

SOUTHERN TREES

MAYBE I HAVE WORKED A FEW THINGS OUT
AND IN THE RIGHT LIGHT I'VE GOT SKILLS
DO I SEE IT IN THEIR EYES?
AM I THE TARGET, AM I THE KILL?
IS THIS THE TWIG-LIKE SNAPPING OF MY WILL?

SITTING ROUND THE TABLE LATE AT NIGHT
HANDS BARELY BRUSHING BLUSHING CHEEKS
CAN YOU SEE IT IN MY EYES?
I MUST BE RED AND WITHIN REACH
IS THIS THE BENDING HUNGER OF THE PEACH?

SOUTHERN TREES, DON'T GET ME STARTED
BUT SOUTHERN BOYS COULD
IF THEY WOULD AND THEY WOULD
OH I SWEAR I'VE NOW DEPARTED THIS PARTY
I'M COMING HOME BABY, ALWAYS FOR GOOD

I'D LIKE TO SHAKE OFF THE JUICY SMILES
I'D LIKE TO SHAKE THIS FRUIT FEELING
BUT I CAN SEE IT THEIR EYES
I AM THE TASTE, I AM THE STEALING
APPEAL AND APPEALED AND APPEALING

I BETTER CRAWL OUT OF THIS GARDEN
AND BEAT A PATH BACK TO MY RETREAT
WHERE I SEE IT IN HIS EYES
BABY IS WAITING, BABY'S SO NEAT
THE WAY HE LETS ME FALL DOWN AT HIS FEET
SO SWEET SO SWEET

SOUTHERN TREES, DON'T GET ME STARTED
BUT SOUTHERN BOYS COULD
IF THEY WOULD AND THEY WOULD
OH I SWEAR I'VE NOW DEPARTED THIS PARTY
I'M COMING HOME BABY, ALWAYS FOR GOOD

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MICHAEL BARRON: VOCALS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR, MIDI DRUMS AND LOOPS
WILLIAM X HARVEY: BASS

LOWER

HOW DID THAT STORY THAT STORY GO
ABOUT FINDING SOMEBODY WHO'S LOW?
SOMEBODY FEELING LOW AND YOU MAKE 'EM FEEL
JUST A LITTLE BIT LOWER, JUST A LITTLE BIT LOWER,
YOU MAKE 'EM FEEL JUST A LITTLE BIT LOWER

ROLL THEM BONES
THEY NICE THEY DICE
ROLLING PIN, WHERE YOU BEEN?
CLUB CAB GOT ROOM
PLENTY O' ROOM
PLENTY O' ROOM, PILE ON IN,
THERE'S PLENTY O' ROOM
FOR ALL THE BOYS AND ALL THEIR TOYS
ALL THE BOYS AND ALL THEIR NOISY TOYS
COME ON COME ON GO LOWER, GO LOWER
COME ON COME ON GO LOWER

LIMBO, LIMBO ARMS AKIMBO
GET INTO THE CAB
GET UNDER THE BLANKETS
GET WAY DOWN LOW
GO LOW, LOW LOW
GO LOWER
LOWER
LOWER
LOWER

LIMBO, LIMBO ARMS AKIMBO
WHERE YOU GONNA GO?
WHERE YOU GONNA GO WHEN YOU'RE FEELING SO LOW?
GO LOWER
GO LOWER
GO LOWER
LOWER, WAY DOWN LOW.
WAY DOWN LOW
WITH YOUR LOW DOWN WAYS
LOWER STILL
ON THIS LOW DOWN DAY
LOW DOWN LOWER
GO LOWER
ON THIS LOW DOWN DAY

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MICHAEL BARRON: VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITAR, KALIMBA, ORGAN, MIDI DRUMS
WILLIAM X. HARVEY: BASS, SHAKTI VOCALS

ALL I KNOW

I SAW YOU TODAY IN THE PROCESSION
OUT IN FRONT WITH THE BLUES
AND A RED DRESS ON
I REMEMBERED THAT ONE DAY WE ALL KNEW
THAT YOU WOULD NEVER BE FAMOUS
NOT EVEN HERE IN YOUR HOMETOWN
THOUGH I THOUGHT I MIGHT BE
IT HARDLY MATTERS NOW

ALL I KNOW IS ONE THING
THAT I KNOW NOTHING
YET TO KNOW THAT IS EVERYTHING

THAT LIGHT IN MY EYES, YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHERE DID IT COME FROM
IT CAME FROM NOWHERE
I DID NOTHING TO GET IT
AND NOBODY CAN TAKE IT AWAY
NOBODY CAN EVER TAKE IT AWAY

I AM FREE, BUT SO ARE THEE
ON YOUR BOX ON YOUR GRATE
IN THE COLD IN THE DARK
IF YOU WANT TO BE

IT'S ONLY THE WORLD THAT SAYS
THAT ONLY THE WORLD CAN SEE
THOSE EYES ARE BLIND TO MYSTERY

I'M NOT THE LAST ONE, OR EVEN THE ONLY ONE, BUT I AM ONE
I WANT TO WALK WITH THE ANGELS AND
TALK TO GOD AND
HEAR HIM TALKING BACK
I WANT TO SEE WITH MY EYES
I WANT TO TOUCH THE HEM

ALL I KNOW IS ONE THING
THAT IS NOTHING
ALL I KNOW IS ONE THING
THAT IS NOTHING
ALL I KNOW, ALL I KNOW
IS NOTHING

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MICHAEL BARRON: VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITARS, ACOUSTIC GUITAR, MIDI DRUMS
WILLIAM X. HARVEY: BASS

HOLLOW

BEEN AWAY AWHILE
I SEE YOU'VE CHANGED SOME THINGS
LOOK AROUND AND WONDER WAS I EVER HERE?

THERE'S NOTHING THAT WE EVER THOUGHT
WAS REAL THAT ISN'T CHANGING
ANYWAY, HERE WE ARE

I HAVE ONLY WHAT I'M WEARING
AND THE STRAP ACROSS MY BACK
DIRTY AND UNSHAVEN
AS I WASH UP ON THE SHORE
THE LAST WORDS THAT YOU SAID
ARE RINGING IN MY EARS

I CANNOT RAISE MY HEAD UP
AND I HAVE NO VOICE TO SHOUT

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME
WHERE YOU'RE GOING
WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME
WHERE YOU'VE BEEN
WHEN YOU GET BACK

JUST REMEMBER
YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN
HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS
YOUR HEART IS ON YOUR SLEEVE
I HOPE YOU'LL TAKE YOUR JACKET WITH YOU
WHEN YOU LEAVE

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MICHAEL BARRON: VOCALS, BANJO, BASS, SYNTH, LOOPS

COME BACK

COME BACK
I WANT TO HOLD YOU NEAR MY HEART AGAIN
COME BACK
I WANT YOUR HEAD AGAINST MY HEAD AGAIN
COME BACK
I WANT YOUR HEAD AGAINST MY HEART
COME BACK
HEAD BACK
HEAD BACK TO ME AGAIN

HERE I'M WISHING IT WERE SO
I'M STILL HERE LISTENING TO THAT WORN OUT HORN
THOSE SWEET BELLS AND THOSE TWO RINGS
THOSE ROUND AND SHINY GOLDEN THINGS
THAT GOT US UP
GOT US UP AGAIN
SET US UP
STEPPING UP TO DO IT ALL AGAIN
NEVER AGAIN
NEVER AGAIN

DON'T WALK AWAY LITTLE BABY
DON'T WALK AWAY INTO WONDERLAND
OH DON'T LET YOURSELF TELL YOURSELF THAT I'M NOT MISSING YOU
DON'T TRY TELLING ME I'M NOT MISSING YOU
BECAUSE MISSING YOU IS ALL I DO
IT'S ALL I DO
COME BACK
COME BACK

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MICHAEL BARRON: VOCALS, ELECTRIC GUITAR, MIDI DRUMS
WILLIAM X. HARVEY: BASS

FREIGHT

EARLY EVERY MORNING
I SHOW UP
I DRIVE IT RIGHT
MY FREIGHT IS TIGHT
EVERY TIME
WON'T GO ANY OTHER WAY
KEEP IT MOVING
FREIGHT FLOWING
OVERTIME OVER TIME
FREIGHT FLOWING OVER TIME

I'M LOSING MY PLACE
ON THE MAP
LATE FOR THE BRIDGE
LATE FOR THE MOAT
BLOCKING OUT THE EXIT SIGNS
BLOCKING OUT THE SUN
MY TRUCK
MY THROAT
THE FREIGHT

I DON'T CARE WHAT I'M FEELING
I ONLY KNOW WHAT I HEAR
THIS FEELS LIKE A HURRICANE
GATHERING HERE

I DON'T CARE WHAT I'M FEELING
I ONLY KNOW WHAT I HEAR
THIS SOUNDS LIKE A HURRICANE
AS I'M LYING HERE HERE

STILL I FEEL SO LONELY
SITTING HERE
WAITING ON THE DOCK OF THIS BAY
NO ONE TO TELL

NO ONE TO TELL
NO ONE TO TELL
NO ONE TO SHARE MY APPETITE
NO ONE TO TELL
ABOUT MY FREIGHT TONIGHT

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PINK SPOT

TINY BUBBLES
BLOWING OUT
FROM THE VIBRAPHONE
UP ON THE STAGE
PINK SPOT
SOAKING EVERYTHING
IN HAPPY LIGHT

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, LOVE
BUG IN A MUG
MUG FOR PLUG, DOVE
TUG ON THE DRUG
THREE MEN IN A TUB RUB
RUB-A-DUB-DUB
A STRANGE TABLEAU
FOR ANYWHERE BUT HERE

SILVER SPARKLES
SWISHING IN TIME
SWIRLING, WHIRLING
FLAMING BATONS
PERFECT PINK PONY BOOTS
WITH SNAP-TAPPY HEELS

BACK FLIP
DON'T SLIP
CATCH THE FLAMING BATON

THE BATON NEVER DROPS
THE SHOW NEVER STOPS

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