

LJ:BOOTH BIG HOURGLASS



MOONBEAM

Hello little moonbeam
Such a welcome sight
I've got nothing in my pockets
Walk with me tonight

Old cars in the tall grass
Broken glass and chrome
Down along the railway
Behind my parent's home

Hiding in the sumac
Waiting for a train
Got a penny on the railway

Hello little moonbeam
I forgot your song
Every crosstie tells me
I've been gone too long

Seems to me
That you give your light so freely
Won't you shed your beams on me
I need you, little moonbeam

When I was a young boy
Balanced on this rails
I'd hold my jacket high lord
Wind would fill my sail

Hello little moonbeam
Balanced on this rail
I'll hold my jacket high, lord
Wind come fill my sail

Hiding in the sumac
Waiting for a train
Got a penny on the railway

TUNING: DADGCD

BIG HOURGLASS

I remember back in college
It was sometime in the fall
I was walking by a Maple tree
Flaming red and tall

And as I passed beneath it
One leaf out of that flame
Fell right into my breast pocket

And I haven't been the same

It was like the whole world
Was a big hourglass
Top is like the future, bottom like the past
And at that narrow middle part

Where only one grain can pass
Is the ever-living moment
And I want to understand
That simple grain of sand

It was somewhere in Nebraska
We'd been driving quite awhile
When I glanced over at my daughter
She had this very special smile

It had this extra little wrinkle
Like my grandma's used to do
And for a moment it was real hard
To tell the difference 'tween the two

It was like my family
Was a big hourglass
My daughter, like the future
Grandma, like the past
And at that little moment
Where only one smile can pass
The two were joined together
And I want to understand
This simple grain of sand

Spring is coming on here
There's moisture in the breeze
The river is running higher
Buds are popping in the trees

So I picked up my guitar today
I didn't really have a plan
And this song just kind of jumped right out
Buds were popping in my hands

And it's like the whole world
Is a big hourglass
Top is like the future, bottom like the past
And at that narrow middle part
Where only one grain can pass
Is the ever-living moment
And I want to understand

That simple grain of sand
Like my daughters's smile
Like that Maple leaf

I will give to you this moment
Because it's my belief
That the middle of the hourglass
Is this place where I now stand
So I'll do my best to sing
And try to understand
This simple grain of sand

TUNING: STANDARD

CUT CAPO*, 2ND FRET

*DROP D CAPO SAWED OFF

CAPOS ONLY THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH STRINGS

BLOW THE CARBON OUT

They were breaking their agreement
Not to argue on vacation
Rolling past the roadside rows of corn
When a southbound truck comes drifting 'cross
the centerline
Ray jerks the wheel and hits the horn

Petty conversation fades so quickly
As that wave of adrenaline splashed
They rest for a moment on the shoulder
Peg says "Lets stop and get some gas"

Oh there's something about the timing
As they pulled off into town
When no one comes out from the station
Peg goes in to look around

Inside, Peg can hear a conversation
From underneath a truck up off the floor
One voice echoes in the wheel wells
Says, "Bill I don't know what to do no more"

There's a silence as Bill's ratchet stops in mid-
swing
"Carl," he says, "I never thought you ask"

"I hear you crawl by my station four times a day
With never more than one toe on the gas"

"Stop messing with your timing
Well it ain't your points or dwell
Let that engine feel it's power
Once a while just give her hell

LJ:BOOTH BIG HOURGLASS



And blow the carbon out”

Peg’s been looking at a poster for a barn dance
As that fender well discussion turned her ear
Until a disengaged part, ‘tween her head and her heart

Quietly slips into gear

She says, “Ray, what do we pay for therapy?
Seventy five, maybe a hundred an hour?
It seems the more we analyze every little thing
The more it seems that everything turns sour”

“Too much thinking about our timing
And on all these points we dwell
What we really need is this barn dance
Lets get a room, we might as well
Blow the carbon out”

That night, Peg could swear she’s seen the fiddle
man before

It’s something about the way he stands up there
But it isn’t until he leans down to take her
request

That she smells transmission oil in his hair
Fiddle Bill can see it’s been a long time since
they’ve danced

It’s written in the light across her face
He thinks, what a shame someone could leave
their fiddle

Locked up that long in its case

Oh, they move in perfect timing
Dosey do, a left and right
Shadows dancing in the rafters
Gypsy moth around the light
Blow the carbon out

Down along Tomorrow River
In the mom, at the motel
Ray says, “Peg I can’t remember
When I slept so well”

Blow the carbon out

TUNING: DADGCD

TINY TRANSFUSION

Under a mantle of river bed sandstone
Red-headed Bobby Dehoney and me
With cigarette ashes rubbed on our foreheads

And two June bugs held in our front teeth

The candlelight flooded the canyon
As Bob wiped his jackknife off on his shirt
And after we’d muttered a short incantation
Two drops of blood made one stain in the dirt

Only the rim of the canyon
Smearred red with the sunset light
Oh, and the night was a powerful potion
One incantation after another
Maybe it was only a tiny transfusion
But Bobby and I were forever
Blood brothers

The warmth of that childhood canyon
Fades like my headlights over the hill
Today, my only companion
Is this South Dakota tumbleweed
Stuck to my grill

With one eye on the highway
I punch your cassette, glance at the cover
A gust of wind hits the passenger side
And this lone tumbleweed
Is joined by another

Only the rim of the heavens
Smearred red with the sunset light
Oh, and your music’s a powerful potion
One incantation after another
Maybe it’s only a tiny transfusion
But I’m thanking you here and now

My blood brother

Oh, and your music’s a powerful potion
One incantation after another
Maybe it’s only a tiny transfusion
But I’m thanking you now
Blood sister and brother

TUNING: STANDARD
CUT CAPO, 2ND FRET

BOOK REPORT

Just before our recess time
Becky Lane tapped me from behind
And slipped this little note in my hand

Next thing I hear is that call

Young man, meet me out in the hall
And now I’ve got to write this book report

It’s never bothered me more than a touch
To get kicked out in the hall this much
Usually there’s somebody else out here from
some other class

We’ll slide down the hall to the kitchen
And see what type of cookie they’re fixin’
Buti what am I gonna do
About this damn book report?

I’d rather give Amy Banks a look
Than read what someone says pretty is in some
book
That library’s so quiet, you’d think the librarian
died

I imagine she’d probably get shook
If I used comics instead of a book
Oh, what am I gonna do
About this damn book report?

Maybe I’ll build me a time machine
To take me back to the Pleistocene
If other kids wanna come, I’m sure we could
build more

We’l watch as each century passes
I hope I remember my glasses
I’d sure hate to have to squint
At a dinosaur

Maybe then I’ll play like a wild west Tex
And I’ll lasso a Tyrannosaurs Rex
And bring him back in my time machine to class
Well he’d have to get his jaws pretty wide
But maybe he’d eat Miss MacBride
Then I wouldn’t have to write
This book report

Just before our recess time
Becky Lane tapped me from behind
And slipped this little note in my hand...

TUNING: STANDARD

AKASHA WIND

There’s something moving out tonight
It sifted through the trees and the last horizon
light

LJ:BOOTH

BIG HOURGLASS



Down where the creek flows through the fence
You can hear it singing in the wire

Singing...oh oh Akasha Wind
oh oh Akasha Wind

Hear the rustling in the trees
Its thumping through the documents
As it passes down the ridge
What it finds it leaves no clue
'Cept for a whistling in the flue

Singing...oh oh Akasha Wind
oh oh Akasha Wind

Some say there's hands on the night wind
That are reading the forest like braille
And every tree is a library,
'cause every line of every leaf tells a tale

There is no scholar like the wind
It touches everything it passes
And circles around again
Reading history's relief
In every line of every leaf

Singing...oh oh Akasha Wind
oh oh Akasha Wind

From the whisper up high on the white pine
To the wires out along the fencerow
Is an ever unraveling story

'Cause it's reading out loud as it goes
There's something moving out tonight
It sifted through the trees and the last horizon
light

Down where the creek flows through the fence
Oh you can hear it singing in the wire

Singing...oh oh Akasha Wind

TUNING: STANDARD
DROP D CAPO, 2ND FRET

BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM

They married back in '32
They were young and love was new
And every day that feeling grew
Between the two of them

Work got scarce and times got bad
Hope would chase away the sad
Hope was sometimes all they had
Between the two of them

The forties came and the fifties went
Mortgage note replaced the rent
They made the most of each day spent
Between the two of them

The children all turned out fine
He retired in '69
Left with oh so little time
Between the two of them

Today I braved the graveyard rain
Placed a rose between their names
That's the most that ever came
Between the two of them

Though I miss them both so much
Her crooked smile, his gentle touch
The pleasure of just growing up
Between the two of them

TUNING: STANDARD

PICKIN OUT WALLPAPER

I was twenty-three
Wild and free
Hitchhiking Scotland
Black cliffs beside the sea

One night by the firelight
Three promises I made
Just between me and the Milky Way

One, was never worry about a wristwatch
Two, was never kneel before the banker's sneer
Three doesn't matter now, 'cause if I'd kept the
second

I would not be sitting here

Picking out wallpaper
Picking out wallpaper

Honey, look in my eyes
Tell me, what do you see
Is the retina torn

Is the fluid cloudy

'Cause the treble hook of pain\
Is trolling in-between
The front of my eyes and the back of my brain

All night drivers at truck stop coffee counters
Still see phone poles sliding by
And after looking through those three hundred
books today
We walked out beneath this printed floral sky

Picking out wallpaper
Picking out wallpaper

Back when my walls were the horizon
And my ceiling the night sky\
I'd rise at the first light of morning
And hang my tent to dry

Picking out wallpaper
Picking out wallpaper

TUNING: STANDARD
DROP D CAPO, 2ND FRET

SOME BELIEVE

To hear the swallows roosting beneath me
And watch the moonlight trickling by
I come down to the bridge when I'm troubled
Ohi and I'm troubled tonight

'Cause I was tucking my girl in at bedtime
As I got up she grabbed on my arm
She asked about the underground silos
And who are the people they'll harm
I told her...

Some believe the final fight
Will be won with greatest might
But weapons aren't what make us strong
I believe that they are wrong

So I'll raise my voice up high and clear
Let them know that I am here
For if we don't stand and fight
I believe that they'll be right

Well it's more like a shame than a hopelessness
That I feel on the bridge at this hour
We feed this shadow of fear with our silence
Until it's intoxicated with power

LJ:BOOTH BIG HOURGLASS



For regardless of whether the warheads
Ever release in our skies
They are killing our kinship of nations
And the hope in our children's eyes

Some believe the final fight
Will be won with greatest might
But weapons aren't what make us strong
I believe that they are wrong

So I'll raise my voice up high and clear\
Let them know that I am here
For if we don't stand and fight
I believe that they'll be right

And as I watch the Big Dipper pour blackness
Down over the field's fading light
My daughter reminds me that the morning sun
Will rise up through the darkest of nights

Though our governments tell us we're different
My heart knows we're one and the same
The sun warms their wheat fields in Kansas
Just like my beloved Ukraine

Some believe the final fight
Will be won with greatest might
But weapons aren't what make us strong
I believe that they are wrong

So I'll raise my voice up high and clear
Let them know that I am here
For if we don't stand and fight
I believe that they'll be right

TUNING: DADF#AD

FASCINATION

I been out walking on the ridge tonight
Wondering what beats stronger
Locomotive engine or the hummingbirds heart

And tell me who's pushing all these needles of
light
In through this huge pincushion of night
I wanna know
It's got my goat

It's the fascination
That's what I'm living for
Ain't nobody knows

Just how far it goes
Just how far it goes

Still we've got to hold on
Yeah, we're going to hold on
Still we've got to hold on
Every day

As I come out on the logging road
The night wind rises from below
And brings a sweet
Blossom on the breeze

In this darkness I could never say
What kind of tree or how far away
It's just sweet mystery

It's the fascination
That's what I'm living for
Ain't nobody knows
Just how far it goes
Just how far it goes

Still we've got to hold on
Yeah, we're going to hold on
Still we've got to hold on
Every day

Way up high at the big top show
The high wire walker knows
That gravity
Is a quick way to retire

But when they turn the house lights low
And he tests that lifeline with his toes
It's gravity
That holds him to the wire

It's the fascination
That's what I'm living for
Ain't nobody knows
Just how far it goes
Just how far it goes

Still we've got to hold on
Yeah, we're going to hold on
Still we've got to hold on
Every day

TUNING: STANDARD