



Musicians

Chris Dadge

drums, percussion

Chris Byrne

bass, guitar on Domesticated Miss, Laisse Tomber Les Filles, Border Town, Suicide Blues, Cowboy Rustler

Mike Little

accordion, keyboards on Never Gonna Be Around, piano on Suicide Blues

John Hadley

pedal steel

Aaron Young

guitar on Never Gonna Be Around, Scotland, Cowboy Rustler

Cathy Billington

violin

Laura Reid

violin

Corry Ulan

banjo, backing vocals

Kathy Cook

mandolin, backing vocals

Natasha Platt

backing vocals

Conrad Walz

vocals Never Gonna Be Around, backing vocals

Emily Triggs

vocals, guitar

Lorrie Matheson

every other instrument including guitar, keyboards and percussion, backing vocals on Cowboy Rustler

Home

When your hands start shaking and your feeling lost
You see blood running down every cross
When your hands start shaking and you can't win
Oh come on home we'll take you in

Oh oh come on home
Oh oh come on home

When the world seems empty and your feeling lost
You see liars hanging on every cross
When the world seems empty and you feel let down
Oh come on home we'll be around

Oh oh come on home
Oh oh come on home

This struggle won't last
This struggle will pass
There's a bright light right around the bend
And I'll help you see
The things you showed me
When I thought it would never end

When they're throwing punches that your arms can't shield
And everything's feeling like a battlefield
When the dark clouds thunder and the black skies storm
Oh come on home we'll keep you warm

Oh oh come on home
Oh oh come on home

When your hands start shaking and you can't win
Oh come on home we'll take you in



Domesticated Miss

They say that love will suck the life
out of you
Can't paint a picture, sing a song
make something new
Well I'll tell you something I learned
long ago
That love will drive a woman crazy
And turn her from stone cold
And turn her from stone cold

They say that romance drives the life
out of you
Pretty soon you're stuck at home
you're reading the newspaper
Five o'clock will roll around

You've got that supper on
And it's right on time, hey oh
Right on time

Pretty house picket fence 2.2
Cardboard boxes kept up high to
wrap something new in
Five-year mark will roll around
I don't see any wrinkled brows

I see wedding gowns, hey oh
Wedding gowns, hey oh
Wedding gowns, hey oh
Wedding gowns

Never Gonna Be Around

If you're never gonna be around
You might as well trust me
Now you're sleeping on the cold, cold
ground
It's almost too much for me

I am always gonna be around
I walk on these back streets
We'll keep the love that we have found
As long as you don't rush me
You're always rushing me
Oo oo oo oo oo oo oo
Oo oo oo oo oo

It was never that much for me
To be here with both feet
Then I go around behind your back
And all you had was trust in me

All the times I held your hand
All the times you looked down at mine
Now I'm walking down a cold, cold
street
In the roughest part of town
Always in the roughest part
Oo oo oo oo oo oo oo
Oo oo oo oo oo

So many times I think of you
All the nights, those bright skies
Are we staring at the same old moon
Are we staring at the same time
Are we staring at the same time
Oo oo oo oo oo oo oo
Oo oo oo oo oo oo

Laisse Tomber Les Filles

Laisse tomber les filles
Laisse tomber les filles
Un jour c'est toi qu'on laissera
Laisse tomber les filles
Laisse tomber les filles
Un jour c'est toi qui pleureras
Oui j'ai pleuré mais ce jour-là
Non je ne pleurerai pas
Non je ne pleurerai pas
Je dirai c'est bien fait pour toi
Je dirai ça t'apprendra
Je dirai ça t'apprendra

Laisse tomber les filles
Laisse tomber les filles
Ça te jouera un mauvais tour
Laisse tomber les filles
Laisse tomber les filles
Tu le paieras un de ces jours
On ne joue pas impunément
Avec un coeur innocent
Avec un coeur innocent
Tu verras ce que je ressens
Avant qu'il ne soit longtemps
Avant qu'il ne soit longtemps

La chance abandonne
Celui qui ne sait
Que laisser les coeurs blessés
Tu n'auras personne
Pour te consoler
Tu ne l'auras pas volé

Laisse tomber les filles
Laisse tomber les filles
Un jour c'est toi qu'on laissera
Laisse tomber les filles
Laisse tomber les filles
Un jour c'est toi qui pleureras
Non pour te plaindre il n'y aura
Personne d'autre que toi
Personne d'autre que toi
Alors tu te rappelleras
Tout ce que je te dis là
Tout ce que je te dis là
Alors tu te rappelleras
Tout ce que je te dis là
Tout ce que je te dis là
Alors tu te rappelleras
Tout ce que je te dis là
Tout ce que je te dis là

Girl on a Highway

I stick my feet onto the dash
I wiggle all my pretty coloured toes
The semis keep on rolling by
I try to read where they come from
Warm sun beats on my right arm
I see people walking everywhere
He never told me there are so many bloody people living here

Sometimes he looked so soft and sweet
Sometimes he had a smile to charm the day
Who'd have know that ten months earlier
He almost put me in my grave
I wore all the longest shirts
And I wore all the biggest smiles to show
A girl this young in a big town, knew everything she had to know

Right on the road patience pounding in my side
Spent the night in Albertville like satin in a choir
I walked for miles never looking for an end
I got ammo down in Knowlton I found it in Joliette

If he only had the chance
To see that I had packed up half my clothes
Stored them at my girlfriends house
So nobody would know
And if he only had the sense
To listen to those witty things I said
Then there would have been a hope for us, a way out of the life we had lead

Ignore the lights he picked me up
Sideway glances in a pick up truck
It takes two, come dance with me
As we hold hands as we watch TV
There's more, more, more
There's more, more, more

Border Town

Hot summer month
North of New York State
A girl steps out on a Sunday
The screen door slams
She calls back
She's going out with friends
She'll be home by six
Nighttime comes late
Her mother starts to call
They say she was seen
Behind the fire hall
She drives by that parking lot
Where the kids hang out
Where the kids get caught

And the nighttime comes down and a
mother cries
A girl's gone lost on the borderline
And her father prays, all day long
Let her be ok, baby please come home

People take their turns
And wait by the phone
They form search lines
Two thousand acre homes
Police get tipped
It was a pick up truck
All red and black
She climbed right up

And the nighttime comes down and a
boys been found
He knows his names been shot in this
border town
And her father prays, he prays all day
long
Let her be ok, baby please come home

Red stripes down legs
His flashlight gleams
He kneels down
And looks at bent greens
He places his hand
On loose turn ground
It's been fourteen days
Another lost girl found

And the night time comes down, a lost
girls brought back
And a little town has a heart attack
And they all stand, as she's laid down
Another lost girl found in a border
town

4 Miles Deep

It's that time of year again
Boys have a drink about 5 am
Lead man says it's time they're gone
The men throw the last of drinks back

And it's down to the docks again
He gives her a kiss and tells her to be strong
And it's down to the docks again
Leaving for weeks, she wish he'd stay in

It's the first four days at sea
Lonely pictures, memories
Captain says they're ahead today
The waves start to build and the spray stings their face

The boys are hauling them in
Captain says north and we're not turning round
And they're strapped into their bunks
A prayer to god they'll make it this time

When it seems the worst has passed
They get one more westward blast
And they're trying to lash gear down
One grey wave and the boat she's spun round

And it's mayday on the line
Captain he screams we won't last for long

And it's blasting out the glass
Keep up for praying boys it's all that you have
It's a fight to death my boys
Angle the bow and the waves smash the ports
It's fight to death my boys

Waves start to break oh they wished they'd stayed in

Morning breaks again
It's calm except for the wind
There's a silence on the sea
Nobody speaks when they're 4 miles deep

And it's down to the docks again
Remembers a kiss and how she stays strong
And it's down to the docks again
With her little boy how she wish he'd stay in

Scotland

I've been seeing him most everyday
Doesn't know which game to play
He don't know which sentence to speak
I've been standing out here in an open street
I'm looking at him and he's looking at me
And all they say is don't play those games

He says he loves her
They go outside
See if they could find some sign
And they walked into the northern lights
He says he might buy a ticket so that he can fly out east
In the end it won't matter anyways

With one step in the wrong direction
I can hear him call her name
With one step in the wrong direction
Baby I got to see Scotland before I die

Walking in the Scotland sun
Didn't know the storm would come
It rolled in like a cloud of smoke
Took one step over the line
Fell to a death to early for time
Now all she has are the northern lights

Baby I got to see Scotland before I die
Before I die Yeah hmm hmm
Before I, before I die



Suicide Blues

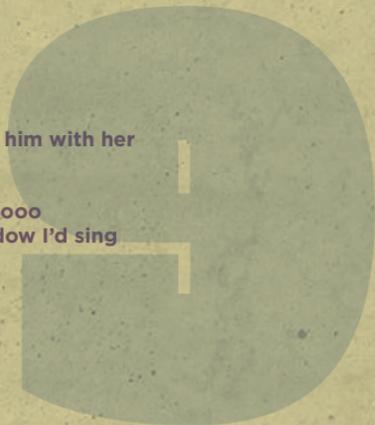
Oh my baby left me for a Suicide Girl
She grabbed him right by the neck and promised him a whirl
As his eyes seemed to glaze
There was nothing I could do ooo
Just promise myself I would not sit at home singing those blues

Curvy hips, raven hair all those heads would turn,
It was all I could drink, to stop from feeling the burn
Dressed in black, heart attack
With those bright ruby lips ooo
So I went out on this dirty town and showed everyone my

Well I stole his dog
Javex'd his plants
Deleted files
And I scattered his clothes for miles
I lit a fire with his guitar
Dyed his hair in bed at night for the morning
What's a simple girl to do
When she won't sit at home
Crying those Suicide Blues

Well I don't know what went wrong I still see him with her
My days of staying up all night
They make everything a blur
Oh I've tried and I've tried every little thing, ooo
I even stood outside his house, up to his window I'd sing

Oh I lit a fire with his guitar
Dyed his hair in bed at night for the morning
What's a simple girl to do
When she won't sit at home
Crying those Suicide Blues
Those Suicide Blues
Those Suicide Blues
Those Suicide Blues



Cowboy Rustler

Well cowboy rustler sit by me and tell your story
I'll lift my dress and grab onto your hand
I'll slide onto the back of your horse of glory
And spend the rest of my life calling you my man

You'll take me all the way to Mississippi
Head on over east to Tennessee
We'll slide up north to Serendipity
And spend the rest of our lives with treasured memories

Cowboy rustler my mama doesn't approve
Of a cowboy of the likes of you
Hold on a moment I'll grab my fork and spoon
We'll spend the rest of our lives on our honeymoon

This horse called glory it can hurt my thighs
It gives no answers with old age and time
For years I had known it'd be this way
That's how it goes when you're on your love parade



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