



musicians

Beth Cahill Vox, some acoustic, six-string guitar and all tenor guitar.

Graham Duncan Vox, all electric and interesting outside-the-box acoustic guitar parts, bass, percussion, keyboards, found sounds and programming.

Mike Galante Drums and such.

details

Engineering and production : **Graham Duncan**, **Marilyn Duncan** and **Brian Pinke**. Mixed by **Graham Duncan**. Mastered by **John Scrip** at Massive Mastering. Recorded mostly at **Soona Songs** in Dallas, Texas but occasionally at other points in the universe when opportunities presented themselves.

Design and aesthetic energy : **Vizou**, vizou.com. Photography and ambiance : **Aimé Methé**, indexmyhead.com (Sarah); **Jolanta Vaitkeviciene** (checkered dress); **Anita Patterson Peppers** (doll), **Nermin Smajić** (cartwheel).

thanks

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All songs either by **Beth Cahill** or Beth Cahill channeling Charles Lindbergh. All songs published by **Soona Songs, Inc.**



bethcahill.ca

beth@bethcahill.ca

01 sarah with the blue eyes

This is just a love song to my baby girl.

Sarah with the blue eyes

As wide as the ocean

Raises her arms high, touches the sky

Sing you a rainbow, a mighty love potion

Dance in the warm sand in a puddle of light

Believe in this world

For every drop of sorrow

There's a miracle hiding somewhere

Believe in a little girl

Show you just how big your love can be

Sarah with the blues

As deep as a river

Get lost in the night sky,

Point you towards home

Make you try things you

Would not before consider

Know that the future is the only way to go

Sarah with the blue eyes

Sarah with the blue eyes

02 black sheep

This song began as I was singing lullabies to my baby girl and at the same time, wondering what kind of world she might be living in 20 years from now. It hit me that we start teaching our kids early, with lullabies and nursery rhymes, to suck it up and not to question authority. This is how we find ourselves in Afghanistan – without a debate, a long term strategy or an understanding of the larger context and our role within it.

Bah bah black sheep

Have you any wool

Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full

One for my master, one for my James

One for the little girl

Who lives down the lane

Clouds roll in

Black to white to black again

Bah bah black sheep

Sits against the wall

In a filthy courtyard atop of the world

Stare empty at the place where

They pulled the Buddhas down

Wonder how right got so turned around

Clouds roll in

Black to white to black again

Bah bah black sheep

Do you feel afraid

Alone in the dark

With the choice that you made

Content to go along

When others say you should

There is only death

When you run into these woods

Clouds roll in

Black to white to black again

Bah bah black sheep

Perhaps it's time to leave

Grief is all that grows on these trees

In your gentle eyes I see only peace

If it's not real then neither are we

03 chinese words

Highway 7 is a two-lane road that makes its way across southern Ontario. It begins near Sarnia and ends somewhere outside of Ottawa. Over the course of its 500 miles, it can be any combination of beautiful, sad, treacherous or lonely. At some points it is all of these things in the same moment.

The first thing she noticed
The tattoos on his shoulder
Chinese words he told her
Meant eternity and truth
She pulled into his station
It was all lit up wasn't a chain one
Gas was more expensive
But they put it in for you
*The bible's full of stories
About the road to glory
And other important places
Like Damascus and Jericho
This road it goes nowhere
It starts at cold ends at colder
She's pretty sure the savior
Has never been to Peterborough*
She was ten years too old
For his cut-off sleeves pierced nose
She'd wind up just some anecdote
He would later tell his friends
She liked the way he smiled
She said if you have a little while
I could buy the coffee
Talk about the wages of sin
She drove the road every weekend
See her mom whose health was failing /
Often stop at his station
Sometimes stay till dawn
Then one day she just couldn't find him
He left no word, trail behind him
Even though she saw it coming
It felt like she'd been stoned

04 christmas in flint, michigan

This song begins in Chatham, Ontario. It is a small town in southern Ontario that is well known to anyone who grew up on the north side of Chicago. Not only is it the birthplace of Fergie Jenkins but was also one of the final stops on the Underground Railroad.

Spent the night in Chatham
In a chain motel
On the road before breakfast
Not feeling too sure of myself
By 10 in the morning
The snow was blinding white
I needed gas, cigarettes
Some redemption and a light
It's snowing again in Flint, Michigan
Six inches on the ground
Downtown streets are shuttered tight
No sign of a plow
Drove the length of Saginaw Street
Till it was time to turn around
Headed north to the riverside
Not a single soul to be found
A station in the distance an Arab man
Behind 2 inches of glass
Gave me direction said
He was sorry he only took cash
It's snowing again in Flint, Michigan /
My wheels spin in the slush
Downtown streets are shuttered tight
No one to help me push
We all know the story of
This lunch bucket town
Centre of the universe
Until the factories shut down
Now its boulevards and grocery stores
Sit empty dark and cold
I'm staring at the future
Of some other town down the road
It's snowing again in Flint, Michigan /
No one seems to care
The downtown streets are shuttered tight /
No Christmas lights anywhere

05 love fell

This is a totally autobiographical and sentimental love song. Every setlist should be allowed one.

The second floor
Number 87 Gilmour Street
It was painted orange
The radiator worked overtime
Spewing heat
Always left the window open
Love fell so gentle
Like the first snow in winter
With your brown curly hair
The yellow sweater you used to wear
I can see you climbing the front stair
In the late afternoon
You're whistling a Van Morrison tune
There's frost in the air
Love fell so gentle,
Like the first snow in winter
We rolled our quarters
We cursed the landlord
Walked the seven blocks to the laundromat
We stop for coffee
And a morning glory pastry
At the little truck on our way back
I'm holding on to the days
Of our first starting out
Bound together by
The outline of your mouth
When love fell and love fell
When love fell so gentle
Like the first snow in winter

06 raven

Raven raven what do you know
About the past about tomorrow
You've seen places I can't go
With your wings so wide and free
Raven raven what do you see
Above the clouds above the trees
Easy to forget about things
With the world so far below
And for you the sky is your ocean
The clouds like waves over the mountains /
And me, I only know the ground
The earth is where I'm bound
It's all I understand
Raven raven what should I do
Should I leave or see things through
He loved me once when love was new
But now my youth is over

07 the pilot

This is an older song that we've been trying to capture for a while. I have always been interested in how people are seduced by an ideology that seems to offer a pat description of what is wrong with the world and how it can be fixed. I think ideas matter a lot, but I know the disconnect between a great idea and how it is put into practice. The central figure in this song is Charles Lindbergh. He is a famous example of what happens to people when times are tough and some charismatic figure steps into the void offering up a solution in the form of a scapegoat.

I've been flying solo, one flight too long
It served me well until this point
Now I need something more
I've been through all of my checklists
There's nothing more alone I can do
I hope I haven't left it too late
You always said I could come back to you
Light up the runway
Burn away the night with kerosene
There's a lost soul circling the horizon
Coming in for a landing
I never would have made Paris
If I had listened to you
That was before the fascists
And the killing of the Jews
I always believed in reason
Like it was gravity
Then the world started shaking
I scattered his ashes in the breeze
I never wanted to be a hero
Inflict my point of view
I only wanted to leave the ground
So I could describe the clouds to you

08 when summer comes again

I had the honour of seeing Oscar Peterson perform shortly before he passed. I left the show feeling both profoundly happy and sad at the same. Happy because of how beautiful life is and sad knowing that time will always take it away.

When summer comes again
I will be a little wiser
Know that trying harder
Is not a way into your heart
Won't let go of my head so easy
Know it's just warm breezes
Had me believing
You might one day love me
I'll long for those nights
When the light never quite leaves the sky
Let the tiger lilies tell me
When June becomes July
When summer comes again
I won't expect to see you
But if I do I'll greet you
Like a dear old friend
I'll never let you know you hurt me
I might just let you kiss me
Knowing you're just thirsty
And soon you will be on your way

09 get over you

I often appropriate experiences from my friends' lives. It is my way of trying to hear things through different ears, and in turn, speak in a different voice. If I am lucky, they never figure out that the song is about them.

Snow coming down
Quiet and proud
No stopping that northern wind
Hear in your voice
You made your choice
Too much a coward to say
Why you're really leaving
I just want you to know
I'll get over you
I'll get over you
Come April and the melting snow
I'll get over you
I'll get over you
Walk through the pines
Statuesque and shy
Shine like diamonds in the winter sun
You said goodbye
Now it's my turn to cry
And think about moving on
Familiar old road
And I know my way home
I'll take care on that bad old black ice
Oh, how I try
Can't stay warm or dry
This river never freezes
The same way twice

10 me and steve

This song began in Dupont Circle in Washington, DC. I would see this couple hanging out there and invented this little back story for them.

Me and Steve play guitar in the kitchen
He takes all the leads I just play rhythm
And sometimes he pushes the beat too hard
Me and Steve confuse truth with opinion
He waves his arms, says I don't listen
Sometimes he might be right
He's never been to Toronto
Where the street signs all light up
Incandescent yellow
He has no clue those little crumbs
He feeds his ego
Are really just pieces
Of my broken heart
Me and Steve met feeding pigeons
He's got a dream to be a great musician
And sometimes he thinks he's blind
Me and Steve only fight when we're drinking
He slams the doors, says he's leaving
And sometimes I think he might

11 krista

Tim Grimm did a version of this song on his awesomely beautiful *Holding Up The World* recording. Graham and I put a different spin on it.

Krista close your eyes
No need to watch the water rising
We've stacked all the bags of sand
We've done everything we can
Hard times rollin' in with the spring rain
Just when you thought it was safe
You feel the sun on your face again
Krista take my hand
So tired can't keep it from shaking
It's time we got to higher ground
Grab the photographs
Take your wedding gown
Hard times just over the ridge
Just when you thought it was safe
You feel the sun on your face again
Krista sing me that song
About the guy the truck and the dog
I think I know how he feels
As if love is the only thing that's really real
Hard times at the top of the road
Just when you thought it was safe
You feel the sun on your face again

12 from the sky

I had been working and reworking this song for awhile. I needed to get it out of my head. It felt too earnest, sentimental – or personal. I entered it in a CBC literary competition. It was chosen along with twelve other submissions from across the country. All of the other winners were humorous. I am not sure what to think.

Pearl River Delta
Province of Guangzhou
A baby girl is left by the roadside
Bundled in rags
Faded red, fallen comrade
Middle kingdom gone bad
*From the sky the rain falls
Into the river
And the river makes its way
To the sea below
For every drop of water
Say a prayer for an unwanted daughter
Making her way over home*
City on the Ganges
Shallow Bengal Bay
A little girl clings to her mother
They tear her away
Tiny hands are perfect
In the match factory
The money she earns will mean
Her brother will learn to read
*From the sky the rain falls
Into the river
And the river makes its way
To the sea below
For every drop of water
Say a prayer for a forsaken daughter
Making her way over home*
Village in the northland
Steep banks of the Gatineau
A little girl rides on Daddy's shoulders
So much to see, land of milk and opportunity
Eyes as wide as her mother's dreams
From the sky