

Produced by PAUL WINSOR and
ROBERT STEVEN WILLIAMS

All songs written by
ROBERT STEVEN WILLIAMS except:
Your Favorite Lullaby - PAUL WINSOR and
ROBERT STEVEN WILLIAMS

Lead Vocals & Acoustic Guitars:
ROBERT STEVEN WILLIAMS

Keyboards, Strings & Piano:
RACHEL Z

Guitars: GERRY McKEVENY

Bass: PAUL WINSOR

Background Vocals:
PENNY NICHOLS and SLOAN WAINWRIGHT

Drums: LINDA MACKLEY, GREG TREBANT

Percussion: SAM ZUCCHINI

Mandolin: LIAM BAILEY

Pedal Steel and Dobro: JOHN WIDGREN

Cello: MARTHA COLBY

Voice Overs: KEIR DULLEA

Additional harmonies:
LIAM BAILEY, NOAH SHAPIRO, ROBERT STEVEN WILLIAMS

Cover Photography: JAYSON BYRD

Recorded at ATG STUDIOS (drums recorded at ACME STUDIOS, Mamaroneck, NY)

Mastered at MARK DANN RECORDING NYC





took thirty years to complete my first album. Well, it started out as an album and somewhere in the late 80s it became a CD. If I'd taken any longer it might have only been available on-line. Here's what happened:

I wrote and played music through college but lacked the courage to keep going. I was broke and played it safe even though I had nothing to lose. I started in record stores back when 8-tracks were hot. I also worked as a stage hand and booked college shows. I landed a job in London working for HMV, a division of EMI Music. For ten years I traveled the world doing marketing, strategy, real estate, and store design. I was even a member of a 1989 music-downloading task force involving EMI, PolyGram and Philips — it was no surprise the findings were ignored.

Working on the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame was an honor, but so was being a DJ in our Manhattan stores at Christmas. I had a great job, but rarely touched my guitar, and I wonder now how I let playing slip away.

When EMI sold HMV in 1998, I cashed in my contract to pursue a life of writing and music. That summer I attended a Jimmie Dale Gilmore songwriting workshop. By his own admission, Jimmie knows little about teaching songwriting and many who come to learn how to pen a 'hit' are disappointed. I too had misgivings, but Jimmie's class was as much about song writing as it was life. He taught us to examine motivation by looking inward. He wanted to know why we were writing songs. Although the love of music brought me to the workshop, ego, greed, power, and revenge also drove me, and that prevented me from finding my voice.

I embarked on a six-year odyssey. I took a workshop from Rosanne Cash, and she taught me how to mine dreams for ideas and to view songwriting as a noble profession, as her father had taught her. I went to the Kerrville Folk Festival. I joined the Nashville Songwriters Association. I took five more Jimmie Dale Gilmore workshops.



GOING FOR A RIDE

I want to feel like I did that time we met
When the wind blew through our hair
We drove all day with the top rolled down
Like new found millionaires

But that car got sold long ago
And with it went those trips
We both got jobs that worked us hard
And at night we let things slip

*So take my hand, we're going for a ride
I don't care where, it don't matter
As long as we're together
So take my hand
We're going for a ride*

Two sticks burn when rubbed together
And the same was true for us
But a spark of love can once again
Become wildfire in the brush
And I can still feel the heat
When you walk into the room
And in your eyes I see our love
Rising like a new moon

*So take my hand, we're going for a ride
I don't care where, it don't matter
As long as we're together
So take my hand, we're going for a ride
I don't care where, it don't matter
As long as we're together,
So take my hand
We're going for a ride*

I just bought this car
And the top's rolled down
Come on darling
We're leaving town...

*So take my hand, we're going for a ride
I don't care where, it don't matter
As long as we're together
So take my hand, we're going for a ride
I don't care where, it don't matter
As long as we're together,
So take my hand
We're going for a ride
Going for a ride (repeat)*

TWELVE



HEAVEN'S DRUM

I dream of New Mexico
Big Sky and Desert Rock
I'm a star at the rodeo
Proud as an eagle hawk
I ride west out of Santa Fe

As fast as I can
With only one more dusty day
To find the Promised Land

*'Cause the sun has set
And the angels have come
I can hear the beat of heaven's drum
I can hear the beat of heaven's drum*

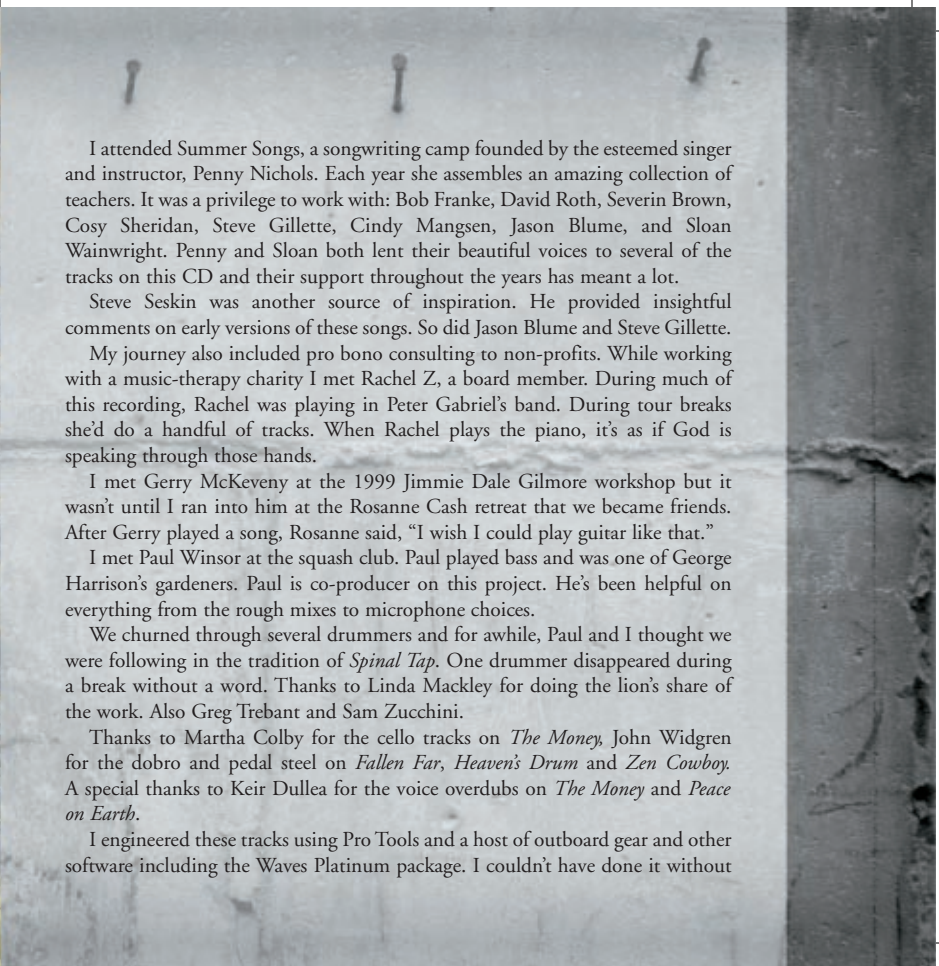
I was hitched up back in '59
My children are all grown
Just a few months back I was feeling fine
Now they're chiseling my tombstone
Family and friends gather round the bed
There are tears in their eyes
So much more that I wanted said
But the sadness has drained me dry

*The sun has set
And the angels have come
I can hear the beat of heaven's drum
I can hear the beat of heaven's drum*

God's Country
It's coming 'round the bend
And I'm ready to take this trail, take it to the end, 'cause

*The sun has set
And the angels have come
I can hear the beat of heaven's drum
I can hear the beat
I can hear the beat
I can hear the beat of heaven's drum*

11



I attended Summer Songs, a songwriting camp founded by the esteemed singer and instructor, Penny Nichols. Each year she assembles an amazing collection of teachers. It was a privilege to work with: Bob Franke, David Roth, Severin Brown, Cosy Sheridan, Steve Gillette, Cindy Mangsen, Jason Blume, and Sloan Wainwright. Penny and Sloan both lent their beautiful voices to several of the tracks on this CD and their support throughout the years has meant a lot.

Steve Seskin was another source of inspiration. He provided insightful comments on early versions of these songs. So did Jason Blume and Steve Gillette.

My journey also included pro bono consulting to non-profits. While working with a music-therapy charity I met Rachel Z, a board member. During much of this recording, Rachel was playing in Peter Gabriel's band. During tour breaks she'd do a handful of tracks. When Rachel plays the piano, it's as if God is speaking through those hands.

I met Gerry McKeveny at the 1999 Jimmie Dale Gilmore workshop but it wasn't until I ran into him at the Rosanne Cash retreat that we became friends. After Gerry played a song, Rosanne said, "I wish I could play guitar like that."

I met Paul Winsor at the squash club. Paul played bass and was one of George Harrison's gardeners. Paul is co-producer on this project. He's been helpful on everything from the rough mixes to microphone choices.

We churned through several drummers and for awhile, Paul and I thought we were following in the tradition of *Spinal Tap*. One drummer disappeared during a break without a word. Thanks to Linda Mackley for doing the lion's share of the work. Also Greg Trebant and Sam Zucchini.

Thanks to Martha Colby for the cello tracks on *The Money*, John Widgren for the dobro and pedal steel on *Fallen Far*, *Heaven's Drum* and *Zen Cowboy*. A special thanks to Keir Dullea for the voice overdubs on *The Money* and *Peace on Earth*.

I engineered these tracks using Pro Tools and a host of outboard gear and other software including the Waves Platinum package. I couldn't have done it without

the help of Paul Opalach, Mike Messier, Dave Galke, and Denis Hrbek. Thanks to Acme Studios in Mamaroneck, Sweetwater Sound for tech support, and special thanks to Mark Dann for mastering and mix suggestions.

Thank you to Jason Byrd, a NY fashion photographer, for providing the cover shots, and Miggs Boroughs for the cover graffiti and stone work. Jorge at Oasis pulled it all together.

Finally, I'd like to thank all the friends and family that have stuck with me through the years. Thanks Mom, Lou, my sister Lisa, Wally Schwartz, James Hall, Paul Schwarzbaum, Bill Gessner, Jeep Rosenberg, Charlie Phillips, Lisa Goren, Phil and Louise Fletcher, Steve Horn, Claudia Young, Malcolm Smith, Spencer Nielsen, Mike Taplinger, Joy Johannessen, Steve Rostad, Paul Lanning, Claude Stein, Andy Polon, Evelyn Serais, Jim Kempner, Dia Hosky, the Midnight Butterfly, and Dick Marra. Special thanks to Tom 'Denny Kingman' Philips for providing a second set of ears.

Many of the songs on this CD come with companion stories. Visit my web site to learn more.



WWW.BGWMUSIC.COM



PEACE ON EARTH

(That's what the tee-shirt says)

Father and son go to the mall
To buy shirts that cry for peace
They put them on and walk around
Shop some more, then get a bite to eat

Peace on earth

That's what the tee-shirts say

Peace, peace on earth

That's all they say

A cop calls out: Hey you, take off those shirts
We must respect our boys at war
But Dad and son keep them on
'Cause freedom, it's what we're fighting for

Peace on earth

That's what the tee-shirts say

Peace, peace on earth

That's all they say

So Dad and son disobey

The herald angels sing

Stop all the suffering

God and the sinners

Walking hand and hand

Dad and son get thrown in jail

But soon these charges are dropped

Now the mall is wall to wall

With people wearing tee-shirts while they shop

Peace on earth

That's what the tee-shirts say

Peace, peace on earth

That's all they say

Peace on earth

That's what the tee-shirts say

Peace, peace on earth

And so those tee-shirts are here to stay

Peace on Earth

YOUR FAVORITE LULLABY

Ozzie met Harriet, they got married, a perfect fit
Lots of women including you Mom, believed in that
But life is not TV and you became a worker bee
Caught between the kitchen and the Laundromat
You untied your apron string
As I hung tight to your dress
You smiled at me and began to sing

*Your favorite lullaby
Words to heal my soul through the night
Rest your head, close your eyes, rock-a-bye
Your favorite lullaby*

I was a terror as a teenager, doing my best to be a heartbreaker
When I crashed the car, you were there to pick me up
I told you I didn't need a thing
I'm not just a kid anymore
You closed your eyes and began to sing

*Your favorite lullaby
Words to heal my soul through the night
Rest your head, close your eyes, rock-a-bye
Your favorite lullaby*

Time marches on, now you're in my home
But there are days you forget that I am grown
Sometimes we talk in the evening as if nothing's ever changed
You smile at me and you sing

*Your favorite lullaby
Words to heal our souls through the night
Rest your head, close your eyes, rock-a-bye
Your favorite lullaby*



NINE

ONE

FALLEN FAR

*I have fallen far from the tree
— I have fallen far
I have fallen far from the tree
— I have fallen, fallen far*

I live low now - close to the earth
Let me tell you what that's worth
I stand tall - I breathe deep
I have broken my long sleep

*I have fallen far from the tree
— I have fallen far
I have fallen far from the tree
— I have fallen, fallen far*

Barefoot in the mud
Squish between my toes
No need for me to climb up
This is the end of the rainbow

*I have fallen far from the tree
— I have fallen far
I have fallen far from the tree
— I have fallen, fallen far*

WILL YOU COME OUT TONIGHT

Davida lives by the railroad tracks
Goes to work on a bus to the A&P
Dreaming of a house and a Cadillac
And a honeymoon in Italy
She's at a register all day
And there's no one in her life to say

*Will you come out Davida tonight
The moon's hanging low in a velvet sky
Will you come out Davida tonight
And take a ride
We can float on the wings of a butterfly
'Cause there's magic in the moonlight
Davida, will you come out tonight*

She hopes to meet the right guy
On her weekend shift at the checkout stand
Talking with a smile to the men in line
Week after week the best she can
On her break she holds back tears
A lonely girl just wants to hear

*Will you come out Davida tonight
The moon's hanging low in a velvet sky
Will you come out Davida tonight
And take a ride
We can float on the wings of a butterfly
'Cause there's magic in the moonlight
Davida, will you come out tonight*

TWO

(continued)

(continued)

Tom bags the groceries
But she never seems to look his way
He wishes he was someone else
Someone with the courage to say

*Will you come out Davida tonight
The moon's hanging low in a velvet sky
Will you come out Davida tonight
And take a ride
We can float on the wings of a butterfly
'Cause there's magic in the moonlight
Davida, will you come out tonight*

3

I AM NOT MY JOB

Out
After ten years of towing the company line
They claimed it was the economy and the stock price decline
Gone
By the end of the week, they took the company car
I came crashing down like a falling star
In the mirror I couldn't see my face
Just a tragic unemployed disgrace
Don't sum me up by what it is I do

*I am not my job
I am not my job
I am not my job*

IMAGINATION RUNNING WILD

Eddie washes diner dishes
Scrubbing pots and pans
But what he really wants
Is to be in a rock and roll band
As Eddie toils in steamy sweat
Covered in grease and grime
Lyrics dance inside his head
Burst from his mouth in rhyme

*Imagination running wild
It's captured him tonight
Imagination running wild
It's captured him tonight*

Gail strolls junior down the sidewalk
With diapers in her purse
It's hard to be a teenage Mom
One day she hopes to be a nurse
And then there's John stuck at a desk
Off to some distant star
He wants to be a scientist
Instead of selling cars

*Imagination running wild
It's captured them tonight
Imagination running wild
It's captured them tonight*

If we have the courage to dream
There's a chance we'll get captured tonight
Open our hearts to let those dreams take flight

*Imagination running wild
It's captured us tonight
Imagination running wild
It's captured us tonight*





JERSEY COWBOY

Trent galloped down the turnpike in the Olds 88
 He was the quarterback for the Cowboys, Jersey state champs in '68
 In high school he was the popular jock
 Then he graduated to the union docks
 He thinks he's still a big star
 But his photo's fading on the wall at Tom's bar

He's a Jersey Cowboy – The hero of this bridge and tunnel scene
He's a Jersey Cowboy – Hangs his hat at exit 17
He's a Jersey Cowboy, a Jersey Cowboy

Trent saw a friend killed on the job, no time to lend a hand
 He went up to the bosses, told them things had to change, he laid down some demands
 We're short-handed and tired, we ain't got a prayer
 Jimmy Hoffa's spirit's in despair
 The union laughed in his face
 They told Trent troublemakers get replaced

He's a Jersey Cowboy – The hero of this bridge and tunnel scene
He's a Jersey Cowboy – Hangs his hat at exit 17
He's a Jersey Cowboy, a Jersey Cowboy

Trent gathered the guys on the bloodied dock
 He was no longer just a washed-up jock
 He led that strike, like he did the day
 They beat Red Bank on the last play

He's a Jersey Cowboy – The hero of this bridge and tunnel scene
He's a Jersey Cowboy – Hangs his hat at exit 17
He's a Jersey Cowboy, a Jersey Cowboy
He hangs his hat at exit
He hangs his hat at exit 17



FOUR

ZEN COWBOY

Texas ain't just a piece of land
 It's a state of mind
 Chaparral, the Rio Grande
 Mountain scrub top pine
 I want to feel the lone star prairie wind
 And find the trail that leads deep within

I wanna be a Zen Cowboy
I wanna round up my fears
I wanna be a Zen Cowboy
And roam about the spiritual frontier

A mesquite fire, the cattle run
 Rope burns on my hand
 I feel like a smoking gun
 I'm a man who's lost his homeland
 Drifting with the tumbleweeds
 I've become a new age refugee

I wanna be a Zen Cowboy
I wanna round up my fears
I wanna be a Zen Cowboy
And roam about the spiritual frontier

I wander into a valley
 As a dust storm kicks up
 Day turns to night
 And in the dark I find inner-light

Now I'm a Zen Cowboy
And I've rounded up my fears
Now I'm a Zen Cowboy
Roaming about the spiritual frontier

Out
 Went the suits, gave up the courtside seats
 Bought a guitar and my transformation was complete
 Up
 When I want to get up, I sing and strum all day
 I was lost but now I've found my way
 It's a twister that tumbles the mind
 I'll tell you Mister, I feel fine
 Don't you sum me up by what it is I do

I am not my job
I am not my job
I am not my job

Lotto Lucifer runs the money game
 With prestige and power, he calls my name
 He brings temptation to blind me from the truth

I am not my job
I am not my job
I am not my job

HE WAS IN LOVE

He crashed into her on roller blades
Fell in love during the x-rays
He thought that she was an angel
But she turned out to be the devil
Just like the princess Jezebel

But he'd agreed to tie the knot
And they danced through the night
He was in love

— he made a solemn vow
He was in love
— and he wanted to make it work somehow

He stumbled on her with another man
Blood splattered like grease in a frying pan
Six long days he was on the run
Didn't know if she died from his gun
But he wanted so bad to undo what was done

So he closed his eyes and dreamt
Of dancing through the night

He was in love
— he made a solemn vow
He was in love
— and he wanted to make it work somehow

He died in a blue motel
Wet tears still on the note
It read: He'd hoped to find her when he got to heaven
But that was all he wrote

And yet his wife and the lover hadn't passed away
For them, there'd still be a Judgment Day
But for him, this is what God had to say

Close your eyes and you'll dream
Of dancing through the night

He was in love
— he made a solemn vow
He was in love
— and he wanted to make it work somehow
He was in love
— and he wanted to make it work somehow
He was in love

THE MONEY

Ann just had a baby boy, Suzy's got a big black eye
Tom's got four kids, he's short of cash and Jane lost her job in July
And they're in line at Archer's Grocery, right here in South Bend
Buying numbers for the lottery, thinking about how to spend
The money

Ann wants a new baby's room, Suzy needs the cash to leave
Tom maxed out the credit cards and Jane's on relief
And they're in line at Archer's Grocery, right here in South Bend
Buying numbers for the lottery, thinking about how to spend
The money

A new set of numbers comes down on Saturday night
Across the State folks tune in for this sacred rite
And they pray
And they pray
And they pray — and into the shining light the numbers arrive:

3, 7, 11, 23, 25, and tonight's last lucky lotto number is 39

Ann's husband took an extra shift, Suzy's eye is fine for now
Tom's wife went back to work and Jane's got an interview downtown
But they'll be back at Archer's Grocery, right here in South Bend
Buying numbers for the lottery, thinking about how to spend
The money

And they'll all be back
Back next week
Once again

