

*Curtis & Loretta*  
*Gone Forever*

**HALF EMPTY/HALF FULL**

Lyrics & music by Loretta Simonet  
©1999 BMI

*CHORUS:*

*Is your cup half empty or is it half full?  
Is your life a thrill or a bitter pill?  
Are you sure you'll never get up the hill?  
Or do you dream of the view, and plan how  
you will?*

Little Jenny looked out at the snow that flew  
Diamonds sparkled and snowmen grew  
Her mama saw a long cold winter ahead  
Miles of shovelling, her car gone dead

*CHORUS*

Steve and Eve at the apple tree  
The fruit was ripe, red as could be  
Steve picked one and took a big bite  
Eve said, "Prob'ly have worms or parasites."

*CHORUS*

Kim and Jim walked down the lane  
All of a sudden it started to rain  
Kim ran home, the windows to close  
Jim got soaked beneath a rainbow

*CHORUS*

I looked down at the blank paper  
Would a song grow here, or was I a faker?  
I started to write with ink so black  
I didn't look ahead and I did not look back

*CHORUS*

**JEAN'S SONG**

Lyrics & music by Loretta Simonet  
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I peeked inside your unlocked door  
I called out, "Hi, are you here?"  
You sailed me to your safe harbor  
You said, "Always for you dear."  
You saw right past my smile

You said, "Something's wrong, can't you  
tell me?"

You drew my tears out one by one  
And dried each one for me

*CHORUS:*

*I send you my love, my love my friend  
I send it wherever you are  
Remember until we meet again  
You are my shining star*

I fixed your toaster one evening  
You thought I'd turned water to wine  
You said, "Dear, you can do anything."  
There was wonder in your eyes  
I have your toaster, it works fine  
And when songs are too hard to sing  
I make some toast, and hear you say,  
"You can do anything."

*CHORUS*

We held hands in the living room  
At your place on the fourth floor  
Your oxygen machine was humming  
Near us by the door

I said, "Your grip is very strong."  
You laughed, "Is it, dear?"

Sometimes I close my eyes and feel  
You sitting by me here

*CHORUS*

Now I stand in the cookie aisle  
At the grocery store  
I reach for your favorite kind

Then remember where you are  
I dreamed about you late last night

We were sitting in my car  
You moved into the back seat  
Saying, "I'm not going far."

*CHORUS*

I'm not going far, you are my shining star  
I'm not going far, you are my shining star  
I'm not going far

**DON'T KEEP A SAILOR  
AWAY FROM THE SEA**

Lyrics & music by Curtis Teague

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Don't keep a sailor away from the sea  
Her breath off to windward, her calm to the  
lee

A course set beneath the stars in the sky  
The rock of the swell's salty lullaby

*CHORUS:*

*So just tide him over till the tide rolls in  
Don't landlock a human made of the ocean  
So just tide him over, till the tide rolls high  
Don't landlock a sailor his true love will die*

Don't keep a sailor away from the swell  
The quiet of the calm or the breath of the  
gale  
Each battened-down sail and the anchor so  
deep

Must rise again his true love to keep

*CHORUS*

Don't keep a sailor away from the brine  
The reef of the mainsail, the sheet and the  
line

Each gale will decline, each ocean he'll  
cross

With the whale, the fishes, the wind's  
albatross

*CHORUS*

Don't keep a sailor away from the main  
The breeze or the blow or the big hurricane  
From her bow to her stern, from her keel to  
her mast

By St. Elmo's fire no harbor's the last

*CHORUS*

**DON'T MISS THE SIGHTS**

Lyrics & music by Loretta Simonet

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I sped down Highway Number five  
My gas pedal leg was cramped up tight  
I watched my watch, saw pavement fly  
The end of the road in my mind's eye  
I turned my head to stretch my neck  
And mountains filled my eyes  
I woke up in Oregon

Pine trees stood on every side

*CHORUS:*

*Keep your eyes on the road*

*But don't miss the sights*

*It's your life going by*

*On the left, on the right*

*Open your window wide and then*

*Follow the signs till you*

*Are home again*

The TV blared out all bad news

She raced to cook her family food

How could she get her car repaired

When all the bills were overdue?

She bent down to grab a pan

And met her baby's watching eyes

It calmed her soul, her worries fled

She picked that baby up and said:

*CHORUS*

His shoulders ached, he could barely see

But his fingers typed automatically

At two a.m., glued to the screen

His computer crashed, "Oh God, why me?"

Then he felt her whisper in his ear,

"It's time to go to bed."

He melted in her arms and she

Helped him escape technology

*CHORUS*

## THE CLIFFS OF MOHER

Lyrics & music by Dermot Kelly

I'm sitting on the cliffs of Moher  
Looking out to sea  
The broad Atlantic swells below me  
A bridge love between you and me  
The puffins cry above the tide  
The seagulls glide through the air  
Calling you back from New York City  
Back home to the county of Clare

### CHORUS:

*Come back, come back sweet Annie  
Come back for I will be there  
We'll sing and we'll play  
In the old-fashioned way  
On the hillside of sweet County Clare*

I'll hold your hand, we'll walk through the  
Burren  
With limestone and flowers so rare  
The yellows and reds, the gold in their petals  
Will match your blue eyes and fair hair  
We'll visit Quinn Abbey and Fein Cill Sula  
Where holy ones once knelt in prayer  
But how can this be, if you stay away  
darling  
From your home in the county of Clare?

### CHORUS

I'm looking across at the great Aran islands  
Inis Mean, Inis Mor, Inis Oirr  
They've nestled there neatly caressed by the  
ocean  
Surrounded by water so clear  
But you have the smoke and the dust of the  
city  
Where people pass by and don't care  
There's love and there's welcome as warm  
as the sunshine  
For you in the county of Clare

### CHORUS

## GONE FOREVER

Lyrics & music by Loretta Simonet  
©1996 BMI

Every night when supper was done  
Before we kids had a chance to run  
My dad said, "OK, we've got dishes to do,  
Mom cooked the food, we're the clean-up  
crew."  
So he stood at the sink, and he washed each  
one  
The rest of us dried, till they were all done  
But now a disease works in his brain  
He's forgotten those children who carry his  
name  
One day as I vacuumed, he watched me then  
said,  
"You've done all the work, I've done  
nothing yet."  
So I got him a dustrag, and he worked with  
me  
He was still an example for this kid to see

### CHORUS:

*If I think of all the things that I've lost\*  
I can simply not bear the thought  
I am gone forever from his memory  
And he cannot do things he once did for  
me\*\**

*But I watch my dad and who he is now  
Plagued by Alzheimers, still somehow  
Through the confusion his soul shines  
through  
He says "Come anytime, we loved having  
you."*

*\*(Cho 2 - he's lost Cho 3 - we've lost)*

*\*\* (Cho 2 - And I do the things he once did  
for me)*

At the end of the driveway in the old blue  
truck  
He'd stop for a moment, the kids to instruct  
He'd point a long finger down the road  
First to the east, then the west as he told  
To the left is Stillwater, to the right is St.  
Paul

He taught us directions when we were so small

Now I drive my dad to the new Walmart

Once inside he pushes the cart

I say, "Dad at the end of this aisle, turn right."

But he just stops, his lips drawn tight

So I point for him, and we both turn that way

He says, "I sure am lucky to be with you today."

*CHORUS*

He came to recitals to hear me play piano

He came down to the basement to watch puppet shows

He drove to my college to see me in plays

A hundred miles in the big Chevrolet

"Do you have lots of bookings?" he'd always say

"You are so lucky you can sing for your pay."

And now he doesn't know who I am

Maybe a relation, maybe a friend

I sit down at the piano and play "Over There"

He sings along from his armchair

He says "Where did you learn?" and he claps for me

And then he keeps singing that wartime melody

*CHORUS*

### **THE WESTERN STAR**

Lyrics & music by Loretta Simonet

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1. She stood in the doorway holding a broom

Halfway through cleaning all twelve rooms

Of the Western Star, her grandma's motel

Her young eyes were on the highway

Just down the hill, the world passed her by

On the South Dakota freeway

In the pink neon glow of the Western Star

She rocked with her grandma and watched the cars

On a hot humid night, moths hit the yardlight

There was one room left to fill

When a semi turned in, with Washington plates

And slowly climbed up the hill

*CHORUS:*

*I'm tired of watching the world go by*

*From the front porch till the day I die*

*Let me go, I long to see\**

*The treasures the world holds for me*

*\*(Cho 3-I had to go, so I could see)*

The very next day she turned eighteen

She passed Rapid City at six fifteen

In the big diesel truck, with the Washington plates

The morning air felt so cool

When she found the note, would it break her heart?

She'd left the only family she knew

At Pike Place Market they parted ways

The rain came down like every day

On Seattle streets, crowded concrete

She carried her bag all alone

She found a job at the Hilton Hotel

Cleaning rooms weekday afternoons

*CHORUS*

She met a boy on the wharf one day

In a year they were married, had a brand new baby

But he walked out on her, so she packed some diapers

And rode a Greyhound to the Western Star

Her grandma ran down the hill, finally let her tears spill

And took them both into her arms

*CHORUS*

## **STREETSINGER'S HEAVEN**

Lyrics by Bob Bovee, Music by Bob Bovee  
& Stevie Beck ©1972

Lyrics - 4th verse by Curtis Teague

Standing on the corner with a guitar in my  
hand  
Just a poor musician playing in an old street  
band  
Waiting for a coin to fall for all these songs  
I've sold  
Trying to keep warm out here in the cold

### *CHORUS:*

*When I'm gone (echo: When I'm gone)  
They'll talk about my singing  
When I'm gone (echo: When I'm gone)  
They'll remember the good old days  
I'll be in heaven (echo: in heaven)  
With my golden guitar ringing  
Where there's a crowd on every corner  
And a hat that's full always*

I'm trying to keep warm enough to move my  
aching fingers  
If I got two bits from every soul that lingers  
Or just a dime for every smile I put on a  
passing face  
I could stack 'em up to heaven and climb up  
to that place

### *CHORUS*

I hear that up in heaven streetsingers do just  
fine  
Folks have to walk around the block just to  
get into the line  
To get up to the singer's hat and drop in a  
dollar bill  
And all the streets are heated to keep away  
the chill

### *CHORUS*

When the hymn singing is over just bury me  
in the ground  
Down below the corner where I used to sing  
downtown  
Use my guitar for my headstone, place my  
old hat at my feet

Give the spare change off my eyelids to the  
singer on that street

### *CHORUS*

## **CARRICKFERGUS**

Traditional Irish (Public Domain)

I wish I was in Carrickfergus  
If only for the nights in Ballygran  
I would swim over the deepest ocean  
The deepest ocean for my love to find  
But the sea is wide and I cannot swim over  
And neither have I wings to fly  
If I could find me, a handsome boatman  
To ferry me over, my love and I  
My childhood days bring back sad  
reflections  
Of happy times spent so long ago  
My boyhood friends and my own relations  
Have all passed on now like melting snow  
But I'll spend my days in endless roaming  
Soft is the grass, my bed is free  
Ah to be back now, in Carrickfergus  
On that long road down to the sea  
And in Kilkenny, it is reported  
That there are marble stones as black as ink  
With gold and silver I would support her  
But I'll sing no more now till I get a drink  
I'm drunk today, and I'm seldom sober  
A handsome rover from town to town  
Ah, but I'm sick now, my days are  
numbered  
So come all ye young men and lay me down

**SMOKE! SMOKE! SMOKE!  
(THAT CIGARETTE)**

Lyrics & music by Merle Travis & Tex Williams

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Well, I'm a guy with a heart of gold  
And the ways of a gentleman I've been told  
The kind of a guy that wouldn't even harm a flea  
But if me and a certain character met  
That fellow that invented the cigarette  
I'd murder that son-of-a-gun in the first degree  
And it ain't because I don't smoke 'em myself  
I reckon they're only bad for your health  
I smoked all my life and I ain't quite dead yet  
But nicotine slaves are all the same  
At a pettin' party or a poker game  
Ev'rything must stop while they have a cigarette

*CHORUS:*

*Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette  
Puff, puff, puff, and if you smoke yourself to death  
Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate  
You just hate to make him wait  
But you just got to have another cigarette*

In a game of chance the other night  
Old lady luck was treatin' me right  
The kings and queens kept comin' round  
So I played 'em hard and I bet 'em high  
But my bluff wouldn't fool one old guy  
He kept raising the bet and laying his money down  
He'd raise me and I'd raise him  
I was sweatin' blood, it was sink or swim  
Finally he called me and I did not raise the bet  
I said "Aces full, pal, who 'bout you?"

He said, "I'll tell you in a minute or two  
But right now I'm gonna have a cigarette."

*CHORUS*

The other night I had me a date  
With the cutest little gal in the forty-eight states  
She was an uptown, high-bred, fancy kind of a dame  
She said she loved me, and I did agree  
The things were goin' just like they're supposed to be  
So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane  
She was oh so far from a cake of ice  
And our smoochin' party was goin' nice  
So help me Hannah, I think I'd be there yet  
I gave her a little kiss and a little squeeze  
She said, "Excuse me Tex, excuse me please  
But right now I'm gonna have me a cigarette."

*CHORUS*

**THE MINSTREL BOY**

Music - Trad Irish air "The Moreen"  
Words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852)  
(Public Domain)

The minstrel boy to the war has gone  
In the ranks of death you will find him  
His father's sword he has girded on  
And his wild harp slung behind him  
Land of song said the warrior bard  
Though all the world betray thee  
One song at least thy rights shall guard  
One faithful harp shall praise thee  
The minstrel fell but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again  
For he tore its chords asunder  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee  
Thou soul of love and bravery  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free  
They shall never sound in slavery."

## JOHNNY I HARDLY KNEW YE

Traditional Irish (Public Domain)

While going the road to sweet Athy, ha-roo,  
ha-roo

While going the road to sweet Athy, ha-roo,  
ha-roo

While going the road to sweet Athy  
A stick in my hand and a tear in my eye  
A doleful damsel I heard cry  
Johnny I hardly knew ye

*CHORUS:*

*With drums & guns and guns & drums, ha-  
roo, ha-roo*

*With drums & guns and guns & drums, ha-  
roo, ha-roo*

*With drums & guns and guns & drums*

*The enemy nearly slew ye*

*My darling dear, you look so queer*

*Johnny I hardly knew ye*

Where are your eyes that looked so mild,  
haroo, haroo

Where are your eyes that looked so mild,  
haroo, haroo

Where are your eyes that looked so mild  
When my poor heart you first beguiled  
Why did you run from me and the child?  
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye

*CHORUS*

Where are the legs with which you run,  
haroo, haroo

Where are the legs with which you run,  
haroo, haroo

Where are the legs with which you run  
When you went to carry a gun?

Indeed your dancing days are done

Johnny I hardly knew ye.

*CHORUS*

I'm happy for to see you home, haroo, haroo

I'm happy for to see you home, haroo, haroo

I'm happy for to see you home

All from the island of Ceylon

So low in flesh, so high in bone

Johnny I hardly knew ye

*CHORUS*