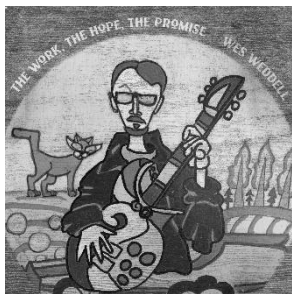


WES WEDDELL THE WORK, THE HOPE, THE PROMISE



LYRICS

1. Coming Back

Inspired by Brandon Hobson's *The Removed* & Kira Jane Buxton's *Hollow Kingdom* (two very different books!)

Spent my life collecting, had my system down
Every item tagged and filed away
Be damned if I can find much now, all that work for naught
Boxes empty, shelves in disarray

*When a memory leaves, where does it go?
Is something pushing it out, or just taking off on its own?
And is it coming back? Coming back?*

Some I shared with others, some were only mine
Some I think were with me from the start
Some I'd hoped to gift away, some held up and some decayed
Some I think I will not miss at all

There's only one place I could've left what I'm looking for
And only one place this road ever goes

Back porch in late July, storm clouds in a summer sky
Bring darkness in the middle of the day
There's no prey down here for the circling hawk
What good's a key without a lock?
You come knock on my window, but I see only haze

2. Inches

Inspired by Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*—and a lifetime of fandom

There's something 'bout the long haul, something 'bout the slow grind,
Something 'bout the three-game set, something 'bout the box score line
Every evening in the summer, every Sunday afternoon
That's the rhythm of a season, got to keep yourself in tune

*It's 405 out to dead centerfield
331 to the corner
Sixty-foot-six between the hero and the goat
When you're a long, long way from home*

There's something 'bout the green grass, something 'bout the blue sky
Something 'bout the red dirt when you wear it with a head-first slide
Something 'bout the eye-black, something 'bout the road grays
Something 'bout the white chalk rolling out on Opening Day

You can tell me that you hate it, you can tell me that it's boring
You can tell me nothing happens, and you don't understand the scoring
You can have your instant replay, you can watch it on your TV
Just leave me at the ballpark, that'll leave me happy

Then there's two on, two out in the last of the ninth
In steps your team's leading hitter
Every decision has boiled on down to this
When it's over there's nothing but winter

3. Stems

We send them down with the hope that they'll spread out
Hold the ground in the times when the wind is blowing
We don't know, and what then?
We come from roots, we send out shoots, we're left with stems

Reaching out with the message we were given
Hand to mouth, seed to sprout
We move on, count to ten
We come from roots, we drop our fruits, we're left with stems

There are flowers that open wide every morning,
And there are blossoms you will never get to see
Some will put it on display, some will give it all away
Some will hide it where the light will choose to let them be

Now we've found that the ground is always moving
Round and round, just like every time before
We stand tall, breathe in
We come from roots and absolutes, we're left with stems
We come from roots and absolutes, we keep our stems

4. I Curse

Inspired by Kira Jane Buxton's *Hollow Kingdom*

Everybody needs a way to get out what they have to say
Some work better than others
Some use morals, some use diction, sometimes fact and sometimes fiction
Some words work undercover
Some pour it in a novel, some pack it into verse; I curse

There's a hundred ways to say a picture's worth a thousand words,
But at a thousand I am only getting started
I'm not the type to worry 'bout the content coming out my mouth
That journey's underway before I chart it
Some go a little off-the-cuff, some write it all out first; I curse...

You can write a book on how to write a book
And I bet some cat will want to read it
But you can sing your song your whole life long
And wonder if you're really getting through

The trees been talking underground since longer than we've been around
They say there's nothing to it
Some don't even need the noise to say their piece and keep their poise
I wonder how they do it
Some phrases make it better, some only make it worse; I curse...

5. Slash

Inspired by Melissa Anne Peterson's *Vera Violet*

To clearcut the land you take everything down
Work it upslope till it's all on the ground
Buck it and choke it and haul it away
Seed what'll sell and then call it a day

Your cut, you can watch it collapse then and there,
But growing it back is a different affair
Some get to write themselves into the plot
Everyone else is just slash left to rot

Got tools in my bucket, got tools in my truck
The tools in my head are no longer enough
A look up the draw shows I'm losing my feel
And gravity's always got a hook in my heel

Efficiency doesn't have time for décor
No care for credo, nor what came before
When title entitles the high hats and minds
Everyone else is just slash left behind

To clearcut a town you start at the edge
Pull out the rug and then shop-vac the dregs
Drive your wedge in and then swing your axe true
When the habitat's gone you can plant something new

Your soul, you can watch it collapse then and there,
And claiming it back is a different affair
Some get to write themselves into the plot
Everyone else is just slash left to rot

6. When the Tide is Out

Inspired by Dylan Tomine's *Closer to the Ground*

When the tide is out you can see last week's footprints in the clay
When the tide is out it feels like you can walk across the bay
The birds don't seem so hurried when the tide is out

When the tide is out you can dig for your dinner in the mud
When the tide is out that buoy don't look so tough
Life don't seem so hurried when the tide is out

(6. When the Tide is Out, continued)

When the tide is out I wonder what lies waiting in the flats
When the tide is out years of industry come floating back
The past don't seem so distant when the tide is out
Your life don't seem so distant when the tide is out

7. I Got This

I've got a history of running, I've got a past that won't stay put
I've got a name and I've got a number, neither does me any good
I've got a right to tell my story, I've got a need to be alone
I've got a burning contradiction, I think I got here on my own

*Tell me this before I go:
Would you have done it any different?
Wave to me down the road
Worry not, I got this!*

I've got two cards on the table, I've got one horse in this race
I've got nothing in my pocket, I've got everything at stake
I've got one eye out the window, I've got one foot out the door
I've got one-and-one-half reasons I won't come back here no more

I've got sunshine in my pocket, but I know that's not enough
And I've got a brand-new bag here, but I've got to give it up
I've got my motor running, and I've got you, babe, that's true
But I've got no strings to tie me down, so I'm just passing through

Well, I've got to get on top of this, I've got to take it slow
I've got ways to work it out, now, but I've got a ways to go
I've got plenty I can say, I've got nothing left to lose
I've got time to think it over, but I've got someone else's blues

8. Crying Out

Inspired by Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*

When you look out of your window on a long winter's night
See the frost hang all around you underneath the pale moonlight
Watch the smoke rise from the chimneys, feel the shudder in the air
If you listen to the wind blow, well, you might just hear us there

*Crying out To anyone who'll listen
Crying out For all the wages of our whims we carry with us*

Johnny used to be a sailor till his ship left him in port
Sally used to be a lawyer till she settled out of court
Thomas always ran the numbers till one day they added up
Me, I tried to be a lover, but I never loved enough
And now I'm...

When you look out of your window and the hour's getting late
Think of all who've come before you to wrestle with their fates
Think of that which makes you happy, think of that which you collect
You think you can't take it with you, well, I might just take that bet

And you'll be...
Crying out To anyone who'll listen
Crying out In our chained submission
Crying out So save yourself now, mister
Crying out For all the wages of our whims we carry with us

9. Still We Move

Inspired by Alberto Ríos' *Not go away is my name*

You take the simple elements: the salt; the sugar; the coffee;
The work; the hope; the promise; and the time
You pull them all together through the secrets and the seasons,
And you're not sure these'll work, but why not try?

*Win or lose, still we move
Through the shadows and the used-to-be
Over centuries and tomorrow*

Next you add the layers, brush strokes and mirrors
The Mondays and the mornings and the rust
It's a family of footprints, the growing and the leaving
Teaching and believing in the dust

Like a drought that has the look of conversation
Like a sego lily dancing on the side
Part confession, part fixation
Punctuation, dreams of sky

Finally the icing, reinventing and branching
Looking up and letting something go
It's the turning and the tossing, the setting and the crossing
Recipes and stories for the road

10. Remembering Yesterday

This morning I remembered what I remembered yesterday
It was a little bit sweeter, a little more tucked away
Tomorrow if I'm lucky I'll remember how I felt
This morning remembering yesterday

This evening I'll go dancing with my friend from down the street
I'm a little bit slower, a little less sure on my feet
But I can sing along to every song the band will play
This evening with my friend from down the street

*But those nights, those later nights
Holding you forever in their grip
And those days, those early days
Never seemed like something we would miss*

Tuesdays I go walking with the volunteer they send
I'm a little reluctant, I guess it just kind of depends
On how it went the last time and whether it might rain
On Tuesday with the volunteer they send

I know a guy who knows about what happened back in June
He's a little peculiar, he probably says that about me, too

About once a week I see him, but he hasn't been the same
Since learning what happened back in June

11. A Place

Inspired by Tod Marshall's *Three Dreams from Eastside of the Mountains*

I was born in a place with the wrong reputation
And in its own way that's served us all right
When I drive 'cross the state, it offers me comfort
I carry that back to these big city lights

Brown grass and brown water, red blood and blue sky
The whole constellation, that sweet by and by
When I drive 'cross the state, it offers me comfort
I carry that back to these big city lights

The Snake River Valley cuts right through the middle
Of the part that you thought was the edge
If you didn't grow up there, you might not assume
That we who did think that it's pretty

Green hills in the springtime fade into gold
It never gets crowded, it never grows old
If you didn't grow up there, you might not assume
That we who did think that it's pretty

Interstate 90 rolls into Idaho
Mile marker 300, right on the nose
Snoqualmie Summit, its number is 52
If you think that's halfway then I have a deal for you

I was born in a place that thought it was one thing
And found out in time that it wasn't that way
Then I moved to a place that thought it was everything
I saw through the lie, but I stayed

These mountains have names, these canyons have memories
They had 'em long before my folks came around
I moved to a place that thought it was everything
I saw through the lie, but I stayed

When home is a brand, consider who's buying
I'll reach 'cross the lines, and I'll stay

