

### **Brought On**

By Tim Marema

Schoolhouse door, bare wood floor  
Oiled to keep the coal soot down  
Pot-belly stove warms my nose  
Feet freezing on the ground  
Free lunch if I couldn't pay  
Courtesy of L.B.J.

Where you from, Brought On?

Kids I'd see looked like me  
I'd hear the mountains in their voice  
Mines and farms, tobacco barns  
Me, I got another choice  
But every day from eight 'til two  
Hard to say just who changed who

Yellow school bus is my passage home  
Running up those winding roads we'd wander  
and roam  
All those miles ahead we'd yet to pass  
Looking out that dusty glass

Not too long we moved on  
I could see those hills from town  
I'd think of them now and then  
What if we had stuck around  
It took a while but now I see  
Nothing 'bout that lunch came free

Where you from, Brought On?  
So long, Brought On, so long

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### **Let the Mountains Roll**

By Tim Marema

We've sung that song 'bout the resting train  
The rocking chair, the wind and rain  
And the cuckoo bird that warbles as she's flying  
The gospel songs that'll save our soul  
From a shallow grave and the wave that rolls  
It's some sweet land that we can by-and-by in

Let them roll, let them roll  
Bless my soul, let the mountains roll

See the outlet malls and the gated tracts  
For the second homes on the cul-de-sacs  
And the rent-a-cops to rescue Pretty Polly  
A torn up mountain and a big coal truck  
Old Cripple Creek is out of luck  
No wonder cuckoo's sounding melancholy

Shady Grove in her little bare feet  
Couldn't get a bite to eat  
No shoes, no service  
Cluck old hen has got to go  
That farm got torn up long ago  
And the rooster he's been acting awful nervous

Shady Grove, my little love  
Shady Grove, my darling  
Shady Grove, my little love  
Go see what's left of Harlan

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### **Green Water**

By Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

Well I built me a life by the sweat of my brow  
On that rough, rocky land by the creek  
In the first quarter moon when the spring floods  
went down  
I'd plant corn that grew tall and so green

'Til that year when the tide just continued to rise  
And my farm lay 'bout forty foot down

In that green water  
Water over me

Now there's power in the lines to turn on the  
lights  
When it's cold there's a switch for the heat  
But I still feel the call when that quarter moon  
shines  
And the spring earth is soft 'neath my feet  
But those hard days are gone, not so sure I'd  
return  
If some miracle set that land free

From that green water  
Water over me

Dream't they opened that dam, drew that lake  
down  
Like old Moses had parted the sea  
We stood high on that ridge 'bove that long,  
narrow cove  
And all that was left for to see  
Was the silt and the mud and stones steps  
reaching up  
To a front porch that once used to be

In that green water  
Water over me

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### **Down by the Riverside** (African-American spiritual, public domain)

Gonna lay down my burdens  
Down by the riverside  
Study war no more

Gonna lay down my sword and shield  
Down by the riverside  
Study war no more

Gonna lay down my hate and fear  
Down by the riverside  
Study war no more

### **Chicory Road**

By Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

I got here on a chicory road  
Long way 'round and a ways to go  
Started out at an early hour  
Morning dew on a purple flower

Diesel breeze comes washing through the  
chicory  
Shadows fall behind  
Summer wind, you might not pass this way  
again  
It don't pay no mind, oh, chicory

Might find love on a chicory road  
Tougher the soil, the sweeter it grows  
Asphalt gravel and the broken glass  
That's where those flowers bloom the best

Down the road where the sun gets hot  
State boys mowed and they missed a spot  
Johnson grass and jewel weed  
A big old patch of chicory

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### **I've Been Here So Long**

By Tim Marema

I've been here for so long  
I know every board in my ceiling  
Oh, what a feeling  
To stare and never see  
I've been here for so long  
I know every crack in the sidewalk  
Oh, every little fault  
Looks like a road map to me

The bus leaves twice a day from the corner  
grocery store  
Every time I smell those diesel fumes it makes  
me  
Want to leave here more and more

I've been here for so long  
I recognize every tourist  
Oh, what the lure is to this little one horse town  
Everything is so small time  
'Cept for the clock on the steeple  
Oh, listen people  
I've heard each and every chime

Day after day they ring like a thousand days  
before  
Every time I hear those big bells sound  
It makes me want to leave here more and more

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### **Taillights**

By Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

Winter's hanging on the hills  
Fighting back the daffodils  
And the haze of redbud running  
Up the main road right of way  
I watch your taillights round that turn  
I guess by now you've learned  
That you'll get there tomorrow  
If you started yesterday

Yes, I I know you can't turn around and change  
your mind  
So I hope there's more ahead than what you've  
left behind

The fellas down at Morgan's store  
Tell all the tales we've heard before  
Ask me how you're doing  
When they see I'm feeling blue  
They'll drink his coffee all the day  
Spend their money at the store by the interstate  
But to tell the truth old Morgan trades there too

I can't say I'm surprised to see the course  
you've run  
When I first looked in your eyes I knew this day  
might come

The dogwood blooms have been and gone  
Heat of summer coming on  
Saw those kids a playing  
On the diamond yesterday  
They looked so small but we both know  
Won't be long some of them will go  
But we'll still have a team for the ones who stay

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**Blue State Woman (in a Red State World)**

By Liz McGeachy and Tim Marema

Old dog sitting in the morning shade  
 Neighbor comes over with some jam she made  
 Asks about Momma from the rocking chair  
 We meet in the middle there

It's so easy when those labels unfurl  
 Blue state woman in a red state world  
 People ask me why I stay  
 Grow where you're planted I say

Oh, could you let it go  
 One less line in the sand  
 Oh, could you let it go  
 Hold out your hand

Don't get me wrong, sugar, I'm not shy  
 I raise my voice when the stakes are high  
 But there's a whispering in my ear  
 And all that yelling makes it hard to hear

Some folks need somebody to pay  
 I stay out of their way  
 Everybody's got some gold inside  
 Look 'em in the eye

Old dog sitting in the morning shade  
 Neighbor comes over for the song I made  
 She's come to hear the little song I made

© Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

**Moving Slow**

By Tim Marema

You've been working weary hearted  
 Break of day til sun goes down  
 Seems so long ago you started  
 Is it time to lay this body down  
 Truck a-whining on the county road  
 Gears grinding, it's a heavy load

Well he's moving slow, getting late  
 The rest will have to wait

On those silent streets of our home  
 Stood alone and called your name  
 Feeling every kind of lonesome  
 I wonder if you ever came  
 I've flown a long way from that hallowed  
 ground  
 Never get frightened 'less I'm looking down

You come in crying like a baby  
 Boy, you'll learn to be a man  
 With all the ifs and buts and maybes  
 Well you do the best you can  
 Some folks long to hear the angels sing  
 'Spouse there's a time and place for everything

© Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

**Sweet Lorraine**

By Tim Marema

Memphis town, barbecue and Delta blues  
 Sad old songs linger on  
 April breeze blowing through the trash cans at  
 the curb  
 Strong men softly swaying as they march along

Sweet Lorraine, I know I'll wind up in your  
 arms  
 You'll be coming soon  
 Sweet Lorraine, I saw you from a mountaintop  
 so high  
 Will you hold my hand as I walk down the other  
 side

Evening sun, shadows leaning toward the end of  
 day

Work so hard, always something more  
 Find my hat, tie that Windsor long and straight  
 A quiet breath and then I'm heading out your  
 door

The pain that beats within your heart  
 Lonely place where healing starts

Final step, I'll meet you on your balcony  
 One last look, whoa, and then I'm gone  
 I know you tried to stay away  
 One more tender hour could have done no harm  
 Now we hear their saddest songs as we march  
 on

© Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

**Rust and Rain**

By Tim Marema

Foot down gonna cover some ground  
 Gonna beat the break of day  
 Headed to or running from  
 I'm traveling either way  
 This town's been getting me down  
 Not enough to just get by  
 Been said that I made my bed  
 And I'm awful tired of lying

Oh, wash away this dust and pain  
 Wipe away these fears  
 Had enough of rust and rain  
 To last a thousand years, a thousand years

Preacher shouts, no doubt  
 Gonna reap the seeds I sow  
 Preacher we just disagree  
 On what's a weed and what should grow  
 God of might with his rage and spite  
 From your Book up on the shelf  
 Nothing he can do to me  
 That I can't do to myself

This old car, traveling star  
 Take me far from here

© Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

**Ten Thousand Miles**

Traditional

Fare thee well my own true love  
 Fare the well for a while  
 But I'll return to you someday  
 If I go ten thousand miles

Ten thousand miles, my own true love  
 Off to some distant shore  
 Rocks may melt and seas may burn  
 If I return no more

Can't you see the mourning dove  
 Flying from pine to pine  
 Longing for his own true love  
 Like I long for mine

Who will shoe your pretty foot  
 Who will glove your hand  
 Who will kiss your ruby lips  
 When I'm in a foreign land

This longing in my heart, my love  
 Soothes my weary soul  
 Very thing to cause you pain  
 Thing that makes you whole

Last verse © Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

**Sing with Me**

By Tim Marema

Little baby with a bad dream  
 In the middle of the night  
 Tippy-toeing down the hallway  
 Past the pale night light  
 Crawling underneath my covers  
 Elbows and knees  
 Little baby with a bad dream says  
 Would you please

Sing with me

It's a short life of trouble  
 It's a wide world of woe  
 Can't see too far in the night light's glow  
 Looking for an answer  
 Haven't got a clue  
 When you're out of luck  
 Still one thing to do

So you taught me  
 'Til I understood  
 You sing a song  
 Through the bad and good  
 When you lay me in the water  
 'Til you lay me in the ground  
 And in between while the world spins 'round

© Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

**Last Couple Dancing**

By Tim Marema and Liz McGeachy

Summer dance, took a chance  
 Reluctant you said yes  
 Didn't know the song was slow  
 Crazy luck I guess

Now we're the last couple dancing  
 Last on the floor  
 Last couple dancing  
 Just a little more

Early years saw some tears  
 You and I held on  
 Others knew a thing or too  
 Most of them are gone

One by one they've all sat down  
 You and I are still around  
 To our surprise we've found  
 The last couple dancing

Some things change and some remain  
 It's hard to understand  
 Never know where the song may go  
 Follow if you can

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