

Tie One On, Bourdeau/Lurgio 2010

G C
Ring' a ling a linga on the telephone
Am C
It's the good old boys and they want to roll
G C
Go waydown town on a Saturday night
C D G
Gonna tie one on and do it right

G C
Tie one on, Do it right
Am C
Come on darling, im yours tonight
G C
Ooooo, goooooooooo
C D G
Everythings gonna be alright

A few more quarters is all I got
Down to the tables and the old jukebox
Think ill play some hank, frank or bob
Lay my silver down and play my cards

There's a sweet gal at the end of the bar
with cowboy boots and an ol' guitar
She wears a flowered gown, she wears it well
In from Nashville, the acony bell

When we sip our scotch we sip it slow
Leave out the rocks, that's not how we roll
One more drink before we go
It's a long ride, but we'll take it slow

Moon shines over the city tonight
Headed north bound from the those city lights
Want a write a song for you babe
Stuck in my head but never made the page

CrossTown, Bourdeau 2010

In the morning ill rise with a girl on my mind
while the dew lies heavy on the fields
Ill work these days through with my mind on you
Till I make enough to jump a bus cross town

Cross town, cross town (no responses)
By the end of the week, girl ill be coming round
Cross town, cross town (no responses)
To the see the girl that *I wont let down*

I spent many a nights, in the pale moon light
Dreaming of her by my side
When the spring came around, the fields were getting plowed
I knew I'd make enough this year (to go)

Cross town, cross town (call and response)
By the fall when leaves are burning brown
Cross town, cross town (call and response)
I'll see that gal, my love, in a long white gown

Those summer days were long, I worked two jobs
For a suit and a brand new pair of shoes
But when I called at your door, your mama said no more
My baby aint gonna marry a boy like you (from)

Cross town, Cross town (call and response)
Where the weeds are high and your hands worn from the ground
Cross town, cross town (call and response)
Go on boy, and turn your heart around

The sun was sinking low; it was getting time to go
I loaned a truck, you had a bag at your door
I cut the engine at the turn, you jumped in at the curb
And we laid that pedal to the floor

Cross town, Cross town
I held your hand, we were wedding bound
Cross town, cross town
With the girl, the one, I wont let down

Tire Chains, Bourdeau/Lurgio, 2008

G
When I was a boy, I drove our truck around, the old farm field and through
the barn
C G
My pa would curse when I would yell, go and get the tractor and pull me out
Am C D G
I never quite learned till I was told, you got to put your tire chains on

G
Tire chains, will get you out
G
Give you a push when your stuck in a rut
Em C G
Ain't no good on the smooth black top (choppy)

When you fall off the road put your tire(hold) chains on

I stood on the porch, when my granda spoke, through the screen door, said
boy don't go

Life is hard, and don't ease up, but you can't let one bad crop slow you up

He said don't forget when things get tough you got to put your tire chains on

He spent past days, in his easy chair, looking at photos of the old john deere

Once in a while, I'll catch a tear, roll down his cheek, onto his flannel wear

I sat rite down, held his worn out hand, said you got to put your tire chains
on

Station Line

In the hills of old Virginia, I met a girl in the station line
Her hair was long; her eyes hazel; and her smile I remember fine
This here rail line will take you nowhere that you want to be bound
Take ya deep to the city, where the lights won't go down (line repeats Where
the lights wont go down. Place instrument fill between repeat lines)

*Somewhere east of Memphis, I met a boy in a station line
His eyes were low, his hands weathered, with trouble on his mind
This old rail line will take you nowhere that you want to be bound
Take you east from the city through the fields of rusty brown (line repeats
Where the fields of rusty brown. Place instrument fill between repeat lines)*

How I long to be in Virginia
With the one from that station line
How I long to be there lying
With you lying by my side

*I was going to see my mama, past few years She's taken ill
Left my job in the city to go out and try to make her well
I was waiting by the rail side, for the sale to be signed
The farm had fallin by wayside, me and the boys were in a bind (line
repeats)*

I'd know no other way, but to this ground where I was raised
To give it up and sell this truck would be the end of me (line repeats Lord it
be the end of me. Place instrument fill between repeat lines)
*I'd forgotten how still and quiet, the whiperwill's song at night
I'd forgotten where I came from, I got lost in those city lights*

Chorus

Someday I hope to find her; she's gentle on my mind
I pray her ma's getting better, I'd like to show them round the farm
*Maybe one day, we'll meet again, his voice sweet and low
I'd leave the job in the city, to make that boy my own (line repeats, place
instrument fill between repeat)*

Chorus with three tag lines back and forth between the two voices

Black Sunday Blues, Bourdeau/Lurgio

It was the top of Texas in thirty one
The steel wheels turned the tractor down
Down and up the rows we plowed
Turning high plains to farmed ground
Turning high plains to farmed ground

We closed our doors and lips at night
But the dust blew with a mighty bite
The dugout shivered in the howling wind
The dust poured through the cracks and in
The dust poured through the cracks and in

<The wind swept the soil clear
<Out from the soles of my worn out feet
<It drifted on fence lines and buried the plows
<Left nothing for a duster to be proud, be proud

The windmill whined in the frightening blow
Pumping nothing from the ground below
The pump it turned but nothing poured
Down from the spout to the bucket ??
Down from the spout to the bucket ??

The headlights gleamed but didn't get far
It was the middle of day in the second hour
With all we fit in our Model A
We drove out of the dust bowl haze
We drove out of the dust bowl haze

Hard Rain (Lurgio) 2010

My Love has drifted away from me
Like a ship she's lost on the stormy sea
Another man is holding her now
left me in my misery

She told me she'd never find a new love
She'd told me I was her only one
The years have past an I'm still alone
Dreaming of

Chorus

*Darks clouds
And Grey Skies
When they gonna blow away
Hard Rain
Long, lonely Nights
When they gonna roll away
Let my sun shine*

Now her ring sit up up on a shelf
Still shining waiting for someone else
But Im old and grey and fading away
Lost in my yesterdays

My thoughts are oft sad and lonely
Always drifting to times in my past
Longing for those long gone days
To live in love with her again

Chorus

memories of her will always haunt me
every time I lay down to rest
Like the sound of her heartbeat
When I lay my head on her breast

Chorus

Blue Pontiac; Bourdeau/Lurgio 2010

Drove his blue Pontiac on down into town
To dance with the liquor and drink with the gals
Left his old gold ring at their bedside
She's still got her's on her finger tonight

She thought about driving herself into town
To try to what she was afraid of find out
She'll sat there in the quiet in the still of the night
she pulled back the covers and turned out the light

Chorus

He's shooting whiskey out on the town
She's still home in her old nightgown
You can do all the runnin' you need to do
She's still your woman she'll leave the light on for you

The morning light came in a mess
Smelling of perfume with liquor on his breath
Why deal with devil, or gamble with desire
When you were dealt four of a kind

Chorus

From the outside they're doing fine
They've got their troubles, their trials and their lies
Swept under the carpets hidden from sight
No one to know but their troubled minds

Chorus

Tag Line (vocals with harmonies)

Tag Line (instrumental)

False ending with pause

Turn 1

Bricks and Boards, Bourdeau/Lurgio 2010

An old white house on the corner lot
The paints pealed and dull
Weeds are high as the corn was in july

There used to be a tall shade tree
With a porch swing hanging down
In the heat of the summer, we'd all gather round

Rusty nails and boards
Dusty hardwood floors
Are all that's left of this old home place

Shadows cast down
Where our family gathered round
As the sun sinks down on the old home place

Mama loved Jesus and daddy worked hard
To raise our family
Red Stamp rations and patches on our jeans

Times got hard, the fields turned brown
No crops to bring to town
They sent me north to work the factories

Worked away, my days for pay, and left the family
Till a letter came from the county claim, the house sold, back to the bank

Chorus

Now the barn door slants on a rusty hinge
The roof is bending low
For years of work, there's nothing much to show

The window frames hold broken panes
That kept out the rain and snow
It aint the same place I once did know

“Lay Me Down” Joseph Lurgio 2008

VI

When I was young, had my fun
Run with the boys on the wrong side of the track
I pushed the plow & turned the ground
Worked all my days away

V2

Looking back there ain't much of a track
Except for the farm and the family that I raised
Tender, pour us a round and pass it around
Tend my fields boys and watch them grow

CHORUS

*Would you lay me down
Under the ground
An Like my ol' John Deere rusted away through the years
On this farm is where I'll lay me down*

V3

There was a time, not so long ago
or so my story goes
But I've wasted away all my days and
Now I feel my body aching to the bones

V4

There's a place I like to run to in the back ruins of my mind
It's cold & it's dark but it's the only thing that's mine
If you want to be my baby you'd better come & see
Cause that cold dark death is home to me

CHORUS

V5

Follow me cross the river, follow me cross the sea
Follow me cross the mountains and in the valley
Look on down the old dirt road, look on down the old dirt road
That's where my body want to go

CHORUS

Weary traveler, Dan Bourdeau, 2010

G

Give me a blanket frayed and worn

G

C

So I can lye down on this dusty floor

C

G

It will keep me warm at night when the frost bends down the pines

G

D

G

Give me a blanket frayed and worn

Give me a blanket with the colors dull

So I don't get attention where I go

So I can rest in peace, when I need to get relief

Give me a blanket with the colors dull

Give me a dollar if you'll spare

So I can buy myself a meal down at the square

I'm not too proud to beg or want to make you feel regret

Give me a dollar if you'll spare

Give me a lift down the road

So I can find a new place to call my home

Where the people are all kind and the sun shines warm

And I can hang my head high and proud

Give me a blanket frayed and worn

So I can lye with it on this dusty floor

It will keep me warm at night when the frost bends down the pines

Give me a blanket frayed and worn