

# *You*

(drums: Mark Wilson, bass: Will Turpin)

**It ain't right to pay for something twice,  
It ain't right.  
Still I'm paying everyday for your flight.  
It ain't right, no it ain't right.**

*In your distance now I feel so alone.  
You can take my country, everything I own.  
But you, I just can't live without you.  
I'd move a mountain for you.  
You show me things inside of me...  
Sho' 'nuff, show me something.*

**Take my oxygen, take my self,  
Take all you see.  
But come and rescue me,  
I need your help.  
Come save me.**

*Chorus*

*Chorus*

## *Ezra Said*

(drums: Mark Wilson, bass: Will Turpin)

**Ezra said,  
“Show me the way to Birmingham”.  
He looked for there  
From everywhere.**

*She was my true north.  
She went south instead,  
Ezra said.*

**Knowing this -  
He sought to find his Southern Cross.  
He loved her long;  
But now she's gone.**

### *Chorus*

**Ezra said,  
what's a life without a home?  
What's a heart  
When it's alone?**

### *Chorus*

## *The Voice In Your Head*

**Say what you want - be what you will.  
Think what you like - it's your hand to deal.  
You hear my words - their meaning is lost.  
When you listen to fast that becomes the cost.**

*If you hear the words I'm speaking,  
How can you miss their meaning?  
With each thought of you, prayers are said.  
Listen close... they're the voice in your head.*

**Now I know that you feel  
There's no peace without a deal.  
And you know I can't bear  
Time that's vanished into thin air.**

### *Chorus*

**Now I know and you know,  
There's no place left to go.  
I've said what I want and done what I will.  
Think what you like, I'll care for you still.**

### *Chorus*

# *Crack Of Doom*

(drums: Mark Wilson, bass: Will Turpin)

**She wakes at the crack of dawn  
Thought she heard the coyote cry.  
She sees the midwinter bloom,  
She don't believe the lie.**

*Blues at the Crack of Doom,  
View from an empty room.  
Looking out from square blue,  
the Crack of Doom.*

**Evening like blood she rushed  
Just like a morning love.  
Pages they turned to dust  
Up on the shelf above.**

## *Chorus*

**She's a cashier without no shoes.  
She looks so blue to me.  
She carries some funeral news  
'bout a graveyard sprouting trees.**

## *Chorus*

# *Eventually*

(drums: Mark Wilson, bass: Will Turpin)

**Somebody said you build a tower tall enough out on the prairie,  
You'd look out from sea to shining sea.  
But way down the trail where lines collide our future calls to me,  
So reluctantly... I look at what will be.**

*Understood this country's big and wide  
Sounds like a song, rolling along  
the plains the mountains the rains  
that make the rivers.  
Eventually, we're going to be free  
We'll see, we'll see.*

**This country has a face that you see out in the towns,  
The shadows and the searchers they look you up and down.  
The seas they burn with loneliness, it permeates the songs,  
The rhythm's always obvious, the rights are often wrong.**

## *Chorus*

**The mind of the people is so confused. We feel like we're being used.  
Those who came before us and turned to dust  
Wouldn't think so much of how we've done --- Would they?**

**I hit the road this morning when the rain had started,  
Half-asleep as the waters parted on no road in particular.  
Others like me are out there, all shoulder-room and running  
on no road in particular.**

## *Chorus*

## *Wyoming*

(bass: Bill Turpin, acoustic guitar: James Cobb, pedalsteel: Mark Van Allen)

**The place I love is on the hill  
Through open windows so silent and still.  
A room so quiet I can't hear now,  
A sky too big and blue somehow...**

*Air so fresh I can't breathe...  
Wyoming.*

**Someday it'll be the same,  
Be wandering 'round without a name.  
Then I'll remember the shoulder room  
Underneath the crystal moon.**

### *Chorus*

**Don't ever think I'll leave from here,  
All I gave up to end up here.  
Have to admit a little fear  
As the season changes...**

### *Chorus*

# *In Every Face A Light*

(harmonica: Fred Abel)

**Out in the little towns, and in the bus stations.  
And in the geodesic domes, all across our nation.**

*In every light a face... In every face a light  
everybody' got a name -  
Red, yellow, black or white.  
All precious in my sight.*

**Funny thing about the night, birds still fly deposite.  
'Cause metro glows it's yellowy white.  
Enough to show the way.  
Sometimes it's just like day.**

## *Chorus*

**While over by the lake that imitates the sky,  
A radio is playing songs as someone gives a sigh.  
Or sings up to that sky, up to a million stars:  
No gills or wings or internet. No caring 'bout a clock to set.  
Remember so you don't forget....  
No night or death or cards.  
O, Heaven's not that far.**

## *Chorus*

## *Chorus*