



*There's been some hard traveling.*

*Some folks have had it real hard. They've set out from home to the big city or cross the Great Divide or over bridges, border lines or walls, or through fences or tunnels because they thought a promised land lay on the other side. Some crossed the waters because there was a fight they'd been convinced needed their hands, and some had to be carried back. Some had to travel in ships with the cargo so they could pay their way. And some were the cargo and paid their way with their sweat and blood.*

*Most of us are traveling somewhere nearly all the time, and a good bit of traveling's been made, well, easier.*

*Used to be you were on a freight train leavin' town, not knowin' where you're bound, or in a White freightliner riding the blues east to west, then north to south.*

*Now you're on the Smithville Bypass, Jersey Turnpike, the Southwest Trades, 495, US 66, the Atlantic Flyway, the Road to Columbus or the Glory Road, and if traffic's moving at all, you know it's only because you lucked out and stumbled into the one lane that ain't forced to merge. And then it is.*

*We're traveling to our families, our friends, our homes, our classes, our jobs—or we're traveling to those people and places that we think might help us get there. We're traveling through a confusing web of emotions, and broken dreams, and dreams fulfilled...of ignorance and enlightenment...of love and loss.  
We're traveling, we hope, to ourselves.*

*We're all pilgrims on some sort of journey headed toward Wearytown, pulling into Naz'reth, looking for redemption.*

*And there's a schedule to keep.*

*Traveling's hard. Even when traveling's easy.*

*And it can sometimes bring you down*

*But you can sing.*

*If you roll down that window, get a good wind, and turn the music up, and holler it out; it's the songs that make the traveling go down easy.*

*Songs about the hard traveling, mostly.*

*I Am a Pilgrim*

*TRADITIONAL—arranged by BREWFLIES*

*I am a pilgrim and a stranger  
Traveling through this wearisome land  
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord  
And it's not, not made by hand*

*I've got a mother, sister and a brother  
Who have gone this way before  
I am determined to go and find them, good Lord  
Over on that other shore*

*I'm goin' down to the river of Jordan  
Just to bathe my wearisome soul  
If I can just touch the hem of his garment, good Lord  
Then I know he'd make me whole*

*I am a pilgrim and a stranger  
Traveling through this wearisome land  
I've got a home in that yonder city, good Lord  
And it's not, not made by hand*

*Musicians On This Track*

*Larry Brittain - Guitar and vocals*

*Billy Clockel - Bass*

*Kirsti Gholson - Vocals*

*Dan Levy - Banjo*

*Jeff Schmich - Mandolin*

*Dan Hickey - Drums*

*Keith Slattery - Piano*



BEESWING  
RICHARD THOMPSON  
© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

*I was nineteen when I came to town  
They called it the Summer of Love  
They were burning babies, burning flags  
The hawks against the doves*

*I took a job in the steamie  
Down on Cauldrum Street  
And I fell in love with a laundry girl  
Who was working next to me*

*Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"*

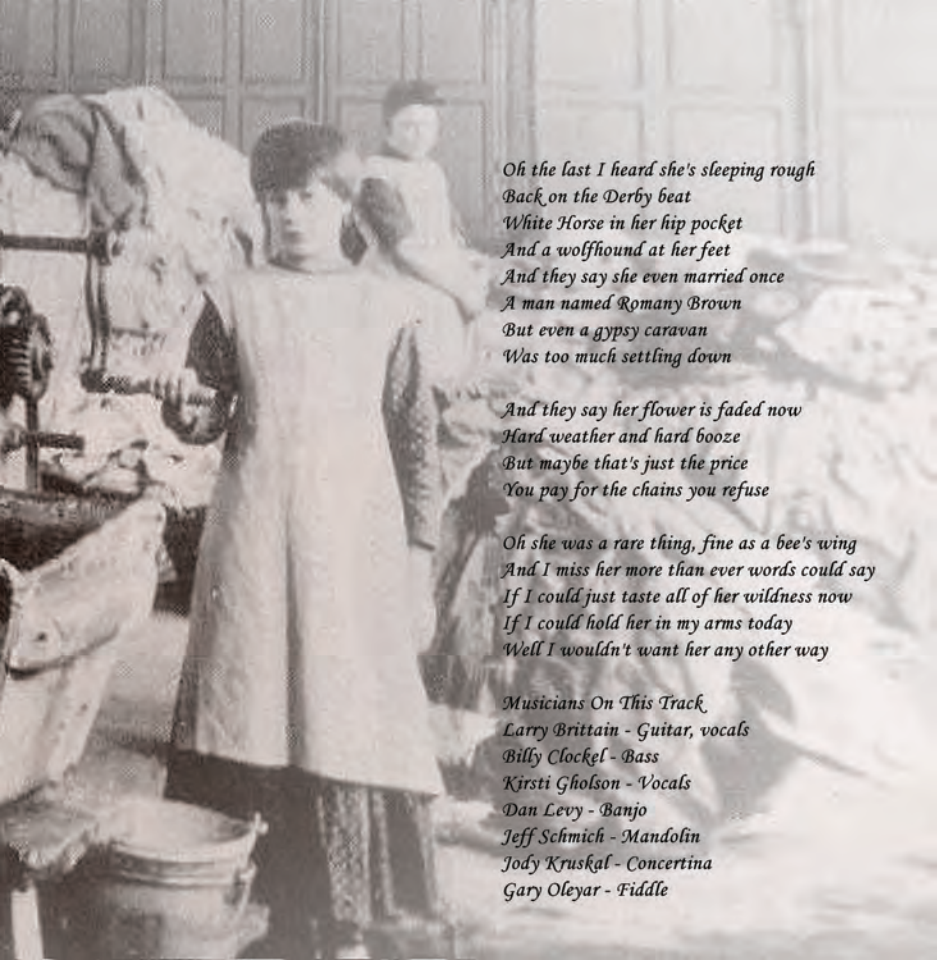
*Brown hair zig-zag around her face  
And a look of half-surprise  
Like a fox caught in the headlights  
There was animal in her eyes  
She said, "Young man, oh can't you see  
I'm not the factory kind  
If you don't take me out of here  
I'll surely lose my mind"*

*Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine that I might crush her where she lay  
She was a lost child, she was running wild  
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"*

*We busked around the market towns  
And picked fruit down in Kent  
And we could tinker lamps and pots  
And knives wherever we went  
And I said that we might settle down  
Get a few acres dug  
Fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug  
She said "Oh man, you foolish man  
It surely sounds like hell  
You might be Lord of half the world  
You'll not own me as well"*

*Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away  
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild  
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay  
And you wouldn't want me any other way"*

*We was camping down the Gower one time  
The work was pretty good  
She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost  
And I thought maybe we should  
We was drinking more in those days  
And tempers reached a pitch  
And like a fool I let her run  
With the rambling iteh*



*Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough  
Back on the Derby beat  
White Horse in her hip pocket  
And a wolfhound at her feet  
And they say she even married once  
A man named Romany Brown  
But even a gypsy caravan  
Was too much settling down*

*And they say her flower is faded now  
Hard weather and hard booze  
But maybe that's just the price  
You pay for the chains you refuse*

*Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing  
And I miss her more than ever words could say  
If I could just taste all of her wildness now  
If I could hold her in my arms today  
Well I wouldn't want her any other way*

*Musicians On This Track,  
Larry Brittain - Guitar, vocals  
Billy Clockel - Bass  
Kirsti Gholson - Vocals  
Dan Levy - Banjo  
Jeff Schmich - Mandolin  
Jody Kruskal - Concertina  
Gary Oleyar - Fiddle*

*Before You Go*

*Words & music: KIRSTI GHOLSON*

*That youthful crush-flight-of-fancy did not  
Include the crazy bag of tricks that you got  
Now I see the world, dizzy, from this well-fed height  
Sorry, sometimes crumbs and litter steal the spotlight*

*Stay a while*

*I'll keep my mind free and versatile*

*You find me*

*Beguiled by the fallen snow but still got your back, you know*

*Did I appear as a seraphic vision?*

*I guess I cast that spell by chance*

*Then bells rang out and my head turned to serpents*

*Oh, so the phone makes me shudder*

*And you buy all our needs and fun*

*But I can feed you such righteous rebellion*

*Stay a while*

*I'll keep my hands warm and versatile*

*You find me*

*Beguiled by the fallen snow but still got your back, you know*

*When I'm still too scared to sing*

*Or make you hesitate*

*Just remember I took the hell off your plate*

*Stay a while*

*I'll keep my mouth warm and versatile*

*You find me*

*Beguiled by the fallen snow but still got your back, you know*

*I'm dreaming that we'll get old*

*And have lots of cats to hold*

*Make out often by the candle glow*

*Live on the grounds of a French chateau*

*Come into a lotta dough*

*And pay off everyone we owe*

*Use the rest to fight the status quo*

*Cross the country in a Winnebago*

*Learn Tango! Talk to crows!*

*Kick sealer ass on the ice flows*

*Walk the Valley of the Pharaohs*

*Heal our hearts as the lily tree grows*

*Spin a mani wheel in Paris*

*Stomp on grapes in Bordeaux*

*Read all the poets that we should know and*

*Make a whole lot of love before you go...*

*Musicians On This Track*

*Larry Brittain – Guitar solo, guitar, and vocals / Billy Clockel – Bass*

*Kirsti Gholson – Lead vocals / Jeff Schmich – Mandolin*

*Dan Hickey – Drums / Dave Mason – Guitar*

*Keith Slattery – Piano*

*MUSICIANS ON THIS TRACK*

*Prof. Louie Hurwitz - Accordion*

*Larry Brittain - Guitar, vocals*

*Kjrsti Gholson - Vocals*

*Larry Packer - Fiddle*

*Jeff Schmich - Banjo*

*Billy Clockel - Bass*

*Hole In This Day*

*Words & Music: MICHAEL VEITCH*

*©2014 Michael Veitch, Burt Street Music (BMI)*

*Chorus*

*There's a hole in this day*

*A hole that you left me in this day*

*There's a hole in this day*

*A hole you left me here in this day*

*Where a dear and faithful friend*

*A dear and faithful friend would come to stay*

*Now there's a rain, full of tears*

*A rain full of tears falls today*

*Chorus*

*There's a hole in this day*

*A hole that you left me in this day*

*There's a hole in this day*

*A hole you left me here in this day*

*You walked me out and down your road*

*Walked me out and down your road so slow*

*Chased me home, you chased me home*

*Chased me home, down that road we would go*

*Chorus*

*There's a hole in this day*

*A hole that you left me in this day*

*There's a hole in this day*

*A hole you left me here in this day*

*Touched my heart, you touched my heart*

*Touched my heart deeply each and every way*

*There's a hole, a great big hole*

*There's a hole that you left me in this day*

*There's a hole that you left me in this day*

JOE

Rockin' Chair Money  
Words & Music: BILL CARLISLE & LONNIE GLOSSON  
Published by EDWIN H MORRIS & CO

Now I got rockin' chair money  
But I got it the hard, hard way  
I fought in every battle  
From the start to the VJ day  
And now I'll rock, yeah, rock,  
Oh baby, rock, rock on down the line

Now some folks seem to be jealous  
Some don't seem to care  
But I got rockin' chair money, honey  
To rock on away the years  
'Cause I love to rock, yeah, rock,  
Baby, let's rock, rock on down the line

I rocked away out on the ocean  
I rolled the waves and such  
But I'm a-gonna spend my money  
Any way that I think I must,  
'Cause I love to rock, yeah, rock,  
Baby, rock, rock on down the line

I'll soon get my big check, baby  
And then we'll have some fun  
This rockin' chair money, honey  
Is better than totin' a gun  
'Cause I love to rock, yeah, rock,  
Baby, rock, let's rock on down the line

Let's go honky-tonkin'  
Let's honky-tonk all night  
Let's lollygag and smooch and love  
And do everything all right  
'Cause I love to rock, yeah, rock,  
Baby, rock, let's rock on down the line

HONKY TONK

SAVING PRIVATE RYAN

BAR OPEN



- Musicians On This Track
- Larry Brittain - Guitar, vocals
  - Billy Clockel - Bass
  - Kirsti Gholson - Vocals
  - Dan Levy - Banjo and lead vocals
  - Jeff Schmich - Mandolin
  - Lisa Gutkin - Vocals
  - Jimmy Heffernan - Dobro
  - Gary Oleyar - Fiddle



*My Hometown*

*Words and Music: Bruce Springsteen © 1984*

*I was eight years old and running with a dime in my hand  
Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man  
I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick and steer as we drove through town  
He'd tousle my hair and say son take a good look around  
This is your hometown, this is your hometown  
This is your hometown, this is your hometown*

*In '65 tension was running high at my high school  
There was a lot of fights between the black and white  
There was nothing you could do  
Two cars at a light on a Saturday night in the back seat there was a gun  
Words were passed in a shotgun blast  
Troubled times had come to my hometown  
My hometown, my hometown, my hometown*

*Now main streets white-washed windows and vacant stores  
Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more  
They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad tracks  
Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back to  
Your hometown, your hometown, your hometown, your hometown*

*Last night me and Kate we laid in bed talking about getting out  
Packing up our bags maybe heading south  
I'm thirty-five we got a boy of our own now  
Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and said son take a good look around  
This is your hometown, this is your hometown  
This is your hometown, this is your hometown*

*Musicians On The Track  
Larry Brittain - Guitar, lead vocals  
Billy Joel - Bass  
Kirsti Cholmon - Vocals  
Dan Hickey - Drums  
Jody Kravitz - Concertina  
Gary Meyer - Fiddle*

*First Snow of the Year*  
Words & music: MICHAEL VEITCH  
©2013 Michael Veitch, Burt Street Music (BMI)

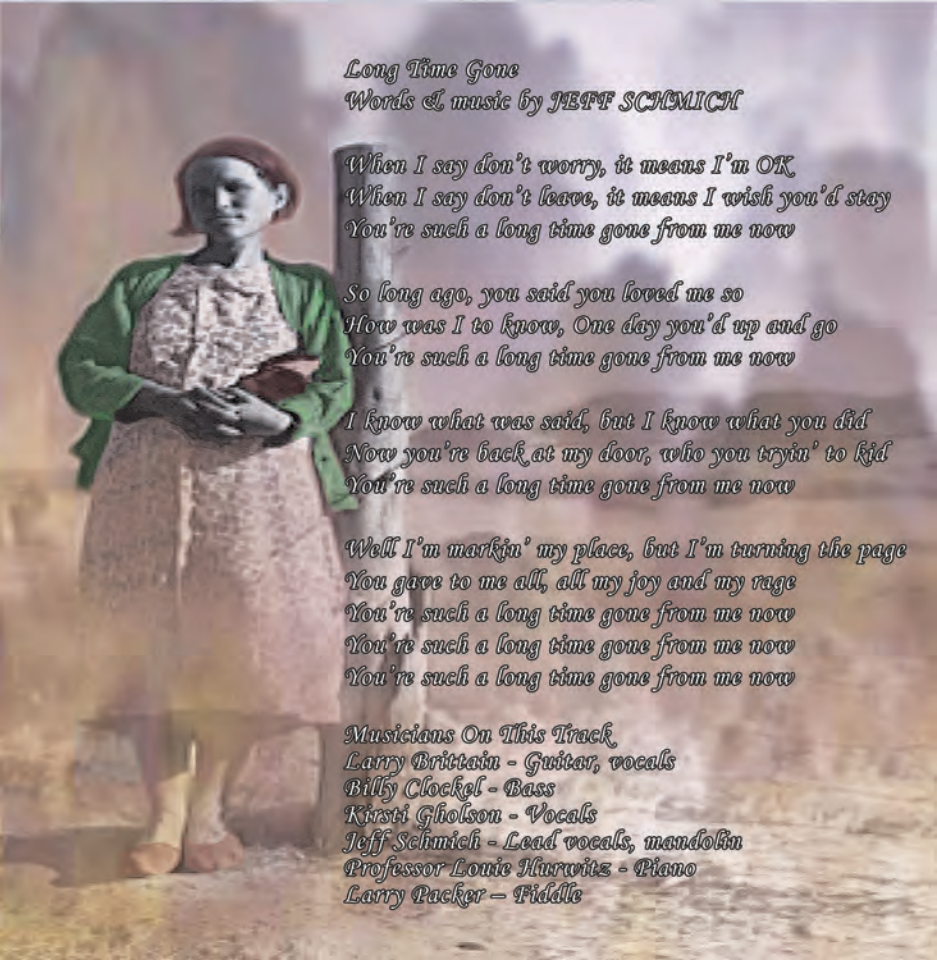
*Home when I was young  
Winter was pure magic  
A crazy new world  
Buried in white blankets  
So peaceful and shining  
Those falling, frozen tears  
A quiet light on a special night  
The first snow of the year*

*Old, climbing hemlock,  
Outside my window  
Dressed in new finest  
Branches heavy and low  
Ready for the long sleep  
As moon's smiles reach us here  
Reflected in the ice beneath  
The first snow of the year*

*Our wandering footsteps  
Follow us all the long way home  
Feet up by the fire shine  
Let those cold winds blow*

*Making long shadows  
In candles dim glow  
Safe and warm now  
Let it snow, let it snow  
So peaceful and shining  
Those falling, frozen tears  
A quiet light on a special night  
The first snow of the year*

*Musicians on this Track,  
Larry Brittain - Guitar and vocals  
Billy Clockel - Bass  
Kirsti Gholson - Lead vocals  
Lisa Gutkin - Fiddles, viola, background vocals*

A woman with short reddish hair, wearing a green jacket over a patterned dress and a red beret, stands in a field. She is holding a book or a small object in her hands. The background is a soft-focus landscape with a utility pole.

*Long Time Gone*

*Words & music by JEFF SCHMICH*

*When I say don't worry, it means I'm OK  
When I say don't leave, it means I wish you'd stay  
You're such a long time gone from me now*

*So long ago, you said you loved me so  
How was I to know, One day you'd up and go  
You're such a long time gone from me now*

*I know what was said, but I know what you did  
Now you're back at my door, who you tryin' to kid  
You're such a long time gone from me now*

*Well I'm markin' my place, but I'm turning the page  
You gave to me all, all my joy and my rage  
You're such a long time gone from me now  
You're such a long time gone from me now  
You're such a long time gone from me now*

*Musicians On This Track*

*Larry Brittain - Guitar, vocals*

*Billy Clockel - Bass*

*Kirsti Gholson - Vocals*

*Jeff Schmich - Lead vocals, mandolin*

*Professor Louie Hurwitz - Piano*

*Larry Packer - Fiddle*

*Walking In Jerusalem (Just Like John)*  
TRADITIONAL—arranged by BREWFLEES

*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Oh, John, Oh John, Oh, whatta you say?*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I'll meet you there on the judgment day.*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Chorus:*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Now John said the city was just four-square*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*And he said he'd meet us there.*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Chorus:*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*


*Some come crippled and some come lame,*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*Some come walking in Jesus' name.*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Chorus:*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Oh, John, Oh John, Oh, whatta you say?*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I'll meet you there on the crowning day.*  
*Walking in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Chorus:*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*  
*I wanna be ready! I wanna be ready!*  
*I wanna be ready, Lord, to walk in Jerusalem just like John.*

*Musicians On This Track*  
*Larry Brittain - Guitar, vocals*  
*Billy Clockel - Bass*  
*Kirsti Gholson - Vocals*  
*Dan Levy - Banjo*  
*Jeff Schmich - Mandolin*  
*Gary Oleyar - Fiddle*



*I Cried Again*

*Words & music: AUTRY INMAN*

© Peermusic Publishing

*Teardrops fell the night you said  
I love you, dear and you were wed  
I watched you while you held his hand  
Then bowed my head and cried again*

*Chorus*

*I cried again when I reached home  
There sat your picture all alone  
I thought of things that might have been  
Then bowed my head and cried again*

*I took your letters from the shelf  
Then read them loud just to myself  
But just before I reached the end  
I turned away and cried again*

*Chorus*

*Now here's the reason why I say  
That I must throw your things away  
For they would always bring me pain  
And then I'd have to cry again*

*Musicians On This Track*

*Larry Brittain - Guitar, vocals*

*Billy Clockel - Bass*

*Dan Levy - Banjo, lead vocals*

*Jeff Schmich - Mandolin*

*Keith Slattery - Piano*

*I've thought of love I'd been denied  
And how to hold it had I tried  
And of dreams that we had shared  
And days gone by when you'd cared.*

*Chorus*

*Now here's the reason why I say  
That I must throw your things away  
For they will always bring me pain  
And then I'll have to cry again*

*A Good Wind*

Words & music: MICHAEL VEITCH

©2004 Michael Veitch, Burt Street Music (BMI)

*Astonishing women and their desperate men  
Oakies forever, till the bitter end  
As another round of pain comes around again  
The back may break, but the will won't bend*

*Been through the desert on the shakey wheels  
Too sick to eat, too hungry to feel  
Gonna make a last stand out in Bakersfield  
Too proud to beg, too tired to steal*

*Chorus:*

*And if tomorrow comes in a long black coat  
Down the Holy Spirit and the Jesus road  
They won't catch me cuz' I ain't goin'  
Gonna find which way a good wind is blowin'*

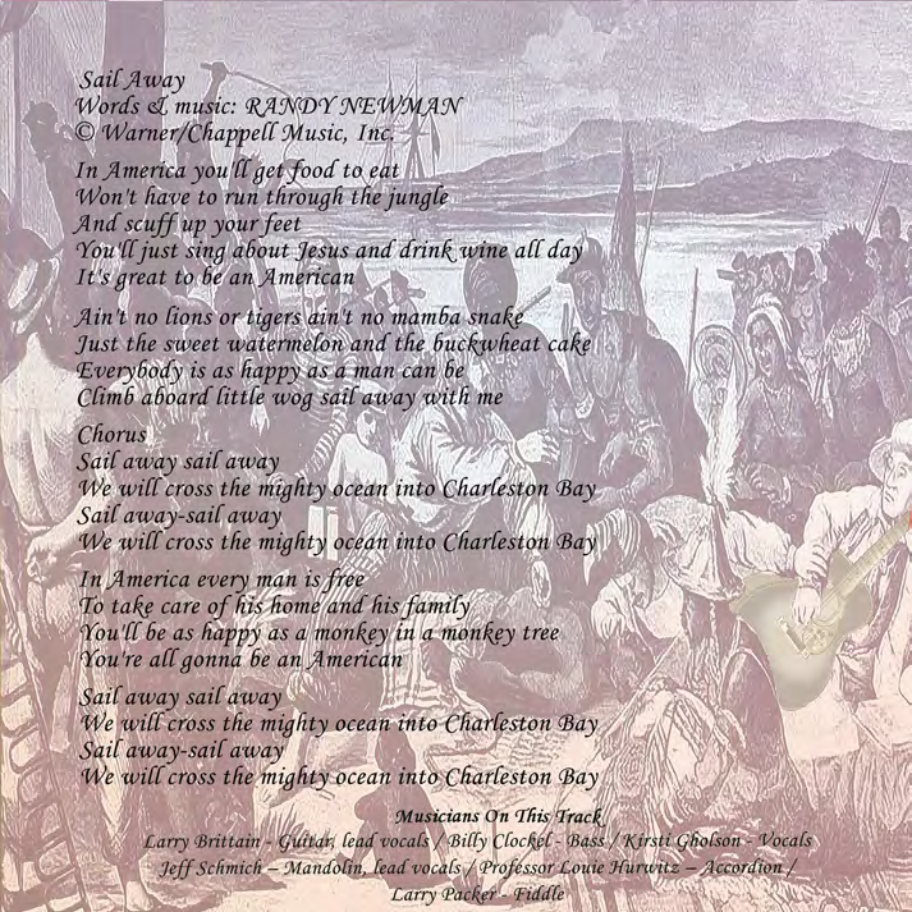
*A little piece of land is all a man will need  
To feed his family, keep 'em off their knees  
Those tractors won the fight back in Tennessee--  
Nothing left but the fading memories*

*Chorus*

*I'm gonna keep my eyes straight on this road  
we're driving on  
This big valley it can't hold out for long  
There'll be no more runnin' until the gas is gone  
You can't stop a man who believes he belongs*

*Chorus*

*Musicians On This Track*  
*Larry Brittain - Guitar, lead vocals*  
*Billy Clockel - Bass*  
*Kirsti Gholson - Vocals*  
*Dan Levy - Banjo*  
*Jeff Schmich - Mandolin*  
*Dan Hickey - Drums*  
*Gary Oleyar - Fiddle*  
*Keith Slattery - Piano, Organ*



*Sail Away*

Words & music: RANDY NEWMAN

© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

*In America you'll get food to eat  
Won't have to run through the jungle  
And scuff up your feet  
You'll just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day  
It's great to be an American*

*Ain't no lions or tigers ain't no mamba snake  
Just the sweet watermelon and the buckwheat cake  
Everybody is as happy as a man can be  
Climb aboard little wog sail away with me*

*Chorus*

*Sail away sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay  
Sail away-sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay*

*In America every man is free  
To take care of his home and his family  
You'll be as happy as a monkey in a monkey tree  
You're all gonna be an American*

*Sail away sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay  
Sail away-sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay*

*Musicians On This Track*

*Larry Brittain - Guitar, lead vocals / Billy Clockel - Bass / Kirsti Gholson - Vocals*

*Jeff Schmich - Mandolin, lead vocals / Professor Louie Hurwitz - Accordion /*

*Larry Packer - Fiddle*

*Wayfaring Stranger*  
TRADITIONAL—arranged by BREWFLIES

*I am a poor, wayfaring stranger  
Wandering through this world of woe  
But there's no sickness, no toil no danger  
In that bright world to which I go*

*I'm going home to see my mother  
I'm going home, no more to roam  
I'm only going over Jordan  
I'm just a going over home*

*I know dark clouds will gather round me  
I know my way is rough and steep  
But beautiful fields lie just before me  
Where men redeemed their vigils keep*

*I'm going home to see my father  
He said he'd meet me when I come  
I'm just a going over Jordan  
I'm just a going over home*

*I am a poor, wayfaring stranger  
Wandering through this world of woe  
And there's no sickness, toil or danger  
In that bright land to which I go*

*I'm going home to see my Saviour  
I'm going home, no more to roam  
I'm just a going over Jordan  
I'm just a going over home  
I'm just a going over home*

*Musicians On This Track*

*Larry Brittain - Guitar, lead vocals / Billy Clockel - Bass / Kirsti Gholson - Vocals  
Jeff Selmicli - Mandolin / Jimmy Heffernan - Dobro*