggy calls his momma
this piggy set out to roam

set out to roam
set out to roam

I should have been a poet, I should have been a priest,
they say the greatest here is always seen as least
collect the sharp-edged moments--call all the ones you love
the hand that pulls the levers has taken off the gloves

these are my pearls...
these are my pearls...

I cannot help but lose them
I cannot help but cast
the shine into the future,
the pain into the past

these are my pearls...
these are my pearls...
these are my pearls...
these are my pearls...
these are my pearls...

Ejah

Ejah, Ejah, Ejah!

As We Are Known

Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face...

I always see reflections:
This mirror right in front of me
I always see reflections,
Oh, to be known
And to know...

(instrumental)

I always see reflections:
This mirror right in front of me
I always see reflections,
Oh, to be known
And to know...

Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face to face, as we are known. Know
Face to face
Face...

Well he started out as an accident
Nine months of labor and toil
And he entered the light with open eyes,
A loving face, a warm breast,
Before his feet even hit the soil...
A loving face, a warm breast,
Before his feet even hit the soil...

He'd sit for hours in the grass
Watching the sun light the seeds
They were planes and ships on magical trips
Tiny parachutes on the breeze
And the fingers of light pulled down the night
Through his window, the town went to sleep
And the dance of the colors winking to life
Gave him dreams and musical themes
Treasures and tales for keeps;
They gave him dreams and musical themes
Treasures and tales for keeps.

Oh, it's a fertile soil and a loving breast
And lights to light your way,
Oh, it's floating ships launched by tiny lips
Blowing dandelions all day.
And at night, oh the village sleeps
But everybody keeps a candle burning bright
His village on the hill...
It's still shining through this night.

Sometimes these days he forgets his name
And his feet don't touch the ground
Or a coldness steals his heart away
And the wind makes a lonesome sound
But there's a deeper place—a stronger grace
Where the lights and the music are stored
And when he shuts his eyes to listen close
Deep inside, like a rising tide
A calling that can't be denied
Deep inside there's a roaring tide
A calling that can't be denied.

Oh, it's a fertile soil and a loving breast
And lights to light your way,
Oh, it's floating ships launched by tiny lips

Blowing dandelions all day.
And at night, oh the village sleeps
But everybody keeps a candle burning bright
His village on the hill...
It's still shining through this night.

Play By Ear

I cannot do it for you...
But I still long
To be heard.
I don't know your language...
But I can sing with mine,

It's music we are making,
Making here, together...
I am beginning
To hear it—

It's the meshing of many songs
Pages ripped from a million songbooks
Falling from our fingers
To feed this blazing fire

Much music makes much warmth
Though we cannot read a note of it—
No matter...
Let us play by ear
Play by ear
Play by ear
Play by ear

(inst)

The melodies
Our wounded hearts are beating out
Give me a brand new pulse...
Move the blood
Rich with our breath
To my extremities...
My extremities.

It's the meshing of many songs
Pages ripped from a million songbooks
Falling from our fingers
To feed this blazing fire
Much music makes much warmth
Though we cannot read a note of it—
No matter...
Let us play by ear...
It's the meshing of many songs
Pages ripped from a million songbooks

Falling from our fingers
To feed this blazing fire
Much music makes much warmth
Though we cannot read a note of it—
No matter...
Let us play by ear
Play by ear, Play by ear
Play by ear,
Let us play by ear

Fire Builds the City

Rewind the film, and the fire builds the city
Rewind the film, and the huntsman revives the fox
Rewind the film, and the banker steals the money
Rewind the film and you put my heart,
Yeah, you put my heart back together again
You put my heart back together again
Rewind, rewind, rewind

Reverse the car, and you find your way back home again
Reverse the words, and somehow they say... somehow they say
They say you were meant for me and I was meant,
I was meant for this life, yeah
Rewind, rewind, yeah

Untake the pill, and find yourself awake again
I'll unbreak my promises, I'll find myself,
I'll find myself the truth, oh, find myself the truth
Let's rewind today, find ourselves,
find ourselves walking in the sunlight again, yeah
We can rewind the night, turn the fight, turn the fight
Back into love, back into love
Rewind, yeah
Rewind, yeah
Rewind, turn the fight back in
Turn the fight back into love
Rewind, rewind...
Rewind, oh rewind, yeah, yeah..

Fire builds the city
Fire builds the city
Fire builds the city, fire
Oh, yeah
And the fire builds the city
And the fire builds this city
And the fire builds
And the fire builds this city, yeah
And the fire builds
And the fire builds
And the fire builds this city
And the fire builds
And the fire builds
And the fire builds
Fire, fire...

Eyes Open

I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open

I got two ears, I wanna hear you...
I got two ears, I wanna hear you...
I got two ears, I wanna hear you...
I got two ears, I wanna hear you...
I got two ears, I wanna hear you...
I got two ears, I wanna hear you...

I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open
I want to see, I gotta keep my eyes open



Released, 2011

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

- 01 Starting Out
- 03 Climb
- 05 Cruisin' the 89
- 07 Dusk
- 09 Crooked Tree
- 10 Close to Home



No Standing

I put one foot right in front of the other
And the moment goes behind my back
It's no magic trick I'm performing,
No rabbit inside my hat.

Sometimes it feels like an awful lot of trouble
Sometimes I don't know my up from down
Sometimes I feel like I'm stuck in a bubble
Going round and round and round and round

Every valley feels like a mountain;
Every mountain falls short of the sky;
Every desert shines like a fountain;
Every river's running dry.
No there's no standing on level ground
No standing on level ground—
It can't be found.

Now I used to think there was a destination
That would ease my mind—allay my frustration,
Truth is, to stop's to die
So I stay on the move, I don't close my eyes.
Rest comes, the best comes
When you carry it inside you, you let it ride you;
The test comes, bread crumbs,
Take out the garbage—don't let it hide you.
Stop looking for an easy street
You find yourself when you feel your feet.
Every struggle's as tough as the last,
As rich as the past—slow or fast.
There's no points or medals or prizes
That can cure your heart.
Peel off the disguises.
Take the path just as it's given,
To stop's to die, to move is livin'.

Every valley feels like a mountain;
Every mountain falls short of the sky;
Every desert shines like a fountain;
Every river's running dry.
No there's no standing on level ground
No standing on level ground—
It can't be found.

Every valley feels like a mountain;
Every mountain falls short of the sky;
Every desert shines like a fountain;
Every river's running dry.
Oh there's no standing on level ground,
No standing on level ground...
No standing on level ground—
It can't be found.

Ramble

Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
You know, it gets too safe, and I gotta gamble, yeah
If there's some danger, I'll grab a handful, yeah
Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
Well, it don't take much to move me on
Blink your eyes and I'll be gone, yeah
Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
Yeah, Yeah

Well, it's time for me to hit the road
I'm gonna speak my mind and lift my load and go...
You don't have to say a thing,
This road has got a song it's gonna sing for me, yeah
It's gonna sing a song for me, yeah
Almost any time of year
There's mountains callin' me, I hear it
I cannot stay safe at home
Honey I just got to, I got to roam awhile, yeah
Yeah, yeah..

Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
You know, it gets too safe, and I gotta gamble, yeah
If there's some danger, I'll grab a handful, yeah
Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
Well, it don't take much to move me on
Blink your eyes and I'll be gone, yeah
Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
Yeah, Yeah

(instrumental) Yeah, Yeah...

Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
You know, it gets too safe, and I gotta gamble, yeah
If there's some danger, I'll grab a handful, yeah
See, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
Well, it don't take much to move me on
Blink your eyes and I'll be gone, yeah
Well, I get restless, I gotta ramble, yeah
Yeah, Yeah

Sometime

Sometimes I step out the door
Just like I'm waking up from a dream;
All the walls and all the plans
Are really thinner than they seem.
Sometimes the clouds open up like a big-ol' book
And I fall between the lines;
The black and white matters only half as much
As the rhythm and the rhyme.
Sometimes...

Some time ago I knew a kid;
He was waiting on his ship to arrive.
He could see the empty port,
But he couldn't hear the music of the tide.
He said, "Sometime, it's gonna work out for me,
Sometime I'm gonna have my day...
Sometime..." He said, "Somehow...
Someone... some way..."
Sometimes...

Sometimes the way is rocky,
Sometimes it's so damn steep
I want to crawl into the ditch,
I want to curl up and sleep.
Sometime never seems to come
When I call her out of fear,
But sometimes Sometime nudges me awake
And I realize Sometime was always here.
Sometime...

Well, the thing that you wanted so bad
Is the thing that's gonna make you blind,
But when the thing you have is all you want,
Then you're living in Sometime.
So take a breath for happiness,
Breathe out a sigh for love,
And find the story that you're in
And find it big as the sky—the sky above.
Sometime...

Sometimes I walk out the door
It's like waking up from a dream;
All the walls and all the plans,
Oh, they're thinner than they seem.

Sometimes the clouds open up like a book
And I fall between the lines.
The black and white don't matter that much to me
I want the rhythm... I want the rhyme.
Sometime...

I was born
With a stubbornness inside,
if you close that door,
I'm gonna kick it open,
Kick it open wide, Yeah-Yeah, Yeah-Yeah...

Back in first grade, old Mrs. Nielson
Pulled me close, said, "How does it feel son
To be taking up space and time,
'Cause you're wasting yours and you're wasting mine."

So I learned what I should not do,
What I could not do,
What I would not do;
And I learned that, whatever they said,
I'd rather be dead than keep it in my head.

They said, "Here is the line."
I was already somewhere else doing something else,
And calling it mine.
They said, "You need a ticket."
I said, "Then stand aside—it'll open wide
'Cause I'm gonna kick it."

Yeah-Yeah...

Too many people these days
Walking around in a pitiful haze.
Everybody's full of doubt, they can't get out--
Too afraid to shout.

You never know what the boundaries are
'til you see how far you can push that bar.
You'll find yourself defined by the corporate mind
and the bottom line.

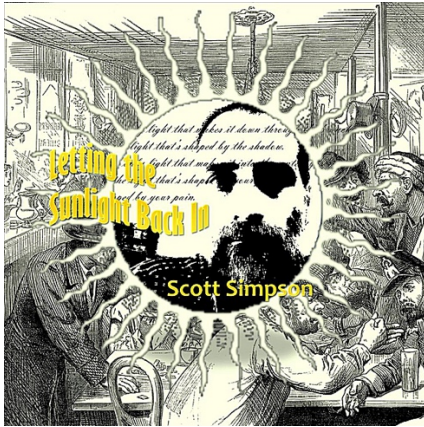
They say, "Stay in your place."
I say, "I'm movin' on; I'll see you there
At the end of this race."
They say, "You don't get to pick it."
I say, "Then set 'er up straight and make it look great,
Cause I'm gonna kick it."

I was born

With a stubbornness inside,
if you close that door,
I'm gonna kick it open,
Kick it open wide, Yeah-Yeah, Yeah-Yeah...

I'm gonna kick it, I'm gonna kick it...

I was born...
But not yesterday.

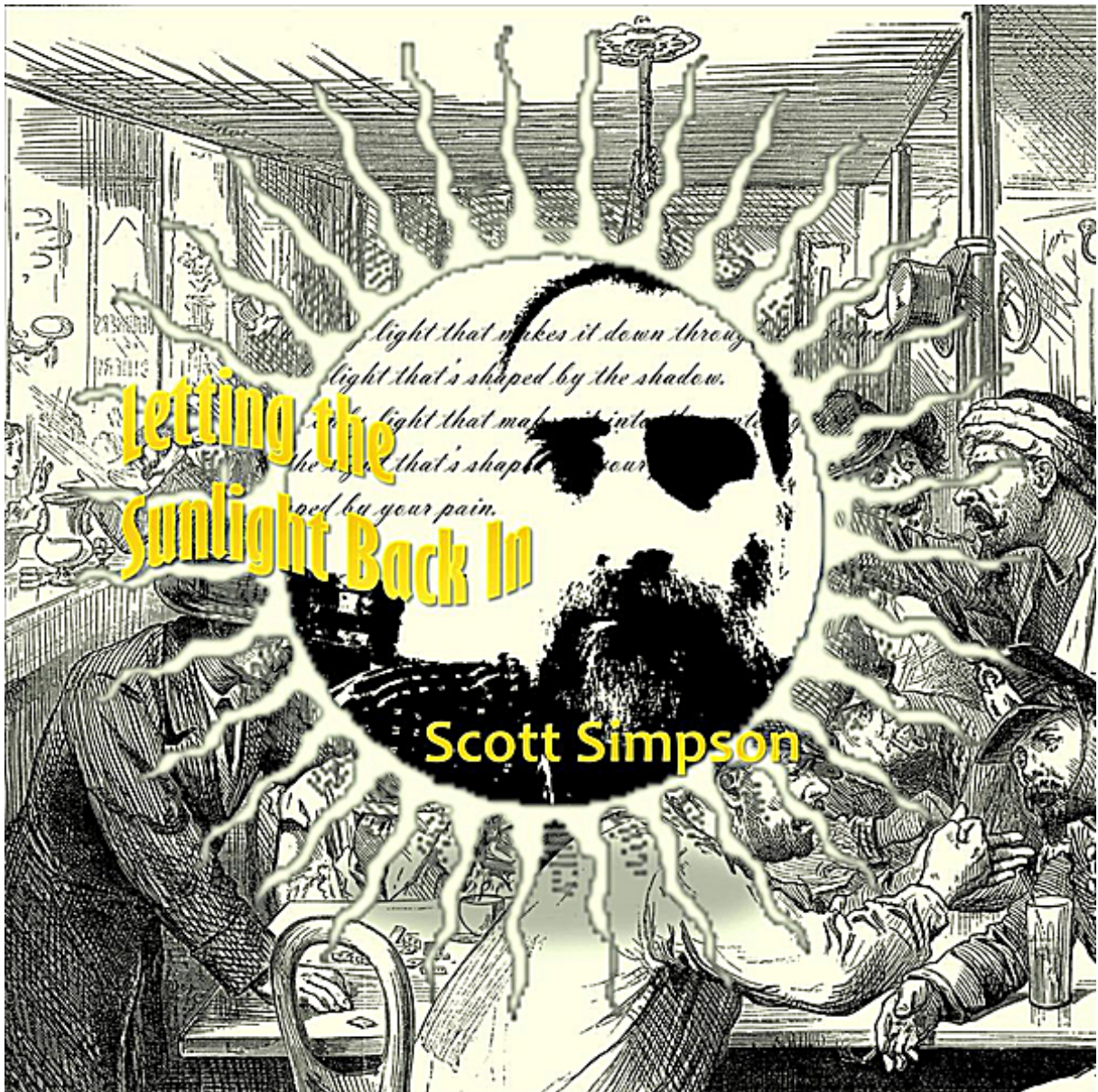


Released, 2010

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

01 Intro

10 Punch Another Hole (Reprise)



Punch Another Hole

Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'
Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'
There's a hole in the bottom of the ocean
there's a hole in the bottom of the sea
Lots of muck coming up on the beaches
as far as I can see, yeah;
lots of people feeding their addiction
everybody got some place to go
every rig is another shared needle
got to drill baby drill some more.
And if you have a closed fist
every problem is just another time to explode
and if you have your eyes closed
in this darkness—you're only gonna find one solution:
you're gonna punch another hole
gonna punch another hole.

There's a hole in the bottom of my pocket,
there's a hole in my market share
there's a bookie who'll take your bet
anytime, anywhere...
there's a sucker born every minute
gonna mortgage off his soul;
all it takes is a shiny shovel
he's gonna dig his own hole.
(chorus)

There's a hole at the end of the muzzle
don't get in my way--
a thousand more are coming right behind me
gonna make you change your ways;
every hole is a mouth to a tunnel
stretching back to an empty place;
every eye looking down the barrel
wears another human face.
(chorus twice)

Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'
Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'
Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'
Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'
Oh, this ship's a-sinkin'

I went down to New Mexico
with my father and my little girl
it was unreal and it was dreamlike
it was like another world of enchantment
--just like they say on the signs.

It was rainy and it was gray all across the Rockies
I drove the pickup truck my father slept a lot--
he's getting older now, so am I, so am I
And my daughter, well, she isn't little anymore...
she's seventeen and riding behind these two old men
in the back seat with her headphones
and we're stopping once again for a bathroom
and another cup of coffee.

And my father knows how painful life can be
so we just talk about the signs we pass along the way
but he reaches across the front seat to put his hand on my neck
and he rubs it, just like he did when I was just twenty-one
and my fiancée broke up with me and I was on the run from myself,
or at least who I thought I was gonna be,
who I thought I was gonna be...

So we drop off my daughter with her sleeping bag and her guitar
for two weeks at camp, and there's laughing kids and there's cars
and there's parents and they're huggin' their children
and the sun finally begins to shine...

And we are what we are, not what we were gonna be
and the road stretches from bathroom to cup of coffee
and my father and I, we trade off driving and sleeping
and he rubs my neck, and I rub his
and we can see all the peaks this time
all back through Colorado--
it's so full of color
--just like they say on all the signs

it's so full of color
--just like they say on all the signs,
on all the signs.

Easy Come

Easy come, yeah, easy go
what you thought, well it just ain't so
you can plan all your hours and days
but they're all just gonna happen anyway, yeah
they're all just gonna happen anyway.

Well I knew a man up to his eyes in stock
he was always buying low and selling on the top
then a fat-fingered clerk hit the wrong key
and all his numbers floated off into a bottomless sea

(chorus)

Now I saw a girl, she was hungry for love
and the lover she was with fit her just like a glove
but the winter ended and the ice was freed
and they both floated off like the cottonwood seed.

(chorus)

Now there was a country that would go to war
it was an eye for an eye—they had to even the score
every flash of a drone or explosive device
killed an enemy once and made an enemy twice.

(chorus)

Now there was a people and they were so smart--
they tried to build them a Heaven tearing the world apart
but when they opened the gates their faces all fell,
there was not much left but a customized Hell.

Easy come, yeah, easy go
what you thought, well it just ain't so
you can plan all your hours and days
but if you're not giving Love it's gonna suck anyway
Not giving love, not giving love, not giving love it's gonna suck anyway
you can plan all your hours and days
but if you're not giving Love it's gonna suck anyway
if you're not giving love.

No Metaphor

I often find myself distrustful of metaphors
especially when I'm outdoors
when me and my three friends take our
fourteen legs down the fire trail
oh, that's no metaphor
that's no metaphor
ah no-- they each have four legs and a tail
see that's no metaphor
that's no metaphor...
four legs and a tail,
that's my three friends, yeah...

Sometimes I smoke my pipe
but you know I'm conflicted
I need, I need the exercise,
but I don't want to become addicted
but you know I guess I am,
addicted that is, to this trail and to my friends
and this is no metaphor
I've tried to quit them before
this is no metaphor, oh
but the trail, it calls us all
it calls us all—this is no metaphor
this is no metaphor
yeah this is the voice I always listen for
the voice I listen for...
Yeah, the voice I listen for...

Sometimes I bring a book,
Thomas Merton or Thich Naht Hahn
while they, they sniff around
on the sun-drenched ground
ah, no metaphor, no metaphor
yeah, that's what hiking's for
that's no metaphor, it's an open door--
that's no metaphor
you see I, I often find myself
I often find myself while walking there
and that's no metaphor
no metaphor,
I often find myself,
no metaphor,
no metaphor.

Everything

I got a clock, wakes me up on time
got the money for the bills, and an extra dime
I got some wheels to get me round the town
Yeah I got everything, but everything's just something else
to lose,
I don't need everything, all I need is you.

I got my appointments all lined up in a row
got the corresponding excuses in tow, yeah
but I got my boots and a trail and it's a sunny summer day
oh I got everything, but everything, everything's just something else
to lose...
I don't need everything, I just need you.

I got the animal, vegetable, mineral, yeah now
I got the solid the liquid the gas,
I got a metaphysical itch just behind my left shoulder blade
see, I got everything, but everything, everything's just something else
to lose, yeah,
I don't need everything, I just need you.

I just need you...
I don't need everything, I just need you
I don't need everything, I just need you
see, I got everything, but everything, everything's just something else
I'm gonna lose, yeah,
I don't need everything, I just need you.
And I got everything, but everything, everything's just something else
I'm gonna lose, yeah,
I don't need everything, cause I got you.

And I got me a plan--
I got me a workable scheme yeah
I'm gonna come home early,
pass up on the coffee
for the cream
cause, I got everything, I got me everything, I got me everything, everything
I got me everything, cause I got you...
I got me everything, cause I got you.

Tide

The valve that opens closes
the breath that comes recedes
this give and take will lift me
into uncharted seas
and stillness is not static
its rhythm comes and goes
but the mandatory constant
is the forward flow

The tide, the tide
the tide, the tide

And where we've always forded
we've entered untouched streams
the ocean undoes the mountains
pullin' at the seams, yeah
pullin' at the seams
It's the familiar pulsing
the constant that I crave
to live's to fall and rise
and overflow the grave
overflow the grave

And Nero burned his city
and Brando rolled his dice
and Peter walked on water
once but not twice...

And where we've always forded
we've entered untouched streams
the ocean undoes the mountains
pullin' at the seams, yeah
pullin' at the seams
It's the familiar pulsing
the constant that I crave
to live's to fall and rise
and overflow the grave
overflow the grave

Pullin' at the seams
Pullin' at the seams
Pullin' at the seams
Pullin' at the seams...

Letting the Sunlight Back In

The only light that makes it down through the branches
is the light that's shaped by the shadow.
The only light that makes it into the center, yeah
is the light that's shaped by your pain...
shaped by your pain.

The only songs that they sing at the funerals
are the songs shaped by the going away.
The only love you can feel for another
is the love that is shaped by the hole in your heart...
by the hole in your heart.

And the morning's a reminder of what's still in the dark,
and the mourning's a song to remind me I'm still here,
then the pain takes me to the next level
and the hole in my heart keeps on letting the sunlight back in...

letting the sunlight back in...
letting the sunlight back in...
letting the sunlight back in.

The only light that makes it down through the branches
is the light that's shaped by the shadow.
The only light that makes it into the center
is the light that's shaped by your pain...
but I'm letting the sunlight back in...

I'm letting the sunlight back in...
I'm letting the sunlight back in,
Letting the sunlight...

Don't Grow Away

I watched the sun come up this morning
just like a million times before
but when I watched your face awaken
it was like something I'd never seen before

You're ever growing ever changing
just like a river on its way
and don't you ever stop that growing
but don't you ever grow away.

I know the world is full of mystery
full of pleasure, full of pain
like the burning ache of friendship
or the gentle kiss of rain
but before you see the truth unmasked,
look into my eyes
I don't want to hold you back,
I just can't bear to see you cry.

You're ever growing ever changing
just like a river on its way
and don't you ever stop that growing
but don't you ever grow away.
Don't you ever stop that growing
but don't you ever grow away...
don't you ever grow away...



Released, 2009

Additional instrumental tracks on this album

- 01 Hittin' the Road
- 02 Chant
- 04 In the Classroom
- 05 West River
- 06 Leaving Madison
- 08 Saddle Up
- 09 They Got It
- 10 Punkelodeon
- 11 Going Home
- 12 Acoustic Break
- 14 Omelet Blues (instrumental)



The Company You Keep

I've walked this road behind me
With no one else but you.
We had some words--- got lost a time or two,
But that road was wide enough for me to walk with you,
for me to walk with you.

This dust upon my boots,
I couldn't shake it off even if I wanted to.
And who knows where I'll be when the day is finally through;
There's one thing I know--- I'll be there with you.
I'll be there with you.

Tell me a story, sing me a song,
The sky is dark and the road is long.
What keeps you together when the climb is steep?
It's not your destination, it's the company you keep,
it's the company you keep.

Have you ever watched the sun set,
Or stood in the night like a single star?
Have you ever walked an empty road all by yourself?
Doesn't matter where you're going, you know how lost you are,
you know how lost you are.

Tell me a story, sing me a song,
The sky is dark and the road is long.
What keeps you together when the climb is steep?
It's not your destination, it's the company you keep,
it's the company you keep, ooh, ooh,
it's the company you keep.

Well, I spend my life down inside this shell,
Said I spend every hour, every day, every minute down inside this shell
I'm here to tell you now, it don't feel like nothin' if it don't feel like hell.

Gonna make me a crack, get outside breathe me some air
Gonna make me a crack, step into the light, get myself some fresh air.
Well they may not like my methodology, but frankly dear, I just don't care.

We're gonna take to the road, we got ourselves a story to tell.
Take ourselves to the road now, gonna tell our story, yeah, we gonna tell it well.
You don't have to live like this, livin's only livin' when you step outside,
Step outside that shell.

Let's hit the road Bob!

(instrumental)

See everyone I know now, everyone, they're just livin' inside and egg.
Everyone I see, I tell 'em you don't have to moan now, no you don't have to beg.
Just gotta crack that thing wide-open now, and scramble us up a little omelet yeah
Time to stretch your legs...
That's what we're talking about!

I Used to Be

I used to be the one that you'd try to ignore
I used to be the kid in the back
I used to be the one who wasn't "teachable"
I used to be.

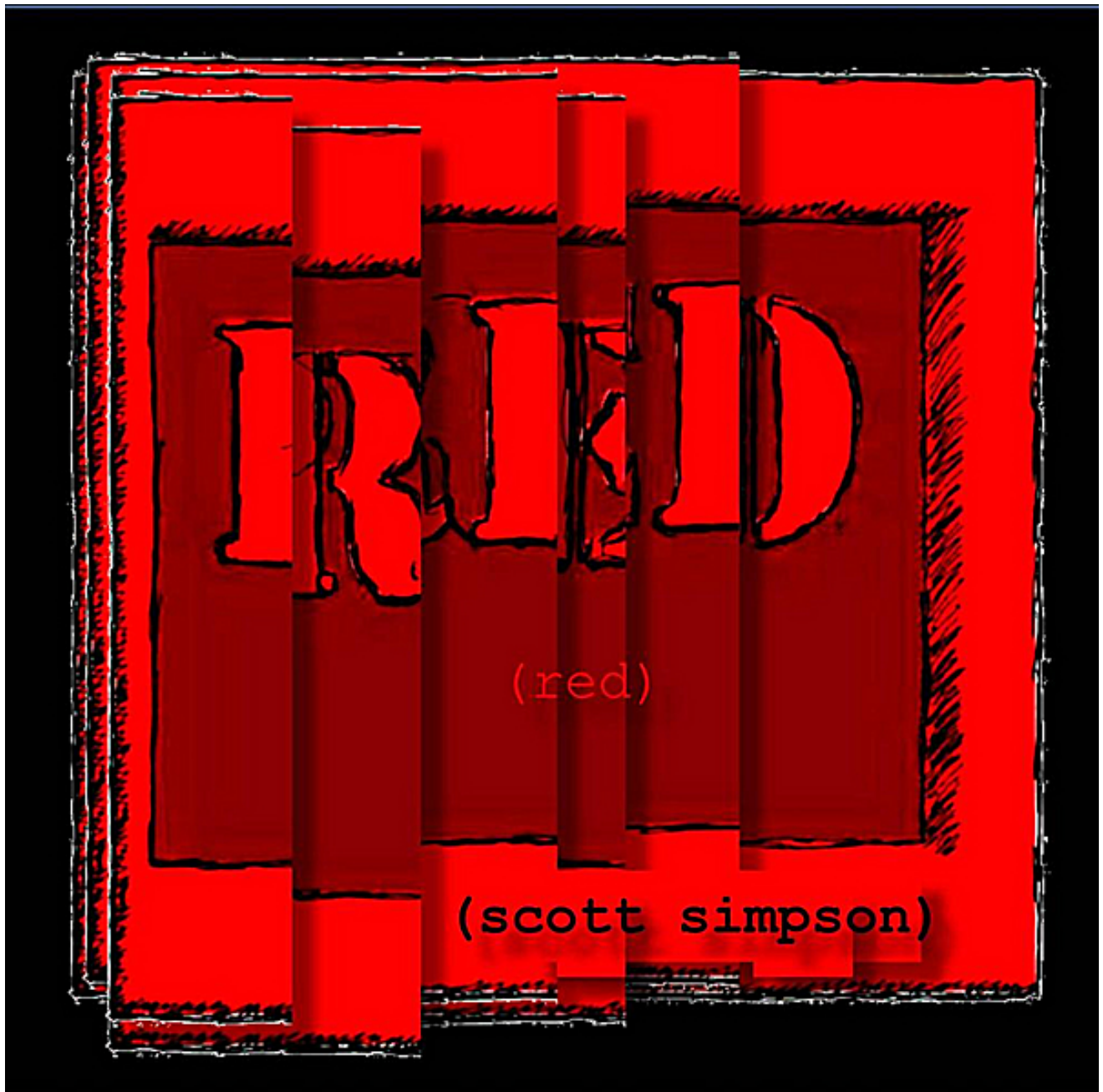
You used to be the one who knew the secrets,
You used to be the one who called the shots
You used to be the one who was responsible
You used to be responsible for me.

But I am I'm standing to deliver now
My grasp extends beyond the reach you set
You will listen as my voice breaks through
And I the "hopeless" student...
I will teach you.

Yeah, I will teach you.
I will teach you.
Yeah, I will teach you.



Released, 2008



Color Red

Her car was just a Dodge and she was just a co-ed going west
The mountains calling her were from a poster pinned above her desk
A friend had called her and told her, Colorado air was best
for making up your mind and finding time, and finding time, and finding time—
taking time to rest.

And I am just the man who said,
she clears this state, I'll clear my head.
I'm Amarillo yellow,
She's Colorado color red.

She says the mountain lakes are great for water skiing with her friends
I'm lying in my bed imagining her laughter and her grin
She's just a state away, or two or three... which route it just depends
She's counting her beginnings, I'm just counting all the time, all the time,
the time until this ends.

And I am just the man who said,
she clears this state, I'll clear my head.
I'm Amarillo yellow,
She's Colorado color red.

I'm black and blue with your love,
don't know what state I'm in,
but nothing hurts like true love,
just let it in, with time... time... in time...

In my Toyota truck, with any luck, I'll find her with a smile,
perhaps she'll let me stay for just a day, for just a little while,
Is it this altitude that makes me dizzy, or is it her style?
I pass another marker on my way, I'm on my way, a bit more time,
just another mile.

And I am just the man who said,
she clears this state, I'll clear my head.
I'm Amarillo yellow,
She's Colorado color red.
And I am just the man who said,
she clears this state, I'll clear my head.
I'm Amarillo yellow,
She's Colorado color red.

The poet said that life was just a dream.
He was talking to me.
The poet said that life was like a stream.
He was talking to me.

And so you row your boat
on gently down the stream
even when
you think you're gonna scream
because you know
that life is just a dream.

Well, Jack and Jill were best of friends.
He would follow her and she would follow him
anywhere...
up the hill, they were thirsty.

But Jacky lost his footing
and tumbled down the hill.
Right behind him
came his Jill.
They went up thirsty,
they're thirsty still.
They're thirsty still.

Little boy, why do you look so blue?
It seems to me you've got nothin' to do
but dream...
sleep, and dream of sheep.

The sheep are in the meadow,
the cows are in the corn.
All the people
seem so forlorn.
So leave your dreams,
come blow your horn,
come blow your horn.

And so you row your boat
on gently down the stream
even when
you think you're gonna scream
because you know
that life is just a dream.

Close As A Whisper

It's been seven shining summers,
Since you put your hand in mine;
Seven bridges over water,
All the water turned to wine.

Take the song that I sing for you
It's the best thing I can give
Take this life that I live with you
It's the best life I can live

When I think of all the people
We've met along the way
I think of every parting
Just like the closing of a day

But you and I have walked the sunset
Right into the milky way
I've held you in the darkness
And you've never gone away

'Cause the stars have the moon
And the sea has the stars
And the wind blows the sea
Toward the mountains lone and far
And you belong to me
And I belong to you
Just as close as a whisper to its secret.

Build a tower all of marble
Make it seven stories high
Place it far atop a mountain
Above it drape the sky

But a fortress is a hiding place
And a love that's hidden is a lie
But time will tell the truth of it
As the mountains lift, as they lift and sigh...

'Cause the stars have the moon
And the sea has the stars
And the wind blows the sea
Toward the mountains lone and far
And you belong to me
And I belong to you

Just as close as a whisper to its secret.

And a secret is a lonely thing
If it is never told,
Whisper it to your closest friend
The one you long to hold...

(instrumental)

And the stars have the moon
And the sea has the stars
And the wind blows the sea
Toward the mountains lone and far
And you belong to me
And I belong to you
Just as close as a whisper to its secret.

Grey Sky

It's raining, and the sky is grey
On a bus, no one knows what to say
And I'm not really sure where I'm going today
As tears stream down this window.

I thought I might come and stay for awhile
But what's between us is more than just miles
And the knife-blade twists when I think of your smile
As tears stream down this window.

Sometimes we care so much
We seem not to care at all.
Sometimes we cry so much
All we can see are tears.

It's raining, and the sky is grey
On a bus, no one knows what to say
And I'm not really sure where I'm going today
As tears stream down this window.

This window...
This window...
This window...
This window...

Down by the creek,
there's a cold wind blows
For to tell the tale
of the Elk Branch Load
And the men who worked
the Adelson Mine
And their lovely Rose, Sweet Emiline

She was a dark haired beauty
of Gypsy blood
Nearly floated over
them boulders and mud
And there was not a man,
smitten by gold
Who wouldn't give his share,
her hand to hold

Grab that fiddle get the bow,
darlin' don't say no
Take me for a spin in the early moonlight, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline

For six long months they toiled by day
That hillside gave each man his pay
But at night the aspen swayed in time
As each man took his turn with Emiline
And when Emiline begins to dance
She'll spin you into a powerful trance
You'll wake up there
on the cold, hard floor
Her name on your lips
and hungry for more
(chorus)

Now stories are told of sirens and maids
Who steal men's hearts and make them slaves
Well, in the seventh month
she stole the mine—
All the gold, the men,
and the pale moonshine
That's why there's nothing left
but water and stone

And a wooden sluice
all bleached to bone
Yes, but she still haunts
that hidden glade
Every time the aspen tremble and sway
(chorus)

There's a lesson in this sorrowful rhyme:
Beware the creek at evening time,
Young man, beware
the glitter and the shine
And the lovely dance of sweet Emiline

Grab that fiddle get the bow,
darlin' don't say no
Take me for a spin in the early moonlight, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline
Soar up high fall down low,
darlin' don't you know
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline
I could be yours and you could be mine, my sweet Emiline

Down by the creek,
there's a cold wind blows

I went into the hole with you
to give silence a name
and to know who we've both been talking to,
to strike a match and light a flame.

But the darkness was complete
and the weight of it was intense.
Our tongues were tightly reigned---
none of this makes any sense.

Oh, don't hide yourself away
like a prisoner underground
don't leave the light of day
for this hiding place you've found.
A subterranean river moves
to hollow out an empty place.
Can you feel it in your heart?
I can see it in your face.

And the man in the uniform
tells me about the weight of stone
and there's a child who's on vacation,
but he's crying to go home,

And the wonder of a cavern
is the time that it takes
to carve a space of silent blackness,
and the hollow sound it makes.

I have traveled south
across the barren dirt,
and I will open up my mouth,
and I will say the words---

We will talk of love and friendship,
we will talk of poetry,
and we will talk about the pain
that carves the holes in you and me.

(chorus)

I can feel it in my heart..., can you see it in my face?

Wind Upon the Branches

You say you're sad
This world can treat you so bad
Give me your hand
Together we can walk this cold land

It's only wind upon the branches
So there's no need for you to run and hide
It's only shadows on the doorstep
Unless you let it come inside

You'll shed your tears
But you won't shed your worst fears
Put them away
Tomorrow's gonna be a brand-new day

It's only wind upon the branches
So there's no need for you to run and hide
It's only shadows on the doorstep
Unless you let it come inside

(instrumental)

It's only wind upon the branches
So there's no need for you to run and hide
It's only shadows on the doorstep
Unless you let it come inside

Go ahead and cry
As long as you don't kiss me goodbye
Just don't hurt your heart--
That's the place where the healing has to start

It's only wind upon the branches
So there's no need for you to run and hide
It's only shadows on the doorstep
Unless you let it come inside

Please don't let it come inside...
Please don't let it come inside...
Please don't let it come inside...
Please don't let it come inside...
Please don't let it come inside...

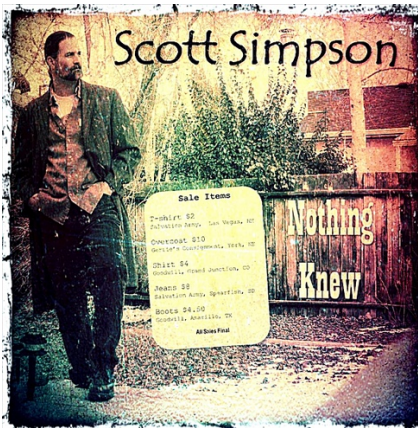
Summer

Summer, like Madonna and child...
you were born just a little bit wild.
Blonde hair and a permanent smile,
Summer, like Madonna and child.
Who knows what the Lord was doin'
when He made you---
but I hear some people have been with angels
and never knew.

Summer, what do you see?
This millstone 'round my neck and an angry sea?
I can stumble and fall so easily
bringin' everyone around down with me.
You must be some kind of messiah
the way you look through me.
And there's somethin' in your innocence that reminds me
of the way things ought to be.

(instrumental)

Summer, like a summer rain,
you open up your arms to bless us again.
But it's a hard, hard ground for growin' grain
and sometimes it only yields pain.
Like a lamb led to the slaughter
you are your Father's daughter...
but like the summer sun
you still smile on everyone.



Released, 2007



Nothing Knew

Nothing knew I'd fall again
Nothing knew the bitter end
Nothing saw me safely home
Knew I'd find myself alone
Nothing knew... Nothing knew...

Nothing healed my broken mind
Nothing was a good friend of mine
Nothing stings like alcohol
Nothing echoes down the hall
Nothing knew... Nothing knew...

Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing knew... Nothing knew..

Nothing always speaks the truth
Nothing stopped old mister Booth
Nothing feeds the hungry children
Nothing pacifies this war we're building
Nothing knew... Nothing knew...

Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing comes between us
Nothing knew... Nothing knew...

Nothing gained, Nothing lost
Nothing heads off the next Holocaust
Nothing knew the bitter end
Nothing knew I'd fall again...

Autumn's come around again
and the world is turning brown, brown
something's fallen from the highest limb
all her friends, they say, "She don't come around
anymore

There's a sidewalk running past her gate
and a welcome sign on her front door
but they're just throwbacks to another time, another place
and no one knows her—no, I don't know her
anymore

Let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

And the world is like an ocean
you never know how deep till it's too late
the more you struggle, the more you struggle...
and every rise makes you hesitate

But Autumn's come around again
all the leaves are falling down again
oh, don't you believe in the empty sound of wind
no, you know you'll come around again
I know you'll come around, around again

Just let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time
give me a sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

Carnival

Life is a carnival,
See the barkers in their booths,
And you and I walk the midway
Telling lies from the truths,
Telling lies from the truths

There's a man who runs the Tilt-a-whirl;
He lost an arm in the war.
He's got a tattoo on the other one that says,
Pain no more
It says, pain no more.
(refrain)
All the teens are smoking cigarettes
Far away from their moms,
Dipping toes in the deep abyss
Biding time until their proms,
They're just biding their time until their proms.
(refrain)

There's a preacher with some pamphlets;
His voice is loud and his face is red.
You can tell he cares about God's will on earth
Almost as much as his daily bread,
Almost as much as his daily bread.
(refrain)
An older couple shares a corndog;
She has to help him wipe his chin.
Despite the aches the shakes and the random mistakes
They're seventeen once again,
Sometimes seventeen comes 'round this way again.
(refrain)

There's no amazing bearded lady,
No dog-faced boy or reptile man.
No, you don't have to pay to look at oddities these days,
It's free, so stare while you can—
No charge, it's free, just stare while you can.

Yes, and life is a carnival,
All the barkers have their booths,
And you and I walk the midway
Telling lies from the truths,
Telling lies, telling lies from the truths,
We're just telling lies, telling lies from the truths.

Dry Creek Rising

I was sound asleep when the water did come
And the clouds broke open like a big bass drum
Well, my little tin roof made a rumbling sound
And I looked out the window, Lord, we're gonna drown
Dry Creek a-risin'
Never seen it before
Dry Creek a-risin'
Gonna grab the children
Kick out the door
Head for high ground
And pray to the Lord

The horses in the pasture ain't too good
Up to their withers in thick red mud
Headed down stream toward the reservoir
But with that barbed fence, they won't make it that far
Dry Creek a-risin'
That wasn't in the cards
Dry Creek a-risin'
Well, you make your plans
Work real hard
But that Devil lives
In your own back yard

(Instrumental)

There's an old red pickup and it's upside down
And a propane tank from clear 'cross town
What's yours is mine, what's mine is yours
But there ain't much left worth nothin' no more.
Dry Creek a-risin'
You'd best open your eyes
Dry Creek a-risin'
I'll tell you no lies
Dry Creek a-risin'
Take you by surprise
Dry Creek a-risin'
May come from the ground
May come from the sky
Don't hold too tight
You're gonna kiss it goodbye

It was 1967 when the bullies came around
His momma was in the kitchen, but she couldn't hear a sound
He was standin' in the middle when the big boys said to him
We're gonna wipe this sidewalk with your sissy little grin

Hey momma, come save me from myself
Right now I gotta take it but one day I'm gonna dish it out as well

Well he walked into the classroom, anger in his eye
He hated all his teachers, but no one asked him why
Never cared for English, never cared for math
But he learned to use his fists when all those children laughed

Hey momma, come save me from myself
Well, I don't need no school books but I'll teach these folks a lesson just as well

Now, momma is too busy, and daddy just ain't there
Anger comes too easy when no one really cares
It's fine to fight for freedom: Tora Bora or Kuwait
But freedom don't mean nothin' if the children live on hate

Now he'll find himself a website, buy him some supplies
When he boards an airplane he don't need no disguise
Rock 'n' Roll in his headphones Newsweek in his hand
One day he'll make the headlines all across this land

Hey momma come save him from himself
Don't complain about the water, when you've been dumpin' in the well
Yeah, our boy can play the terrorist like he was ringin' a bell
Ringin' a bell

What I Got

I'm the poet without a pen,
and the priest who can't hear God;
I'm the dancer with two clubfeet,
and the farmer who can't break the sod,
yeah, I'm the farmer who can't break the sod.

Mine's the wagon with square wheels,
and the house without a door;
my only hat doesn't fit my head,
and my feet won't touch the floor,
no, my feet never touch the floor.

I got the key that fits no lock,
and the kite that has no tail;
I got sand when I needed a rock,
and a plan that's already failed.
If I lost all my teeth but two,
they'd be both on the bottom side;
If I played hide-n-seek with a blind man,
I'd still have no place to hide,

because, some folks get the short end;
I've never even seen the stick.
Well, you might feel some sympathy
if you saw the wounds I sometimes lick.

My true love said goodbye to me
on the day before we met;
the life I dreamed was stillborn,
but I ain't through with dreaming yet.
See, I set out to touch the moon,
but I couldn't get past the sea;
then the moon, she danced across the waves—
that night she came to me,
I sang, and the moon, she danced with me.

(instrumental)

It ain't about how you bargain,
it's what you give when the rest will not.
It's an empty hand and an open heart
when the song is all you've got,
yeah, this song is what I've got,
oh, my song is what I've got.

‘Cause the poem don’t need the pen,
and the priest, he can’t speak for God.
You gotta dance as graceful as you can
‘till they lay you down in the sod—
no, I’m not afraid ‘cause I know, some day,
gonna lay me down,
gonna lay me down to rest in the sod.

Hampton Town

If you're a traveling man then listen here
a stranger alone has cause for fear
if you go down to Hampton, watch your back
or it's tar and a-feather and don't come back
or you're wearing a rope without no slack
you'll be swinging like taters in a gunny sack...
if you go down to Hampton, watch your back

Well, the Sheriff, they just call him Jed
grease his palm, he'll turn his head
'less a man like you is toting cash,
best make your visit, make it fast
your luck's gonna run out in a flash
them Hampton folk don't take to "trash"
'less a man like you is toting cash

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(instrumental verse)

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

You see, I had a girl sometime ago
was the sweetest thing you'd ever know
but she went down to Hampton and never came out
yeah, they twisted her nearly inside-out
she forgot what love is all about
now she's a Hampton girl, ain't no doubt
yeah, she went down to Hampton and never came out

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town
Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

We moved to town on a Monday
The house was empty and so were we;
We ordered pizza from a man on the phone.
This town ain't bad, but it ain't home.

I took my daughter to a brand new school,
New faces, new rules; on the playground,
She was all alone.
This town ain't bad, but it sure ain't home.

And the wind will blow
Catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away...
Far away from home.

Don't know the names of the streets I drive
Can't find my house, don't know why
Some people want to be a rollin' stone.
No, this town ain't so bad, but it sure ain't home.

(instrumental verse and chorus)

We wake up between strange walls,
We get up and we pace the halls,
Try to remember why we ever set out to roam,
Pray the good Lord's gonna bring us home...
We pray the good Lord's gonna bring us on back home.

And the wind will blow
Catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away...
Steal us on back home.
And the wind will blow
And catch the dreams we sow
Steal us far away
Go on, steal us on back home.

I spent the morning with my father
Fishing for lake trout in the stream
We caught nothing but the north wind
 And a hand full of rainbow colored dreams
He smoked the pipe my grandpa gave him
I chewed a blade of long-stemmed grass
The water clear as the future
 The fish as hungry as the past
A storm rolled in above the mountains
And from the far bank he did say
Looks like the good Lord wants us somewhere else
I guess we'll call it a day

Working figures in the lamp light
Lining up ciphers on the page
His neck was red as the clay soil
 His forehead pale as the sage
He'd shave his pencils with a jack-knife
He kept our savings in a jar
He knew the shortness of a dollar bill
 He knew a little could go far
And when the bankers came one evening
And there was not enough to pay,
He said, Looks like the good Lord wants us somewhere else
I guess we'll call it a day

One day I saw him by the barn door
Lean his whole weight upon the latch
Thin as a weather-beaten split-rail
 Light as a burned-out kitchen match
He'd spent his days, he'd spent his body
He didn't know no other way
What you hold back in your livin' son
 He said, you'll only waste upon your grave
And when his body finally gave out
I knew exactly what he'd say
Looks like the good Lord wants me somewhere else, son,
I guess I'll call it a day...
Looks like the good Lord wants me somewhere else, son,
I guess I'll call it a day.

The Company You Keep

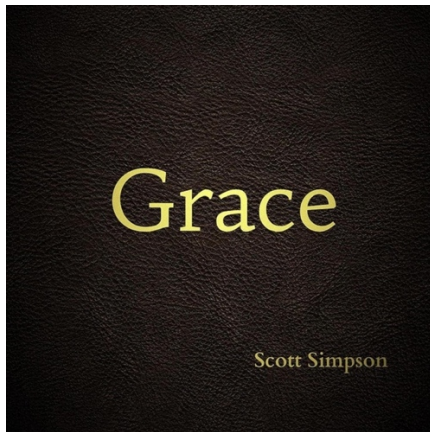
I've walked this road behind me
With no one else but you.
We had some words--- got lost a time or two,
But that road was wide enough for me to walk with you,
for me to walk with you.

This dust upon my boots,
I couldn't shake it off even if I wanted to.
And who knows where I'll be when the day is finally through;
There's one thing I know--- I'll be there with you.
I'll be there with you.

Tell me a story, sing me a song,
The sky is dark and the road is long.
What keeps you together when the climb is steep?
It's not your destination, it's the company you keep,
it's the company you keep.

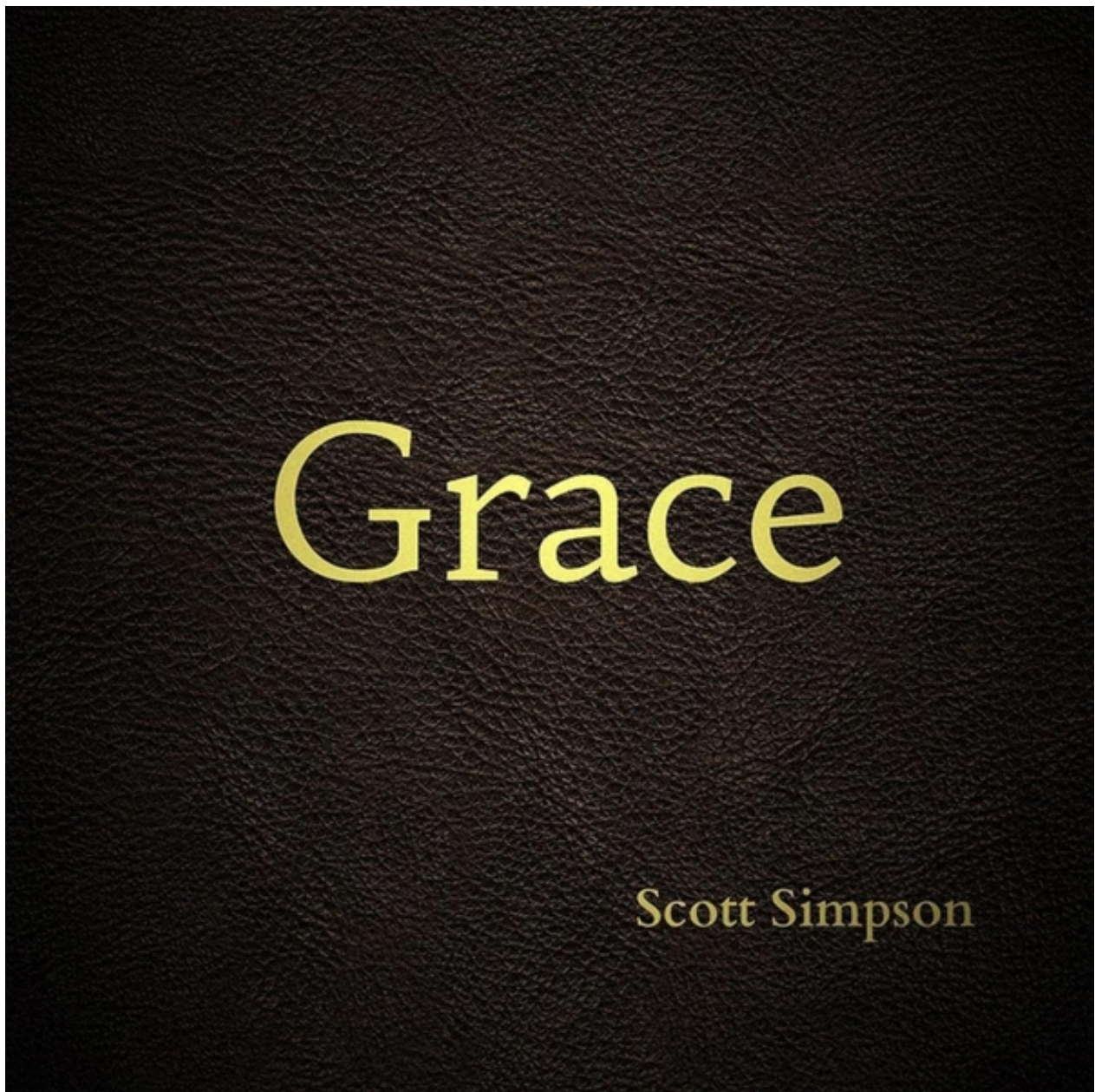
Have you ever watched the sun set,
Or stood in the night like a single star?
Have you ever walked an empty road all by yourself?
Doesn't matter where you're going, you know how lost you are,
you know how lost you are.

Tell me a story, sing me a song,
The sky is dark and the road is long.
What keeps you together when the climb is steep?
It's not your destination, it's the company you keep,
it's the company you keep, ooh, ooh,
it's the company you keep.



Released, 2002

Additional instrumental tracks on this album: 06 **Mansion**



Grace

She's a born again believer
Her grandpa preached the Word
Her momma slaves every Saturday night
On a potluck Sunday bird
She wore down my excuses
Inviting me to church
Those eyes were blue as Jordan's shore
I had a wilderness of thirst

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

Well, the pews are hard and wooden
And the sermon, monotone
But there ain't a Lord's Day morning
You're gonna find me at home
Yeah, she's right there beside me
And her momma's on the other side
And I'm praising the Lord for amazing Grace
Man, that ain't no lie

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

It's a hard row to be plowing
Between a woman and the Lord
Most days it seems like I'm lying to both
Though I haven't said a word
One day I hope she'll see me

As more than a soul to save
Until that day I'll just carry on
And pray to God to give me Grace

She says love's a gift from Heaven
For the poor and down-trod
No matter what I've been before
I'll find grace in the eyes of God
But the thing she don't yet realize
Is the beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

One day I hope she'll realize
The beauty that turned my face
On the blessed day that I met her
I found God in the eyes of Grace

Autumn's come around again
and the world is turning brown, brown
something's fallen from the highest limb
all her friends, they say, "She don't come around
anymore

There's a sidewalk running past her gate
and a welcome sign on her front door
but they're just throwbacks to another time, another place
and no one knows her—no, I don't know her
anymore

Let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

And the world is like an ocean
you never know how deep till it's too late
the more you struggle, the more you struggle...
and every rise makes you hesitate

But Autumn's come around again
all the leaves are falling down again
oh, don't you believe in the empty sound of wind
no, you know you'll come around again
I know you'll come around, around again

Just let me know if you hear me
give me some kind of sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time
give me a sign
cause I've got to know if you're still breathing—
you've been down such a long, long time

Look, Doris

Look, Doris there's a train a-coming
And it's headed straight for your head
Listen Doris to the whistle blowing
And the lights are flashing red
They're flashing red

Not every crossing has a warning sign
Not every sign has a right to be red
It don't take no fortune teller
Just to know you've got to lie where you've made your bed
You've got to lie where you've made your bed, Doris
You've got to lie where you've made your bed

Listen Doris there's a car a-coming
Gonna hit you from behind
Listen Doris to his wheels a-grinding
As he swerves past the yellow line
Past the yellow line

Not every road leads to Heaven Doris
And some drivers are blind
Not every road has a shoulder, Doris
And the fields that you pass may be filled with mines
All those fields are filled with mines, Doris
Oh the fields are filled with mines

Everybody has a destination
Everybody's got somewhere to go
The going's easy
But the coming home is slow

Look, Doris there's a train a-coming
And it's headed straight for your head
Listen Doris to the whistle blowing
And the lights are flashing red
They're flashing red

Winter Fields

Out here in these winter fields
silence is the only thing that's growing,
even now when it's not snowing
and there's nothing but the wind.

And I want to know--- do you remember
weren't those seeds that we were sowing?
Didn't our bodies ache with knowing
that our love would never end?

Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay

Upstairs where the children sleep
and dream of their tomorrows,
do you think they know our sorrows---
how hard it is, sometimes, to break the ground?

Down stairs, we are in our chairs
with nothing to disturb us,
but the thing that makes me nervous
is how hard it is, sometimes, to make a sound.

Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay

Out here in these winter fields...
Out here in these winter fields...
Out here in these winter fields...
Out here in these winter fields...
There's nothing but the wind.

Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay
Hey-hey-yey-ee-yey-ee-ay

There's nothing but the wind.

Well, we don't believe in healing
Or speaking in tongues
We don't believe in rituals
Or sprinkling the young
We don't believe in Calvin
Or what Martin Luther done
And we don't believe those heathens
Who say we all could be one

And we don't believe in gambling
Or taking social drink
We don't believe in dancing
We tore out the kitchen sink
No instrumental music
Especially in the church
We don't take a single breath
Without chapter, book and verse

And I don't believe I know you sir
I don't recall your face
Perhaps you don't understand
You seem quite out of place
You see, we know we're right
And right'll win us the race
So don't come here pandering
That foolish talk of grace

*Into the fold of my redeemer
Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain.*

Words and Music of final couplet: W.A. Ogden from *Seeking The Lost*

Wash My Feet

I walked that fence line one Wednesday afternoon,
the clouds were heavy, it was a rainy day in June.
I saw your face in the profile of the trees;
there on the precipice, I drank that northern breeze.

And the river left her banks
swirling past the trees,
flooded the summer grass---
she was coming to wet my feet.
Come wash my feet again.

I spend my days inside, chains to weight my limbs.
The walls speak hollow words again and again.
But when I finally make the door, I'll fling it toward the rain,
let it drench my face as I gently speak your name.

(chorus)

(instrumental)

The snow returned today, I knew it wasn't spring.
The fragile crystals danced like puppets on a string.
But the life's within them yet, as liquid as the moon;
I've felt it once before, it was a rainy day in June.

And the river leaves her banks
swirling past the trees,
floods the summer grass---
she comes to wet my feet.
Come wash my feet again.
Oh, river wide,
wash my hands,
wash my head,
wash me clean, oh, river wide,
make me young, make me young again
river, river wide,
river, river wide,
river, river wide.

I was baptized by immersion
At the tender age of ten
Sealed my conversion
From a short-lived life of sin
My daddy laid me under
My momma stood and cried
But I began to wonder
Before my hair was dry

Am I saved?
Lord, am I saved?
I got one foot in the fold
And one that wants to stray
Lord, am I saved?

So I started out to wander
At a restless seventeen
Sure I'd live forever,
Yeah, you know what I mean
Met some friendly people
Glad to take me in
Taught me 'bout the wild side
Baptized me in gin

Am I saved?
Lord, am I saved?
My mouth's on the bottle
Got two feet in the grave
Lord, am I saved?

Been gone so long away from home
How could I return?
They probably wouldn't recognize
This boy whose bound to burn--
Too gone to save

I was a dead man at thirty
Alone and in the dark
When a preacher came a-preachin'
Right there in Central Park
The seed a long time planted
Found the light of day
I recalled those hands that lifted me
Up from that watery grave

Lord, I'm saved
Praise the Lord, I'm saved
You see, I had to die
Before I could be raised
Lord, I'm saved

Selma Sundays

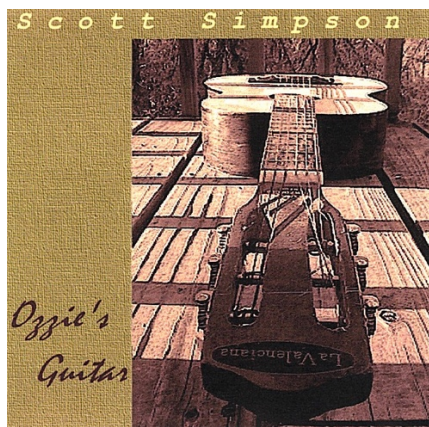
Selma sang on Sundays,
slid up to reach the highs.
She sang about Amazing Grace
and angels from the skies.

And in the car she sang to me
"a-chewin'" on her gum,
"I love you a bushel an' a peck..." she'd sing
but my Papaw--- he'd just hum.
(hum)

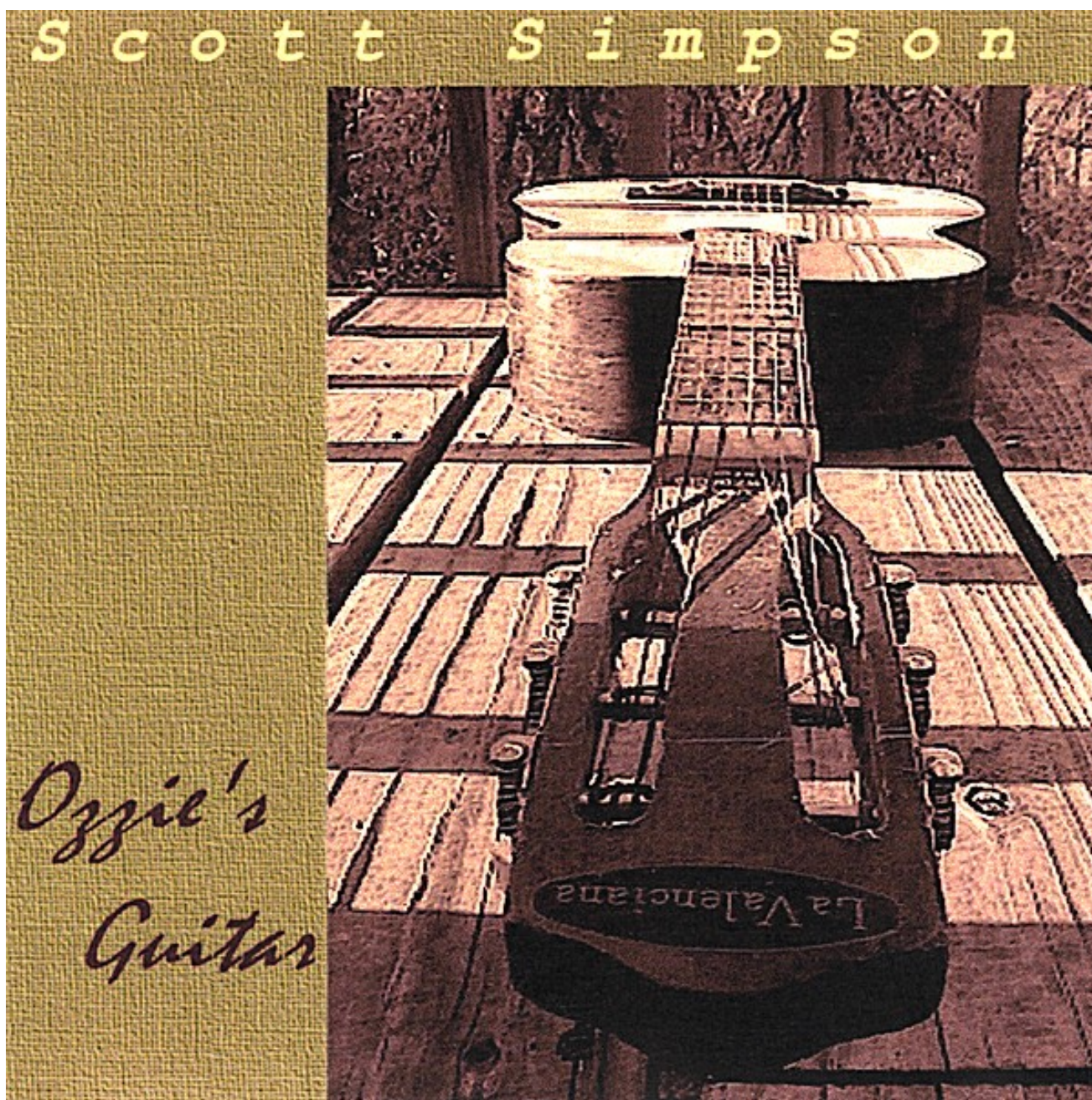
I need another Selma Sunday afternoon
I need another Selma Sunday afternoon---
I need some sweet potato, buttermilk 'n cornbread in a spoon
I need another Selma Sunday afternoon.

The car slid through the spruce and pine
up to the long church drive,
we all knew when we'd get home
we'd eat till four or five.
And when the sun begins to slant
the cicadas start to sing
and Selma sits in that old lawn chair
and it don't mean a thing..
no, it don't have to mean a thing
if you just want to sing.
(la la la de-dum)

We need another Selma Sunday afternoon
We need another Selma Sunday afternoon---
We need some sweet potato, buttermilk 'n cornbread in a spoon
We all need another Selma Sunday afternoon.
(la la la de-dum)



Released, 2000



Ozzie drove an El Camino
cuffed the hems of his navy chinos
man alive, could grandpa drive--
odd jobs from here to Reno
livin' light, heck if we know
how or why, but he was alive

And every time that Ozzie'd come around
his bags were dusty with the gravel roads
of a thousand little towns
we saw the world, we traveled far
on the silver strings of Ozzie's guitar

It was a six-string La Valenciana
with my teeth brushed and my warm pajamas
I was "good to go" for granddad's show
well we'd ride the rails, we'd waltz across Texas
his fingers danced till our hearts would break, his
voice would soar then swoop down low

And every time that Ozzie'd come around
his bags were dusty with the gravel roads
of a thousand little towns
we saw the world, we traveled far
on the silver strings of Ozzie's guitar

Well, some days, I miss the rhythm
of a highway song, and I want to be with him
oh, it ain't long till I find that guitar
it never held its tune so good
it's just some rusty keys and weathered wood
but there's an open road in every scar

And every time that Ozzie'd come around
his bags were dusty with the gravel roads
of a thousand little towns
we saw the world, we traveled far
on the silver strings of Ozzie's guitar

Man on the Mountain

The man on the mountain
he doesn't come down but once a week
the man on the mountain
he'll buy his supplies and never speak
the man on the mountain
he's too lost to find, too blinded to seek

She died in the winter
when their baby boy was barely weaned
he couldn't even touch her—
she and the child were quarantined
and then when he lost them
he knew that he'd never see the spring

Way up there upon the mountain
the air is thin as it can be
but he wants to get as close to Heaven
as a man in Hell can ever be

You have to dig deep there
to find enough water just to drink
you have to climb higher
to find enough space just to think
but memory is painful
it only leads him to the brink

(instrumental verse)

Way up there upon the mountain
the air is thin as it can be
but he wants to be as close to Heaven
as a man in Hell could ever be

Life on the mountain,
it's not so romantic as they say—
whether you're banished
or you choose to go away—
if your only companions
are the ghosts of yesterday

Way up there upon the mountain
the air is thin as it can be
but he wants to be as close to Heaven
as a man in Hell could ever be

Dry Land

When I was a boy
we used to go down to the river
strip down and jump in fast
jump out on the bank and shake and shiver
It's hard to understand
when to float with the current
when to stay on dry land

The current's fast
and it'll take you down in a hurry
no, you won't last
boy, you'll make your mamma worry
if you don't understand
when to float with the current
when to stay on dry land

There's so much you've never seen
and so much to do
that river's gonna call your name
yeah the river's got a one-way ticket for you

It's icy cold
When the snowmelt flows in the springtime
Feet grow numb
You can freeze to death in no time
If you don't understand
When to float with the current
When to stay on dry land

Well, the rains will come
they take the path of least resistance
cut through the mountainside
dig themselves a grave with their persistence
but you must understand
when to float with the current
when to stay on dry land

There's so much you've never seen
and so much to do
that river's gonna call your name
yeah the river's got a one-way ticket for me and you

I went out walking in my hometown last night,
I hadn't done that in quite a long, long time.
There was a full moon--- she went behind the clouds
And lit the storm-front from behind.
And I was thinking about the time we said goodbye
The way most good friends do:
"See you later, when we both have the time..."
And then the time ran out on you.

I have a friend; he wrote a letter.
He had no one to send it to.
I wrote a song--- but I could sing it so much better
If I could sing my song for you.
And I was thinking about the time we said goodbye
The way most good friends do:
"See you later, when we both have the time..."
And then the time ran out on you.

At 3 am, you never see a soul
When the winter is on the ground.
The houses are hollow and the brick streets are so cold;
Some nights are lost never to be found.
And I was thinking about the time we said goodbye
The way most good friends do:
"See you later, when we both have the time..."
And then the time ran out on you,
And then the time ran out on you.

A Good Man

David was a golden boy
his mamma's only son
he'd pull his Converse high-tops on
and man, could David run.
Growing up south Arkansas
in 1952
free-throws and picture shows—
what more could a good boy do?
What more could a good boy do?

He never ran for president
his name was known by few
but everywhere that David went
well, he'd have some time for you.
What else would a good boy do?

David went to college
and he found himself a wife
got a job in Memphis
settled down into his life.
Their first child was a big surprise
right out of the blue
of course, he named him David
what else would a good boy do?
What else would a good boy do?

He never made a fortune
leastwise, that I knew
but he wrapped his family in his arms
and loved them strong and true.
What else would a good man do?

They say a good man's hard to find
I reckon that it's true—
and if that job paid any better
there wouldn't be so few.
So here's to all the good boys,
every mother's son
lace up your high-tops lads
long may you run.
Long may you run.

He could have done most anything—
spread his wings and flew

but he chose to stay here on the ground
to show his son just what to do.
What more could a good man do?

Yeah, you could have done most anything—
spread your wings and flew
but you chose to stay here on the ground
to show me what to do.
And I want to be a good man just like you.
I want to be a good man just like you.

Hampton Town

If you're a traveling man then listen here
a stranger alone has cause for fear
if you go down to Hampton, watch your back
or it's tar and a-feather and don't come back
or you're wearing a rope without no slack
you'll be swinging like taters in a gunny sack...
if you go down to Hampton, watch your back

Well, the Sheriff, they just call him Jed
grease his palm, he'll turn his head
'less a man like you is toting cash,
best make your visit, make it fast
your luck's gonna run out in a flash
them Hampton folk don't take to "trash"
'less a man like you is toting cash

Sometimes I want to kiss the ground
for the good folk God done spread around
but I'd burn my boots and settle down
'fore I'd step a foot in Hampton town

(instrumental verse)

(Chorus)

You see, I had a girl some time ago
was the sweetest thing you'd ever know
but she went down to Hampton and never came out
yeah, they twisted her nearly inside-out
she forgot what love is all about
now she's a Hampton girl, ain't no doubt
yeah, she went down to Hampton and never came out

(Chorus, twice)

Hampton Town (square dance calls)

Take her hand, that pretty little thing
Promenade around the ring
Possum in the hen house, coon in the spring
Hold on tight cause we're a-gonna sing

Now you're cookin', here we go
Change directions, do ci do

Bow to your partner, bow to your beau
Careful not to step on your sweetheart's toe

Step to the middle, step to the side
In Hampton town, ain't nowhere to hide

Gone tomorrow, here today
Hold her sweet while you promenade
Kick up yer heels just like I say
And hold on tight cause now we gonna play

Step to the corners, ladies first
Quick as a rabbit, slow as a hearse
Don't stop now there's one more verse
A little bit softer-- could be worse

Step to the middle, step to the side
In Hampton town, ain't nowhere to hide

Take that girl, swing her 'round
Fancy shoes and a calico gown
Roost in the holler, or peck on the ground
But never go down to Hampton town

Place the Flowers

Place the flowers in water
throw some seed out for the birds
stop to hear the children's laughter
work a kind thought into words
into words

We are only here a moment
but a moment's all you need

Watch the sun climb up the mountain
see the mist rise from the lake
catch something flash beneath the surface
know something hidden can awake
can awake

We are only here a moment
but a moment's all you need

Go walking in the moonlight
ancient wisdom in her glow
tiny sparks that leave the campfire
burn so bright before they go
but they must go

We are only here a moment
but a moment's all you need

You can never reap the harvest
till you pause to plant the seed

Take All You Want

Growing up in the depression
Made Grandpa kinda tight
He wouldn't part with a wooden nickle
Without a fight
And when he married Grandma
Sixty years ago, he said,
Darlin' there is something you should know

Well you can take all you want
But eat all you take
Don't fill up on salad
When you went and ordered steak
If you want to be at Heaven's banquet
Then you'll have to clean your plate
Take all you want, but eat all you take

Now Grandma did the cooking
And she did it well
The scent would travel miles around
Just like a dinner-bell
And the family quickly multiplied
But one thing we all knew
At Grandpa's house, there's one thing
You must do

Well you can take all you want
But eat all you take
Don't fill up on salad
When you went and ordered steak
If you want to be at Heaven's banquet
Then you'll have to clean your plate
Take all you want, but eat all you take

Oh, the Good Book says you can't live life
On bread alone
I reckon Grandpa knew his Bible well
Cause every meal they served was like
A smorgasbord
Each time we went to visit I would swell
Swell, swell

Well one of these days old Grandpa
Will leave this earthly vale
And no one will give a second thought

To where his ship will sail
And when he meets old Peter
At them pearly gates on high
He'll tell him with a hunger in his eye

I'm gonna take all I want
But I'll eat all I take
I won't fill up on salad
Cause I done ordered steak
I've been waiting for Heaven's banquet
And I'm gonna clean my plate
I'll take all I want, but I'll eat all I take

Well you can take all you want
But eat all you take
Don't fill up on salad
When you went and ordered steak
If you want to be at Heaven's banquet
Then you'll have to clean your plate
Take all you want, but eat all you take

I spent the morning with my father
Fishing for lake trout in the stream
We caught nothing but the north wind
And a hand full of rainbow colored dreams

He smoked the pipe my grandpa gave him
I chewed a blade of long-stemmed grass
The water clear as the future
The fish as hungry as the past

A storm rolled in above the mountains
And from the far bank he did say
Looks like the good Lord wants us somewhere else
I guess we'll call it a day

Working figures in the lamp light
Lining up ciphers on the page
His neck was red as the clay soil
His forehead pale as the sage

He'd shave his pencils with a jack-knife
He kept our savings in a jar
He knew the shortness of a dollar bill
He knew a little could go far

And when the bankers came one evening
And there was not enough to pay,
He said, Looks like the good Lord wants us somewhere else
I guess we'll call it a day

One day I saw him by the barn door
Lean his whole weight upon the latch
Thin as a weather-beaten split-rail
Light as a burned-out kitchen match

He'd spent his days, he'd spent his body
He didn't know no other way
What you hold back in your livin' son
He said, you'll only waste upon your grave

And when his body finally gave out
I knew exactly what he'd say
Looks like the good Lord wants me somewhere else, son
I guess I'll call it a day

Shake his hand
and you'd feel the knot;
his knuckles were twisted
but his spirit was not.
As a younger man
he built the roads,
as an older man
he somehow turned them all to gold.

Always the storyteller—
we listened to his tales.
He gave the plane its wings
he gave the ship its sails
and he'd laugh at each
as he remembered them.
How his life was full;
how we used to laugh along with him.

He said that life
was like a man who owned two hounds;
one was kind and gentle
one would bite whoever was around
and the secret
lay in learning how to know
which to feed
and which to let go.

He was a father
and he fed his children well
upon the joy of his faith
upon water from the living well.

Shake his hand
you'd feel the knot,
knuckles twisted
but the spirit, not.
As a younger man
he built the roads,
as an older man
he paved the way for us to go.

Wildflower Moon

The birds are singing
And the rabbits play
Down by the waterside
Looking for love, looking for love

My love lives in a Hickory house
Down by Buffalo Gap
She's so sweet all the maple trees
Won't give up their sap

Hi, ho don't you know
She's my little wildflower
You can't make pone
From store-bought meal
And you can't get shine
Without sour

Come on up to the Hills with me
Springtime full in bloom
Sun so bright you'll close your eyes
Rest your mind by the light of a
wildflower moon

She told me I was her true love
I asked her how I'd know
She said all the other pretty fellers she knew
Was a bit more kin than beau

(refrain)

Now she has a coon hat, fits her fine
Wears it down to the church
Yeah, she's got a spirit rough as a oak
And a soul as white as a birch

(refrain)(chorus)

Now some grow broad and some grow tall
And some grow just plain wild
But you'll always grow needles on a white-pine tree
And thorns on a wildflower child
(refrain) (chorus)

Lonely No More

Out on the mesa
You don't have to face
A thousand prying eyes

Up on the mountain
You don't have to count
A hundred cars pass you by

Just give me a place
With only your face
And I'll never be lonely no more

Down on the prairie
It ain't ever scary
Just to listen to a lone coyote's call

The howl fills the open
The miles I was hopin'
To cover by early this fall

Just give me a mile
In the light of your smile
And I'll never be lonely no more

No matter the season
I have trouble breathin'
The noisy big-city air

There's always a riot
And never a quiet
No matter how long you stay there

Just a small space of air
With the scent of your hair
Even one country mile
In the light of your smile
Just find me a place
And your loving face
And I'll never be lonely no more.