

Fenway Rain

I got a matchbook cover and the promise of a lover
But I never ever got your name
And as the train pulled out I could hear you shout
“Call me, I’ll come back again”
But that Boston weather made the numbers run together
Damn that Fenway Rain

Chorus:

I got a matchbook cover and the promise of a lover
But I never ever got your name
No I never ever got, never got, never ever got
Never got your name.

I was waiting in a line for a Fenway frank
When you said that I could move ahead
An’ I shoulda been looking for a twenty...
But I was looking at you instead
I bought an ice cold beer and a souvenir
And I forgot to take my change

Chorus

There was a triple play on that cloudy day,
We were standing in a crowded aisle
Then a final run and you said “we won!”
But I was staring at your smile
And if the radio should ever play this song
I’ll be here for the opening game

With a place in the line, right next to mine
‘Cause I never ever got your name
No I never ever got, never got, never ever got
Never got your name.

Bridge:

I’ve played the field way too long
Wishing for the M.V.P
I could be in the Hall of Fame
If you’d come back to me

I got a matchbook cover and the promise of a lover
But I never ever got your name
And as the train pulled out I could hear you shout
“Call me, I’ll come back again”
But that Boston weather made the numbers run together
Damn that Fenway Rain

Chorus

No I never ever got, never got, never ever got
Never got your name.

Andrew & Abby

That morning in the mill town it was ninety-six degrees
Smoke had settled on the windows, clouds were hanging in the trees
The dust upon the dirt road staggered up to choke the view
As Andrew rounded Second Street in 1892

And Abby made her way upstairs, her long dress swept the floor
She walked across the oak boards, she pushed upon the door
She opened wide the window, the heat came rollin' in
She made the bed, not knowing she'd not make the bed again

Chorus:

There were bats up in the belfry that oppressive mongrel day
And those inclined to gossip didn't have a lot to say
No witness and no weapon means the guilty always wins
And somewhere in a closet, there's a skeleton who grins

So Andrew read the paper, though the news that day would pale
To the front page on the 'morrow when his blood would write the tale
He leaned back on the sofa with perhaps a sign and yawn
Lizzie said his shoes were off, but the photo shows them on.

As Maggie washed the windows, Lizzie Borden stepped outdoors
She would later tell the jury she'd been busy with her chores
Mutton broth was turning rancid, so their lunch meal never came
But no one had an appetite, and no one took the blame

Chorus

It was tragedy came calling as the sun came screaming down
There were sinkers in the rafters, there were sweet pears on the ground
And carnage laughed like crazy, but no one heard the sound
Without a face and name, it's still living in that town.

Chorus

That morning in the mill town it was ninety-six degrees
Some were praying for a rainstorm, some were wishing for a breeze
Yet Andrew and his Abby, had they seen their future die
May have asked for just a moment, so they could say good-bye...

I'm Thinkin'

I paid for all your fancy clothes, your jewelry by the pound
And that Winonah pick-up truck, your pedigree pet hound
I ran my paycheck in the red, my bank account was maxed
I paid so your moustache and your body hair got waxed

Chorus:

And I'm thinkin' ...I should' a paid more attention
More attention to you
One gold tooth, it's the truth
An' a pot-bellied pig tattoo
And I'm thinkin' ...I should' a paid more attention to you
Should' a paid more attention to you

I paid to buy a fancy house, we left that double-wide
I cooked your supper every night, your steak was chicken-fried
You acted like a debutant, I must have been a fool
You asked me for a "pool boy", I said "we ain't got no pool!"

[Chorus]

I paid to have your boobs enlarged
Then waited in suspense
I guess you took 'em out of town
I haven't seen 'em since

Your sassy classy 8 inch boots, my credits all but done
Now the neighbors say you just run off with Uncle Bubba's son

[Chorus]

Old Folk Blues

I've got creases where my tan lines used to be
Creases where my tan lines used to be
I've got craters, I've got saggin'
Parts of me are clearly draggin'
I've got creases where my tan lines used to be

I've got two chins where I used to have just one
Two chins where I used to have just one
Got a necklace for my specs
And it hangs around my necks
I've got two chins where I used to have just one

Chorus:

Old folks, old folks
Everything is closer to the ground

I've got age spots where my freckles used to be
Age spots where my freckles used to be
Got a mole that's growing hair
If you see it, please don't stare
I've got age spots where my freckles used to be

I've got everything above me hanging low
Everything above me hanging low
Gravity is not my friend
I possess a bitter end
I've got everything above me hanging low

[chorus]

Got a T.V but I never watch no porn
T.V but I never watch no porn
And I know it may sound corny...
God forbid if I get horny
Got a T.V but I never watch no porn

All our undies have been traded for depends
Undies have been traded for depends
We can stand and talk and smile
And be peeing all the while
All our undies have been traded for depends

Final Chorus:

Old folks, old folks
Day by day I'm getting more unwound
Old folks, old folks
Enough of this...let's hit the town.

What About Love?

My baby's got a classic car
Treats it like a movie star
Never drives it very far
But hey, what about love?

When he's here he's never home
Buff the body, shine the chrome
Here I sit, I'm all alone
So hey, what about love?

Chorus:

I could use a tune up, someone check my parts
Generate a little heat, see if something starts
Maybe pack a picnic, grab a mandolin
Neutral doesn't move me, take me for a spin
What about love?

My sweetie's got a Willys jeep
Talks about it in his sleep
Four-wheel drive and built to keep
But hey, what about love?

World War II and Yankee made
Always keeps it in the shade
I don't know how much he paid
But hey, what about love?

[chorus]

Bridge:

Now I don't claim to comprehend
The thinkin' of a man
But as I watched him calibrate
I conjured up a plan

I got myself a 30's Ford
Rumble seat and running board
Place to keep a blanket stored
Cause hey, what about love?

Picnic basket, mandolin
I'll take my honey for a spin
He looks at me, then starts to grin
... Hey, what about love?

[chorus]

Lucy's Song

I close my eyes, and I hear you call me
When I hear you call me, something in me cries
A bitter wind blows through 'Chusett Mountain
And moonlit shadows fall upon my eyes.

I follow the stone wall, follow the creek bed,
Cross the path where you used to play
I think I see you there, rain comes flying,
And once again your shadow gets away.

Chorus 1:

And I don't know which way to go
Don't know where to go
And I don't know where you might be
Please my Lucy girl, come home to me.

Lord knows I tried to keep on going,
Growing like a flower where the Quinney River runs.
But one little lie can spread like wildfire,
Ravaging the sweet fern, eating up the sun.

Can't stop the thunder, can't catch the lightning
The tides have kept time for a billion years.
Pain runs a path, grief has a season
They show no mercy for this Mama's tears.

Chorus 1

The years crawl by, and I grow weary,
I know these woods, every crooked tree...
My voice is weak, my eyes are tired,
Please Lucy girl, come home to me.

Last Chorus:

And I don't know which way to go
Don't know where to go
And I don't know where you might be
Please baby girl, come home to me.
Come home to me...

The Underside of Heaven

Here in the crick and swamp of Macon County
My southern birth embedded in my skin
I set my name to fighting with the Yanks
And was imprisoned by my kith and kin

Ain't no way of telling what's before me
For today or what rolls out ahead
I barely breathe among these walking ghosts
I fear the best of me's already dead

Chorus:

Please, brother Jesus -- I can't take no more
Tote this broken body to your door, to your door
Tote this broken body to your door

Late at night my childhood comes in pieces
Folks that came when little James took sick
Flies buzzin' 'round an empty jar of honey
Months when Daddy didn't work a lick

Laundry on the line and hanging heavy
A chicken mama gave me for a pet
Holdin' Sissy's hand when things got scary
Catchin' kivvers in my Papa's net

Chorus

Bridge:

Wish I was a candle on the mantle
Wish I was the ivy on the fence
Reachin' through the underside of heaven
For something I could lay my head against

Joined the North and took a stand with Lincoln
My uniform was bluer than the sky
Now I walk in rags of muddy brown
I reckon dirt's the color when I die

Stockade rising higher than my courage
Poison water meant to quench my thirst
Had a storm today that made a rainbow
Makes no difference when your days are cursed.

Chorus

Not Guilty

Intro:

What if love had its day in court
And could take the stand
And could raise its hand
With words that any heart could understand...

I know that you've been burned
I see that you're concerned
Afraid perhaps that I don't really care
Your case is overturned
The court has been adjourned
'Cause I'm not going anywhere.

I'm not too good at flirtin'
But I can say for certain
That sometimes when you're near I simply stare
The evidence is clear
And I confess, my dear that
I'm not going anywhere.

Bridge:

Oh I'm half crazy, don't know what I'll do
Just crazy, through and through
My lawyer's double billin'
Cause he knows I'm willin'
To serve my time with you

The charges seem deplorable
I've only been adorable
I plead insanity, but it's not fair
I guess the judge could say
I stole your heart away
And I'm not going anywhere

The past is inadmissible
My lips are here, they're kissable
The jury's drinking champagne down the hall
I hope you won't rebuff me...
Just post my bail, uncuff me
'Cause I'm not going anywhere at all, I swear
That I'm not going anywhere.

Anywhere (Really?)
Anywhere (You sure?)
Anywhere (Not Guilty)

Get over here....

One of us

Three guitars on a Boston stage
And every race and every age
Is on the same sweet page
And you're one of us tonight
You start to play and it's clear to see
From the mezzanine to the balcony
That we all agree you're one of us tonight

Chorus:

Sometimes you let the strings do all the talkin'
Sometimes you let your hands sound out the beat
Your eyes are closed, you're singing
Not knowing that you're bringing
Every single person to their feet.

You're playing to us, one on one
A one man show, you've just begun
Your rhymes they are sung
Like you're one of us tonight
Your fingers take the fastest lane
There's a story in the grain
And it's explaining that you're one of us tonight

Chorus

Instrumental

You make us laugh, you make us cry
Keep us grounded, help us fly
And that's the reason why you're one of us tonight.
An encore then you thank us all
Your smile fills up the concert hall
And I always will recall you were one of us tonight
You were one of us tonight.

Open Mic

Elvis, Lennon, Croce, Ochs, Ricky at the garden party singing for the folks
Joplin, Hendrix, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Orbison, Mama Cass and Papa John...
And we got Chapin, Marley, Como, Cline...
Old Blue Eyes singing Funny Valentine...
Tennessee Ernie, VanZant, Cole...
Buddy Holly, Otis Redding, Rock & Roll

Chorus:

Roll over Beethoven, Roll over Bethoven
Roll over...It's an Open Mic
Tell the boys to listen tonight
I hope I get their music right...
Praying and a hoping, singing at the open mike

Cash & Seeger, Kelly in the rain, Jerry Garcia and Kurt Cohain,
Cagney, Valence, Tammy Wynett
Roger Miller smoking stogies, he's got rooms to let
And then there's Guthrie, Kate Wolf, Hank and Ives
Judy Garland singing 'bout the bluebird as it flies
Harrison, Havens, young Chet Baker,
Bill Morrissey and Minnie Pearl singing with the maker

Chorus

Linda in the Wings, and Jim at the Doors, Denver flies, as Mercury Soars,
Old Joe Cocker rockin' life, Bobby Daren and Mack the Knife...
And then there's Foster's Folk and Dorsey's Jazz,
Can't ya just imagine the band God has...
Sing what you love and let the spotlight shine
If you're singing from your soul then it'll be just fine...

Chorus

The memory of the songs they sang fill up an empty sky,
As I wonder where they are tonight,
I'm so lonesome I could cry.

Old Upright Piano

There was an old upright piano
And now and then our Dad would sit and play
Pouring out some jazz or boogie-woogie
That music had so much to say
A couple keys were missing ivories
Some were flat, we didn't care
Cause the pedals have sustained the sound
Of our daddy putting childhood in the air

Chorus:

And he didn't need a spotlight
Didn't need no metronome
But when he played
That house became a home

There was that old upright piano
That someone painted yellow way back when
We pasted pictures on the wood
To cover up the scratches that had been
A bench with two old rusty hinges
Music inside "of the day"
But we hardly ever opened it
Dad didn't use music anyway

Chorus

Instrumental

There was that old upright piano
It wasn't much to see, or much to play
But it meant a lot to me an' my kid brother
It almost seems like yesterday
You gave us chords of music
An' after 50 years we're still going strong
So Dad, if you hear us now
Your little kids are waiting for a song

Chorus

Three Sheets

I recall the Irish reel
Setting steps from toe to heel
Out of reach, then back she'd steal
Laughing by my side
Hat in hand I'd bow when done
Whiskey in the other one
Her voice saying "they'll be none...
Of that I won't abide."

Chorus:

Four bells out of Jeffrey
Three sheets to the wind
Strike the mast for I surrender
Four bells out of Jeffrey
Three sheets to the wind
My Jenny will not take me back again
Jenny will not take me back again

I loved her through the spring and fall
She stood and raised her parasol
With worried eyes I heard her call
My "promises to keep"
The vessel floated black as ink
The thirsty crew called out for drink
Temptation pushed me past the brink
Of "devil and the deep"

[Chorus]

Bridge:

Some things are written in the stars
Some in a witch's tale
I drown my shame while drinking down
This brew of blackened ale.
Now here I sit in Paddy's Bar
With too much time to dwell
I long for her, but choose instead
Another pint from hell.

[Chorus]

Easy

Intro:

We're two chips off the proverbial block
Looking at the same sweet view
I'm knowing, and I'm loving
That I'm so in love with you...

Easy to talk to, easy to be with
That's you and me with each other
Easy to spend time, borrow or lend time
Friends 'til the end time and lovers.

Easy to know you, easy to be true
I'll be around quite a while
Easy to feel that you're a 7 course meal
Filling me up with your smile

Chorus:

And you're my pal, my friend, my buddy
I'll be your sidekick, your understudy
You can be the straight man
I'll pass the hat around and around and around...
Just like Tom and Jerry, Abbott and Costello
Like Lewis and Clark I'll be your best fellow
Anytime you're lost, I'll be your found.

Easy to be friends, easy like bookends
Easy like chowder and cod
Frankenstein, Shelly, P.B & Jelly
We're like two peas in a pod.

Scotch and soda, Luke and Yoda
Tweedle Dum, Tweedle Dee
It may sound crazy, but I can't imagine
Me without you without me

[Chorus]

You finish the sentences that I start
And always make me laugh
So glad that I found you babe
You're my better half.

And you're my pal, my friend, my buddy
I'll be your sidekick, your understudy
You can be the straight man
I'll pass the hat around and around and around...
I'll be your found [echo: when I'm lost]
I'll be your found [echo: when I'm lost]
I'll be your found [echo: be my found]

Granite and Moss

Touching the old gate all covered with moss
Tracing the dates of sadness and loss
Centuries marking the sign of the cross
But nobody knows they're here
Nobody knows they're here

Hidden and hallowed in woods overgrown
Soldiers and mothers and babies unknown
Where butterflies visit the granite and stone
But nobody knows they're here
Nobody knows they're here

Chorus:

Cedars and pines in shadowed sun
Bless and guard them one by one
One by one, by one, one by one

How did they get here, what roads did they take?
Did they make turns by design or mistake?
Sleeping forever as bluebirds awake
And nobody knows they're here
Nobody knows they're here

[chorus]

Don't Want You Back

Years ago we laughed away the future
Fell in love, walked barefoot on the rocks
Never looked at calendars or clocks

Chorus:

But I don't want you back now
No, I don't want you back now
I want you back then

I know we made mistakes
Some were mine, some were yours
The battle lines were drawn
We fought our civil wars
Apologies and words
Whispered or unsaid
Where promises got tossed around in bed

Chorus

Instrumental

I've kept a box of photographs and letters
Of lives I no longer recognize
Their happiness brings sadness to my eyes

Chorus (repeat last line, spoken)

Forkey Avenue

I set off on a simple trip, Rhode Island was the state
I put it in my GPS, she didn't make me wait
She led me down an old dirt road called Forkey Avenue
The only Providence I found is in this song for you

Chorus:

It's Forkey left and Forkey right
I don't know which is which
With potholes big as bathtubs
Surrounded by a ditch
It's Forkey left and Forkey right
I think I'm lost and then...
"Two hundred feet around-about"
Then Forkey Ave again

Now Michael rowed a boat ashore, and Icarus had wings
The Beatles had a submarine, Pinocchio had strings
But none were tempted by a voice that left then with a view
Of being lost and all alone on Forkey Avenue

[chorus]

Bridge: They say all roads lead to Rome
But I'll be lucky if I ever get back home

Well I'd had enough, stopped the car, the GPS came free
She tried to tell me where to go, I threw her at a tree
I closed the window, found a map, then had the final laugh
She reached her destination somewhere on Forkey Ave.

[chorus]