



Rain & Mud & Wild & Green – Lyrics

The Way Clouds Do

(Christine Kane)

A woman read a romance
And I could smell her fragrance
All the way to Baltimore
Every guy with a cell phone
Kept on trying to call home
Except nobody's home anymore

In a torn seat with a big stain
Where somebody lost their loose change
And somebody shoved their bubble gum
I stared out the window
Watched the cars watched the world go by
I am everyone

And all around me
The traffic flew
The cars were rushing
The way cars do

Well you know, we got a lot to do before we're done
God bless the world and all the ones for whom the night is long
And all these drivers and their dreams
They look like me

Back in Fairfax, Virginia
Me and the girls we grew up
In homes they built on battlefields
Ponytails and panic
We were bad, bored and bulimic
We longed for something real

And right behind me
An aisle or two
The girls were laughing
The way girls do

Well you know, we got a lot to do before we're done
God bless the world and all the ones for whom the night is long
And all these children and their needs
They look like me

And high above me

The sky is blue
The clouds are changing
The way clouds do

Well you know, we got a lot to do before we're done
God bless the world and all the ones for whom the night is long
And all these drivers and their dreams
And all these children and their needs
And all the earth and all the trees
All in all it looks like me

CK - acoustic guitars, vocals
Ben Wisch - organ
Tony Creasman - drums
John Conte - bass
Marc Shulman - electric guitar, dobro
Larry Campbell - banjo
Roger Fortner - electric guitar

She Don't Like Roses

(Christine Kane/Tom Kimmel)

She don't like roses
She don't like champagne
She took a step away from the fast lane
She lives on Jones Road
Down by freight train
You met her on a Monday
You were in love by Tuesday night

She lived in Detroit
She lived in Boston
She had a couple years there
She got lost in
She still gets shake-y
But not too often
You take her in your arms
When you want to calm her down

And her bed is under her window
And the sun's going down in the west
And her voice whispers softly, Go real slow
And you watch the rhythm of her breath

She wants a tree house
She wants a garden
A little bit of land
To put her hands in
It smells like lavender

In her apartment
It's always on your clothes
Every time you're going home

And her bed is under her window
And her fingers brush over your chest
With your heart beating fast you go real slow
And you match the rhythm of her breath

And if all your dreams come true
Do your memories still end up haunting you?
Is there such a thing as really breaking through
To another day and a brighter shade of blue

And her bed is under her window
And her arm's laying over your chest
And the street light is soft on her pillow
You can feel the rhythm of her breath

She don't like roses
She don't drink champagne
And now you're walking home
In the soft rain
You pass the mailman
You watch the lights change
And you're feeling fine
And you don't even mind the rain

CK - acoustic guitar, vocal
Richard Shindell - harmony vocal
John Conte - bass
Marc Shulman - acoustic guitar, tiple, electric guitar

Everything Green

(for Suzi, and inspired by Julia Butterfly Hill)
(Christine Kane)

They built a highway without much concern
And we cried for the hills and the trees that were burned
Back before hopelessness, long before greed
When everything must have been green

There was rain
And we danced in it
There was mud
And we ran in it
It was wild
Deep inside of everything green
There was pain

That we talked about
There was love
And we let it out
We were made
In the shade of everything green

We watched as they paved, as they worked, as they tore
You said, I have no faith in this earth anymore
Sounded like hopelessness, sounded like need
I grabbed you, we ran to the trees

There was rain
And we danced in it
There was mud
And we ran in it
It was wild
Deep inside of everything green
There was pain
That we talked about
There was love
And we let it out
And we prayed
In the shade of everything green

While stars turn to stardust
And angels talk to us
The world all around us can breathe

We have our guns, our machines and our swords
But I will not hate or destroy anymore
'Cuz after the hopelessness beyond the fear
We'll wake to the magic that's here
(and open our eyes...)
To the rain
And we'll dance in it
And the mud
Put your hands in it
In the wild
Deep inside of everything green
And the pain
We can talk about
And the love
Just let it out
We are made
In the shade of everything green

CK - acoustic guitar, vocals
Ben Wittman - percussion
John Conte - bass
Larry Campbell - electric guitar, pedal steel, banjo

The Customers

(Christine Kane)

Imagine way back when
When angels were deep within
And a light in the North was your only proof
In August lullabies
You were watching the fireflies
You were naked and under a midnight moon

Now nearly everyday
Everything's just shades of gray
It's kind of like you're tired and blue so blue
You work like a dog because
Think about it everyone does
As opposed to the thought that there's no one like you

But there's this cafe you pass on the way home
With the steam on the glass and a soft glow and a piano and a mood
And the customers look happier than you

But there's this cafe you pass on the way home
And when you're tired and you're trashed
And you're sort of like a list of to-do's
The customers look happier than you

So imagine if you will
Angels are singin' still
And though it's been years
You can still hear that sound
You're cynical these days
But oh, you pause cuz they say,
All those who labor lay down, lay down

And the cafe you pass on the way home
Takes you back in your mind to a lost time when you had time to lose
And the customers look happier than you

Special thanks to Richard Birt who came up with the riff (now played by the tiple) way back when I first started writing this song.

CK - acoustic guitar, vocal
Ben Wittman - percussion
Tony Creasman - drums
John Conte - bass
Marc Shulman - tiple, acoustic guitar, electric guitar

Times Three

(Christine Kane)

Let out a long sigh
Under a low sky
I'm coming home to you
I'm feeling nervous
I'm always nervous
I'm always passing through

Noise all around me
Sounds like graffiti
In this broken land
Where we will tell you
What we will sell you
And we will shake your hand

Ten thousand times I've
Wondered aloud why
We don't just die of fear

And I dream now
To wake up all the love inside of me
Times three
And I see how
The light alone is all we need to be

I am the big love
The magic wand of
The one who hung the moon
I am the camera
I am the paintbrush
Down in the deepest blue

I want a kingdom
I want a ride home
I want a big white room

And I dream now
To wake up all the love inside of me
Times three
And I see how
The light alone is all we need to be
Aren't we?

The wars are behind us
The marks are erased
The danger is over
The altar's in place
The damage is likely to leave
When embraced by these tears

Maybe we're crazy
I think we're lonely
I think we're wide awake
What is your passion?
Where is your dungeon?
What was your worst mistake?
And will you make
Your days replay your dreams?

CK - acoustic guitar, vocals
Ben Wittman - drums, percussion
John Conte - bass
Larry Campbell - electric guitars, pedal steel

(No Such Thing As) Girls Like That

(Christine Kane)

The woman on the TV set
Is clutching both her great big breasts
And she sure looks like she is having fun
In purple plastic panties
She is writhing she is dancing
And it's plain to see she really turns her on
But this is MTV you know
And that is how the music goes
And all the male guitarists think she's great
They believe that girls like this
Actually do exist
And secretly we all love to gyrate

Well, pardon me but I have never
Done a thing I can remember
That remotely looks like this at all
Except for once at Girl Scout camp
When several bees got in my pants
And one of them flew in my training bra

CHORUS:

Maybe these are fantasies
Maybe you have a right to these
Baby I'll just break this gently
There's no such thing as girls like that

The catalogs of lingerie
Come to our houses everyday
With women who have mostly nothing on
My favorite is the one who sits and
Drinks her coffee in her kitchen

Wearing just a silk robe and a thong

Well, let's be real here let's just say
My kitchen any given day
Is not exactly somewhere you seduce
Between the cat hair and the crumbs
Your nakedness might make him numb
And even worse he might begin to puke

And if you're gonna wear a thong
You might just find the cat hair's gone
To places you don't want cat hair to be
And besides you know the facts
A thong just rides right up your ass
And serves no earthly purpose I can see

CHORUS

Lastly I will say to all
The boys who make the Barbie Doll
That I think Barbie's really cute and fun
But if Barbie were a real live chick
Her waist would be 12 inches thick
Her bra-size would be close to 41

So by the age of 53
Those things would be down to her knees
With osteoporosis on the way

So, after having said all that
I'll leave you with this simple fact
My favorite girls are women that
Are not afraid to cry and laugh
And eat some food that's high in fat
Can change your oil, fix your flat
Can say some prayers and blaze a path
And I'll just say on their behalf
There's no such thing as girls like that

CK - acoustic guitar, vocal
Larry Campbell - electric guitar

All the Relatives

(Christine Kane)

Second Avenue yellow VW
She's behind the wheel
The busy people are crossing the street
In their wingtips and their heels

She sings a tune from a Broadway musical
She got no radio
She waves her hand to the man in the Rolls
As the stoplight turns to Go

And all the relatives
They say she's always been crazy with her radical ways
They say she's ornery, smells sort of garlic-y
They think she might be gay

CHORUS:
Do do do do
Do do do do do
Do do do do do do do

She decided she don't really like it
Workin' at a desk
And so she's packin' up and she's movin' to Oregon
Tuesday after next
And all her things but her journals and paintings
And jazz CD's of course
She'll give away to her good friend Renee
Who was recently divorced

And all the relatives
They say she's always been an overly emotional girl
They'll tell you what you've got to toughen up
To make it in this world

CHORUS

She sings at night a lullaby
There's not a note in tune
She rides a bike she flies a kite
She got a rose tattoo
And all the love that ever was
It never was so true
She says the best days are when there is
Nothing much to do

She found a puppy alone in an alley
One rainy Christmas Eve
And even though she was practically broke
She took it home and gave it the last of her crackers and cheese
Yesterday she said, I think I'd lose my faith,
Except for the fact there are miracles practically every single day

And all the relatives
Say she hasn't been in a church in a matter of years
And add to that her weird little hats and the pierces in her ears
And all the relatives

They say she's always been crazy with her radical ways
Well, you know, that might be so
But she guesses she's okay

CK - acoustic guitar, vocal
Marc Shulman - tiple, acoustic guitar
Larry Campbell - acoustic guitar

The Way You Say Goodbye

(Christine Kane)

Circumstance and sad relations
Sent you on your way
One slightly surface conversation
And you drove away
I made some attempt
To recognize the signs
So I knew when you went
This is the way you say goodbye

Your birthday card arrived on Monday
And I think it's kind of strange
Of all the things you might have told me
You just signed your name
That about defines
The way we let this die
Now it's not unkind
It's just the way you say goodbye

You sound like you found religion
You talk of letting go
The anger's gone the past forgiven
How come it all sounds so hollow
I don't know exactly
What that place looks like
I guess you turn your back
And that's the way you say goodbye

I'll tell you what
This business of
The hiding of the heart
Might be known
As letting go
But truth be told
It tears me apart

Everything comes back to me
So I'll speak for myself
I'm no master of release

And some days I'm still mad as hell
Other days I know
There will come a place in time
I'll hold you in my heart
And that's the way I say goodbye

CK - acoustic guitar, vocals
Ben Wittman - percussion
John Conte - bass
Larry Campbell - acoustic guitar, pedal steel, electric guitar

Or Just Heading Home

(Christine Kane)

Outside of the airport
In line on a waiting plane
Just an hour or two more
Then our lives can start again

To the aisle or the window
We all file in and take our place
And the guy in the middle
Looks like he hates the world today

Would it kill me to look up?
Would we dare share a thing or two
About the times that we screwed up?
About the times we barely made it through?

I fell in love once
With a boy from Wichita
And he left me in Africa
Yea, it's quite a story
And I cried last Christmas
For the trees in the parking lot
All the ones that the world forgot
Are you leaving or just heading home?

In the back there's a baby
He is tired and he starts to cry
Up ahead is a lady
Who turns around and rolls her eyes

They have asked us to listen
But the man right beside me won't
He is reading John Grisham
And he is plugged into a radio

What do you remember?

What things did you dream you'd do?
I wished I was Nancy Drew
And I was a ballerina
I can't do the crossword
In the back of the Sunday Times
Not even a single line
Are you leaving or just heading home?

I fell in love once
With a boy from Wichita
When he left me it broke my heart
But I do not regret it
Where are all your children?
Do you miss your mom and dad?
What was the best dog you had?
And are you leaving or just getting home?

CK - acoustic guitar, vocal
Ben Wisch - harmonica
John Conte - bass
Larry Campbell - electric guitar, pedal steel

The One Thing I Know

(Christine Kane)

Around the world and back again
We are just like gypsies
Grab it all and pack it in
Like I can take it with me
With my pockets full of receipts and subway tokens
I'm driving west in case a sunset might break me open

When the world is crashing down
I pretend I'm fearless
Tell the heavens Gather round
And hope like hell they hear this
For the record I have fought the fight and chased the darkness
Now I'm looking for a soft light and where the heart is

CHORUS:

This is the one thing I know
This is the one thing I know
This is the one thing I know...
Love and love alone

There are those who tell their tales
Without hesitation
Of saved souls and holy grails
Coven to congregation

I don't care whether you've seen the light or felt the magic
Are you gentle? Are you kind when you're stuck in traffic?

CHORUS

Half of me wants to runaway
When anything gets broken
When all I can see
Is what's missing from the cup
Instead of what it's holding

Mile 10 Route 22
I have found a hotel
South of Pittsburgh North of you
I know this weary so well
You can look for God in all the usual well-lit spaces
But you will find her in the world's most unlikely places

CHORUS

CK - acoustic guitar, vocals
Tony Creasman - drums
John Conte - bass
Larry Campbell - electric guitar

One Once More

(Christine Kane)

Saints and Valkyries
Runes and rosaries
I believe in everything I guess
But ain't that like me
Opened easy
And rarely in me something unexpressed

Where there's reverie
Moons and mystery
I will find you silent as your breath
But ain't that like you
Like the deep blue
What's inside you
Is anybody's guess

CHORUS:

With all doubts conveniently set aside
And all hearts a wide open door
We'll wander out and over to the other side
And we'll be one once more

And all that stuff that

Ancients teach us
We discuss while everyone's asleep
But ain't that like us
Thinking too much
When all this love just might be ours to keep

CHORUS

Special thanks to Mickey Gamble for tossing me the word valkyries when I said I needed a rhyme for rosaries. I'd love to say I came up with that, but he did -- and he didn't even have to pause to think about it.

CK - acoustic guitar, vocal
Marc Shulman - dobro