

Curtis & Loretta
It's Where You Hang Your Hat

IT'S WHERE YOU HANG YOUR HAT

Loretta Simonet © 1994

1. It doesn't close at 5 p.m. and there's no dress code there,
You can enter anytime, wear a suit, wear underwear,
No one'll laugh at your balding head, they won't eye your wheelchair,
You're queen you're king, you've got everything,
When you're finally there.

CHORUS

*Home sweet home my honeycomb,
It's where you hang your hat,
Yeah home is where the heart is, yeah home is where it's at.*

2. You may be home in a trailer park, or home on the range,
In a mansion, cabin, or an igloo, a bungalow or A-frame,
Go to your palace or your grass shack, lay your burden down,
Scream or laugh, take a bubble bath, sleep or dance around.

3. Country roads may take you there, or city sidewalks too,
Baseball players dream of it, and certain pigeons do,
Everybody longs for it, and by and by we'll see,
You can feel it anywhere in your loved ones' company.

BIRD ON THE WIRE

Leonard Cohen

© 1968, Stranger Music

1. Like a bird on a wire, like a drunk in some midnight choir,
I have tried in my way to be free.

2. Like a worm on a hook, like a knight in some old-fashioned book,
I have won all my ribbons for thee.

CHORUS

*I saw a beggar leaning on his wooden crutch,
And he said to me, "Son, you must not ask for so much."
I saw a banker leaning on a Rolls Royce door,
And he said to me, "Hey why not ask for more?"*

3. Like a baby stillborn, like a beast with his sharpened horn,
I have torn everyone who reached out for me.

4. But I swear by this song and by all of those I have done wrong
Well I will make it all up to thee.

CHORUS

*And if I have been unkind well I hope that you will just let it go by,
And if I have been untrue, well I hope you'll know it was never to you.*

ENDLESS LOVE SONG

Curtis Teague, © 1994

1. I'd have to write you some endless love song,
Something that'll go, like the wind is gonna blow,
Something that can feel like the sun when it rises,
Something filling up, like a river will grow.

CHORUS

*And then I know, there's just not a word,
Or lines to rhyme like a heart and a mind,
So I can only say that I'm one of a few,
That has known love as I have known you.*

2. I'd have to write you some endless love letter,
Endless p.s.'s and X's that don't end,
But no envelope can seal in the feeling,
No such words can be written with a hand.

3. I'd have to write you some endless love novel,
Encyclopedias, dictionaries,
To find one way to say how I love you,
It cannot be explained in all the libraries.

4. I'd have to write you some endless love song,
I'd have to write you some endless love song,
I'd have to write you some endless love,
I'd have to write you some endless love.

GARBAGE!

Bill Steele
© Chinga Music

1. Mr. Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak
and baked potato
Leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats
the skin,
Busboy comes and takes it, with a cough
contaminates it,
Puts it in a can with coffee grounds and sardine
tins.
Till the truck comes by on Friday and carts it all
away.
And a thousand trucks just like it are
converging on the bay.

CHORUS

*Garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage,
garbage, garbage.
We're filling up our seas with garbage,
garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage,
garbage.
What will we do when there's no place left to
put all our garbage, garbage, garbage,
garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage?*

2. Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds
it up the freeway track, Leaving friends and
neighbors in a hydrocarbon haze,
He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending
gases to the stars
There to form a seething cloud that hangs for
thirty days,
While the sun looks down upon it with her
ultraviolet tongues,
It turns to smog and settles down and ends up in
our lungs.

CHORUS

*Garbage.....We're filling up our air with
garbage.....What will
we do when there's nothing left to breathe but
garbage.....*

3. Getting home and taking off his shoes, he
settles down with evening news,
While the kids do homework with the TV in
one ear,
While Superman for thousandth time sells sexy
dolls and conquers crime,
They dutifully learn the date of birth of Paul
Revere.
In the paper there's a piece about the mayor's
middle name.
He gets that done in time to watch the all-star
Bingo game, and that's

CHORUS

*Garbage....we're filling up our minds with
garbage.....
What will we do when there's nothing left to
hear,
Nothing left to read, nothing left to wear,
Nothing left to need, nothing left to talk about,
Nothing left to walk upon, nothing left to care
about,
Nothing left to do and nothing left to see,
And there's nothing left to be but garbage?*

BRAND NEW TRADITION

Guy Marsh, © 1987

1. Oh the movers, the shakers, the coffee
drinkers,
There's a beach on each side, there's a boat
make for sinking,
A patio sofa, with ten year old pictures on the
wall,
That wonder where dad is all day.
It's a brand new tradition he's building for mom
and me,
It's all about TV and bedroom repetition,
They're empty inside, hoping no one is
listening,
They can't stand to think there's a thing that
they're missing.
It's a Chevy for wintertime, Italian for summer,
I'm afraid that the dog's caught a permanent
bummer.

CHORUS

*Lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie,
lie, lie.....*

2. They don't know the farmers, they can't see
the fields,
They buy a few groceries and eat out for meals,
And on weekends they barbecue, waiting for
neighbors,
To see what they've done to put life in their
favor.
And they go to their weddings and hope they
don't cry,
And they go to their churches and hope they
don't die.

3. Here comes little Jimmy, he delivers the
paper,
It's all the news of robbers and rapers,
How some kind of justice got the death penalty,
And the price you must pay to be tax dollar
free,
Oh the movers, the shakers, it's a brand new
tradition,

It's ten pairs of shoes, it's an act of attrition, It's
the way that you feel when you step over people
in the street.

And it's hard to find words, it's hard to find
humor,
In a land that is plagued with suburban heart
tumors,
It's just for the children we sing this today,
About a brand new tradition that's best laid
away.

DANCE IN THE HALLWAYS

Loretta Simonet, © 1994

1. When I was still quite young, I sold that
sugar candy,
All behind a clear glass counter, filled with
candy canes,
Children came from near and far to see the
wonder of it,
They'd press their nose against that glass and
dream of sugar cane.

CHORUS

*Let them dance in the hallways,
Let them burst out in laughter,
Let their eyes grow wide with wonder, let them
roll in the grass*

Let them stumble just a little and get their

*clothes all dirty,
Let them cry with the thunder, let them smudge
up the glass.*

2. The lady who was my boss liked that counter
shiny,
She could not stand the smudges from those
fingers so tiny,
So she shooed them off and taught me how to
smash their dreams of honey,
Saying, "You don't need to feel bad, for you
know they had no money."

3. It had not been so very long since I was a
small one,
The memories of "Don't do this and that" fresh
on my mind,
So when I was alone I let those children smudge
the window,
When they'd gone I'd take a cloth and make
that counter shine.

4. Years went by and now I sell glass beads of
many colors,
These baubles some years longer than that sugar
cane will last,
Children come to gaze upon the rainbows
shining for them,
I've heard myself say, "Children, now don't
smudge up that glass."

ELZA AND BRANKO

Loretta Simonet, © 1994

1. Elza tore a page from her precious book,
Fed it to the tiny stove without a second look,

Once she enjoyed life, now it was terribly cruel.
Branko sawed up furniture, a shell hit close
outside,

He handed her a piece of chair, no hope left in
his eyes.

Once he sang the old songs to his lovely wife,
Now he sang her just one song, to get them
through their life

CHORUS

*Wars will always rage, hate and fear will kill,
Hardships grind us down, nearly break our will,
They can take all that we have, our homes our
bodies too,
But there's one thing they can't take, my love
for you.*

2. He said, "I'll haul some water, for we'll run
out today,
I know a place not too far, just two miles
away."
She tried to hide her worry, she tried to hide her
fear,
Each moment she spent with him was
immeasurably dear.
She fetched the plastic buckets, he buttoned up
his coat,
She said, "You'll need another scarf, let me
cover up your throat.
Branko, please be careful, my prayers will go
with you."
"Elza, I will hurry home, our song will see us
through."

3. She watched him through the window that
was not boarded up
In the street far below, the old man moved so
slow.
Once they had a nephew to make this trip for
them,
A sniper's bullet stopped him like so many of
their friends,
Minutes turned to hours, she thought of him
alone,
Every mortar blast she heard, she whispered
"Please come home."
She shivered in the darkness now, no candles
left to light,
She sent him every ounce of strength, saying
"Sing with me this night."

4. He'd been gone far too long now, the fear
ripped at her soul,

Was he hiding out someplace, was he wounded,
was he cold?

She wished she'd made him take the last piece
of bread with him,

"Oh God," she prayed, "let me feed him once
again."

She jumped up from her chair then as if she'd
heard a ghost,

She knew she had to look for him no matter
what the cost.

She flung open the door, and there her lover
stood,

"Oh Branko, I could hear you singing, like we
always should."

ANNA ROSA

Loretta Simonet, © 1994

1. Often in the evening to the cafe she came,
When the air turned cool and her brothers
played games,
To watch for Americanos who were white as a
bone,
Her mama said they lived where the sun barely
shone.

CHORUS

*Anna Rosa, beautiful child,
A smile so bright, and a manner so mild,
I'll see you in my dreams tonight,
In an ocean breeze under clear moonlight.*

2. She told them of her school on the edge of
town,
How her father fished the seas and she'd once
seen a clown,
How at home she took care of the little ninjos,
Americanos shrugged and smiled and said
"Bueno."

3. They spoke nonsense words from a faraway
land,
But she understood their smiles and their
outstretched hands,
As they passed her warm tostadoes and picante
sauce,
In that conversation not a thing was lost.

4. She posed for their camera with a grin so wide,
That young, young beauty had no sadness to hide,
And months and years later in the frozen north,
When they looked at that picture, happiness spilled forth.

DEPORTEE (PLANE WRECK AT LOS GATOS)

Woody Guthrie, M. Hoffman
© TRO-Ludlow Music 1961, 1963

1. Well the crops are all in and the peaches are rotten,
The oranges are packed in their crates dumps,
They're flying us back to the Mexican border,
They take all our money, we'll wade back again.

CHORUS

*Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
Adios mis amigos, Jesus, Maria,
You won't have no name when you ride the big
airplane,
All they will call you will be deportees.*

2. My father's own father he waded that river,
They took all the money he'd made from his toil,
He worked in your orchards, he slaved on your farmland,
He rode them big trucks till he laid down and died.

3. Some of us are illegal and others not wanted,
Our work contract's out so we've got to move on,
They chase us like outlaws, and rustlers and thieves.

4. Well the sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and it shook all our hills,

And who are these friends, they're all scattered like dry leaves
The radio said, "Well, they're just deportees."

5. Is this the best way to grow our big orchards,
To treat our close neighbors from old Mexico,
In the land of the brave and the home of the free,
All we will call them will be deportees.

CHORUS

*Goodbye to my John, goodbye to my Rosie,
Goodbye to my friends, old Jesus and Mary,
You won't have....*

CORA

Loretta Simonet, © 1978

1. She'd lost all the beauty of her youth,
Her breasts they were sagging, her skin was so loose,
She moved so slowly, couldn't pay her own way,
What use could she be in this country today?

CHORUS

*You always wanted to die, Cora,
You always wanted to die,
Now your body is calm, all that sadness is gone,
And I see there's no reason to cry.*

2. She was a broken old woman, her head it hung low,
Such a lonely old woman, and no place to go,
Her family had left her such a long time ago,
Still we forced her to live when she wanted to go.

3. Cora told me a lot I was beautiful,
She said, "You know everything, you know what to do."
I said, "Cora, you know so much more than I do."
But she really believed that all good things are new.

I AIN'T GOT NO HOME

Woody Guthrie

© TRO-Ludlow Music 1961, 1963

1. Well I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' round,
Just a rovin' worker, I go from town to town.
Them police make it hard, wherever I may go,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

2. My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod.
A rich man took my home and he drove my from my door.
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

3. I was workin' on the shares, and always I was poor,
My crops I would lay into that banker's store,
My man took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

4. Well as I look around, it's mighty plain to see,
This world is such a great and a funny place to be,
'Cause the gambling man gets rich and we working men stay poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

SINAI

Curtis Teague, © 1994

1. Oh the shepherd was a gypsy boy, slept here on the ground,
To see that star burn above a hundred circling camps.
His sheep sleep beside the fire that never dies,
There's no danger, just a coming morning, la de da.

CHORUS

*Sinai, you are higher than I,
Oh we are just like Moses, coming down the mountainside,
And standing still before you, we look into the sky,
And we know, like Jesus the shearer, we're coming nearer.*

2. Oh he spends the summer long, upon the mountain high,
Until the clouds go below, when the wind can only cry.
Now make your long trip down to the lower greener ground,
Where your work will keep us warm through the winter, la de da

3. Oh he's just the shepherd's son, born to keep the flock,
Oh we love to watch the lambs be born, and learn to stand and suck,
And grow into their motherhood, we've seen them many times,
Like the dawn, changing to morning, la de da.

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS TOWN?

Curtis Teague, © 1992

CHORUS

*Well, I came into this town, I'm not one to stick around,
I never dreamed I could find one thing to make my wheels stop goin' round,
But there's something here I feel, it could turn my love to real,
What is the name of this town? Well, I'm stayin' here still.*

1. Well I was headed north when I was not goin' south,
This long gone blacktopped highway can run right on by my house,
There's a woman inside, she's the one I am beside,

What is the name of this town? Well, I'd like to decide.

2. I've been up and down the east coast, down and up in the west
But these acres that I'm working now, mean more than all the rest,
There's a woman inside of me, there's a child inside of her
What is the name of this town? Well, I'd like to make sure.

3. And I was in the service, and I guess I'm back from 'Nam,
Well, I thought I was a dead man, blown away to kingdom come,
But there's love without a doubt, now I know what she's about,
What is the name of this town? Well, I'd like to find out.

THE OLD STAGECOACH ROBBERY

Curtis Teague, © 1994

1. Sam Bass he was a man, he was nobody's friend,
He killed me in this canyon, beneath the big black wings,
Down on the purple gray sage, down on the draw I died,
My canteen still holds water, two long pistols by my side.

REFRAIN
The dollars were too many, and the bullets just a few
You don't believe you'll ever die, until you finally do.

CHORUS

*And we could not see the full moon for the dust behind the wheels, and
you don't believe you'll ever die,
But you finally will, yeah you..*

2. This bullet's too far in, it ain't a wound'll mend,
This wornout stagecoach trail, it ain't no damn road to run,
A horseman's gonna catch up with 6 horses hitched & tired,
You never know your friend from foe until they've passed or fired.

REFRAIN And not too many ride this road, there's 5 or more behind,
Like horses drawn to water, 'cept it's dollars on their mind.

3. Out here the wind'll moan where the buzzards leave the bones
The cactus and the coyote, keep 'em company.
There's a cowboy's grave, old pistols in the sage,
All the rest is way out west, dust behind the stage.

REFRAIN So it doesn't really matter, if you gun for law or gold
It's a gambler's proposition and you know you'll finally fold,
It's the same old deck of cards, the same dirty deal,
When all the cards are wild you know, no one wins until.

CHORUS

*and you can see the full moon for the dust behind the wheels
If you don't believe you'll ever die, you know you finally will.*