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## *Bernoulli Sailors – Abandoned Appliances*

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In the basement, with the bare light bulb blaring down on the cracks in the old concrete floor **“Sidewalk” Tom Richter** tells tall tales with his guitars, banjo, piano and voice. Accompanying **Tom** on this crazy ride are true-blue **Sailors** that come prepared for all weather conditions: **Ace “Tip-Toe” Yates** on 5-string bass and electric guitar, **Greg “Zenman” Zaino** on the zendrum, **Dale “Other Room” Orr** playing a mean muted trumpet in the open spaces, and **Brian “Chunkabilly” Goetz** shaking the shakers, recording, mixing, and producing the whole shebang for **chunkabillymusic**.

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|---|---|
| <b>1) Hailing Columbia – 3:09</b>                   | Seven sailors in a starry sea                             |
| <b>2) There She Goes – 3:49</b>                     | First they crawl, toddle, walk, and then run for the door |
| <b>3) Best Years – 3:49</b>                         | Taking stock twenty years later                           |
| <b>4) Me &amp; My Banjo – 3:20</b>                  | I’m taking my banjo with me when I go                     |
| <b>5) St. Brendan’s Chant – 2:59</b>                | Row me boys and you’ll get a little rum                   |
| <b>6) Silver 25 – 5:42</b>                          | Life is a brilliant train ride                            |
| <b>7) Back Seat – 5:15</b>                          | Around the world in the back seat of that old Chevrolet   |
| <b>8) Blues in the Basement – 5:23</b>              | I swear babe that it weren’t my fault                     |
| <b>9) When My Baby Waters All Her Plants – 3:44</b> | Where’s my foul weather gear?                             |
| <b>10) Valentine’s Day – 4:01</b>                   | The crazed confessions of a bad husband                   |

Lyrics and other information at [chunkabillymusic.com](http://chunkabillymusic.com)

Recorded at **The Landfill** Kingston, NH

Special thanks to **Brian Goetz**, all **Sailors**, and the **Cookie Man**

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## **Hailing Columbia**

Hailing Columbia  
Hailing Columbia  
The only way out is through  
Heroes do what they have to do  
Now the Columbia is minutes overdue

Old Nachadoches town  
Old Nachadoches town  
There were spiral contrails way up high  
We strain to see and wonder why  
It's raining tears in a clear blue Texan sky

Hold on to what you have  
Hold on to what you have  
The building shook and it's not that small  
Felt like thunder rolling down the hall  
We ran out the door and we watched the Columbia fall

Gone where all heroes go  
Gone where all heroes go  
Seven sailors in a starry sea  
Sailing out to their destiny  
If you see them there would you say hello for me?

Hailing Columbia  
Hailing Columbia  
The only way out is through  
Heroes do what they have to do  
Now the Columbia is minutes overdue

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## **There She Goes Now**

None could be more beautiful than she  
In the wake of the falling years  
I've tried I know to supply your needs  
With love if nothing more

CH: There she goes now crawling for the door  
She's grown wings now  
There'll be crawling no more

Deep inside the place where water is drawn  
She said a child is strong on your family tree  
A long golden sunset where rivers run calm  
All this from my palm was unfolded to me

CH: There she goes now tottling for the door  
She's grown wings now  
There'll be tottling no more

Though the baby is small enough to hold in one hand  
Her eyes penetrate and her heart commands  
You would be a girl and Kelly would be your name  
And nothing for your parents would ever be quite the same

CH: There she goes now walking for the door  
She's grown wings now  
There'll be walking no more

You wear that smile like you know that I'll  
Walk any mile for you  
When all the while the real trial  
Is knowing when love is true

CH: There she goes now running for the door  
She's grown wings now  
There'll be running no more

None could be more beautiful than she  
In the wake of the falling years...

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### **Best Years**

Truth of the matter is that I still love you  
Though it's hard to hold this heart out for so long  
Still searching for true love this soul survivor  
Just can't see what's right before his eyes

This is long distance calling  
Through these lines we are falling  
Until we find ourselves searching for  
The best years of our lives

A town to the north I'm just Green Street strolling  
I've got you and me and then some on my mind  
Thoughts take me down where your water washes  
and Capelight shines reflecting in your eyes

Beached upon the Atlantic  
Yet another hopeless romantic  
Pulls his chin wonders if he'll find  
The best years of your life

Wishing I knew for certain this road we travel  
would bring us half way closer to the start  
learn a lesson from sad songs take what life has offered  
the highest truth flows freely from this heart

Only your love and you know  
Towards this light must our souls grow  
close your eyes let yourself return  
To the best years of our lives

Truth of the matter is that I still love you  
Though it's hard to hold this heart out for so long  
Still searching for true love this soul survivor  
Just can't see what's right before his eyes

This is long distance calling  
Through these lines we are falling  
Until we find ourselves searching for  
The best years of our lives

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### **Me and My Banjo**

Me and my banjo we get real tight

Down at the Press Room on a Saturday night  
We step out into the french-fry lights  
Me and my banjo work it out alright  
My banjo...me and my banjo...me and my banjo  
We're goin' downtown tonight

Me and my piano we're real good friends  
We're gonna stick together 'til the bitter end  
We're gonna slide right past the eyes of Fate  
We're gonna crash together into Heaven's Gate  
My piano...me and my piano...me and my piano  
We're goin' downtown tonight

Me and my martin we go way back  
To the days of muscle cars and Kerouac  
When I hear that lonesome dobro sound  
Highway Jerry must be back in town  
My martin...me and my martin...me and my martin  
We're goin' downtown tonight

Me and my mortgage we're doing time  
Long distance callin' my thin dime  
An old dog can't learn new tricks  
But my mortgage has got me chasing sticks  
My mortgage ...me and my mortgage ...me and my mortgage  
We're stayin' at home tonight

Me and my banjo we get real tight  
Down at the Press Room on a Saturday night  
We step out into the french-fry lights  
Me and my banjo work it out alright  
My banjo...me and my banjo...me and my banjo  
We're goin' downtown tonight

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### **St. Brendan's Chant**

Row me boys, it's just a little bit farther  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum  
We'll find that land and seek safe harbor  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum

Rolling on that endless sea  
Our bodies ache, but our souls are free  
Pull all together now, pull all together now  
Pull hard and we'll get a little rum

Pull the boat all o'er to starboard  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum  
Shift the weight all o'er to larboard  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum

The buckle's broke, the main sheet jammed  
If the rudder breaks, we'll all be dammed  
Pull all together now, pull all together now  
Pull hard and we'll get a little rum

The night air is a'getting' colder  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum  
The angry seas, they make us bolder  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum

Let us live to tell this tale  
Of land and sea, of men and whale  
Pull all together now, pull all together now  
Pull hard and we'll get a little rum

Oarsmen are we strong and true  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum  
We'll crest that wave and ride on through  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum

To tread upon that distant sod  
We chase the stars, we trust in God  
Pull all together now, pull all together now  
Pull hard and we'll get a little rum

We grit our teeth, we strain our backs  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum  
We pull ahead, but always look back  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum

Brendan's gaze is keen and strong  
It lifts us up, it guides us on  
Pull all together now, pull all together now  
Pull hard and we'll get a little rum

Row me boys, it's just a little bit farther  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum  
We'll find that land and seek safe harbor  
Row me boys and we'll get a little rum

Rolling on that endless sea  
Our bodies ache, our souls are free  
Pull all together now, pull all together now  
Pull hard and we'll get a little rum

© John Richter 2005

### **Silver 25**

A cute smile you displayed, Walzin' down the aisle on TWA  
Caught my eye, that glimmer in the sky A heart that will unfurl...  
Caused by that Thompson Girl...

In a time where no one knew, Some connect more than two.  
Textures blend, loose ends we mend Bonds no one could nix...  
Wed in '76

Babe, shall we'll reach, the Silver 25?  
A race for the Gold, a brilliant train ride of our life  
Adversity pushed aside, we're put away our pride  
As others have fallen down, our love goes on.

Hearts converge, your folks celebrate They've crossed 50 years in '88  
Common paths they've proven wrong, man and woman together strong  
Vision from the heart... Our souls shall never part...

Our last son has finally done, high school work in '91  
Together we've helped him through, Vermont is green, you are blue  
A stare at the empty nest... We know, we've done our best...

Babe, shall we'll reach, the Silver 25?  
A race for the Gold, a brilliant train ride of our life

Troubles pushed aside, we're put away our pride  
As others have fallen down, our love goes on.

A era's end Time's hand affixed, Your dad departs in '96,  
A somber group, your sprit's up, 20 years have filled your cup  
Back home you come and cry, into arms you rely...

Come to see a brilliant station, Our fervent train racing with elation.  
Many have come, near and far ... Receive a young couple, two new stars.  
Our twosome continues to strive... at the Silver Two Five!

Babe, we're holding now, the Silver 25!  
Our race for the Gold, our brilliant train ride of our life  
Challenges gone past due, still one, just me and you  
As others have fallen down, our love goes on...

© Ace Yates

### **Back Seat**

It was love at first sight my first car was a sixty three Bel Air  
You could see through rust in the two-tone blue but I really didn't care  
It started up and didn't stall and the engine oil looked clean  
When that old 283 gets too hot she might run a little lean

On Saturday a dollar's worth in the tank of that old car  
Ted's brother jumped with a pogo stick on his old Kalamazoo guitar  
We went airborne on the old Fults Road our stomachs in our throats  
It looks like Lester lost control and that was all he wrote

CH: In the back seat  
    we learned about young love  
    it was me and you and you and me  
    and that moon up above  
In the back seat  
    when life and love were free  
    it was me and you and you and me  
    in that old sixty three

Fumbling in the moonlight with the buttons on your blouse  
When the U-Joint went I drove full speed into the swamp behind the house  
And I bought a GTO that day and I never shed a tear  
Still fumbling with those buttons after all these many years

CH:

I drove through your town today and I wondered how it goes  
And how you never got pregnant I'll never really know  
There's no stopping two young hearts in love there's no stopping naiveté  
Around the world in the back seat of that old Chevrolet

CH:

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### **Blues in the Basement**

I got the bare light bulb  
Got the red clay bricks leaching salt

Got the cracks in the old concrete floor  
I swear babe that it weren't my fault  
Got the old portrait of young Johnny O  
Next to Grandpa Gus' map  
The more I think things through  
The less I take this kind of crap

CH: I've got the blues in the basement  
Down at the bottom of the rickety stair  
If I could have the blues at the top of the lonesome pine  
I could have the blues anywhere

I got the leak in the boat  
I must have hit that familiar rock  
Handle's still broke on the old bilge pump  
I'm sunk again at the dock  
I got the weight thrown over to larboard  
Got the weight thrown over to port  
I got the ups and downs got the sideways slant  
I got the tall I got the short

CH: I've got the blues in the basement  
Down at the bottom of the rickety stair  
If I could have the blues at the top of the lonesome pine  
I could have the blues anywhere

I got the telephone call  
That pile of rocks is ready to go  
All you need is a pick a hammer and a shovel  
It's a mighty long row to hoe  
When you get done with your regular chores  
I got something I want you to do  
If it all blows up in our faces  
At least I get to blame you

CH: I've got the blues in the basement  
Down at the bottom of the rickety stair  
If I could have the blues at the top of the lonesome pine  
I could have the blues anywhere

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### **When My Baby Waters All Her Plants**

When my baby waters all her plants  
Fine furniture never stood a ghost of a chance  
I take my polyvinyl drop cloth and I throw it on the floor  
I'm piling sand bags baby up against the kitchen door  
When my baby when my baby waters all her plants

Flood warnings are in effect  
For all south facing window sills I just can't protect  
Precipitation is expected I fear  
You've got me digging through the closets for my foul weather gear

When my baby when my baby waters all her plants

Your grip on that water spout is much too tight  
Your eyes say forty days and forty nights  
Water water everywhere baby but not a drop to drink  
Exotic plants in the bath tub and sinks  
When my baby when my baby waters all her plants

I never knew house plants could grow so tall  
Last week we lost sight of the south facing wall  
National Guard could mobilize and cut me free  
I've got to plant myself from being swept off my feet  
When my baby when my baby waters all her plants

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### **Valentine's Day**

I can't buy you roses  
You grow the best on the street  
Chocolate is out 'cause the doctor  
Said to stay away from the sweets

Doc says you can have love  
Doc says you can have a sweet little daughter  
Says you can have a little white sailboat  
Dashing through Chaumont Bay water

Thought about buying you perfume  
There's nothing I can't stand more  
Thought about buying you jewelry  
That would involve going out to a store

I thought about love  
Thought about a sweet little daughter  
Thought about a little white sailboat  
Dashing through Chaumont Bay water

Imagine me in the morning  
Champaign on a February tray  
Imagine a room full of roses  
None grew in the garden today

Imagine my love  
Imagine a sweet little daughter  
Imagine a little white sailboat  
Dashing through Chaumont Bay water

I can't buy you roses  
You grow the best on the street  
Chocolate is out cause the doctor  
Said to stay away from the sweets

Doc says you can have love  
Doc says you can have a sweet little daughter  
Says you can have a little white sailboat  
Dashing through Chaumont Bay water

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