

RIVAL – LP – Released January 2016

BOB DYLAN'S 78TH HANGOVER

Show me a sinner, and I'll show you all a day like today.
Show me a saint. Well, I do declare these walls have turned to gray.
But this typewriter is a special sword.
It cuts the legs out from beneath the useless words.
So I'll send the sandman my last paycheck to sing me a lullaby.
Put me down, cause I can't see the line.

Show me a warrior, and I'll show you the devil is frenzied and frail.
Show me a coward, and I'll tell you he grips his world to no avail.
But this photograph is someone long gone.
It's all foolish pride built to shine on.
So I'll send the sandman my last paycheck to sing me a lullaby.
Put me down, cause I can't see the line.

Well I raise my glass and tip my hat to you.
Outside of all the sleep I'm bound to lose.

Show me doctor, and tell him I'm breathing dirty air.
Show me a poet, and I'll wring my sleeves out and bleed everywhere.
These winds will blow, these winds will always change.
And these lines on my face weren't there yesterday.
So I'll send the sandman my last paycheck to sing me a lullaby.
Put me down, cause I can't see the line.

I'd better send my paycheck to hear that lullaby.
So I'm forced to close my eyes.

YOUR DAMN VANITY

I'm in no mood for dancing.
Oh, the daylight brought an awful sound.
All I've known to be sacred has been bought and paid for and buried in the ground.
I've exhausted my every effort to beat the shit out of this dead horse.
There's no reason to marry all your problems.
When you can pack your things and file for divorce.

All these shiny new condos and urban sprawl, high rises blocking out the sky
Well Austin ain't quite what she used to be, but then again, neither are you and I.

She thinks love is like the movies,
But I did my very best to prove her wrong.
I'm overwhelmed with conscious opinions.
I'll send them flying right off my poisonous tongue.
I caught you gazing at your navel, like you'd found some sort of precious light.
That man by your side with the camera,
Well hell, he never met a mirror he didn't like.

All the nights at the White Horse just pissing my money away, doing my best to die.
Like my favourite poet, if I loved you I'd show it, but I still can't decide.

Second time around, I was upside down when you caught me in a fall.
It seems quite clear, when you fight fire with fire everything still burns.

The moon hangs over the skyline.
And the songbirds charm us with their songs.
I'm so glad it rained on your birthday.
If nothing else, its hard proof there's a God.
He can send down His very last prophet, to give and to rightly take away.
But I'm halfway to my redemption in my scarlet red Chevrolet.

So get there early, find a good seat, and watch our city fold in on itself.
All the choirs and the chants, the sermons and the rants.
It's lonely at the bottom of a sentimental coffin.
Not everything is perfect, if you're gonna make it worth it.
You might have to lie.

THE LEAST OF THESE

Well wouldn't you know it, I'm blowing my severance.
Cause I don't listen well to the wise folks from back home.
So feel free to pile your judgments on the pavement.
I've earned my troubles, and I've earned them all alone.

I have managed to waste my youth as a martyr.
But I'm at my best when there's room to run away.
I know the whiskey is good, but the whiskey just makes me crazy.
An unflinching pride is all that remained.

Well you might as well shoot me where I'm standing.
Cause I don't listen well to half-assed apologies.
You want a sacrifice, a love, a good man to hold you.
But if you're smart you'll come to expect the least of these.

Cause I always know where you go when you get lonesome,
I can tell you who all my enemies are.
Yeah, your loving was good, but your love just made me crazy.
As it turns out, you don't have the purest heart.

So I vow to make a graceful bow when the lights go out on me.
A slow steady hand makes a strong man, I don't think you'll disagree

There's a blinding light, and a fragile reflection,
On the face of every man I've ever known.
I'm fighting hard like some wayward vigilante,
To carve out some legend of my own.

I know I have given my mother years of worry.
My father says I'm the prodigal son.
Yeah, the times they've been good, but the time just drove me crazy.
I've got things to do before I come undone.
Yeah, I've got things to do before I come undone.

I KILLED LAURA PALMER

Pour out your drink and get on with your night.
Her heroes come easy and her savior's a sight.
The soap on your hands equals the wine in your glass,
Cause it clears all the confusion from the fog in your past.

We run to the trees to hide what we don't understand.
We thirst for revenge whenever we can.
And I plow through some idea of some man I am.
And I reflect off the dreams of what innocence I had.

If I shut my mouth I can spirit a smile.
A fire runs through the crop rows like Hell through desire.
I swear you won't find me in an honorable state.
Cause my intentions are good, so why do I have to wait?

PERUVIAN VALIUM

I might suggest virtue.
You might suggest restraint.
We're better off inside of no certain plans that we've made.
The world keeps a' calling.
And she'll answer with no solid doubts.
Where you find your boredom, you'll find she's nowhere around.

Blue bicycles, dark neighborhoods, paths that lead downtown.
I'd venture to guess she's better than most that I've found.

The radio spouts a tale.
About some drifter without a leash.
I'm inclined to wonder if they're talking about me.
The midnight's bathed in ink.
The horizon's bathed in gold.
The South is always hot, oh the South has always been old.

Mere goodness, wholly received, at ease like you wouldn't believe.
I hear songs from the heavens at night and they sing me to sleep.

Self-assured enlightenment,
Is common practice where we're from.
If you peek underneath, you'll notice it all comes undone.
So call it a narrow escape,
Call out words from far away.
For strangers and outlaws, painted women and transient change.

The lines on the map have captured her, and for what it's worth.
I never said much, but I'll be damned if I waste my words.

So, keep me in mind, and I'll keep you in mine.

PART-TIMER'S LAMENT

Clear out the room and wipe off your eyes.
Hell is half full of sinners and spite.
The other half is full of men who don't try.
So clear out the room and wipe off your eyes.

There's nothing to do here, but say our goodbyes.
I suppose we could tell jokes and exaggerate lies.
But you can't put your hatred for the effort aside.
Cause it's too great a task, it's a bruise to your pride.

The blood may be thick, but the anger is hard.
Contempt for your brother won't get you too far.
So pick up your shovel, and go out in your yard.
Dig your own hole, make a grave for your heart.

You can grieve like a widow in some funeral home.
Remember my voice when you're feeling low.
You said, "Where did my place at the table go?"
Well, I could explain, but you already know.
I could explain, but you already know.

UPSTAGE ON THE FRONT PAGE

Ahh, you ought to be more careful.
When you're out bumping around the night.
Oh, you ought to be more careful
There's blood in the water, but it ain't mine.

If you see me coming, the line's been clearly drawn.
Yeah, I've heard you suffer, but my sympathies are long gone.

Oh, I hear you've got a new lover.
Did she spin your wheels out on the town?
Did she tell you I was the other?
With your back turned, we dropped into the underground.

If you see it coming, just know it's meant to be.
But if you ain't got the vision, I've got something for you to see.

Alright...

Oh, I've got a new ambition.
Before you make yourself a foolish man.
You can live by your good intentions.
But that's a rather large bet on a bad hand.

If you see it coming just know it won't be long.
Cause I can tell you suffer, there's no reason to drag it on.

Alright...

Ahh, you ought to be more careful.
Whoa, you ought to be more careful.
I said ahhh, you ought to be more careful.

DESOLATION WILDFIRE

Spent all my life in California.
All my troubles and all my sins.
I've been living, life kind of normal.
I could tell you that I'm getting on, but I'd rather not pretend.

I go to work most every morning.
I get paid, come Friday night.
I cut trees down off the mountain.
Monday I'm dead broke.
Ain't got a single dime.

Around, around, around it goes.
Around, around, around it goes.
Around it goes and it won't ever slow.

I ain't got no wife, ain't got no children
The friend I've got, oh he'll soon die.
All he wants is food and water.
His come from the faucet.
Mine comes in a pint.

Around, around, around it goes.
Around, around, around it goes.
Around it goes and it won't ever slow.

Death shall come upon this mountain.
I hope my bones turn into coal.
And I'll burn on just like a diamond.
This ain't no place for a man to rest his soul.
This ain't no place for a man to rest his soul.
This ain't no place for a man to rest his soul.

TALK OF SURRENDER

Your armored ways could level an empire.
With brittle ends all twisted in barbed wire.
I don't care what they say, nothing is fair in love and war.
All across the horizon the flags are torn.
I've set wheels in motion that can't be taken back.
Your slender frame all wild in exile.
The assassins searched, but your trail went cold while...

The filmmaker made his story, and now the band has their muse.
The troops are lined up and loaded, burning through their fuses.
And it hurt me. Yeah it hurt me.

Fools rush in, but there's really no rush.
I learned that lesson from a fool who didn't say enough.
One who found a safe harbor in a shelter of silent grace,
With your tiny frame ... in Carolina blue.

I've set wheels in motion that have nothing to do with you.
A disarming offensive with a lack of fortitude.
And that might've killed me. Yeah it might've killed me.

All through the ranks, there's talk of surrender.
I couldn't find it in me to finally pull the trigger,
And it killed me. Yeah it killed me.

PREDESTINED ARRANGEMENT

I won't let you see the good light turn to rage.
Let's assume you know me in my good grace.
The fallout, well that's something to behold.
I always thought I'd resurrect a mind that's fully grown.

Don't you get too broke up about the way things are made.
Cause nothing is arranged, it's all predestined, I'm afraid.

Every siren that I have ever known,
Shows up from behind me and pulls the wheels out from below.
I'm careful what I invite into my home.
I believe you understand this, but that don't make it so.

There's no need to question the way things are made.
You know, nothing is arranged, it's all predestined, I'm afraid.

The summer's come and gone, but my shadow still sits near.
So I'll hop my self-respect and you can watch me ride it out of here.

My best efforts get confused with my worst.
These country blues can sing out among the ancient words.
There's my grievance said before the sun will rise.
They said it's something to see, but you gotta see it with your own eyes.

Don't you get too broke up about the way things are made.
I already told you it's all predestined and nothing is arranged.

HISTORY TEACHERS

Fix your eyes to the blackboard American boy.
In spite of all the awful things you've found.
Right up to your last breath, raise your voice.
While the echoes rain on the glory bound.

All through the years right before your eyes,
You'll watch good men fall in the fading light.

But it'll come to pass, where the first are last,
Well there's a peaceful place that I've found.

We'll make our stand where the streets go wild.
On the jealous curse of a rival's blood.
You'll fall in love while a nation dies,
As the golden wheat fields wave goodbye.

Every last word is a sacred vow.
We'll sing eulogies from wide open mouths.
But it'll come to pass, where the first are last,
Oh, there's a peaceful place that I've found.

Every son and daughter forget your past.
Because those gilded ages are coming back.
So look for me in the morning air,
And I swear to you I'll meet you there.

For it'll come to pass, where the first are last,
And there's a holy place that we'll find.

LANCELOT'S BLADE

I cut off all the long arms of the law.
Those of God, and man, and those called natural.
I set aside my questions why, and I made with steady haste.
I closed my eyes and then I found my way.

We draw breath with poison on the wind.
I see vipers flashing smiles dressed as friends.
Someone wise looked me in the eye and imparted this advice,
She said, "Cut off the head and the rest will surely die."

I'll tell you and you can quote me.
Our sinful failings mean nothing's free.
You should know that I feel alone,
With this American vengeance rising inside of me.

A story lived is a story worth the tell.
That story will survive if you lived it well.
Some desperado poet claims he's on his merry way,
And all the books and songs revere his name.

A hungry man should never dine with fools.
Just because you want something doesn't make it yours.
Anger stands where patience fell, but it's a dangerous trade.
So trust the pain and you'll find yourself amazed.
A severed tie is the cut of my blade.
I closed my eyes and then I found my way.

LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE – EP – Released July 2013

DOCK ELLIS' STRANGE TRIP

High as hell on this holy hill.
If this one don't clip him, the next one sure will.
Shaking out an exhausted arm, with lights in my periphery.
Should I be alarmed?
I'm catching mixed signals from 60 feet away.
Warm and unhinged.
Twisted, and falling, and I'm all alone.

You can say hello to lightning in a bottle.
These times are strange, I'm wicked, and you ain't coming home.

I hear a voice speak of a man.
In brilliant colors and odd silhouettes.
Twisted knots in the throats of men,
But I'm beyond memory, where instinct begins.
A West Coast arrival in a murky haze.
I can't explain where I am, but it's the purest place I have known.

You can say hello to lightning in a bottle.
These times are strange, I'm wicked, and you ain't coming home.

ESCAPE FROM THE PAPER CITY

There's a guilty old man in this young man's body,
And he thinks that all he's thought has all been forgotten.
He don't understand the ways he falls.
I'm sweatin' out the shakes with the pills on my Bible, and a whiskey in my hands, it's all for survival.
I never once thought you'd be the architect of my ruin.

If I'm gonna waste my time,
I'm damn sure gonna waste it on you.
I sit right here while this old city waits.
You can tell me something I love,
But I don't love as much as you.
I always heard the greatest sin was waste.

If you're always moving, you don't have to sit and think about who you are.

Everyone's scared, this whole country's a mess.
The sun's rising on the east and setting on the west.
The big ol' boys in the towers shake in their boots.
I found a nice place to lay my shame.
In a rusty mailbox, addressed with your name.
Everyone thinks they deserve something pure.

If I'm gonna blame someone,
I'm damn sure gonna blame it on you.
I linger here while this old city waits.
With a knife in it's teeth and a rose on it's breath,
It's hanging around waiting for death, and I'm holding the match to send it up in flames.

LITTLE FEET

You said Memphis looked like Heaven when the sun set.
You were right.
And that muddy water is cleaner than your soul is.
You were right.
That bridge'll take you up just like a rocket.
You were right.
Arkansas will grab your throat and choke it.
You were right.

We're standing in the middle of the road, you're in Memphis, I'm in Arkansas. Yeah, we're standing in the middle of the road, I'm in love, and you're a million miles away. You're a million miles away.

All I really want Lord, is her little feet on the dashboard.

Window down to rid myself of your scent.
Cause you were right.
I'm all alone and talking to your footprint.
You were right.
I'm so lonesome I could die, I'm singing so loud.
You were right.
Little Rock looks better in a blackout.
You were right.

We're standing in the middle of the road, you're in Memphis, I'm in Arkansas. Yeah, we're standing in the middle of the road, I'm in love, and you're a million miles away. You're a million miles away.

All I really want Lord, is her little feet on the dashboard.

Hate myself the whole way back to Texas.
Cause you were right.
I'll never treat you half as good as he does.
You were right.
I'll never treat you half as good as he does.
I'll never want you half as bad as he does.
I'll never love you half as much as he does.

You were right.

SCARLET FEVER

Throw me a prayer.
Terror works in a terrible way.
I don't share your faith for final rest well beyond this place.

Curse this forsaken ground.
Old and silent, young and loud.

I swallowed a lie.
Baptized in fire and exploding light.
My fever broke.
In Heaven above and Hell below.

Take my weary hand.
They'll call us back to the promise land.

But, I'm not sure he's ever coming down.
Why don't you take a good look around.
There's no defense for this awful sound, and after all, this is Babylon.

I ain't the holy crowd.
Everyone needs to settle down.
You can't forget your doubt, but that gets lost on the scenic route.

A high and lonesome call.
A quiet voice in a sacred song.