



# SHOVELS & ROPE — *LITTLE SEEDS*

## Album Credits and Lyrics

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1. I Know 3:39
2. Botched Execution 3:23
3. St. Anne's Parade 4:22
4. The Last Hawk 4:14
5. Buffalo Nickel 4:03
6. Mourning Song 4:13
7. Invisible Man 3:43
8. Johnny Come Outside 3:50
9. Missionary Ridge 3:31
10. San Andreas Fault Line Blues 3:16
11. BWYR 3:14
12. Eric's Birthday 1:21
13. This Ride 3:31

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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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Musicians: Michael Trent, Cary Ann Hearst

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Booking: Brian Jonas and Dave Rowan at High Road Touring

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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.

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## **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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