

flying through the clouds – a village down below
tundra all around – there are no roads
in the summertime in the riverboat
in the wintertime when the riverfroze

chorus:

welcome to new stuyahok
come and have some fun
welcome to new stuyahok
welcome everyone
on the nushagak
waters roll down to the shore
 (of Bristol Bay)
sometimes the stars are so bright
sometimes the aurora
 (hey hey hey)

as far as we can run until we hit the floor
as close as we can get to the undercore
as many ways away from where we were before
as many side tracks on the world tour

chorus: (maybe)

bridge:

guess what makes it great, love
don't wait to change the weight, love
crazy crazy crazy, love
don't wait, don't change...
 anything

chorus:(maybe)

Welcome to New Stuyahok

at the corner of marshall and skyline, see you wearing your traveling hat
remember mama used to tell ya, you ain't going out like
a hobo decked out in black and beige
a pretty boy in a jealous rage
all the world's your little stage...
saw you try it back in college, think about it now and then
see you, saw you, now i'm thinking might not be seeing you
again with the lowball and high on top
just like a bull in a hanoi shop
pull the pin and let the lemon drop

call in the airstrike, up in flames
call up the press and the harlequin games
shine me up pretty for the salvation train
and call the almighty with prayers for rain

'Cause the cause is effectless, and the Goths are at the gate,
And the gods are restless ~ they ain't gonna wait.
We are here to mitigate, keep the scars from the land
And we can always use another ranch hand

misty sunrise in the valley, new morning in my mind
no fences at the border, where the fields were never
lined with tactical IEDs
can't bomb the forest for the trees
fighting for cures for the new disease
spreading out in all directions, scattered dreams and scattered seeds
too many flowers in the garden – give a shout out for the
weed in the pipe of the masterplan
bleeding on the tracks to the motherland
leading back to where it all began

call in the airstrike, up in flames
call up the press and the harlequin games
karma chameleon and citizen kane
and call the almighty with prayers for rain

'Cause our cousins are feckless, they've abandoned the gate,
and the gods are restless, and the hour is late.
We are here to cleanse your soul down to the sand
And we've got space for another ranch hand

The future came with one too many warnings
The nightmares left us one too many doubts
Jake is singing one too many mornings
The wine is gone, the fire's almost out

call in the airstrike, up in flames
call up the press and the harlequin games
shine me up pretty for the salvation train
and call the almighty with prayers for rain

'Cause the chorus wants breakfast, but the cupboard is bare,
and the gods are restless, and they don't seem to care.
We are here to mitigate... put the rules back in the game...
We've got space for another ranch hand...
and we'll write your name.

RANCH HAND

YOUNG TURK STYLE

Midnight in this country, there's a dim light
that fades away – it's not the light of the coming day.
Good times gone... there's gotta be a way to bring a brighter dawn.
Looking for the new spark.
Too young to wallow in the dark
while they play a Rod Stewart song.

They got a sad old grandpa look in their eye,
but if the kids get together, they will not be denied;
the way down trodden are always up for a fight.
It all goes round and round; the walls come crashing down.

They're getting fat in the mansions in their white silk sheets
And there's starving in the village, and there's blood in the streets.
The poor huddled masses go along for the ride.
It all goes round and round; the walls come crashing down.

So it goes, so many thorns without a rose.
Back at home, there's a secret everybody knows.
And in the interview, the vast conspiracy comes into view.
All the alleytalk is true,
and it's what revolutionaries do,
and this same old story's been told a few times.

They got a sad old grandpa look in their eye,
but if the kids are united, they will not be denied;
the way down trodden are always up for a fight.
It all goes round and round; the walls come crashing down.

They're getting fat in the mansions in their white silk sheets
And there's starving in the village, and there's blood in the streets.
The poor huddled masses go along for the ride.
It all goes round and round; the walls come crashing down.

So take take take... take on me.
So take take me home.
So take take take...
take take take...
take me home.

They got a sad old grandpa look in their eye,
but if the kids get together they will not be divided;
the way down trodden are always up for a fight.
It all goes round and round; the walls come crashing down.
Crashing down.

Mariane

The world fell apart... and we started over,
trying to forget, but I remember
what the world put us through – and what the world said.
A few faded pictures in black and white
of the blood and burning vivid red.

Singing,

How far we gotta go? How far we gotta go? How far?
And how we gonna know? How we gonna know? How far?

The world tore us apart, blown by the weather
to places too far and wide to get back together.
Seeing all the marks on our necks,
the broken mirror now reflects and we can't hide it.
The world left to chance built a capricious circumstance
so big we could not fight it... fight it.

Singing,

How far we gotta go? How far we gotta go? How far?
And how we gonna know? How we gonna know? How far?

The waves roll up on a peaceful shore.
The waters smoothed out what came before.
Faroff memories before the war.
Mariane deserved so much more.
The world keeps turning, it's meant to be.
The world keeps turning tricks, you see.
Turned out the world was not so free
Mariane meant the world to me.

Singing,

How far we gotta go? How far we gotta go? How far?
And how we gonna know? How we gonna know? How far?

Singing,

How far we gotta go? How far we gotta go? How far?
And how we gonna know? How we gonna know? How far?

How far we gotta go? How far we gotta go? How far?

People like your mother think blue is the color of distance and nobility.
And the wind is the meaningless mumble of some old monk over his cold mutton and tea.
And that angry old lion, the sun, shines down.
And my heart is too tired to break.
On the Camino Real you can do whatever you feel...
All you gotta do is stay.
Stay for the Punchinella and the Madrugada
And the moonshining down on Esmeralda.
On the Camino Real you can do whatever you feel...
All you gotta do is stay.

The most dangerous word all over the world is any one used to mean brother.
It depends on who's driving the bicycle, dad. Now bide a while for your mother.
And wait for la Noche de Fiesta to come around.
And think what a great Patsy I make.
On the Camino Real you can do whatever you feel...
All you gotta do is stay.
Thieves and petty vendors down in a bazaar
Where a part of the bargain is the romance in the heart.
On the Camino Real you can do whatever you feel...
All you gotta do is stay.

And what is the road if not for the jumble
Down through some Mahoosac?
And what is the heart if not an instrument
That translates noise into music?

There is a passion for declivity.
From the ashes there's nativity.
On the Camino Real you can do whatever you feel...
All you gotta do is stay.

When the big wheels crack on this street, it's like the fall of a capital city.
And the blocks go by fast on this street, encumbered with something pretty.
Bohemia has no banner to be found.
Stay standing... for somebody's sake.
On the Camino Real you can do whatever you feel...
All you gotta do is stay.
Everything's fine! And that's the curtain line.
All you gotta do is stay.
All you gotta do is stay.
You can't go away.
All you gotta do is stay.

paddle, pedal, and hoof

cold missouri headwaters

hot summer sun

long way to run

long way to run

gates of the mountains

long dakota lakes

that's what it takes

that's what it takes

but I keep cruising

can't stop won't stop moving

it's like i've got this music in my mind

saying it's gonna be alright

| paddle paddle paddle down to 'Tchafalaya Bay

| pedal pedal pedal to californ - i - a

| and hoof it hoof it hoof it up to the northern roof

| paddle pedal and hoof

hot southern border

west from new orleans

and all the in between

all the in between

panniers and high gears

righty yo ho ho

take the highway slow

take the high road low

but I keep cruising

can't stop won't stop moving

it's like i've got this music in my mind

saying it's gonna be alright

| row row row your boat gently down the stream

| spin the wheels spin the wheels toward the california dream

| walk hard so you'll have stories when you're long in the tooth

| paddle pedal and hoof

so many bridges over waters deep and wide

so many bridges where roadways collide

so many bridges footpaths for the soul

so many bridges

hey hey hey reese wildspoon

while you been keeping up with what you call your daily biz

and telling your little stories, you coulda

been out there living the stories, yo?

you ever do it on a beanbag?

baby, i do it inside beanbags.

and when i say beanbag I use the word

in its broadest imaginable sense

so row row your boat gently down that dream

spin spin spin the wheels toward the mojave gleam

it's beautiful ride, babe, let your tall tales be the proof

paddle pedal and hoof

paddle pedal and hoof

paddle pedal and hoof

An iamb for your ample leisure time

leaves of grass

It's 2pm in Broken Bow.
With a great deal of effort I lost my twang,
you know.
It's not good to have unresolved issues
with your mother;
We all get tricked some time or other.

Rhythm is the grammar...
Rhythm is the grammar...
Rhythm is the grammar...
Rhythm is the grammar...

Heard you got shot with a crossbow.
That kind of lie don't require the motherfuckin OED,
you know.
You neatly explained academia.
I'm fucking euthanized,
and you wrap me up in your little schema
You tried to get those two in a three-way, fool –
I used to read her Shakespeare sonnets in high school.

**I wish that you would come back here again...
I really wish that I had never hung
The phone up like I hung it up back then.
Wish you could hear the song I've never sung.
I never will forget you for as long
As life goes on and stars shine in the sky.
Wish you were here right now to sing along
Right here, this moment – it's all good, and I...**

**I wish that we could go back and recall
What we were fighting for back then, and I...
Wish too you knew how I miss you withal –
Too much to anymore be mad, and I...
Wish you were here right now, for good and all...
I wish you would, my darling, by and by.**

Lonely are the free.
I've seen 'em through the smokerings
of your hydroponic weed.

They don't walk like you and me
Prick me, motherfucker, I'm sure as shit gonna bleed.

It's 2am in our hick pajamas
you say you'll give it up to the boys
who sort shit out with their mamas
We all get tricked some time or other
What I've been smoking and what you'd do to me –
I'd never recover.

**I wish that you would come back here again...
I really wish that I had never hung
The phone up like I hung it up back then.
Wish you could hear the words I've never sung.
I never will forget your silent song
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.
Wish you were here right now to sing along
Right here, right now, it's all good as can be.**

**I wish that we could go back and recall
What we were fighting for back then, and I...
Wish too you knew how I miss you withal –
Too much to anymore be mad, and I...
Wish you were here right now, for good and all...
I wish you would, my darling, by and by.**

Silent are the strong;
I've seen 'em through the smokerings
of your tambourine man song.

The road is long...
Wish you were here right now to sing along.

I wish I wish I
Wish you were here right now to sing along.

I wish I wish I wish I wish
I wish I wish I wish I wish I
Wish you were here right now to sing along.

A crimson river of rose buds
Falling down on the soft mud
Singing your Philomel tongue
I'm not the only one

ravishing

(a crimson river)

Who is this, flies away so fast?
Sudden fear, all the good times past.
Where has your partner gone?
Slowly now the dark comes on.
Shall I speak for thee?
Slowly now the dark I see.
What will it do to your father's eyes?
Nothing but pain with each new sunrise.

A crimson river of warm bloods
Bubbling down through your rose buds
Singing your Philomel tongue
I'm not the only one

O, happy fool, don't you see?
All the tigers running free.
Who adds water to the sea?
Pulling still more tears from me.
Who pours fuel on a raging fire?
Banished from a dying empire.
What hands did this deed?
You can't write and I can't read.
What to do now you can't talk?
Now I stand like one upon a rock.
Wave after wave in a wilderness of sea,
Waxing tide rolls all around me.

A crimson river of warm blood
Darkening all of the soft mud
Singing your Philomel tongue
I'm not the only one

Tereus shadows come first.
Jupiter kisses, open versed.
Tarquin stinks and burns the worst.

And now it can't be undone,
Distract the mind from these cuts;
Mad plotting of vengeance Will...
It's an exile in fireville

And now we're stuck in these ruts –
A crimson river of warm blood.
Singing songs like Philomel;
It's an exile in fireville.

We lit out for the hinterlands
 Away from the masses and the marching bands
 She knew that it was out of her hands
 The writing on the wall... the house upon the sand...
C'est magnifique! At least for today...
 The first storm melts it all away.
 Time for the refrain; plain enough to see –
 But it's all Greek to me.

...a time machine.

... the thylacine.

Just like the thylacine... the thylacine...

We really need a time machine... time machine...

The Colour of Fog

Caribbean waters – bays and beaches, sandy brown and warm.

Tropical waves roll on and on.

Hi-tech blinders – help us to forget the coming storm.

Storms keep coming on and on.

The pressure builds, and blood is spilled...

How did it come to this?

The fog is white, the fog is grey.

The fog rolls in and rolls away.

My eyes fight hard to see,

But there's no colour left for me.

Still not learning – all the same mistakes we made back then.

Time keeps rolling on and on.

The town still burning – quench the fires and start 'em up again.

The old and wise are gone gone gone.

The clouds begin, we breathe it in...

The thickening mists of time.

The fog is black, the fog is grey

The fog rolls in and rolls away

My eyes fight hard to see

But there's no colour left for me.

I've seen Noah's glowing arc...

Now I'm stumbling through the dark.

My eyes find light to see

But there's no colour left for me

My eyes, your dreams...

Still got my memory.

Your world, obscured –

I still know what used to be.

So we walk through the fog

So far, but we never see.

The fog is white, the fog is black

The fog rolls out and then rolls back

My eyes find the light to see

But there's no colour left for me

Not a single tiny spark

Just rolling thunder in the dark

My eyes fight hard to see.

Where's the colour for me?

going places with jack johnson

There's a buzz on the train into Reno.
There's a fight out behind the casino.
There's a hook in the punches that we throw...
What do we know? What do we know?
What'll happen when the cards are on the table?
What's the game when you take off all the labels?
Take your chances whenever you're able...

Go find a place where they can't knock you off it.
Cuz we know, they make the rules and they make the profit.
So let's go...

Hey hey, we're on our way to some faroff town.
They'll be lining 'em up so you can knock 'em down.
Cuz we are going places.
You and me, we're going places.

Round the world when that's where they chase us.
Get off the plane and we tie up our laces.
Knockdowns bring crowns all in good time.
All in good time.

Take what they give – you know where to stick it.
The make the dollars, they sell the tickets.

Hey hey, time rolls on and we're on the chase.
They'll be there till you put them in their place.
Cuz we are going places.
You and me, we're going places.

The games are rigged and one thing is certain:
They are the wizards behind the curtains.

Hey hey, we're on our way to some foreign land.
They'll be putting their future in your hands.
Cuz we are going places.
You and me, we're going places.

They take their shots, but you're bulletproof.
Going places.
The world will slowly know the truth.
Going places.
And after all that we've been through.
Going places.
Flying a banner long overdue.
Going places.

There's always the distant sky.
Horizons beckon everywhere they meet the eye.
All the months in a myopic haze...
Now my youthful glance is prised with a tarnished glaze.

Like memories of what's not yet lost...
Like argosies that are tempest tossed...

Through this forest trail that I've been sailing,
Searching for the clues on the ground.
On this voyage, I'm nailing up my flag to the mast –
nothing sought nothing found

There's always another chance.
Till you're all alone and everybody's left the dance.
So I told myself to seize the day.
There's still a mighty wallop in that old cliché.

Dwindling faith in parlour games...
Rekindling passions into flames...

Down these waters, drifting with the current,
Searching for the clues all around.
On this voyage, I'm nailing up my flag to the mast –
nothing sought nothing found
nothing sought nothing found

14 songs in 16 days.
February sings in so many different ways
14 songs I'll probably never play.
Another little document to file away.

There's always the distant sky.
Horizons beckon everywhere they meet the eye.

Down these highways, following the signs,
Tasting all the sights and the sounds.
On this voyage, I'm nailing up my flag to the mast –
nothing sought nothing found
Down these waters, drifting with the current,
Searching for the clues all around.
On this voyage, I'm nailing up my flag to the mast –
nothing sought nothing found
nothing sought nothing found
nothing sought nothing found

*nothing
sought
nothing
found*

i been ... down along the docks
i been ... down there throwing rocks
i been ... down along the docks
down along the docks that line the bay

cuz the sky was so wide when the sun came up
the sky was so wide and me still in my cups
the sky was so wide when the sun came up
i wanted so much to know how to seize the day

so
i been ... down along the docks
i been ... down there throwing rocks
i been ... down along the docks
down along the docks that line the bay

cuz i seen fifty ships come in while i stood on the shore
i seen fifty ships come in, there must be room for one more
i seen fifty ships come in while stood on the shore
i screamed out to have something to say

yes
i been ... down along the docks
i been ... down there throwing rocks
i been ... down along the docks
down along the docks that line the bay

and i seen wave after wave come rolling in to land
i seen wave after wave crash on the sand
i seen wave after wave come rolling in to land
i wanted so much to drive the past away

i been down along the docks that line the bay
i been down along the docks that line the bay

outtake 1

outtake 2

my hope is that the notes transcend...
the circumstances of their birthing.

not just a means to make an end
or loosen up a tightened pursestring

i hope you won't have to defend
my pride saying, "oh, you poor thing."

i never purposed to pretend:
it wasn't going to be a sure thing.

though heavenward the notes i send...
i'm nothing but a lowly earthling

with a little levity to lend –
behold a jolly novice mirthling!

little by little, around each bend,
until the whole wide world it's girthing

a golden palace is what i intend;
and yet my budget is a shoestring.

so i let flow what might be penned
a sea of words that goes a-firthing

my hope is that the notes transcend...
the circumstances of their birthing.

frog coffee

i'm down to one unbroken beaker
here in my ramshackle lab.
shards of yesterday all around me
trying their best to take a stab
at what little is left of my fortitude
beneath these amber waves of flab...

oh, for the days of yore and their boundless extra credit
it's been a long lifetime full of research
dimly lit laboratory nights
amidst my obsolete apparatus
a thousand notebooks, maybe 1 gigabyte
strange hypotheses and conclusions
living the life recondite
what the days are for, I hope I never forget it.

i'm drinking frog coffee
hints of formaldehyde
in my one unbroken beaker
slide rule by my side
it's a piece from a museum
i brandish it with pride
frog coffee all night
frog coffee all night

a hundred different graphs of the data
competing theories piled up by the score
old procedures fallen by the wayside
the dust of all the years on the floor
discarded along with the detritus
thoughts i had but can't recall what for
it all wants to weigh me down but i won't let it.
years and years of the process
long experimental trials
cockatiels and catherine wheels
fluids all lined up in labeled vials
with my antiquated generator burning
all old school and analog dials
the method won't allow me to regret it.

i'm drinking frog coffee
hints of formaldehyde
in my one unbroken beaker
slide rule by my side
i'm a piece from a museum
i don't try to hide it
frog coffee till I died
frog coffee till I died

outtake 3

I was awoken... by the rooster crowing.
There was light on the eastern skyline.
I'd seen some hard days shrouded in darkness
I hoped for hot purifying sunshine

When the sun rose up
When the sun rose up
When the sun rose up again/anew/once more 'twas heavensent
Wondering 'bout the day
Wondering 'bout the day
Wondering what the new day meant

I had reasons... a long winter season...
Froze up and forgot what came before.
Springtime finally threatening to promise
Left a funny foreign feeling in my core.

Down on Bristol Bay
Down on Bristol Bay
Wondering where the good times went
Waiting for the day
waiting for the day
waiting for the day new meant

My heart and my brain... began to regain
A bit of feeling with the friendlier weather.
And the question kept bubbling up in my mind –
How my scattered loose ends might come together.

Waiting for the warmth
And the calm after the storms...
For the heaven after the hubbub and hoo-ha
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

Waiting for it

outtake 4

Waiting for the thaw
Waiting for the thaw
For the peace of the event'l rapprochement
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

At the end of the day
With the costumes put away
When all the beads have finally gone after Mardi Gras
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When the nuns all leave the cloister
When the world is my oyster
When I'm not mortified by my life full of faux pas
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When the time comes to die
And I lie staring at the sky
In my soul I'll find some final Shangri La
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When the sources are pure
And my words come out sure
And I've cleansed my speech of all that la-di-da
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

When I've forgotten my fair Lady
All things Nevada have grown shady...
Memories of Vegas... and Reno... and Tonopah.
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the day
Waiting for the denoue (ment)

outtake 5

When the last few steps were taken
 and we summited the ridge
 and finally had a chance to look around.
Memories fresh awakened
 of when we first felt the itch
 and the hardships of the new route we had found.

We had these expectations
 that we'd reached the pinnacle
 and very soon we'd peak/pique/peek over the edge.
All our smarmy exhortations
 turned from whimsy to inimical
 more than we were later willing to allege.

In our minds we'd hit the high point
 but in truth there was so much more...
 well beyond the foothills we assailed.
We couldn't help but be disappointed –
 The heights were like a sword...
 The skewer on which our dreams were now impaled.