

Just Where You Are — Tim LaBorie

What's Up With That?

I'm going down to old West Bay,
Gonna work on the train and get my pay
I'm gonna get out of town and not come back
Well it might sound crazy and it might sound sad
But I'm heading for a life that I never had
I'm gonna find my way, I'm gonna get a new hat.

Coming and going is what they do from here
Heading out for the old Wild West, looking for a new frontier.
I'm goin' out to Alberta, I'll work in the trades,
I'll make a lot of money and I'm gonna get laid
You might ask me now: what's up with that?

What's up with that, a broad brim hat and a lady in high heel shoes
What's up with that, those dance hall girls have got that rhythm and blues

Now I'm dancing with a girl in a frilly dress
She's in love with me, that's my guess
I got my dancing shoes, I got the rhythm and blues
I buy her a drink then we have one more
And before I know it I'm on the floor
Have I lost my way? Have I lost my hat?
Coming and going is what they do from here
Sometimes life in the old Wild West is not what it first appears
Now I'm drinking from the bottle in the back of a cab
With the memory of a woman I never had
You might ask me know: what's up with that?

What's up with that, she's wearing my hat and she's spending my money too
What's up with that, that dance hall girl just stole my rhythm and blues

My life in the West has been crazy and sad
Was this the kind of life I wanted to have?
Have I lost my way? I've lost my hat!
So I'm heading back to old West Bay
I'll work in the Mill if they let me stay
I've had enough of this, enough of that
I've had enough of this, what's up with that!?

Lost Woman Blues

I don't know where that woman went,
Slammed the door, jumped the fence
She got a long hard head start on me
Left me here ragging on my memories.

She said I drink too much, I don't pray enough
My meat is cold and my bread tough
I never did know what she expected of me
Maybe she just needed some company.

She took me to church, they passed the hat
Sang a lot of songs and I liked that
They had a room full of mirrors and a bag of tricks
And a costume party, that was how they got their kicks.

They had a big television in high definition
And a silent moment when you could make contrition
They had God Himself on HD TV
And someone looked like Jesus singing "Nearer My God to Thee"

I wake up in the morning at the crack of dawn
I need to boil an egg and put the coffee on
We sit around and watch reality TV
This whole scene is getting a little too real for me.

The sun is setting, she's still in her chair
I don't think she's gone anywhere
And you might think she'll fall asleep in her shoes
It's right about now I start writing the lost woman blues.

So I don't know where that woman has gone
Left me here writing this song
Now I eat when I'm hungry, I get the sleep I need
I can sit around dreaming up melodies.

Living In the Woods

Living in the woods is alright with me,
I live a slow life, happy as can be
Singing in the sun, quiet in the snow
The seasons seem to come and go.
In the middle of the woods.

In the middle of the woods I have no need to move
Keep my roots planted solid in the ground
I let go my leaves in the cold wind
In the warmer days I grow em' back again
In the middle of the woods.

In the middle of the woods I have many friends
Tangling our roots and talking underground
Banging our branches, brushing our leaves,
Leaning in the wind, bending in the breeze
In the middle of the wind

In the middle of the wind, if I lean too far
Can my friends hold me up?
I hope I don't fall, lose my grip on the ground
But if I do, I won't fall too far
Falling in the woods you find yourself just where you are

Falling in the woods is nothing new to me
I put down new roots, send up some new shoots
I can grow some new trees in a bed of dead leaves
In a pile of rotten bark, I can make a new start
Living in the woods.

Living in the woods is alright with me
I have my children coming after me
Living in the woods

At The Watch

Come out to the watch
At The Watch we got the flowers and the bees
At The Watch we got the birds in the trees
At The Watch we got bugs and things
At The Watch we got critters that swim

At The Watch we got things that crawl
At The Watch or seem to do nothing at all
Watch out for the crabs
When you come out to The Watch

Now the Lake Bras d'Or is in a biosphere
What does that even mean?
Come out to The Watch today
You'll be glad you were here!

At The Watch try out the periscope
At The Watch or look in a microscope
At The Watch take a selfie with a fish
At The Watch you don't want to miss this

At The Watch you're gonna have some fun
At The Watch bring along your Mom
At The Watch and your Daddy too
You'll have a good time and learn something new

Because the Lake Bras d'Or is in a biosphere
You'll find out what that means
If you come out to The Watch today
You'll be glad you were here!

At The Watch, at The Watch, at The Watch, come out to The Watch.

Home

The trains arrive, then they go
I hold myself against the flow
I'm making plans but I don't know
If things will change, if I'll get home

My body feels like broken glass
I fall apart, I hear the crash
The pieces melt, begin to flow
I float away and then I'm home.

Home.... Home.... Home....
Home.... Home.... Home....

How could things get much worse
My silent scream, a muffled curse
Bodies pass, a crazy crush
I hold myself against the rush.

Then you, a memory of you, I see the sunrise open your eyes
Oh you, a memory of you, I see the sunrise open your eyes

My bags are packed but I don't leave
I'm making plans and I believe
I'm lonely now but I'm not alone
And things will change when I get home.

Home.... Home.... Home....
Home.... Home.... Home....

The Light Just Fades

I would really love to stay with you for as long as I can
I would love to lie with you again.
Just one more taste of you, just to feel embraced by you
For as long as I can.

Oh, but the room has changed
And the darkness comes again.

I would really love to live with you longer than I can

The easy things we do every day
I would really love to feel your arms around me once again
With you I feel less afraid

Oh, but the room has changed
You can see I'm slipping away
Oh, and the light just fades
And the darkness comes again

Every Chance I Get

Every chance I get
I get a new machine
I get my engine cleaned
It helps my motor move
Into a better groove....uh huh

Oh, Baby keep your engine clean
I've got the ride if you've got the time
Oh, I like to see your motor move
Every chance I get

Every chance I get
I tear my Baby's dress
She eliminates my stress
I tell her she's my Pet
She tells me I'm the best....uh huh

Oh, don't leave me in distress
I've got the ride if you've got the time
Oh, you know I am the best

Every chance I get
I see my bubble burst
You know that really hurts
I cry myself to sleep
I pray my soul to keep

Oh, Baby cry your self to sleep
I've got the ride if you've got the time
I pray your soul to keep

Salvation in His Shoes

I was playing my guitar one day
Playing for tips out on the street
Everybody passed me by except this one guy
He was alive from his smile down to his feet

He's got sneakers on, they're pretty worn down
But they're high top Converse All Stars
He's wearing a black t-shirt and camo pants
Hanging low I see his underpants,
He's got a brand new lid, brim turned back
This ain't no jawn from the discount rack.
He's all turned out and he's all tuned up
And it looks like he's starting to dance.

And he's doing the Mummers strut
He's becoming one with the street
And it rocks him to his soul
The souls of his feet.

And there ain't no denying if you know what I'm saying
He's riding on the express train
He's got a soundtrack somewhere in his brain
There ain't no need for headphones
He's got his groove and a reason to move
And a look on his face of astonishment
And Hip Hop and Bebop and ballroom dancing
Have all become obsolescent.

He turns to me and he says
You gotta rock away the blues
And I can see
He's found salvation in his shoes

Now a crowd is gathering and he's looking worried
And he misses a beat on the Uptown Funk
And just when you think his game is gone
He spins around starts over again
He throws his hat into the air
Looks around like he doesn't have a care

He takes two steps it lands on his head
Who would imagine it would end like that?

And he's doing the mambo cha-cha
As he's rocking it on down the street
And as I watch him leave I see his soul
In the souls of his feet.

He's got sneakers on, they're pretty worn down
But they're high top Converse All Stars

Persistent Rain

Sometimes you know, the winds of change
Smell like a swamp on a rainy day
And I've been digging in the mud, washing my hands in the rain.

I've got my high boots on but it's still hard
To see beyond the swamp in my own back yard
I've been drowning in the mud, drowning in my own sad tears

And why is it so hard to believe the weather report,
See beyond my own sad fears
When the meteorologist just seems to make stuff up,
Pretending it's real.

A creature appears with a flowing mane,
Tiny paws, and a withered brain
And it's dirtying the pond, making a mess in the nest.

And nobody seems to know where it came from.
Was it a bad gene splice, some DNA gone wrong
There's something out of line, we've gotta get things back on track.

And how are we supposed to believe the evening news,
See beyond our own sad fears
When we're presented with alternative truth,
Pretending it's real.

Maybe the moon will make a change,
Maybe the clouds will rearrange
Maybe something will explain this persistent rain

And why we're all digging in the mud,
Washing our hands in the rain
We're all drowning in the mud
Drowning in our own sad tears.

What Could Go Wrong?

I'm looking for the truth but I'm coming up empty
I take a look around I see every form of deception.
Then somebody tells me I could write a song,
I could just say what I'm thinking, what could go wrong?

But I've got so many distractions, but what could be better
My Baby looks great in a tight white sweater
She wants to put me to the test and I'm feeling strong strong
She wants to hold me to my promise, what could go wrong?

Well the road to salvation is lined with vipers
It's easy to get lost on the path of the righteous
Lost and found, it's the same old song
Sell my soul to the devil, tell me what could go wrong.

I either need a cure or an ounce of prevention
I'm sitting here composing my deathbed confession
I got this deep down feeling that I just don't belong
Let me think for a minute, what could go wrong?

I need to make a change, but my heart is not in it.
I got nothing to say but I can't stop singing
These lines wind around in my mind
Leaving me with a song, what could go wrong?

Peacemaker

I saw Jesus walking through town today
He had a gun in his hand, he said I'm on my way
To fight the war to end all wars
And bring freedom and democracy to foreign shores

The empire state, the American way,
Take what's there, take it away
From those who need, sell it to those who'll pay
And if you're not on my side get out of my way.

I said, Jesus, what ever happened to the Peacemaker
The Children of God?
Do the meek still inherit the earth?
And those who mourn, are they comforted?
And the pure of heart, do they still see God?
Are the hungry and thirsty filled?

Then Jesus raises his hand to the sky
He says follow me and don't ask why
I'll lead you to the Promised Land
But don't look to me to be your sacrificial lamb

Because I've been down that road before
Now its milk and honey I'm looking for
Take what you need get your fill
If you don't take it someone else will

I said, Jesus, what ever happened to the Peacemaker
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Do the meek still inherit the earth?
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And the pure of heart, do they still see God?
Are the hungry and thirsty filled?

This is not about the merciful, the meek,
The pure of heart, the lonely and the weak.
The hungry, the thirsty and all the poor,
You'll always have them as I said before.

This is about me getting what I need
And helping myself to whatever I please
And helping those who are helping me
We own the world and everything is free
And the rest of you can get down on your knees.

Oh Jesus, what ever happened to the Peacemaker
The Children of God?
Do the meek still inherit the earth?

And those who mourn, are they comforted?
And the pure of heart, do they still see God?
Are the hungry and thirsty filled?