



SHOVELS & ROPE — *LITTLE SEEDS*

Album Credits and Lyrics

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All songs written by Michael Trent (Famous Nightclub Music BMI) and Cary Ann Hearst (Noberta Jean Music BMI).

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OUR MOST SINCERE THANKS TO OUR TEAM AND OUR CREW. YOU ARE AN EXTENSION OF OUR FAMILY AND YOU DO EVERYTHING TO PROPEL OUR SHIP FORWARD. THANKS TO ALL OF OUR FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WHO HAVE CARRIED US THROUGH THE MANY TRANSITIONS OF THE LAST FEW YEARS. AND LASTLY, WE HUMBLY THANK ALL OF YOU WHO CONTINUE TO LOVE AND SUPPORT OUR BAND. IT MEANS THE WHOLE WORLD TO US.

I KNOW

I know exactly what you think you are
I know exactly what you think you are
You left your little notebook layin' on the bar
I know exactly what you think you are
Everybody's sayin' that you're gonna go far
But I know exactly what you think you are

I know exactly where you're going next
I know exactly where you're going next
Things are looking good for you buddy, oh yes
I know exactly where you're going next
You've got the smile and the style and the sizzle and the sex
I know exactly where you're going next

Take it all
Take it now
Call it even baby
Take a bow

I know exactly where you got that sound
I know exactly where you got that sound
See, I was at the same shows that you used to hang around
I know exactly where you got that sound
I'll see you in a year on your way back down
'Cause I know exactly where you found that sound

I know exactly how you feel right now
I know exactly how you feel right now
You're hiding in the locker 'cause someone took your towel
I know exactly how you feel right now
Ya know there used to be a day when I would to try to help you out
I know exactly how you feel

Take it all
Take it now
Call it even baby
Take a bow

BOTCHED EXECUTION

They botched my execution back in 1996
I climbed out of a window and I hopped over the fence
Had to dig myself a tunnel, put my feet on the cement
And started runnin' runnin' runnin' and ain't nobody seen me since

So, now I gotta find a friend, someone to tell I didn't do it
But my picture's in the paper and there's no way that I can prove it
And the body's in the closet 'cause I never got to move it
Now the neighbor's kids are talking sayin' everybody knew it

All my little seeds have grown
Sooner later come back home

Leave a trail of crumbs a little lure for them to bite on
In a Motel 6, thank God nobody left the light on
Dressed myself in women's clothing and a wig that I had tried on
Tried to cleanse myself of all those alibis I had relied on

Now I'm lying on my back looking at the ceiling
When suddenly I am distracted by that old familiar feeling
With the table and the devil and the cards that he was dealing
I was sure enough a slave and some poor soul I would be stealing tonight

All my little seeds have grown
Sooner later come back home

Hitched my skirt, climbed up a car on the railroad
Found myself a'gazing down the barrel at the crossroad
Hide out in the circus, rob a bank, hit the payload
Or wait out in the darkness with the freaks and kinda lay low

A storm had downed a power line, laying on the trainway
Standing in a puddle, felt a shock and in a ditch lay
In my final moments I could hear the lucky judge say
Well, I guess the execution went as scheduled anyways

All my little seeds have grown
Sooner later come back home

ST. ANNE'S PARADE

By the looks of everyone it's been a long two weeks
Coming up on the business end of a good luck streak
Gave em hell in New York City headed down to New Orleans
And we drove across Mississippi in the rain

It don't seem to freeze too much down in New Orleans
But the rain can sure wash out the street
We crossed the snow line, it was just in time
They're diggin' em out everywhere north of the Chesapeake

And I'm up too damn early in the morning
Watching the world around me come alive
And I need more fingers to count the ones I love
This life might be too good to survive

They canceled a parade or two for weather
The kings and saints, their robes all soaking wet
But we were happy just to all be there together
Stoned on the porch smoking all Niki's cigarettes

We've been riding down this highway now for all these years
Breathing in the dust along the way
But it's the kindness of a friend is what's remembered in the end
It is a debt that is a pleasure to repay

And it never feels like we're getting any older
But the memories build up around the eyes
And I need more fingers than I've got on my two hands
This life may be too good to survive

We were dressed to celebrate your wedding day
We marched along with the St. Anne's parade
Sang out our hearts while they sent away their dead
The sun shone on the river and we began our lives instead

And I'm up too damn early in the morning
But I can't remember ever feeling so alive
And I need more fingers to count the ones I love
This life may be too good to survive

THE LAST HAWK

I hadn't seen the place since '68
When we all got high and we rolled that tape
We were holed up waiting for a call from the man
Who had crashed his bike and gave birth to the band

I frowned and bend in my special way
Told my daddy I was gonna teach them boys to play
'Cause sometimes you know what you know
You're never gonna learn if you can't let go

I'm the last hawk
Flying over Woodstock
This is my last stop
'fore I'm on my way

They say if you've never been to Saugerties
Then you've never heard the wind whisper through the trees
Never known work till you've worked holes in your knees
And I betcha you've never heard any songs like these

They dragged our name through the mud out there
It didn't feel right and it didn't feel fair
'Cause that loud rock n' roll was too much to bear
For the soft-hearted poets down in Harvard Square

Lee got tired, spit and swear
Went floating down the river to a rig somewhere
'Cause sometimes you know what you know
You're never gonna learn if you can't let go

I'm the last hawk
Flying over Woodstock
I can see the treetops
Praying for the rain

This is my last stop
Gonna take a long walk
Before I take my boots off
I'll see ya round the way

This may be the last I'll see
Of the rotten old house down in Saugerties
I was here and I made a mighty stand
But I may never stand right there again

Play a sweet song on these old keys
And hope y'all might remember me
'Cause all that time is here and gone
Won't be no one left to carry it on

From my piano bench I saw it all
From the great ascension to the mighty fall
How could anyone know what we sang that day
Would tear your heart apart this way
All my brothers they have flown away
But I still got something left that I wanna say

It's that sometimes you know what you know
You'll never be free if you can't let go

BUFFALO NICKEL

I walked up to the counter with a buffalo nickel
Was gonna give him half, but instead he charged me triple
He said it's twenty on the money
What you're paying for it honey
I said man you must be joking
He said go ahead and try me
Now he's lookin' at me funny
And my nickel's laying sunny-side down

I hold out till I get myself a little bit corrected
A hot collar isn't any way to get yourself respected
And though I aim to be emphatic
There's an awful lot of static
'Cause you've got a lot of heart, but your moves are enigmatic
And if you're acting too erratic it's my semi-automatic response

You and I (workin' around each other)

I got caught upset-looking like a little shadow
So mad 'cause I couldn't shake the noise out of the rattle
It was mean of me to say, but I meant it when I said
That I guess I'll do all the work and I guess you take all the credit
If you read well then you read it
And I'll just be a dog and shed it alright

You and I (workin' around each other)

MOURNING SONG

She walked into the kitchen
Where most mornings would begin
Put her hands down on the counter

Stretched her fingers long and thin
Drug her eyes across the wall to where he hung his mandolin
Then she whispered out the count like she was whisperin' it to him

Morning song, mourning song
You were always on my mind and even though now I am gone
I taught you these four chords so you could sing your mourning song

He was not much of a singer
There was shrapnel in his sound
Always ready with a zinger
That could burn the whole place down
Their love was undefinable
No beginning and no end
Like so many ancient secrets
Ever blowing in the wind

Morning song, mourning song
You were always on my mind and even though now I am gone
I taught you these four chords so you could sing your mourning song

The walls are tumbling
The gates are opening
Sorrow will not win
No, sorrow will not win

From the morning through the evening
Of each and every day
Wildness to wisdom
From the gold on through the grey
From the songs of newborn babies
To those who fell along the way
I have loved you and I will find you
Now please sing me on my way

With your morning song, mourning song
Pardon me if I'm sentimental, you were always strong
Wake up little bird, come and sing your morning song

INVISIBLE MAN

Help me please, I'm lost in myself
I don't know who I am, I don't know anybody else
Are these my companions, is this my place
Can you still see my eyes, do I still have my face

The thoughts I had, they don't stick with me
I can't operate this confounded machine
I can't move forward, I can't look back
The past and the future all fade to black

I feel like a ship that's sinking down
Till I put on my headphones and I remember the sound

Mining memories of who I used to be
Pieces of the puzzle that look like me
How can anybody understand
I'm fading away, I'm the invisible man

Is there anybody who can give me a voice
I hate to repeat it, but it's not my choice

Oh my god I'm lost in time
Mother's Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, 4th of July
I can't decide if I wanna laugh or cry
Cause everything's confusing and I don't know why
Wait, I do know why.... I figured it out
But it's gone again before I can open my mouth
But when I open my mouth and I've got something to say
It's the same conversation I had yesterday

Yesterday and the day before
Maybe tomorrow, I don't know anymore

Help me please, I'm lost in myself
I don't know who I am, I don't know anybody else
Are these my companions, is this my place
Can you still see my eyes, do I still have my face

The thoughts I had, they don't stick with me
I can't operate this confounded machine
I can't move forward, I can't look back
The past and the future just fade to black

I feel like a ship that's sinking down
I put on my headphones and remember the sound

Is there anybody out there who can give me a voice
I hate to repeat it, but it's not my choice
It's not my choice
I hate to repeat it, but it's not my choice...

JOHNNY COME OUTSIDE

Born in the summer
Handsome and tall
Golden child seemed to have it all

But he was never happy
Never sad
Teacher said it's just a phase and he'll grow out of it

Older now
Saw the sign
Looking for that magnetic, outgoing, shine a light kind
One day
The world just slipped
Hush little baby on a sinking ship

Oh, Johnny won't you come outside
Don't you know it's not polite to hide
Oh, Johnny won't you come outside please
Oh, Johnny won't you come outside
Don't you know it's not polite to hide
Oh, Johnny won't you come outside for me

Seroxat, amphetamine
Doctor says to stimulate the dopamine
Electro-shock therapy
We'll have a well-adjusted member of society, you'll see

But he dreams the meadows and the quiet places
On a motorcycle riding thru the Willamina timber
A warm breeze, a soft trip
Mother's little helper and a morphine drip

MISSIONARY RIDGE

It was a faction of the Army of the Cumberland
The 15th Army Corp
Just a few years back they were a bunch of boys
Who'd never left home before

But the shame of Chickamauga
And so hungry they could almost die
Without any order from the general
They clamored up the mountainside
(They clamored up the mountainside)

Don't go whistlin' Dixie on Missionary Ridge
Don't call to arms those poltergeists to open up the casket lids
You'll wake those boys to wander among the old carnage
So don't go whistlin' Dixie on Missionary Ridge

On the 25th of November
It happened in the broad daylight
Gazing down on Chattanooga
Bragg did not foresee the fight

Outnumbered the Blue Coats two to one
He tucked his tail to flee
The Union broke the Confederate line
And marched south to the sea
(Marched south to the sea)

Don't go whistlin' Dixie on Missionary Ridge
Don't call to arms those poltergeists to open up the casket lids
You'll wake those boys to wander among the old carnage
So don't go whistlin' Dixie on Missionary Ridge

In the stillness of the morning
When you breathe the mountain air
The chill that you will feel
Reminds you of what happened there

When the light drips down the mountain
And the fog lifts from its face
The darkness of that memory lies buried in a sunny place

So don't go whistlin' Dixie on Missionary Ridge
Don't call to arms those poltergeists to open up the casket lids
You'll wake those boys to wander among the old carnage
So don't go whistlin' Dixie on Missionary Ridge

SAN ANDREAS FAULT LINE BLUES

Going to California, going to LA
The sunshine burns my eyes, but I stare at it anyway
I can only hope to get the hang of it someday
I got the San Andreas fault line blues

Might've once been Eden till the angels made their rift
Paradise was swallowed in the great tectonic shift
But what would mankind know to do with such a gift
He got the San Andreas fault line blues

I cut up the coastline, I was trying to get free
From the missions to the orchards, from the desert to the sea
I could hear the voice of Tom Joad whisperin' to me
He got the San Andreas fault line blues

When the streets of Bakersfield have all but gone to rust
And the cowgirls of Bandit Town will be kickin' up the dust
And the motorcycle preachers will pray for all of us
They got the San Andreas fault line blues

One hundred Philip Kaufmans with Sin City patches on their vests
And a hundred grievous angels whom in nudie suits were dressed
Drove a hundred red Camaros into a fiery sunset
They got the San Andreas fault line blues

BWYR

Black lives, white lives, yellow lives, red
Let's all come together and share the bread
Let's all join hands and share the dread
BWYR

Too many dying, too many dead
BWYR
Let's all come together and bow our heads
Talkers talk, but nothing gets said
And nothing gets done and the hate it spreads
While mothers and families hang their heads
And children weeping in their beds
Blood was bled and tears were shed
While that sorry rag flies overhead
That blocks the light, but not the lead
That blinds the proud with pride instead
While the poor go hungry and the fat get fed

Everybody scared you can see it or not
Looking to see what the other one's got
Walkin' down the street to your usual spot
Everybody tryin' to not get shot

If Black lives, white lives, yellow lives, red
All come together and share the bread
We could all join hands and share the dread
BWYR

THIS RIDE

This Ride, what a ride what a ride, what a ride

It hurts and it scars and it aches and it twists
It starves and it laughs and it balls up its fists
It's crooked and it hollows and it soothes and it breaks
And it grows and it ponders and it toils and it takes
It stretches and it breathes and it is lonely and long

This Ride, what a ride what a ride, what a ride

It calls and it follows and it breaks down your door
It bleeds you dry and it asks you for more
Shows up at your work and it makes you insane
And it loses your keys and leaves you crying in the rain
It's costly and violent and it's a sorrowful song

But I am thankful by and by my love
And if I'm talking too much just give me a shove
If I'm walking too fast maybe pick it on up
It's just like Old Yeller and Lonesome Dove
When you hate how it ends, but you can't get enough

This ride

It lifts and it gives and it singles you out
It shames and it blames and forgives and it doubts
It inspires and it opens our eyes and it heals
And it coughs and it slips and it falls and it steals
Your memory your dignity your husbands and your mothers

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