

My Beautiful Terrace in the Sky

Maybe I think I'm just a little too special
Maybe there's nothing gets to me
Maybe up here it's just a little too beautiful
Maybe I'm way too high to see

The city sounds so far away so early in the morning
And I can see you sitting by my side
This is where I wanna be when it all comes crashing down
I wanna see it from my beautiful terrace in the sky

So is there nothing left we share in common?
Are we from different countries?
Why are we tearing down? We're tearing down to save it I guess I'll
Check the pile for signs of life come daylight

The city sounds so far away so early in the morning
And I can see you sitting by my side
This is where I wanna be when it all comes crashing down
I wanna see it from my beautiful terrace in the sky

Watching the buildings and the villages burning
Seeing the borders slip away
I feel like I'm tumbling down and you're not gonna save me this time I'll
Learn to fall or learn to fly

The city sounds so far away so early in the morning
And I can see you sitting by my side
This is where I wanna be when it all comes crashing down
I wanna see it from my beautiful terrace in the sky

So maybe I think I'm just a little too special
Maybe there's nothing gets to me
Maybe up here it's just a little too beautiful
Maybe I'm way too high to see
Maybe I'm way too high to see
Maybe I'm way too high to see....

The Legendary Lot 13

Two old friends walk through an empty park with intentions to defy the dark
One voice rings out, one ear is cocked, and a flood of memories unlocked
It's been two years and maybe more since I held her close on the forest floor
And in all that time I am still not sure I've control of my emotions

So let me take you down, I'll take you down
Through the woods and the fields of green
Past the playground by the water
To the legendary Lot 13

Oh, tell me why a man will try to present himself as another guy
And did you see what a change in me was brought on by her devotion?

So let me take you down, I'll take you down
Through the woods and the fields of green
Past the playground by the water
To the legendary Lot 13

Two old friends walk through an empty park with intentions to defy the dark
One voice rings out, one ear is cocked, and a flood of memories unlocked
It seems to me we've been searching for someone who's not with you anymore
But if you grew by loving her, I would say you've learned your lesson

So let me take you down, I'll take you down
through the woods and the fields of green
Where you held her 'til the morning
at the legendary Lot 13

Let me take you down, I'll take you down
Through the woods and the fields of green
Past the playground by the water
To the legendary Lot 13

I'll Be Here in the Morning

(Townes Van Zandt)

There's no stronger wind than the one that blows down a lonesome railroad line
No prettier sight than looking back at a town you left behind
But there's nothing that's as real as the love that's in my mind

Close your eyes, I'll be here in the morning
Close your eyes, I'll be here for awhile

There's lots of things along the road I'd surely like to see
I'd like to lean into the wind and tell myself I'm free
But your softest whisper's louder than the highway's call to me

Close your eyes, I'll be here in the morning
Close your eyes, I'll be here for awhile

All the mountains and the rivers and the valleys can't compare
To your blue dancing eyes and yellow shining hair
I could never hit the open road and leave you lying there

Close your eyes, I'll be here in the morning
Close your eyes, I'll be here for awhile

Aww, lay your head back easy love and close your crying eyes
I'll be laying here beside you when the sun comes on the rise
And I'll stay as long as the cuckoo wails and the lonesome blue jay cries

Close your eyes, I'll be here in the morning
Close your eyes, I'll be here for awhile

"I'll Be Here in The Morning"
Written by Townes Van Zandt
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If I Could Turn Back Time

If I could turn back time, you know I'd do it in a minute
And I would try to make some fine adjustments to the things I'd find there in it
All the hate that I have seen, I'd speak up where I stood quiet
You can't let the bullies win, and you can't give up the fight

If I could turn back time, oh, wouldn't that be nice?
I'd get to see her leave me once, and then later leave me twice
But the tradeoff would be that I'd know that love again
All those days among the trees
Dreaming of a future when
Ahh, ahh, we'd still be together
Ahh, ahh, and these good times would never end

If I could turn back time, and revisit my mistakes
I'd recognize my privilege sometimes was behind my lucky breaks
And I'd say I'm sorry for the evil that I've done to some along the way
All the friends I've left behind, I wonder where they are today

And I'm here under the trees
Dreaming of a future when
Ahh, ahh, we will be together
Ahh, ahh, and these good times will never end

Tell Me About Woody Again

My brother Jim was my hero, I followed wherever he led
And though there were six years between us
Still, we shared the same bed
My father, he was a good union man, though his fortunes, they rose and fell
Home most nights, to tuck us in tight, singing songs that he knew so well

There were hobos and unions and Robin-Hood thieves
And pictures of places that I'd never seen

And we always sang "This Land Is Your Land"
They traded each verse to the end
And when we were done singing, Jimmy would cry
"Daddy, tell me about Woody again!"

I remember 1967, so long ago, though, it seems
I had just turned 11, and Jimmy was still 17
I remember the night that my father cried
When he came in to tell us that Woody had died
And we sang those songs until his tears had dried
And then he kissed us goodnight

And when we sang "This Land Is Your Land"
They traded each verse to the end
And when we were done singing, Jimmy had said
"Daddy, tell me about Woody again!
Tell me about Woody again...."

I can't forget that cold morning, the day that everything changed
A letter for Jimmy came in the mail, and then he was going away
My father, he was a strong man, but he never would be the same
A knock on the door, I found him on the floor, with only the war to blame

But I've got these images stuck in my mind
The innocent memories of an innocent time

When we always sang "This Land is Your Land"
They traded each verse to the end
And when we were done singing, Jimmy would cry,
"Daddy, tell me about Woody again!
Tell me about Woody again!"

Aragon Mill

(By Si Kahn)

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall that says "Aragon Mill"
But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack
'Cause the mill has pulled out and it ain't a-coming back

Now I'm too old to change and I'm too young to die
And there's no place to go for my old man and I
There's no children at all in the narrow empty streets
Now the looms have all gone; it's so quiet I can't sleep

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town
Weave and spin, weave and spin

Now the mill has shut down; it's the only life I know
Tell me, where will I go, tell me, where will I go?

And the only tune I hear, is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town
Weave and spin, weave and spin
Weave and spin, weave and spin

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill
There's a chimney so tall that says "Aragon Mill."

Down in the Dumps Tonight

The smoke from the wildfires keeps filling the air
I can't remember it ever being this bad
There's so many ways out there to kill or be killed
If the tornadoes don't get you, the madman at the shopping mall will

But most days life is worth living
Though sometimes it's too hard to take
When the future seems so full of promise and goals
But you're down in the dumps today

You're quite a fighter, that can't be denied
You put on a smile for the world, though you're tired and you're hurting inside

But most days life is worth living
Though sometimes it's too hard to take
When the future seems so full of promise and goals
But you're down in the dumps today

Yeah, most days life is worth living
Though you know that something's not right
When the future seemed so full of promise and goals
But you're down in the dumps tonight
When the future seemed so full of promise and goals
But you're down in the dumps tonight

This Chain

This chain was given to me by a veteran, by a veteran named Tiff
This chain was given to me by a veteran, by a veteran named Tiff

He wore it round his neck for many years, I saw him here each week
He wore it round his neck for many years, I saw him here each week

I turned him on to Utah Phillips songs, he'd sing along and smile
I turned him on to Utah Phillips songs, he'd sing along and smile

So he asked his son to buy him some of those old Utah CDs
His son investigated and said "No thank you, Dad, now please!
That leftist propaganda – it's just not the thing for you
And I won't go spending your money on songs like these!"

So I burned two albums onto a CD, gave it to Tiff free and clear
And he had that CD playing each time I came to visit him that year
He'd hide the CD when his son would come, under the mattress where he lay
A geriatric act of resistance, until his dying day

I walked into a room full of family gathered round
I shook his hand and said hello as I started to sit down
I sang "God Bless America" and "In the Garden" too
Then I looked up, he winked at me, and I knew what I had to do

I sat there at the foot of his deathbed, staring at his head hanging low
I sat there at the foot of his deathbed, staring at his head hanging low

I sang "Starlight on the Rails" to him, I saw him grin, then he said, "Dang!"
"You know, I never gave you anything," he took it from his neck as he sang

This chain was given to me by a veteran, by a veteran named Tiff
This chain was given to me by a veteran, by a veteran named Tiff

The Goodnight-Loving Trail

(By Utah Phillips)

Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing,
You beat the triangle and curse everything.
If dirt was a kingdom, then you'd be the king.

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows like a low bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light.

With your snake oil and herbs and your liniment, too,
You can do anything that a doctor can do,
Except find a cure for your own god-damned stew

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows like a low bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light.

The cookfire's out and the coffee's all gone,
The boys are up and we're raising the dawn.
You're still sitting there, all lost in a song.

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows like a low bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light.

Yeah, I know that someday I'll be just the same,
Wearing an apron instead of a name.
No one can change it, and no one's to blame
For the desert's a book writ in lizards and sage,
It's easy to look like an old torn out page,
Faded and cracked with the colors of age.

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows like a low bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light.

Just as Dangerous Alone

Woke up to the first day of a world without you in it
So much that I could say, but where should I begin it?
And it seems so very small to start out with "I love you"
So maybe I'll just pour a drink and try to tell them of you...

She came out of the east, doing 90 miles an hour
Driving and driven with a special kind of power
With nothing behind her and nothing standing in her way
With a head full of words and a spitfire wit
And a righteous anger, she wasn't taking none of it
And a voice that would carry from any stage or street she would play

Blessed with the songmaking skill of Joe Hill and the grit of Mother Jones
On fire in a crowd but just as dangerous alone

Out in the heartland of a country on fire
Pushing back against all the lies of a liar
Building a vision of a world that she knew she'd never see
Through so many cities, so many streets
So many victories and bitter defeats
Wherever the people and power collided she'd be

Blessed with the songmaking skill of Joe Hill and the grit of Mother Jones
On fire in a crowd but just as dangerous alone

Woke up to the first day of a world without you in it
So much that I could say, but where should I end it?
And it seems so very small to start out with "I loved you"
For I was just one of so many around you

There's a fireball in the west and it's burning up the sky
There's a red light blinking on the mountain tonight
There's a lonely bird singing at the dawn of the first light
And I know how much you hated goodbyes

The Wreck on the Highway

(By Dorsey Dixon)

Who did you say it was brother
Who was it fell by the way?
When whiskey and blood run together
Did you hear anyone pray?

I didn't hear nobody pray, dear brother
I didn't hear nobody pray
I heard the crash on the highway
But I didn't hear nobody pray

When I heard the crash on the highway
I knew what it was from the start
I went to the scene of destruction
And a picture was stamped on my heart

There was whiskey and blood all together
Mixed with glass where they lay
Death played her hand in destruction
But I didn't hear nobody pray

I didn't hear nobody pray, dear brother
I didn't hear nobody pray
I heard the crash on the highway
But I didn't hear nobody pray

I wish I could change this sad story
That I am now telling you
But there is no way I can change it
For somebody's life is now through

Their soul has been called by the Master
They died in a crash on the way
And I heard the groans of the dying
But, I didn't hear nobody pray

I didn't hear nobody pray, dear brother
I didn't hear nobody pray
I heard the crash on the highway
But I didn't hear nobody pray