

Someday It'll Come To Me

(drums: Calvin Kelley)

I'm down in New Orleans
Looking for the Holy Grail.
Someday it'll come to me.
Someday it'll come to me.

***Lookin' for things we cannot know, which way to go
we'll never know... Someday***

High above the city
Waiting for the storm to clear.
Someday it'll come to me.
Someday it'll come to me.

***Talkin' 'bout things we cannot know, which way to go
we'll never know... Someday***

Wanderin' 'round this country
Just like it's the holy land.

***Are they things we cannot know, which way to go
we'll never know... Someday***

Holy Chicago

(drums: Calvin Kelley, backing vocals: Wendy Sheffield, Calvin Kelley)

Render unto Caesar baby-- Give the king his due.
Render unto Caesar darlin'-- play some western world blues.
The army gives you bullets but still you've got your saxophone.
The song it sounds like Coltrane a long, long way from home,
a long, long way from home.

***I heard the evening call to prayer,
it rose above the sunset.
It settled in my head
and I got down on my knees and face
the Holy Chicago.***

I know you're in the trenches; I know you'll fight for me.
But when you play it's heaven -- you set everybody free,
you set everybody free.

Chorus

Render unto Caesar baby. Give the king his due.
There's something more than fire from the homeland of the blues,
from the homeland of the blues.

Chorus

Old Crakow

instrumental

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Caring Kind

(drums: Calvin Kelley, pedal steel: Don Dunlavey)

***You ain't the caring kind. You sure don't care for mine.
You care only for yourself and I guess that's fine.
I'm lookin' for a sign, then I'll just choose the time.
Our empire is in decline 'cause you ain't the caring kind.***

As the sun comes up the morning's on fire
with a question mark of what the day requires.
And morning can bring answers. It can also run you wild.
But it's you that I cannot find 'cause you ain't the caring kind.

Chorus

I wish that you could know 'bout the feelings inside me.
'Bout the music in my dreams that wake me each morning.
And I wish that you would talk to me in words that never rhyme
But I won't hold my breath for that 'cause you ain't the caring kind.

Chorus

World Of Hurt

(drums: Mickey Wade)

The truck is leaking oil. The land's about to spoil.
Just holding on through all the pain.
--I've hung on long enough to see another Sunday.

This small town today, off the beaten way.
I live deep in the country out of choice.
--Please let me know if you can hear my voice.

***Love can survive the world, the storm,
the cold, the hearts of evil.
And love can heal this world of hurt.
The world of hurt we're in...***

Trying to find a cure, wish could be sure
that Rome is gonna last another day.
--As long as there's me and you we know we'll find a way.

Chorus

Flowers On The Table

(violin: David Ragsdale, backing vocals: Jane Abel)

I know you're needing me, I feel you wanting me,
But you're so far away, almost another day.

***O I want you near me, O can't you hear me?
Flowers on the table till Saturday.
Flowers on the table till Saturday.***

I hear it raining out in the garden
Windows open wide, season's changing soon.

Chorus

Down by the riverside where no one goes alone
They say they see you there but to me you never show.

Out where the roses grow some think they hear a song I think I heard it
once then it was gone, long gone.

Chorus