



BREWFLIES

ON
THE FLY



Pledging Allegiance by Michael Veitch

Sick and Tired by Chris Kenner

CHORUS:

Oh babe, watcha gonna do
Oh babe, watcha gonna do
I'm so sick and tired of foolin' around with you

I wake up in the mornin' fix you somethin' to eat,
'Fore I go to work I even brush your teeth
Get home at night and you're still in bed
You got a rag wrapped around your head.

CHORUS:

It's the last time I'm tellin' you to change your ways
I'm tellin' you babe, I mean what I say
Last time I'm tellin you to stop that jive
You're gonna find yourself outside

CHORUS:

Well you get up in the morning and you're out of
your head
Run around the room can't find the bed
Lookin' on the dresser, lookin' for your pills
Why you always climbin' out the windowsill?

CHORUS:

Oh mama hide the pony that you used to ride
Keep your kitchen open just a little less wide
Don't want me to run, don't want me to go,
Mama better stop and turn your lamp down low.

CHORUS:

Dan Hickey: drums, Joshua Pearl: piano

Music and lyrics by Chris Kenner; additional last two verses by Eric Andersen
and Rick Danko © EMI Unart Catalogue Inc. (BMI).

It used to be an American
dream

We were all born to
be free
Living on the set of a
Hollywood screen
Pledging allegiance

Everybody driving a
Cadillac
Makin' a beeline for Las
Vegas and back
All of our chips in great
big stack
Pledging allegiance

Took a long walk through
a company town
On what used to be solid
ground
Nobody was gonna get
sized down
Pledging allegiance

When all those dollars
they headed south
Taking the food right out
of the baby's mouth
Down in Mexico they
don't complain as loud
Pledging allegiance

You can send a man to
walk upon the moon
You can march him
down the streets to
push a broom
You can give him a gun
and teach him how
to shoot,
teach him to shoot

One hundred and
thirty will fry an egg
It will take the skin
right off your leg
But the sidewalk is still
the place to beg
Pledging allegiance

Between the lines of
those stars and stripes
The fine print says that
we got some rights
To guide us through
the coldest nights
Pledging allegiance

Kristi Gholson: background vocals/step-out vocal
Lisa Gutkin: violin, Dan Hickey: drums
Dave Mason: electric guitar, Mike Mindell: organ
Bar Scott: background vocals/counter vocal

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BLUEGRASS IN YOUR SOUL by Jeff Schmich

Maybe it's the way they sing the high notes,
Maybe it's the way the banjo rolls
Maybe it's the way the bow starts flying,
And it feels a little out of control
Maybe it's the way it all comes together
when a band is on a roll
Either way there's no mistaken
When there's bluegrass down in your soul.

CHORUS:

Yeah it strikes a nerve, hits a chord,
You might'a never been to church and now
you're singing 'bout the lord
You might never own a farm
you might never mine coal but you just might—
You got bluegrass down in your soul.

Well the wail of a dobro, a mandolin chop,
A banjo line that's never gonna stop
The jerkin' of the horsehair with a diddle-dee-dee,
The big bass is thumpin' on the one
and the three
Somebody's foot tappin' rhythm that will leave
no doubt,
A knowing glance that says just once more and out
That's all part of havin' bluegrass down your soul.

CHORUS:

One part delta we are talkin' the blues,
And some four-part singing that you
learn in the pews
There's a hierarchy, there's a family tree
Ancient melodies from across the sea
Tradition and rules are firmly in place
But they get a little bent by each new face
That's all part of havin' bluegrass down in your soul

CHORUS:

Lisa Gutkin: violin, Bill Keith: banjo
© 2007 Jeff Schmich (ASCAP)

PAUL'S BOAT by Jeff Schmich
Instrumental

Dan Hickey: drums, Joshua Pearl: organ/piano
© 2007 Jeff Schmich (ASCAP)

LAST LETTER HOME (McDade/Brown, ASCAP)

I have heard the cannons rumbling all night,
And I cannot help but wondering
If the Rebel Cause is right?
And the morphine seems to do no good at all.
I would run all the way, if I would not fall.

Chorus:

And I dreamed of a rose in a Spanish garden,
And I kissed you as I placed it in your hair.
And, if I'm ever on my feet again, I will,
I will run all the way just to meet you there.

Then I joined the Rebel cavalry for fun.
I have rode a thousand horses;
I've always had a way with a gun.
Now I'm among the horseless riders
just lying still.
Been swallowed up by the pride of
Hero's Hill.

Chorus

Through the day I watched those Southern boys go
And they lay like Georgia peaches
Bruised and broken on the ground.
Through the night I wondered if it was 'worth the pain,
And I cried out not revenge, but I called your name.

Chorus

Kirsti Gholson: vocals, Dan Hickey: drums,
Mark Murphy: cello, Joshua Pearl: piano
David McDade, Knox Music, BMI & J.H. Brown,
St. Michael's Abbey, Tirtagel Music Inc., ASCAP

WHAT VLADIMIR SAID by Larry Brittain

In a café off East Nevsky Prospect, on a cold, damp July afternoon,
She sat as straight as a boarder, of Turgenev's Tourist Rooms,

And the country dances started early, but the fiddler forgot what to play;
He just ordered a whiskey and asked me to pay.

I had an old Spanish quarter, and a ticket to the old Ballets Russes;
He led me on out to the foyer, demanding a truce.

Chorus

That's what Vladimir said: "Come get yer ass outa bed,
We'll paint this shanty town red," that's what Vladimir said.

All at once she got up from the table,
Like a Swedish princess ingénue,
And she rapped out a beat on stilettos,
A tune that her parents both knew.
And she moves with the grace of rebellion,
Or the ardor of post-war dis-ease,
But the shades of the palace that line the canal,
Closed tighter than dark embassies.

She said her name was Lolita, and her dad was Commissioner of Trade;
She was reading right off of the meter, and I had it made.

Chorus

In a dacha of massive proportions, a whale of a country retreat,
The hammering droned on unabated, while the guests
cast their votes with their feet.
So Lolita and I take a powder, and our memories rush by like a train,
The illusion the gates were thrown open, reflected in blue
on the glass window pane.

The musicians had all gone home weary,
And the light was beginning to fade,
When old Vlady keeled onto the trash pile,
And stalled the parade.

Chorus

Kirsti Gholson: background vocals, Lisa Gutkin: violin,
Dan Hickey: drums, Mike Mindell: organ/piano, Bar Scott: background vocals

© 2007, Larry Brittain (ASCAP)

YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME LONESOME

WHEN YOU GO by Bob Dylan

I've seen love go by my door
It's never been this close before
Never been so easy or so slow.
Been shooting in the dark too long
When somethin' not right it's wrong
Yer gonna make me lonesome when
you go.

Dragon clouds so high above
I've only known careless love,
It's always hit me from below.
This time around it's more correct
Right on target, so direct,
Yer gonna make me lonesome when
you go.

Purple clover, Queen Anne lace,
Crimson hair across your face,
You could make me cry if you don't know.
Can't remember what I was thinkin' of
You might be spoilin' me too much, love.
Yer gonna make me lonesome when
you go.

Flowers on the hillside, bloomin' crazy,
Crickets talkin' back and forth in rhyme,
Blue river runnin' slow and lazy,
I could stay with you forever
And never realize the time.

Lisa Gutkin: violin
© 1974, 1975
Ram's Horn Music

But there's no way I can
compare

All those scenes to this affair,
Yer gonna make me lonesome
when you go.

Situations have ended sad,
Relationships have all been bad.
Mine've been like Verlaine's
and Rimbaud.

Yer gonna make me wonder
what I'm doin',
Stayin' far behind without you.
Yer gonna make me wonder
what I'm sayin',
Yer gonna make me give
myself a good talkin' to.

I'll look for you in old
Honolulu,
San Francisco, Ashtabula,
Yer gonna have to leave me
now, I know.

But I'll see you in the sky above,
In the tall grass, in the ones
I love,
Yer gonna make me lonesome
when you go.

PRETTY LITTLE PINK (traditional arrangement by Brewflies)

CHORUS

Fly around my pretty little pink
Fly around my daisy
Fly around my pretty little pink
Damn near drive me crazy

Peaches in the summertime
Apples in the fall
If I can't have my own true love
I'll have no love at all

CHORUS:

Every time I go that road
Always dark and cloudy
Every time I see that gal
Always tell her howdy

CHORUS

Now, when I was a little boy
I played in the ditches
Now I am a great big man
I'm wearin' pappy's britches.

CHORUS

Yonder stands my own true love
Wonder how I know?
That's because her underclothes
Are a-hanging down so low

CHORUS

Jim Coleman: background vocal, Bill Keith: banjo
© 2007 Brewflies

STRAIGHT BACK CHAIR by Jeff Schmic

Instrumental

Mark Murphy: cello
© 2007 Jeff Schmic (ASCAP)

YOU ANGEL YOU by Bob Dylan

You've angel you
You got me under
your wing,
The way you walk and
the way you talk
I swear I could almost
sing.

You angel you
You're as fine as
anything's fine.
The way you walk and
the way you talk
It sure plays on my
mind.

You know I can't sleep
at night for trying.
Never did feel this way
before.
Never did get up and
walk the floor.
If this is love then
gimme more
And more and more
and more and more.

You angel you
You're as fine as can be
I just wanna see you walk
That's the way it oughta be

You know I can't sleep at
night for trying
Never did feel this way
before,
Never did get up and walk
the floor.
If this is love you gotta
gimme more
And more and more and
more.

CHORUS

PARADISE by John Prine

When I was a child, my family would travel
Down to western Kentucky where my parents were born.
And there's a backwoods old town that's often remembered
So many times that my memories are worn.

Quite often we'd right down the Green River float
To the abandoned old prison down by Adrie Hill,
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with our pistols.
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

Chorus:

And Daddy, won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County,
Down by the Green River where paradise lay?
Well, I'm sorry, my son, but you're too late in askin';
Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel,
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land.
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken,
And they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

Chorus.

When I die, let my body flow down the Green River,
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.
I'll be halfway to heaven with Paradise waiting,
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

Chorus.

Mark Murphy: cello
© 1971 John Prine/Cotillion (BMI)

IN THIS HOUSE by Michael Veitch

The first promise I made to myself I will walk lightly
In this house, in this house
And I'll share my roof with everyone else,
and its gonna be good
In this house, in this house

A place as old as time we walk in ancient footsteps
The past and future dance to rhythms we will never forget

You can hear a million stories, of a million broken dreams
In this house, in this house
And for everyone of us who reaches the top,
a million more are reaching out
In this house, in this house

A place of wonder, and a holy place not heaven to us all
Where souls hold on to dearest life this house, this
house holds us all

Lisa Gutkin: violin, Dan Hickey: drums,
Mike Mindell: organ, Rejoicensemble:
background vocals, Charlotte Small: step-out vocal

© 1994 Michael Veitch /Burt Street
Music (BMI)

The weather it's been changin', you know
the weather its gonna change us all
In this house, in this house
It's gonna be chaos out there, it's already
hell out there,
In this house, in this house,

They say don't bite the hand that feeds you
but the hungry won't wait long
A wave will knock you over when it's
a hundred million strong

The last promise I made to myself, I will
walk lightly
In this house, in this house
And I'll share my bread with everyone else,
and I'm gonna be good
In this house, in this house

A place as old as time we walk in ancient
footsteps
The past and future dance to rhythms we
will never forget



BREWFILIES ARE:

Larry Brittain: Acoustic guitar, vocals
Billy Clockel: Acoustic bass, electric bass
Jeff Schmich: mandolin, vocals, banjo, bongos, conga

SPECIAL GUESTS:

Jim Coleman: Background vocals on *Pretty Little Pink*

Kirsti Gholson: Vocals on *Last Letter Home*, Background vocals on *Pledging Allegiance*, *What Vladimir Said*

Kirsti Gholson and Bar Scott: Vocal arrangement on *Pledging Allegiance* and *What Vladimir Said*

Lisa Gutkin: Violin on *Bluegrass in Your Soul*, *Pledging Allegiance*, *What Vladimir Said*, *You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go*

Dan Hickey: Drums on *Sick and Tired*, *Pledging Allegiance*, *Last Letter Home*, *In This House*, *What Vladimir Said*, *Paul's Boat*

Bill Keith: Banjo on *Bluegrass in Your Soul* and *Pretty Little Pink*

Dave Mason: Electric Guitar on *Pledging Allegiance*

Mike Mindell: Organ on *In This House*. Organ and Piano on *Pledging Allegiance*, *What Vladimir Said*

Mark Murphy: Cello on *Last Letter Home*, *Straight Back Chair*, *Paradise*

Joshua Pearl: Piano on *Sick and Tired*, *Last Letter Home*. Piano and organ on *Paul's Boat*

Rejoicensemble: Carl MaultsBy: Vocal arrangement *In This House*. Singers: David Hughley, Roger Holland and Charlotte Small, Background Vocals on *In This House*

Bar Scott: background vocals on *Pledging Allegiance*, *What Vladimir Said*.

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Artwork and layout by Alicia Solsman, Photography by Alicia Solsman, except on *Sick and Tired* and *Pledging Allegiance* (Getty Images)

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