



Produced by Wes Weddell with Alicia Healey & Chris Glanister

All songs written by Wes Weddell
(Dusty Shadows Music, ASCAP)
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WES WEDDELL

Songs to Get You

From Here to There



*WW: guitars, vocals, bass
Brian Hoskins: organ
David Bush: drums & percussion*

My dear friend, Jay Spencer, has accompanied me to a wide range of music-related events over the years. This song is a partial list, including the cold and rainy evening with Jimmy Buffet that started me writing.

EVERY NOW & THEN A SUNSET

We loaded our provisions in a shoulder bag,
Eased the car into the morning haze
The night before I'd played my soul up north
a way
Driving back to drive away again
The radio brought baseball from Toronto
Early on the way to one-sixteen
We waited for the rendezvous at Martha's
Sky of blue and sea of sandy green

*Sullen rains in southern counties
Wily winds upon the plain
Every now and then a sunset
And a tacit vow to see it all again*

Can't say that we started down the right path;
Can't say I was ever one to mind
We went from DMB to DMC to symphony
Any day or season, any time
Yes, from ferryboats to city busses
Nothing kept us down:
Dome to hillside, smoky bar to beach
We waded lines through different zip codes
Sometimes scores of empty chairs
Neither felt outside our dogged reach

On a long and lonesome highway
East of OlyWA,
You can listen to my carburetor
Coughing in the dark
As we limp back to the city
One more down, another coming
Turn the page...

Till one night Jimmy stood before us
In a damp and chilly scene
Surrounded most by Gore-Tex and grass skirts
And it hit me just like lightning
(Though it might have been the rum)
We'd found wisdom for the ages
On the region's many stages, me and Jay

BEST I CAN SHOW

You're leaving again without saying good-bye
Time on my hands getting old
Wasting my days by coming so close
But leaving with nothing to hold
Wounded and weary I keep to myself
Watching my life pass me by
Wondering out loud, can I climb my way out?
Well, I'm sure as hell gonna try

*You say it's always been that way
That's not good enough anymore
Why spend my days in a circular haze
When that's not the best I can show?*

Day after day, year after year
You and I look for what's left
Something inside me keeps calling me back
Something will not let me rest
If I had my say we'd be so far away
From the places you're taking us now
I've been here before, and, oh, I want more
But there's something I must get around

Sun slips behind that old hillside at last
This time it's me who's away
Breathing the air that comes only with time
Wondering what more I've to say
I hear you calling me back to your life
Sometimes I'm tempted to go
But now each day is new, and you can come too
But I can't leave what I don't know

*WW: guitar, vocal
Amanda Larson: cello*

Mostly inspired by a complicated employment experience ...

WHITE HATS & WILD TIMES

When the traffic is stuck
And the weather is 'yuck'
You start thinking of running away
So you lay down your suit
And you step in your boots,
And you saddle your dreams one fine day
And head north just a bit
And west further yet
Till you come to the valley below
And you settle it down
And you ride into town
Hoping you'll find what you know

In the movies you saw
Through the dust and the drawl
And the struggle to win on your own
A new way of life
With white hats and wild times
Where the heroes are made and not born
And a day's work is hard
But a night at the bar
Gives you all of the romance you crave
And when life gets you down
You can beat out of town
And wind your own way down the trail

A song and a story
Can help you get from here to there
But you ain't the only one, dear

Now your roof keeps you dry
And the well gets you by,
And the fences will stand by themselves
You can watch what you wish
With a miniature dish,
And your download speed rivals the best
And the narrative's great
But your life doesn't wait
And your legacy starts to roll on
Toward the sunset you ride
In a new four-wheel-drive
Singing: "Hey, Debbie, let's go on home"

HAPPINESS FULFILLED

Diane Duyser opened wide
And shoved Our Lady deep inside
But mercy overtook her like the plague
To see the light in shining whitebread
Sets a body right to holler:
"Lordy, Hallelujah, I am saved!"

Had she made tomato soup
She might've witnessed Guadalupe
Bidding her to part with evil ways
Or boiled herself a pot of okra
Overseen by saintly Oprah
Touching lives and saving souls each day

*Every earthly sinner knows that
Cheese improves with age:
Hard or soft or pasteurized or grilled
Ten years in a plastic box
Kept Round-Yon-Virgin-Mother sharp
And Diane Duyser's happiness fulfilled*

A gentle voice came on the wind
Followed by a grave Amen
Saying: "If you post it, it will sell"
And twenty-eight-K later
It's renowned in all the papers
For its journey to that old American well

As our grand Velveeta Chalice
Heads off to that Golden Palace
All who she has visited are changed
So, trust your spirit and your will
And bust out that George Foreman grill
Lordy, Hallelujah, we are saved!

Ten years in a plastic box
Kept Virgin Mary Queso sharp
And Diane Duyser's happiness fulfilled

*White Hats:
WW: guitars, vocal,
bass
Erin Clancy: duet vocal
Bob Antone: fiddle
David Bush: drums*

My revisionist-cowboy waltz, the first verse of which I wrote on live radio, a response to a caller's suggestion. Such a treat to sing with Erin again!

*Happiness:
WW: guitar, vocals,
mandolin, bass*

This really happened (where would we be without eBay?), and Carlos made me write it. The 2005 Seattle Poetry Festival grabbed hold of it, though I don't know how much "use" it saw ...





*WW: guitars, vocal,
banjo, bass
Brian Hoskins: organ
David Bush: drums &
percussion*

*The first song I wrote
post-Northwest Home ...
you can see my mind is
still wandering about on
state highways.*

HILLS THAT I CALL HOME

Wasting another day in paradise
My restive fever on the run
If I had someplace I could take myself away
Then I could weather anything that comes
Sometimes I lie awake and I wonder
Just what's become of where I've been
But I can still recall, and that's enough to save me
And make me want to ride again

*Sun-sparkled water from a mountain stream
Runs a little bit warmer as it rushes free
And passes by the place where I was born
Clouds rolling over my easy mind
As I watch that river from the other side
And fade into the hills that I call home*

This morning no one grabbed the paper
So I spilled my coffee on my shirt instead
Yeah, I've been down, but not forgotten
And I ain't been anywhere that I regret
There was once when I was lonely
And there was once when I was true
There were many times I could have been
mistaken
And many who have tried to see me through

I'm gonna need a bit of help from you this
evening
I've got nowhere left to go but to your arms
And thankfully, there's no place that I'd rather be
Why go alone when I don't really need to?

My road keeps winding on in front of me
Some corners I can't see past till I'm there
Oh, but I could not stop, not even if I wanted
I can only wind my way somewhere

'SHTUCNA'S JIG

*WW: guitars, cittern
Chris Glanister: whistles, bodhran*

*A little Irishy tribute to a little town I've
passed through many, many times.*



YOU LEFT ME WITH NO CHOICE

Two feet hit the carpet in the morning
Two lazy eyelids stretch to reach the sky
Two eggs over-easy with my coffee
And one more lonely day begins on time
Sometimes I can't figure how I make it
Sometimes I can't figure why I don't
My heart still beats your number every evening
When it crawls its way down from my throat

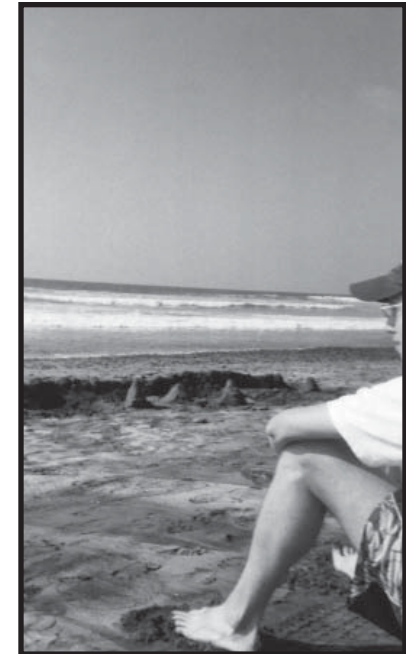
*If you could hear me crying
Maybe you would feel remorse,
But it's been months since you've heard
Anything resembling my voice
I may have been the one
Who walked on out the door
But you left me
When you left me with no choice*

I used to gaze into your eyes and daydream
Lose myself inside them, big and brown
Now I try to picture you beside me
And find you only want to stare me down
I thought we'd be together till forever
Thought we'd even have a chance past then
Thought I'd found my perfect life's companion
But I never thought I'd make it to the end

Two pillows lie beneath my head as I lie down
Two long sighs escape into the night
Two more days and I'll be heading southward
And one more time I'll try to get things right

*WW: guitars, vocals, bass
David Bush: drums*

*Though I usually resist the
notion of "channeling"
a song—I'd rather feel
more in-control of the
outcome!—this one pretty
much wrote itself.*





AUTUMN'S CALLING

*WW: guitar, vocal, bass
Joe Jencks: harmony
vocals
Brian Hoskins: organ
David Bush: drums &
percussion*

*Just a character exercise
from a kid who misses
the small towns.*

Jaime fought the hardest
When the skies began to run
He braced with both feet
Steady on the ground
He tied that rope around himself
And pulled with all he had
But we could not keep that summer
Skipping town
Gone were lazy evenings
By the lakeshore skipping stones
Going was the flutter
Of the leaves
Soon would come the harvest
And the storing all away,
With shutters closing fast
Beneath the eaves

*Breezes blowing, clouds a-rolling
Shadows falling, autumn's calling me
Westward running, chasing sun
And on my own again*

The ruts upon the right side
As you rolled on out of town
Ran deeper than the ones
That you would pass,
Which gave one the impression
As he wound yet higher still
That many who had gone
Did not come back

As we stood upon the hillside
That rose above the town
And gazed upon the world
We knew so well
Wood-smoke from each chimney
Ran its own desired course
And that restless urge inside
Began to swell

Bittersweet distractions come and go
Every season has its own, you know
Like friends who matter more when they're away

Jaime was the first to leave
But I was first one back
Surrounded by the ones
Who never left
The steadiness that drove me out
Was comforting again,
But smoke still circled onward
Overhead

From the hillside to the lakeshore
And the lives there in between
Horizons lure the eager
Toward that thrill
And many who have traveled
Say they miss home all the more
But those outbound ruts are growing
Deeper still

NIGHTS LIKE THESE

Crossing town late on Sunday
Hours wearing on, but I feel fine
Yeah, I'm all right
Staring down this lonely highway
Which used to be our only piece of mind
My, how we tried

*The nights like those
I wonder why we did it
And the nights like these
I wish that we'd had time for more
As I'm seeking out my own suspicious calling
I know yours is waiting just off-shore*

Wrote myself a long letter
Taught myself a song or two in time
And one more night
Spent inside a weary dream that's
Seen itself abused and left outside
But she still shines

As I wrestle with my own suspicious calling
I know yours is waiting just off-shore

When I met you, I said "Hey there, Honey"
As I recall you sent it back
And just like in those songs we used to listen to
All I wanted changed like that

Sunday faded into Monday
Tuesday faded into next July
And here am I
Trying to the handle of me
Wishing we got this far side-by-side
But I get by

As I sanctify my own suspicious calling
I know yours is waiting just off-shore
As I satisfy my own suspicious calling
I know yours is waiting just off-shore

*WW: 30 strings'-worth of
guitars, vocals, bass
Brian Hoskins: organ
David Bush: drums &
percussion*

*I think we all know
someone like this, though
I can't figure out whether
I'm more comfortable as
the narrator or the subject.
It takes both kinds ...*





WW: guitars, vocals, bass
Brian Hoskins: organ
David Bush: drums & percussion
I had fun plotting the route for this imaginary road trip.

ANOTHER POSTCARD

It took four old wheels and all of them driving
To take that mountain down
But we hit Boulder 'bout the time we thought
we should
Grabbed a bite and took my turn
To weather every bump and curve
While Stanley tried to grab what sleep he could

We'd set off from New Mexico
With no particular place to go
And no particular time to get us there
Just leaving what needs left behind
Means open roads and feeling fine
When troubled dust behind you leaves the air

Crank the engine

*Watch the mileage turn
I know I'll be there when you call
Cup of coffee lifts the morning fog
And I press on*

Valleys led to rivers led to bridges led to hills
Led to valleys
Each one dusted white
Branches burdened fast with snow
Would cast their troubles far below
And throw unshackled arms up to the sky

Winter wore on and the sun grew tired
But the wheels kept rolling
And the country kept flying by, and on we'd go
As brave Orion took his sword
To cloudy skies and misty shores
And somehow we stayed on the road

Round the corner

I could see it in the headlights
As they danced upon the road
I could hear it the mountain's solemn sigh
I could feel you with each
Gentle nudge I gave the wheel
And each new mile

Stanley left before Eau Claire
For two old friends and fresher air
And left me headed on down Ninety-Four

Who was I to tell him no?
But I missed him just the same
And I could feel my fire hesitate once more

Winter wore on and the sun grew tired
But the pedal stayed down
And the country kept flying by, and on I sailed
Somewhere outside Saginaw
The frozen ground began to thaw
And I dropped another postcard in the mail

Crest the summit

CARRY ON

(Winner, 2006 Tumbleweed Music Festival Songwriting Contest)

We were younger than we knew
But the war it wouldn't wait
So we packed a bag and shipped out
'Cross the sea
The boys, they called me Captain
I called them my crew
And everybody else there
Called it duty

As the months began to mount
With the skies wounded in flames
We counted many holes there
In our sides
But the orders came in steady
And we went out the same
Flying for our country
Fighting for our lives

*Sing a prayer for those
Who're flying out tonight
Say a prayer that they
Might make it home
But if, by chance, the way
Should somehow falter
We must find a way
To carry on*

She was a Boeing-17
"Rain Check" to her friends
And I brought her back in thirty miles
Plus two
We saw wingmen fall in flames
Never will forget their names
As we wondered where they'd left
Their bicycles

As the fog began to drop
On the Northern German Plains
We could not see the target
Far below
But we could feel the city breathing
Like the ten of us inside
Who kept the secret when the Channel
Kept the load

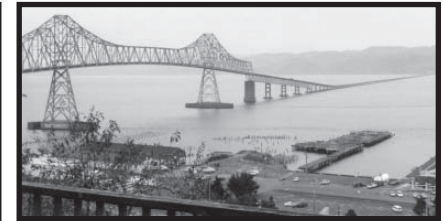
Now there's sixty years gone by
And there're movies of those days
Sometimes I can't figure
What we've learned
My life has settled down
But my passion's never waned
When I think of my old buddies
I still burn

It's all so very real
And it's not so far away
And I don't think I'd do well
Just letting go
The boys, they called me Captain
I called them my crew
And history, well
History calls me a hero

WW: guitar, vocal
Joe Jencks: harmony vocals
Amanda Larson: cello
Chris Glanister: whistle

In December 2002, I met Don Shawe, a World War II bomber pilot who shared some stories with me and was kind enough to let me arrange them in song. The one that affects me the deepest is Don's response to the query "what ran through your mind when you saw the plane next to you go down?"—"We wondered where they'd left their bicycles," he said. "Maybe they had better ones than we did, and they weren't going to be using them anymore ..." Special thanks to Paul Blackburn, Keith Harding, and all the folk in Hood River who helped this happen.





THE TUNNEL

WW: guitars, vocal,
mandolin, bass
Alicia Healey: harmony
vocals

*This isn't exactly how
I reacted when Jessica
went to Thailand for six
weeks some years ago,
but I had fun playing
"what-if."*

Catherine up and left one day
She had it coming to her
And he tried his best
To smile and let her go
Both needed some time
Though for many different reasons,
But both agreed the next ten weeks
Couldn't pass but slow

He crossed the drive as she approached the gate
He taxied toward the interstate
She watched the trees
Dissolve into the clouds
He changed his clothes for work that day
She read her magazine
Neither one could rest until
Her plane touched safely down

*Sometimes when the rain fell softly
Teasing him with sorrow
He'd find himself off
Staring at the ground
Trying to guess the angle
He could tunnel through the earth
To find her faster than he would
By running half the world around*

First night was the longest
Though the last one hardly flew
He had trouble thinking far from her
When he'd nothing else to do
She crept in and out his daydreams
While she had herself a time
Living free across the islands
When he wasn't on her mind

Talking cost a fortune
And the letters took their time
And the days neither raced
Nor ceased to pass
She saw more of life than she knew,
He was sure that he saw less
Through it all they counted moments
Till the one that brought her back

He was lying in his bed,
She was lying on the beach
His was morning
His was evening that same day
He could hear her as he showered
She could see him as she swam
And for just one breath
She'd never left

She left eighty-five and sunny
He woke up to chilly gray
But he hardly saw her shiver
When she smiled
When she threw her arms around him
He had it coming to him
And with fingers interlocked
They stepped outside

She began to tell him stories
He remembered some his own
And at last the grand reunion
Was at hand
After those ten weeks of waiting
Feeling more or less alone
Those awkward, giddy moments
Bested anything he'd planned

Still sometimes when the rain falls softly
Teasing him with sorrow,
He finds himself off
Staring at the ground
Trying to guess the angle
He could tunnel through the earth
To find her faster than he would
By running half the world around

By running half the block around
By running half the bed around