



## tumbleweed

*words and music by rowland salley ©2002)*

now will i grow up to be twenty  
or only nineteen,  
or does it make a difference because  
of all the stuff i've seen?  
i really loved that girl,  
i don't care what you say.  
how you gonna speak for me  
unless you lived my days?  
man unless you lived my days,  
oh unless you've lived my days.

i'm going through the motions  
until the sun goes down.  
i don't go to sleep at night  
i just go driving 'round.  
pick any direction  
and i drive my car.  
wind up in a field of corn  
before i get too far.  
yeah before i get too far  
oh before i get too far,  
yeah before i get too far,  
i guess i ain't a-going too far.

i can't even remember,  
now what did i need?  
the only thing shaking in my town tonight  
is a tumbleweed.  
a tumbleweed,  
there goes another tumbleweed.

man i was mistaken  
about the stuff i own.  
'til i lost my baby one day  
in a big cyclone.  
we really ain't got nothing in this world  
that we're born into

except the time and the power to make  
a couple of dreams come true.  
couple dreams come true  
yeah a couple of dreams come true  
oh...make the dreams come true  
just a couple dreams come true.

i can't even remember,  
now what did i need?  
when the only thing shaking in my town tonight  
is a tumbleweed.  
a tumbleweed.  
yeah a tumbleweed  
oh there's a a tumbleweed.  
shaking is a tumbleweed.  
oh another a tumbleweed  
yeah another tumbleweed  
ooo a tumbleweed  
there goes another tumbleweed.

## closer

*(words and music by rowland salley ©2001)*

come back and tell me what you want.  
come back and tell me what you need.  
i know there's nothing guaranteed  
but i'll try to take heed  
if it leads you closer to me.

come back and show me what to do.  
maybe we can work it through.  
hey if you're thinking still  
there's a chance then i will  
until i'm closer to you.

or am i being sentimental  
in trying to prevent what's meant to be?  
maybe i'm being too careful.  
what? should i try to defy gravity?  
come back and show me what to do.

## TUMBLEWEED

Now will I grow up to be twenty  
Or only nineteen?  
Or does it make a difference because  
Of all the stuff I've seen?  
I really loved that girl

## CHORUS..

Can't even remember...  
Now what did I need?  
The only thing shaking in my town tonight  
Is a tumbleweed  
Wo.. a tumbleweed.

maybe we can work it through.  
'cause if you're thinking still  
there's a chance then i will  
until i'm closer to you.

or am i being sentimental  
in trying to prevent what's meant to be?  
maybe i'm being too careful.  
should i try to defy gravity?

come back and tell me what you want.  
come back and tell me what you need.  
i know there's nothing guaranteed  
but i'll try to take heed  
if it leads you closer to me.

## blue rainbow

*(words and music by rowland salley ©2001)*

i hear voices in my house  
talking like they do in the south,  
and the words are telling a tale of  
great great shame.  
tears fall down around my name

i remember loving you.  
you. and your many shades of blue.  
you used to take the love that i gave you  
from my soul  
and keep it for your blue rainbow.

well. it was in the season of christmas.  
we'd been from maine to mexico.  
we were walking around in memphis.  
in a circle with no  
where to go.  
spinning our wheels around and around  
we finally burned the playhouse down.

i said "lord. sweet jesus won't you  
rescue me?  
cause i can't find no remedy."

ashes ashes all around,  
but the fire only cleared the ground  
to go completely with a  
heart of stone  
and carving each other to the bone.

well. in a hotel room in london  
i was telling you straight, "now set me free."  
you whisper "hold me closer baby  
and make a promise to me,  
sacredly"

i hear voices in my house  
they talking like they do in the south.  
and the words are telling a tale of  
great great shame.  
tears fall down around my name

i remember loving you.  
you. and your many shades of blue,  
and when you're talking about me baby to  
someone else,  
i'm keeping your secrets to myself.

## killing the blues

*(words and music by rowland salley ©1990)*

leaves were falling  
down like embers,  
in colors red and gold,  
they set us on fire  
burning just like a moonbeam  
in our eyes.

# KILLING THE BLUES

Leaves were falling down like embers  
In colors Red and Gold. They set us on fire.  
Burning just like a moonbeam in our eyes.  
Somebody said they saw me

somebody said they saw me  
swinging the world by the tail,  
bouncing over a white cloud  
and killing the blues.

now i am guilty  
of something  
i hope you never do  
because there is nothing  
sadder than losing  
yourself in a love.  
somebody said they saw me  
swinging the world by the tail,  
bouncing over a white cloud  
killing the blues.

for then you ask me  
just to leave you,  
to run out on my own  
and get what i need to.  
you want me to find  
what i've already had.  
somebody said they saw me  
swinging the world by the tail,  
bouncing over a white cloud  
killing the blues.

yeah somebody said they saw me  
i was swinging the world by the tail  
bouncing over a white cloud  
killing the blues.

## **sugar blues**

*(words and music by rowland salley ©2002)*

i was walking with my baby one night.  
we were out there stepping in the pale moonlight.  
i told her "honey. you are looking so good,  
sweet enough to tear down any neighborhood,  
and it ain't no telling what the kid might do

if something gets between us and i get  
the sugar blues."

when he made the world it took him seven days.  
then he made somebody from a piece of clay,  
set him on the ground and give the world a spin  
but there wasn't nothing shaking 'til the sugar went in.  
now it still goes pretty much according to  
who's got the sugar/who's got the sugar blues.

i was sleeping in my baby's bed.  
i had a riddle running through my head:  
the more you taste this stuff the more you need.  
it's stopping you dead while you're still picking up  
speed.  
what feeds you while it makes you hungry too?  
i know the answer. it's the sugar blues.

down on lovers' lane where all the sweethearts go,  
juliet put the question to romeo.  
she said, "hey. hey mister. how'd you get so sweet?  
and do you want to climb around to my back seat?"  
romeo said "no i'm staying up here with you  
'cause any place without you, babe, gives me the  
sugar blues."

working in a field of cane,  
he heard the whistle of the sugar train.  
he was tired of hanging around  
waiting for a ride downtown.  
he jumped the train just to ride the blind  
headed for the sugar blues  
someplace down the line.

i was talking to my baby one night.  
we were standing in the pale moonlight.  
"honey honey honey now you're looking so good,  
sweet enough to tear down any neighborhood."  
she said "extra! extra! ain't you got the news?  
you don't get the sugar, boy, without the sugar blues."

# impression

(words and music by rowland salley ©2002)

funny how  
i do  
say your name out loud  
when i'm writing to you.  
i speak as though  
you might easily be  
in the candle glow  
across the table from me.

"look at him",  
i hear somebody call.  
they stand around me now  
like i'm up on a wall.  
maybe  
a museum in spain  
or amsterdam,  
the impression's the same.

then i call your name  
and in the time it takes me to,  
baby you talk to me  
but no one sees  
who i  
am listening to.

stars appear  
to show  
in the water where  
the air moves slow,  
shimmering  
on the top of the sea,  
beautiful  
like when you're talking to me.

and then i call your name  
and in the time it takes me to,  
oh babe you talk to me  
but no one sees  
who i  
am listening to.

pretty moon  
soon gonna hide  
as the evening rolls  
out on the tide.

drift away  
any lingering doubt,  
now don't we really know  
what we are talking about?

# memphis girl

(words and music by rowland salley ©2001)

now late one night early in the morn  
a riverboat come around the horn.  
it must've been a another long journey  
down the line from memphis tennessee.  
through all the lightning bugs you couldn't quite tell,  
but you were looking at the memphis belle.

summertime:  
the night lay still in the air.  
out of all the people in the world,  
no one there to meet the memphis girl.

all alone in new orleans,  
maybe she was seventeen.  
she tipped her face up to the yellow moon,  
shut her eyes and went into a swoon,  
summertime:  
the night lay still in the air.

she cried,"speak to me  
because i'm listening.  
when the four winds blow,  
that's all i need to know.  
and call my name  
out of the hurricane.  
when the storm's all gone  
i'm gonna carry on."

now late one night early in the morn  
he woke up and blew into his horn.  
he was playing to a memory  
down on sacred bended knee,  
and also to the dreams that crack and fall  
like the paper coming off the wall  
in the summertime  
when the night lay still in the air.  
he remembered her hair, it was shiny and black.  
they were walking on the railroad track.  
she whispered, "baby" as she turned around,  
"i'm just trying to keep my breakfast down."  
pretty soon there was no time to talk.

she left him standing on the river dock,  
summertime,  
the night lay still in the air,

crying, "speak to me  
because i'm listening.  
let the four winds blow,  
that's all we'll ever know.  
and draw the name  
out of the hurricane.  
when the storm's all gone  
you gonna carry on."

now the night was still and it was heavy like lead.  
you could've heard a pigeon turn its head.  
memphis girl, singing lonely and blue,  
"love me tender, love me true",  
come around the corner by the old hotel  
and caught the echo as it cracked and fell  
in the summertime  
when the night lay still in the air.  
"now is that something i heard or is it something i  
know  
or is it too far back for me to go  
like a piece of my soul or a part of my face?  
maybe a bone i been missing someplace?"  
she stood and listened just a minute more  
while it nailed her to somebody's door.  
oh summertime,  
the night lay still in the air.  
she cried, "speak to me  
because i'm listening.  
when the four winds blow,  
that's all i need to know.  
and call my name  
out of the hurricane.  
when the storm's all gone  
i'm gonna carry, i'm gonna carry it on."

now late one night early in the morn  
the heatwave finally broke into a storm.  
it took the shingles off the old hotel.  
"how could anybody sleep so well?",  
she was laughing as she packed her case,  
but there were tears rolling down her face  
in the summertime.  
the night lay still in the air.  
looking out, looking up at the stars  
from her little place in between the cars,  
she was riding on an eastbound train,

the "alabama hurricane".  
and when the driver let the whistle moan,  
to her it sounded like the slide trombone.  
summertime:  
when the night lay still in the air.  
she cried, "speak to me  
because i'm listening.  
when the four winds blow,  
that's all i want to know.  
and draw my name  
out of the hurricane.  
and when the storm's all gone  
i'm gonna carry, i'm gonna carry it on."

## midnight

*(words and music by rowland salley ©2001)*

oh i thought i saw you running  
down a crooked street  
under ringing bells and roses  
and down where the shadows meet.  
then i heard you call my name babe,  
saw you at my door.  
oh my sweet love  
i've had this dream before.

now the moon is big and silver  
like a dusty little pearl.  
and an ocean lies between us.  
you're half the way 'round this world.  
when i see you in my dream babe,  
you grace me with your call.  
oh my sweet love  
i miss you most of all.

well i awoke alone at midnight  
to a slowly ringing bell.  
now my question has no answer  
for how can we ever tell?  
there's just one thing you should know, babe.  
it's simple and it's true:  
all my sweet love  
forever goes with you.

## WRECKING BALL

Good Morning Babe. How  
Did you sleep?  
I hope you didn't have  
Any crazy dreams that might  
Make you cry or

In a station  
In the falling rain.  
Your baby's coming back  
Home on the Midnight Train.  
But the station master's

Or any other kind of other dream  
That you took for love.  
Something was following and  
Trying to swallow you.  
Knocking you down like a

## destination

(words and music by rowland salley ©2002)

girl i'm sitting here beside you.  
i'm just listening to you speak,  
raindrops on the windshield  
throwing patterns on your cheek.  
you're drifting in the ocean  
like everybody does  
between the way it is  
and the way we wish it was.

don't your memories kind of haunt you babe?  
you know you can't turn back the days.  
you beat yourself up, honey,  
and you're pushing me away.  
i got no expectations  
but if your night becomes too black,  
call me up and use me.  
you don't gotta pay me back.

now i hear something in my brain,  
sound just like a railroad train.  
i'm sneaking up to the railroad track.  
is that engine coming back?  
and when i hear that whistle blow,  
man it will be music to my soul.  
locomotion coming down the line  
ringing a signal in my mind.  
what did that conductor say?  
"next train going the other way!"  
you come a long way to understand  
the destination was always in your hand.

in the middle of the night  
when teardrops start to fall,  
you wake up in a fever.  
who you gonna call?  
just stick by your intentions babe.

no don't you treat yourself unkind.  
for we all fall down in darkness  
and we all mess up sometimes.

now i hear something in my brain,  
sound just like a railroad train.  
i'm sneaking up to the railroad track.  
is that engine coming back?  
and when i hear that whistle blow,  
man it will be music to my soul.  
locomotion coming down the line  
ringing a signal in my mind.  
what did that conductor say?  
"next train going the other way!"  
you come a long way to understand  
the destination was always in your hand.

girl i'm sitting here beside you.  
now we ain't going nowhere.  
snowflakes in the streetlight,  
they look like diamonds in the air.  
you keep it locked inside your shell babe,  
but i know that there's a pearl.  
and you are one of the great great great  
beauties of the world.

## wrecking ball

(words and music by rowland salley ©2001)

good morning babe. how did you sleep?  
i hope you didn't have any crazy dreams  
that might make you cry or scare you none  
or make you question that you are the only one  
that could ever steal my breath away  
or make my love sit down someplace and  
want to stay.

or any other kind of other dream  
that you took for true.

## POCKET

A piece of paper and a pencil.  
Now I want to write it true.  
When morning breaks  
Upon your quiet face,  
You will find these things I wrote to you.

Thank you for your courage..  
And your tales from long ago.

something was following,  
trying to swallow you,  
knocking you down but you don't know how.  
that's why i'm telling you and i'm telling you right now.

in a station in the falling rain,  
your baby's coming back home on the midnight train.  
the station master's calling you.  
looks like your true love was only pretending to.  
don't it make you feel so all alone?  
looks like your happiness was only a stepping stone.

or any other kind of other dream  
that you took for true.  
somebody pulling it out from  
under you,  
knocking you down like a wrecking ball.  
somebody's watching you and they won't let you fall.

or any other kind of other dream  
that you took for true.  
something was following,  
trying to swallow you,  
knocking you down like a wrecking ball,  
totally just killing you with no reason at all.

## pocket

(words and music by rowland salley ©2002)

a piece of paper and a pencil,  
now i want to write it true.  
when morning breaks  
upon your quiet face,  
you will find these things i wrote to you.

thank you for your courage  
and your tales from long ago,  
your beautiful smile

and the quality in your style,  
i remember everywhere i go.

love don't come too easy.  
it doesn't go away too fast.  
there's no place to look  
it up in any book  
and there ain't nobody you can ask.

and so my little one,  
who is gonna call your name  
when you're downtown looking for a turnaround  
trying to roll into the game,  
you trying to roll into the game?

got the blues down in my pocket.  
now it's getting late.  
i'm gone, i'm gone  
but my love will linger on  
as i steal out through your garden gate.  
yes i'm gone, i'm gone  
but my love will linger on  
as i steal out through your garden gate.

## don't let the rain

(words and music by rowland salley ©2002)

lord, oh lord,  
don't let the rain fall down  
on my baby,  
'cause she's all that i have in this world.

all the world is sleeping now  
and this candle's burning low.  
still there's something keeping  
me and you.  
we've said all that there is to say  
so simple and so true.

i'm gonna keep my promises  
to you.

so honey, just a minute please  
before we finally go.  
there's something else i'd like  
for you to know.  
every early morning now  
while you are still asleep  
i'm gonna bow my head and whisper  
soft and low:

lord, oh lord,  
don't let the rain fall down  
on my baby,  
'cause she's all that i have in this world.

dream  
and let your worries go.  
remember that i wanted  
you to know:

lord, oh lord,  
don't let the rain fall down  
on my baby,  
'cause she's all that i have in this world.  
yes and lord, whoa lord.  
don't let the night turn cold  
on my baby,  
'cause she's all that i have in this world.

