



Miller's Wheel

Down by the miller's wheel, the night was fine,
The yellow moon rose over the creek, and I first made you mine.
The water surged and the big wheel turned around,
We found each other in the pale moonlight, and surrendered to that sound.

You always said there'd be a time when the wheel would come to mind,
How the water cleaved the race, played out on the blades,
Slipped into the stream, and left not a trace behind.
Left not a trace behind.

The summer sky was dark and clear that night,
The stars above, wheeled around, a single point of light.
Circles within circles, the sky it spun around,
Marking off the minutes 'til the yellow moon went down.

You said the world's a restless thing, neither cruel nor kind,
Moon comes up, sets again, water runs on down,
Stars wheel around, there are no ties that bind.
There are no ties that bind.

There are no ties that bind you said, no vows to redeem,
Once the wheel turns 'round, the past is just a dream,
Love is just a ripple in a stream.

Down in the depot, where the soot makes it hard to see,
Driving wheels, turned around, and took you away from me.
I tried to watch, the cold wheels cover ground,
Spanning rusty joints, making such a sorry sound.

You always said what's done is done, ain't nothing to unwind,
Once the whistle sounds, the running gear starts up,
Drivers turn around, and the past gets left behind.
The past gets left behind.

Orphans of the Past

He cleared the Pennsylvania line one morning,
When the sun was up and the day was warming.
He found his road, and headed for the western shore.

There's three thousand miles to take in stride,
There's one good gal sitting by his side.
One good friend, game for anything in store.

Ain't nothing in the rear-view holds him anymore,
He found his road, headed for the western shore.

In Shawnee there's a sign on a wooden church,
Says, "Here's the place to stop your search,
And take direction from the shepherd's hand."

With a pedal on the floor, a reason to believe,
His hand on the wheel, her heart on her sleeve,
They rolled on past, headed for the promised land.

Well all his benedictions are coming firsthand,
He's found his road, they're headed for the promised land.

Two more emigrants, on one more beaten path,
A pair of innocents, in fortune's aftermath,
Orphans of the past.

In the high Mojave, with the windows down,
And the stereo up, there's a restless sound,
That rolls across the desert like a movie score.

Every chord has a line,
And every passage has its time,
The road has a reason, that he won't have to answer for.

There's a friend by his side and a pedal on the floor,
The road has a reason, that he won't have to answer for.

Two more emigrants, on one more beaten path,
A pair of innocents, in fortune's aftermath,
Orphans of the past.

Mama It Will Surely Do

Got a playing card up my sleeve,
One eyed jack winking back at me.
In my pocket, I got a picture of you,
Winking at me, showing me a point of view.
If this ain't love, mama it'll surely do.

I like my coffee when the sun comes up,
Bring me sugar just to wake me up.
Just a spoonful, tremulates my mind,
Gets the shivers, running up my spine.
If this ain't love, mama it'll do just fine.

There's a willow tree by my door,
It ain't weeping for me any more.
All the stars are, coming out two by two,
I hear crickets, talking 'bout me and you.
If this ain't love, mama it'll surely do.

Who's Fooling Who

You're walking down the aisle like you're collecting your due,
Dressed up in your whites and cleaned up like new,
You're standing at the altar and saying I do.
Honey, who's fooling who?

I'm guessing your new husband doesn't know about your past,
Or the daily drama, in which he's been miscast.
Or the local betting pool for just how long he'll last,
Honey, who's fooling who?

I'm not really bitter, not here to criticize,
Not here to pass judgment on your little enterprise,
But I'm thinking all your new friends might be in for a surprise,
When the girl I used to know steps on out of her disguise.

So call me a cynic, but I knew you when,
You were picky with your whiskey, not so choosy with your men,
You tell me you've been on the straight and narrow since then.
Honey, who's fooling who?

I'm not really bitter, not here to criticize,
Not here to pass judgment on your little enterprise,
But I'm thinking all your new friends might be in for a surprise,
When the girl I used to know steps on out of her disguise.

So I'll just wait until you're bored of all your new cliches,
And you pick up where you left off in your younger days,
You'll come back when you see the error of your ways.
Honey, who's fooling who?

Who's fooling who?

Falling Out Of Something

There's not one good card we're holding, in the hands we're throwing down,
Not two bits worth of promise in the thing we're dancing 'round.
It could have been the dealing, just how the cards did fall,
Could have been that love for us was never in the cards at all.

Falling out of something that could have been love,
Finding out there's nothing here to let go of,
We're falling out of something that could have been love.

I was one more guitar player busking on the side,
You collected broken things, and thought I qualified.
But the price of love was more than either one would pay,
Now both of us are acting out what neither one will say.

Falling out of something that could have been love,



Finding out there's nothing here to let go of,
We're falling out of something that could have been love.

I'm thinking maybe, darlin', you weren't far off the mark,
When you picked up this guitar player singing in the dark.
'Cause it's in the dark we're dancing 'round, something plain as day,
It's time to throw it in now, steal a kiss and walk away.

Falling out of something that could have been love,
Finding out there's nothing here to let go of,
We're falling out of something that could have been love.

So I'm counting up my losses, in the cold blue light of dawn,
Waiting on the grace they say will come with moving on.
But there's thirteen stars a'sinking, thirteen tears to cry,
There's thirteen dreams to fade away, and thirteen reasons why.

Falling out of something that could have been love,
Finding out there's nothing here to let go of,
We're falling out of something that could have been love.

Falling out of something that could have been love.

Ten O'Clock Blues

I got the ten o'clock blues, it's time to face the fact.
There ain't nothing I do, can change the way you act.
Unless I change my way of thinking, baby I ain't coming back.

My mind is rambling, got blues all around my head.
Jinx are creeping, in shadows 'round my bed.
I believe I've been a good provider, but I think I've been misled.

My mama tried to warn me, your mama warned me too,
Gypsy woman on the corner told me, there was trouble coming due.
Seems like everybody saw it coming, these ten o'clock blues.

There's chilly wind blowing, in circles 'round the shack.
Think the rent's overdue, but it's hard to keep track.
The telephone ain't ringing, no one to scratch my back.

My mama tried to warn me, and your mama warned me too,
Got a sermon, last Sunday, from a stranger, sitting in my pew.
Seems like everybody saw it coming, these ten o'clock blues.

You can forward my mail down US 63,
To that eastbound bridge, into Memphis, Tennessee.
Tell them to drop it in the river, that's where my new address will be.

In Another Lifetime

I'll take your hand in mine, we'll walk the avenue,
Find a cozy room, with one romantic view.
We'll order up dessert, and never care who knew,
Maybe in another lifetime or two.

We'll stroll down to the sea, where the city fades from view,
Talk of times to come, and things we want to do.
We'll cast away the past, and fortune's residue,
Maybe in another lifetime or two.

After every dream expires,
Lost loves can still be found,
In the bloom of hearts' desires,
Just not this time around.

The moon is coming out, in a sky that's changing hue.
The tide is slipping up, to a blanket just for two.
The breeze is like a kiss, and it's all for me and you,
Maybe in another lifetime or two.

Maybe in another lifetime or two.

Once I Was Loved By You

They say there ain't no hiding place, my past is billed and bound,
But if there's one redeeming grace, my claim to higher ground,
You're my dispensation, you're my starry crown,
Once I was loved by you.

My passions may have slipped away, from every common sense,
And maybe it was left to luck, to cheat all consequence,
In the final balance, I need but one defense,
Once I was loved by you.

Off in the west the moon's hanging low, the eastern sky's exploding,
Light's slipping down on you and me, the starry night is folding,
There's a thousand ships at sea tonight, they all know where they're
going,
Me, I'd be adrift without the love your heart is holding.

I know that I was restless once, not satisfied by half,
Looking for an open heart, through the clutter and the chaff,
When my time is over, the truth's my epitaph,
Once I was loved by you.

Once I was loved by you.

The Last Call Blues

I'll be damned if I know how you lived this long,
Through the years since you were nineteen.
When you thought all you needed was a six string guitar,
Blues and Benzedrine.

Underaged, playing in lounges and bars,
In a world that's long since unmade,
Loners and lovers in the neon and smoke,
Heard their stories in the songs you played.

That barroom music slipped under your skin,
And marked you like a prison tattoo.
In the smell of the smoke and the whiskey, my friend,
When your final set was through, you'd play the last call blues.

Now the smoke is still there in the blues that you play,
But the old days are time out of mind.
It's like you're a relic from a world that's gone by,
When they say you're the last of a kind.

It wasn't religion kept you playing this long,
It wasn't the fortune or fame.
It wasn't the lovers who all drifted away,
It wasn't the skin in the game.

I think all you wanted was one good line,
To say something clean and true.
Through the smell of the smoke and the whiskey, my friend,
Before your set was through, before the last call blues.

Do you long for those days of discontent,
For the days when you tempted your fate?
Do you wonder what stories abide in those strings,
To sound out before it's too late?

They say you get to pick your poison,
But maybe it picks you.
You'll be smelling the smoke and the whiskey, my friend,
When your final set is through, and you hear the last call blues.