

y^e aulde secret rangers

ON THE LOOSE
ANOTHER TRAIN! ANOTHER TRAIN! ANOTHER TRAIN!
GETTYSBURG
PRETTY GIRL FROM TEXAS
OUT TO SEA
YOU NEVER CALLED
CHEMICAL BOY
GREYBEARD
INTO THE SUNRISE
TIME

OUTTAKES:

IF YOU GOTTA GO (ROBERT ZIMMERMAN)
TALLAHASSEE (ROBIN ZIMMERMAN)

on the loose

guitar – fireball
keyboard – krejci
bass – keech
drums – vogt
vocals – fireball
backing vocals – milan-verona choir
went over choir vocals with pat on 8-7-15

another train!

guitar – fireball
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass – keech
drums – vogt
vocals – fireball
check for guitar mistakes.
check for lyric mistakes

gettysburg

guitar – fireball
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass – keech
 *drums – vogt**
vocals – fireball
added backing vocals 8-7-15
fixed 2 vocal glitches: “one-room town” “bettle angels”

pretty girl from texas

guitar – fireball
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass x2 – keech
drums – vogt
vocals – fireball

out to sea

guitar – fireball
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass – keech
 *drums – vogt**
vocals – fireball, fireball
added backing vocals 8-7-15

you never called

guitar – fireball
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass – keech
drums – vogt
vocals – fireball, fireball
added cute backing vocal 8-7-15

chemical boy

guitar – schnabel
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass – keech
drums – vogt
vocals – schnabel, fireball
added backing vocals 8-7-15
two breaks

greybeard

guitar – fireball
keyboard x2 – krejci
bass – keech
drums – vogt
electric guitar – beckel
vocals – fireball, fireball
added a backing vocal on 8-7-15

into the sunrise

guitar – fireball
upright bass – george
electric guitar – drew frick
electric guitar – beckel
drums – brady
vocals – avery, fireball

time

guitar – fireball
electric guitar – beckel
 *keyboard – krejci**
bass – keech
 *drums – vogt**
vocals – fireball
redid acoustic guitar 8-7-15
sang all new vocals 8-7-15
two vocal tracks at the end 8-7-15

if you gotta go

guitar – avery
upright bass – george
electric guitar – drew frick
drums – brady
vocals – avery, fireball

robin's tallahassee

guitar – zimmerman
vocals – zimmerman

~~A~~

G

1. ON THE LOOSE

so we're coming back into the country
from some elsewhere far and away
new york city and on to chicago
then the amtrak to old santa fe

G C
G D
G C
G D

on the loose across the broad atlantic
on the loose to hunt the great white whale
on the loose across a sea of troubles
taking arms by road, train, and trail

C G
C D
C Em Am
C D G

she's a wide rolling land from the east seaboard sand
to the beaches and the smoke of LA
all the way from Manhattan to sunny Catalina
all the way all the way all the way

on the loose across a mighty ocean
on the loose with castles to assail
on the loose down the lonesome highway
rambling boots on pathway, road, and rail

ever onward and back where we started
looking upward to the beautiful lights
we have stumbled on so many bright moments
and we dream of eternity's nights

ooooo

on the loose across the hills and valleys
on the loose to quest the holy grail
on the loose to write this sacred story
orisons of foot, wheel, and sail

orisons of foot and wheel and sail

orisons

Another train! Another train! Another train!

Darkened skies in the daytime
A storm pours down
From the heavens over unknown fields
Past the tall grey towers
On the outskirts of town
Waiting for this land to be revealed
Waiting for that big sun to shine
Waiting for the light at the end of the line
Another gazing out a moving window, through the pouring rain
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Starlit skies in the nighttime
A warm foreign glow
Over buildings of a strange skyline
The underbuzz in a busy station
As the trains come and go
So many ways the rails can combine
Waiting for a star to stumble toward
Watching destinations on the big departure board
Another postcard from across an ocean, trying to explain
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Another train! Another train!
Another bottle in the brain!
Another beautiful memory
Another trip, another train!

Coloured lights in the windows
Down every stony road
Filled with strange-shaped houses and trees
Everything in a beat-up backpack
Shouldering the load
Through endless unfamiliar corners like these
Waiting for the smell of the muse
Watching every peddler for anything to use
Another dream comes in from Lijiang, another taste
of wine from Spain
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Glowing fires in the mountains
Red heat in the air
Grey smell of woodsmoke on the wind
Tired eyes in the mirror
The same glowing stare
Burning through the dark till day begins
Waiting for the world to grab the spark
Watching all the dying embers smoulder in the dark
Another memory from New Year's Eve by the Lake in Coeur d'Alene
Another train! Another train! Another train!

I got the freight train blues.
Lord, I got 'em in the bottom of my FAWM shoes
When the whistle blows, I gotta go
Lord, Lord, don't you know
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Muddled thoughts after midnight
Third night in a row
Dreams and trains mingle in the haze
Travelling light
One more train to go
The rails combine so many different ways
Waiting for the next jolt to my eyes
Watching for the faraway glimmer of the prize
Another shiny golden link in this ongoing chain
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Huddled crowds on a platform
An outbound express
Temptation, migration, and home
This time tomorrow
No way to guess
All the ways the many birds have flown
Waiting for the chance to take a ride
Watching as the past and the future collide
Another pile of weathered ticket stubs in the busy station of my
brain
Another train! Another train! Another train!

I remember the train heading south out of Bangkok,
I remember Eddie rode the orphan train,
I remember the train carrying Jemmie Rodgers home.
Another train! Another train! Another train!

Scribbled lines/times/timelines in a notebook
A song pours down
From the heavens of the fertile memory fields
Spilling out from the past
Travelling with the sound
Waiting for the story to be revealed
Waiting for one more receptive ear
Watching for the pilgrim passerby to appear
Another 3-chord song in a subway somewhere ~ the same old refrain
Another train! Another train! Another train!

GETTYSBURG

I walked the streets of Gettysburg one April afternoon
I heard my footfalls where so many fell before
Ghosts I felt so close to right there in my hotel room
And a piece of my past right outside the door

I climbed the walls in Bandelier with their Anasazi bloom
Shared shaman pipes high above the canyon floor
On boats across the Baltic through the time-defying gloom
I saw shadows of centuries on every shore

Harare, Palenque, Kanchanaburi
Full of faces out of dreams I might've known
But no crowded streets ever seemed quite as lonesome as these
On a Saturday night all alone

I walked round and round a one-road town for almost half a year
Heard mythologies from half a world away
Too many stories elsewhere, too many tendencies
To try to breathe the whole world every single day

I climbed the cabin walls just to ease the elsebound pull
Over hand-drawn maps that made their way to me
For each and every vision I beheld with my own eyes
There were a hundred from places far over the sea

Bratislava, Oaxaca, Hong Kong, Hokitika
Every passing face a song I might've sung
But no crowded choir ever left such a silence inside
Not a single word from your tongue

A score and eighteen years ago I brought my story forth
Out of misty pathways coalesced to rhyme
Guided by a proposition, hypothesizing sacred visions
Seeking truth for trinkets, traded in for time

While I memorize the worthy lines that sifted through the sands of time
Mandala faces form and fade away
Shimmered winks and whispers shivers moments on the winds
Fade to black, fade to gold, fade to grey

Sigatoka, Mt. Ida, Chihuahua, Barcelona
Permutations as the worlds move around
But no crowded scene ever emptied itself so completely
You were nowhere to be found

I walked the streets of Gettysburg with history on my mind
The words, the meaning, and the hindsight/meantime prophecy
The chatter of our better angels echoes off the walls
The one voice silent now from far over the sea

Zaqatala, Seldovia, Antigua, Española
Tongariro, Tbilisi, Sao Paolo, Urumqi
Tabatinga, Alma Ata, Gdansk and Gdynia
Full of faces out of dreams I might've known
But no crowded streets ever seemed quite as lonesome as these
On a Saturday night in Stockholm

Pretty Girl from Texas

D D D D

(V1) Met a ^D man in a ^{A G} Mongol land, morin khuur in ^D tow

^D Tell it to the girl from ^A Texas, tell her ^G something she don't know ^A

^{Bm} Let a little wisdom ^{F#m} trickle in from ^{Bm} everywhere you ^G go ^{G G G}

~~everywhere you go~~

^G Pretty girl from ^{A D} San Antonio

(V2) Spent a year in a bathysphere awash in the Bering Sea
All the world a mermaid dream a dark-haired memory
Bright the moments fleeting image fading slow

~~image fading slow~~

Pretty girl from San Antonio

(V3) Traded tales as I rode the rails against a long summer sun
They were dark and they were dusky and I drank in every one
Drank in deep and come full circle where the wild headwaters flow
~~the wild headwaters flow~~

Pretty girl from San Antonio

VERSE
BREAK

(V4) Met a girl in a mongrel world so many years ago
Ancient starlight in her eyes and groundswells below
When the freaks roll into town we always stop for a show

~~always stop for a show~~

^G Pretty girl from ^{A Bm G} San Antonio ^{-o -o -}

^{G A D}
^{-o -o -nio}

out to sea

early morning goodbye on the roadway out of town
ran over my guitar case in a rush to turn around
rush to turn around, what think you bout the days gone by?
for i'm headed to the airport, soon be in the sky
soon be in the sky, another *early autumn* dawn
what think you bout the seasons now our summer's come and gone?
summer's come and gone now changing leaves are hard to read
there's a boat down in nome harbour, i am bound for diomedede
pill to fight the sickness, i am bound for diomedede
one pill in a yawning bottle, one drop in the sea

stories shared fill the meaning as we learn each others' haze
i filled in the lonely youth that you lived dark with yesterdays
dark with yesterdays that cloud the open skies ahead
thick with summer birds and ghosts of pretty things we said
pretty things we said, warm winds through the cold
and every single song sung a hundred stories still untold
all the stories still untold about all the things we've seen
all the tasty secret corners all the oceans in between
islands of our finitudes and oceans in between
you are lost inside a bottle, i am lost at sea

though the waters may be wide there are always miles more
to be added or re/subtracted by the roads/shores you're living for
by the shores you're living for, will you walk along alone
are the miles any shorter with the wires and the phones
with the wires and the phones and the far off phantom touch
and our pocketfull of sunsets doesn't warm tomorrow much
doesn't warm tomorrow much all the firey songs you read
from within or from without the words may give you what you need
give your angels shelter they may give you what you need
put your foot down on the throttle, drive down to the sea

yea though we live in days of imagery, some pictures slip away
from edges of our ocean wash the colours all to grey
colours wash to grey from reddest lips and bluest eyes
as the waves roll in and roll away toward the grey and boundless skies
boundless skies alive with flickers from our universe of stars
faroff light that trickles to our world of kamikaze hearts
hearts on kamikaze missions, songs/guns of camaraderie
let the cat out of the box and set the forces free
write the words on paper and then let the forces be
put your message in a bottle, throw it out to sea

from the middle of the ocean, the whole world hovers round
all the goodbyes, all the farewells, all the roadways out of town
all the roadways out of town leading off into the sun (toward some new sun)
all the suns to rise on summer days that haven't yet begun
i am standing on the shoreline, listening to the ocean breathe
singing days that i've gathered, gazing out across the sea
gazing out across the water from the rocks of diomedede
toward the ones who are waiting oh so far from me
to the kindred out there somewhere though you're oh so far from me
i'll put my love into a bottle and throw it out to sea.
i'll put my love into a bottle and throw it out to sea.
i'll put my love into a bottle and throw it out to sea.

F#m E
F#m A
F#m E
DEA

14. YOU NEVER CALLED

D D A A E

You never called. I was waiting.

I was waiting all month long.
Tried not to get caught up anticipating
One more candy-sweet February song.
Didn't press you for any answers.
I was patient to a fault.
I distracted myself over and over and over...
I was waiting. You never called.

I remember over coffee
way back in two thousand four
you kissed me then you kicked me
out into the cold night through the coffeeshop's front door
Like a squirrel I hid my nuts through the winter
I was patient through it all
I kept telling myself over and over and over
If I waited, you would call

A A A A G G G D D D B B -E

All the long nights of the waiting
And then the long nights I spent for you in jail
You put me away for stalking you
Then one day you came down to the station and paid my bail
Didn't press you for any answers
It was worth it to take the fall
You made me feel good over and over and over
Once you finally made the call

hold D longer

But that was so long ago
Now the ides of March are coming fast. Beware the ides
And the Februaries we played like we were married
Are just a faded mem'ry from some life in the distant past
Wasn't holding my breath for some miracle
Still I dreamed we might tear down that wall
And my February heart remains unreconciled.
I was waiting. You never called.

end on E

chemical boy

speeding unencumbered like an asteroid through space
like a shooting star plies the empty night
dissecting propaganda like a vagrant on the bus
he sees her tie the pretty packages up tight

he's got holey elbows in his kingly clothes, battered corduroy
she's a beautiful girl and he's a chemical boy

cor-du-roy

pagodas in the garden, gaga gods in the galapagos
how slim the threads that bind and twine the fates
shifting webs rewoven with the whimsy of the winds
how long the fleeting odds the happenstance equates

and the man upstairs ain't got the form to type up the referral
he's a beautiful boy and she's a chemical girl

all the pulls across the spaces, faces meet across a room
dissolving distance into colorburst and heat
and the swirling of the forces will never want for time
for the two sides of the border wars to meet

there's rockets on the launchpad now just waiting to deploy
he's a chemical girl and she's a beautiful boy

Sing a song of slope and threshold, hook and sinker, ebb and tide
Echoes rise and fall as seasons come and go
Activation and reaction, dream of sparks to balm the cold
All eyes open wide and wait to see the show

picasso brushes rest in wait to paint the faces on the mural
she's a chemical boy and he's beautiful girl

Paisley mayflies fluttering and solstice breezes dance.
High noon, the crooning moonies spoon the queen.
Betwixt between the swirling spawn, the ghost of circumstance,
regurgitates before the Frog Machine.

But the strange engaging handmaiden won't obfuscate the hurl
cuz it's a typical ploy, and we're a chemical world

Light from stars that fade and flicker falls in rainbow coloured rays
Our quick dust gathers scatters patterns on the ground.
Momentary tapestry mandalas between the silent hours
The shivering æther screaming out a love song sound

of solitons and lonely shadows trying to be pluralled
another beautiful day in a chemical world
another beautiful day in a chemical world
and he's a chemical boy and she's a beautiful girl
and he's a chemical boy and she's a beautiful girl
and he's a chemical boy and she's a beautiful girl

13. AS THE WHITE FILLS THIS GREYBEARD OF MINE

I remember the flowers in springtime
 And the lengthening hours in the sunshine
 How your eyes opened up and they met mine
 And I couldn't let go of your gaze
 And we danced as the churchbells were ringing
 And together our hearts were singing
 I've forgotten the songs we were swinging
 And I long for those long-ago days

chorus

In long winter hours
 While the slow candle burns
 And the light finds it harder to shine
 I'll recall times gone by
 And the fire in your eye
 As the white fills this greybeard of mine

Am G C

I remember the summertime lakeshore
 When you took off that sundress that you wore
 I remember you didn't wear much more
 Except the light in the depths of your eye
 The shoreline all the way to the pine trees
 Just waiting for the relief of a cool breeze
 I miss the sweet heat of those mem'ries
 And the sun in the summery sky

In long winter hours
 While the stars cross the sky
 And the light finds it harder to shine
 I'll recall most of all
 Fading steps down the hall
 As the white fills this greybeard of mine

I remember the colours in autumn
 As all the green drained out through the bottom
 We wanted good times and we got 'em
 But soon they had all passed us by
 And slowly the winter descended
 And the truth couldn't be bended
 All of the magic had ended
 We had to just kiss it goodbye

F Am
F G
F Am
Am G G

chorus
yox

In long winter hours
 While the ice grinds away
 And the light finds it harder to shine
 I'll recall times long gone
 But the times just roll on
 As the white fills this greybeard of mine
 As the white fills this greybeard of mine

As the white fills this greybeard of mine

Am C F F G C

Don't Give Into the Sunrise

C **G**
As the night nestles in so softly
Em **C**
and the day has given its last breath

C **G**
Throwing out the boogie
Em **D**
and giving it your best bet
Sippin on your toddy
and feeling the groove
Live it up brothers and sisters...
you got nothing to lose.

C **G**
Don't give into the sunrise
G **D**
Feel it all the way into the dawn
C **G**
You'll be sipping your coffee
G **D**
When the long night is gone

As the night nestles in so softly
as the day has given its last breath
I ramble through the sunset
wondering what we all got left
I rise into the twilight
I crash into the sea
Wondering what life is
and what she's got in store for me

Don't fear the coming sunrise
Live the days last breath
Dance with that little sweetie
Swing her round

Wake up to the sunrise
Smelling that java brewing on the stove
Snuggling close and softly
Waiting for the next night to close

repeat chorus 1 many many times

^{F#} ^{C#}
i was thinking 'bout time... dilations
^B ^{F#} ^{C#}
^B and einstein's equations
relativistic gravitation
and different rates of speed
and i was thinking 'bout you... in your spaceship
gone for such a long trip
and the crew down on the airstrip
watching you recede

and i was thinking about i... 'sland nations
dominicans and haitians
global webs and isolation
and the tangled tree we breed
and i was thinking 'bout wings... migrations
faraway temptations
himalayas and appelations
and the politics of need

and i was thinking 'bout good... vibrations
karmic palpitations
changing constellations/clandestine operations
of molecules and men
and i was talking 'bout change... and stasis
the dearth and the oasis
all things changing/shifting places
all quiet once again

and i was thinking 'bout time... and cadence
trials and tribulations
incremental perturbations
incidental epiphanies
and i was thinking about black... carnations
latent lamentations
all the time for contemplations
the mountains in the seas
silent symphonies

and i was thinking 'bout space... invasions
interstellar hibernations
artificial stimulations
same old way to bleed
and i was thinking St. Paul... to the Galatians
Gauls and minor Asians
Crocodiles and Cajuns
hungry mouths to feed

time

^{F#} ^{C#} ^B ^{F#} ^B ^{F#} ^{C#}

and i was thinking 'bout love... abrasions
the glow and the halations
parting salvos and salutations
the endless deep-space night
and i was thinking 'bout our... bitrations
the stumbling toward salvation
all things in moderation
all things in a hazy light

and i was thinking about time... and patience
mollusks and crustaceans
evolution and creation
the urchins and the kings
and i was thinking 'bout all... the distant stations
chromosomes and homo sapiens
neverending revelations
(as we) forever ponder fleeting things

FADE

If You Gotta Go

G'/d xx0430
D7/f# 200212

[Finds his guitar to be terribly out of tune, stops the intro and says:
"Don't let that scare you! [strums] It's just Halloween!
[giggle] I have my Bob Dylan mask on.
I'm masquerading! [laughs]"]

G C/g
Listen to me, baby,
G C/g
There's something you must see.
G C/g
I want to be with you, gal,
G'/d D7(/f#)
If you want to be with me.

G C/g G
But if you got to go,
C/g G C/g G
It's all right.
C G
But if you got to go, go now,
G'/d D7(/f#) G
Or else you gotta stay all night.

It ain't that I'm questionin' you.
To take part in any quiz.
It's just that I ain't got no watch
An' you keep askin' me what time it is.

But if you got to go,
It's all right.
But if you got to go, go now,
Or else you gotta stay all night.

I am just a poor boy, baby,
Lookin' to connect.
But I certainly don't want you thinkin'
That I ain't got any respect.

But if you got to go,
It's all right.
But if you got to go, go now,
Or else you gotta stay all night.

You know I'd have nightmares
And a guilty conscience, too,
If I kept you from anything
That you really wanted to do.

But if you got to go,
It's all right.
But if you got to go, go now,
Or else you gotta stay all night.

It ain't that I'm wantin'
Anything you never gave before.
It's just that I'll be sleepin' soon,
It'll be too dark for you to find the door.

But if you got to go,
It's all right.
But if you got to go, go now,
Or else you gotta stay all night.