

PEABODY



LOST IN OLD RIVERS

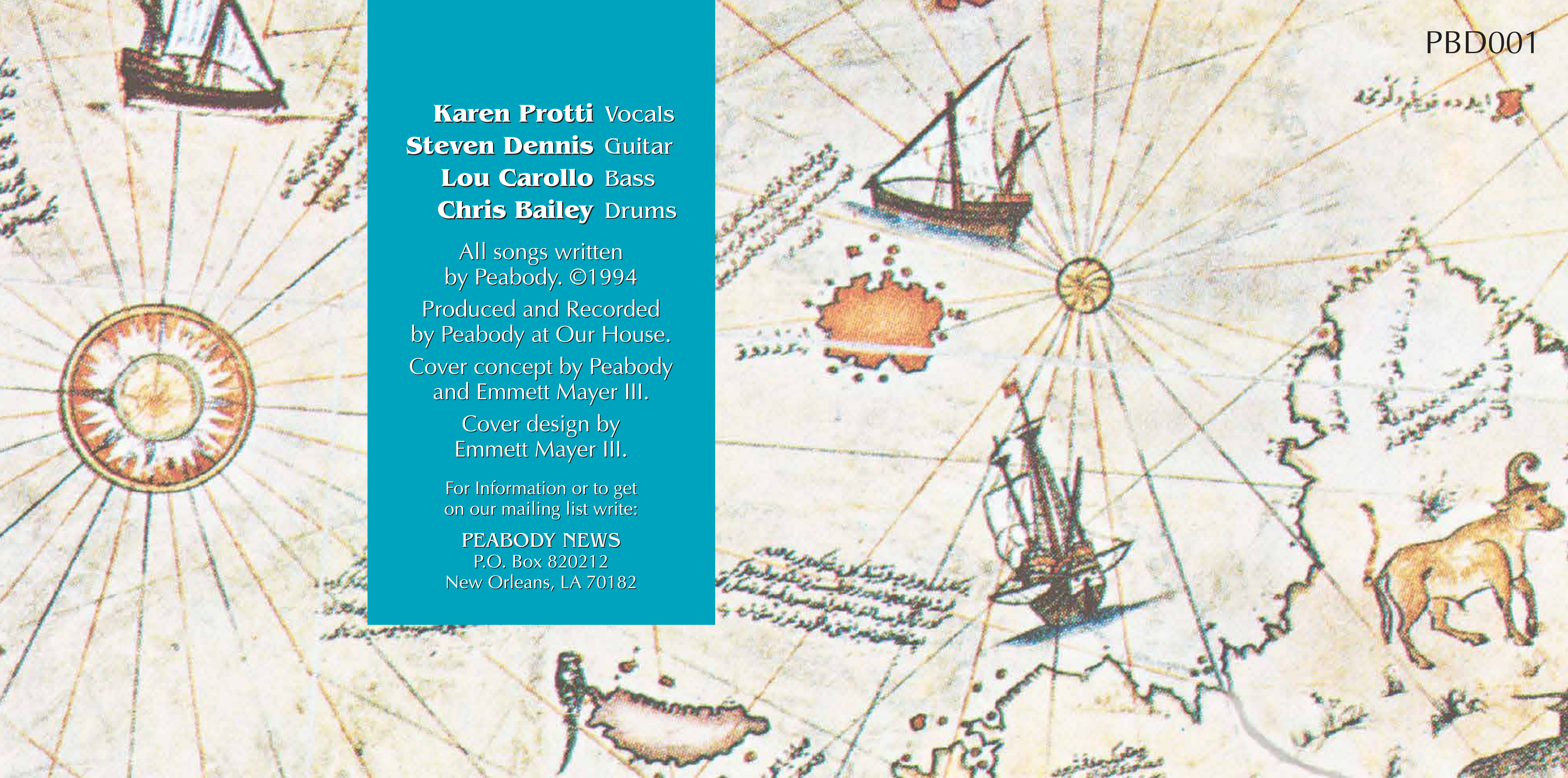
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All songs written
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YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

Who will be picked? Unfortunately I can see it won't be me. The same clique, time and again it's always the others who seem to win my spot. What do they possess that I do not? • You'll never, you'll never know • The matter of the judge, unfortunately they're deaf as they are blind. But who gets left behind? That's the way I'll get it. That's the only way to get it. • What you will find, what you will find. What will you find? • It's simple as they come. What's the use if not for the fun? Can you see why I'm complaining? I feel restrained by the part they're portraying. The grip they've imposed on me, since it's up to them you'll never see.

LOWER LINE*

Building up the courage is the rough part. If I only knew what they would say. I want to do what they, what they want me to do. Do you want me to live sheltered? Give me an answer. They said: • Step back. Never not today or any other day. Again you've gone too far and for the last time you will do what I say. • Yes that was the kid who was fighting age. Yes what you heard was rage, parents' rage. This outburst was not to help the kid's situation, rather to vent the parents' frustration. • Building up the courage is the rough part. If I only knew what he would say. So many times I've tried to guess what he'd want me to do. Should I always have to speculate? I can't take the pressure. He said: • Too bad, sorry, that's your strife. Don't blame it on my life. Sorry, no I'm sorry, this is the last time. I will not stay. • Lower line, the first few times is fine. But it's working on a lifetime. • Silly but true won't do it for me. Three to four I feel as if I've become a fixture and because it's fixed this is the way it will remain. All things just staying the same.

JUST ANOTHER SONG

Could this be what I am looking for? Is this what you are asking me to write? The odds are quite slim that I could even begin to write such generic and trite expressions. • The waves are filled, cluttered and jammed with these songs. • I can't stand the songs about someone who is gone, and I miss you, I miss you so much. And how did our love go wrong? You ask me to sit, but I cannot stand these songs. • What is trivial to my friends, is quite serious to me. I'd like to hurl my frustrations of the musical norm, down the throat of every singer who has filled their pockets with a jingle. • Big business for them all to make money with a song, and profit to hail a bottom line. Art is losing all its form. Your thoughts may not coincide, but I still can't stand these songs. • Fill the air, clutter the waves with these songs.

I NEED TO GO

Cutting through a forest and traveling around a mountain for miles and miles forever. Fastened down by spikes as it's held against the frozen wood. Is this the way they did it? The only way they could. As it finds it's way of being exposed to the masses, watch how quickly the towns develop around it as it passes. • The click, the tick, the clack, a track... Why can't it take me where I want to go? • As she walked outside she could here it quickly approaching. A sound that meant so many things to her, it meant that some would come and some would leave, and some would be left behind. As she looked at the track what she felt most was the difference, what she lacked. Feel it... • A system this size should surely stand for progress, but in this case it is not true. See how it joins these states from one sooty shore to another, it divides as it connects. Feel it... Why can't it take me where I want to go? Why can't it take me where I need to go? Far away to a place I've yet to know, where I need to go.

ALL THREE SIDES*

This is, is not as it appears to be. She fools, fools them with her trickery. She sees, sees what she wants to see. That's her, her way to survive a day, and I see all three sides. • Can't she see life's no fairy tale? Far out dreams are the winds for her sails. • A life of wealth is better than health. Fears of poverty are a catastrophe. Her hand, a band is what she's looking for. A life, of wealth is better than health, and I see all three sides. • She finds no luxury in economy. A penny saved is one that's better burned. • To hold, hold on to something that isn't there, to return, when she knows that the cupboard's bare, and I see all three sides.

LEAKING**

Dripping, dripping, down his face, he sweat, he sweat and sweat. All through a transom, his thoughts held at ransom, he was forced. • A tourniquet and a torch, one slowly gripping the other dripping. While one cuts the path, the other lights the way. • Leaking, where goes the doubt? Leaking, trying to seal it off. It's leaking.

WHEN TO END

Sula takes a dollar from her hand, to watch the passion in her eyes. This is all she knows. Because she believes that destiny and irony, drive her to motorize her mind all the time. She takes another dollar from her hand. Go ahead take it. • People who have pride, who have respect, they take responsibility often to take the blame. They refuse to blame others who are the pathetic excuse. I believe you. No! I won't believe you. • Go ahead look at what she has, look at how she lives. You would think she'd be miserable, but Sula is happy just because. Sula plucks the dead bud marigolds. This is her favorite step, step after step she takes it. How can she take it? • Sula's been with me for quite some time. She will never go away, never go away. Only that type of sacrifice can come from a mother. • People who have pride, who have respect, they take responsibility often to take the blame. They refuse to blame others who are the pathetic excuse. I thank God, I thank God Sula's my mother!

SWIM*

As children all we did was play, never worried about the time of day it was in fields out in the sun. We would take turns hopping off a pier, eyes tight with excitement and fear, you'll lift your hands, standing near. And if you knew the mess I was in, you would try and help me swim from the waters I'm drowning in. You're just playing, but I'm serious. Please don't ask me why, I would have told you if I could. Don't ask me for reasons I can't say. Just catch me. • Catch me, will you catch me? Don't let me down, my faith's in you. Catch me, will you catch me? Please help me now. Tell me what to do.

COME AND SIT WITH ME IN MY SHOWER

I can go whenever because I'm done. Ruling from atop a tower, come and sit with me in my shower. Try this Ivory, well that should get you clean. Power in a chair, come and sit here that's fair. A throne too, well that is a throne for you. • Fine, okay fine, fine, fine I'm finished. I can go whenever because I'm done. • I could tattoo it across my forehead and somehow you would still ignore it. Scared of you, well that's what's so insane. Folders, fold them, in order collate, snails at slowest speed. • It's all the time don't deny the issue. A priest and king and burnished bower, beggars wine unleash the power. Fly away from the old. Into... • Every little shove alarms me. Though most would not find it alarming. A priest and king or ordinary man, the paradox of pull, the power of virtue, the

rage and the fury is what will warrant the mutiny.

BIRDS WILL FOLLOW

You picked a perfect time, I can't imagine things better for you. And when nailed by the hammer of grief and discontent, if you look good luck has followed you. Time and time again you seem to pick a perfect time. They came but you were already gone. And even if they get to you, you are protected, good luck is like a halo 'round your head. You picked a perfect time, the clock is marked and ready for sale. And when canines that are stray continue to roam, little birds will follow you home. Time and time again you seem to pick the perfect time. You can tell by the wave in your hair. And if rods had been kept in for fourteen hours, without a doubt you'd still have the perfect head. • Come take a stroll with me, I'll show you where it is. See the green grass and the blue sky, it's in the brown sea. This is a great time, everything's right on side the dotted line. So this perfect time for you could be better for me.

SELFISH SELF*

I'm on the outside looking outside of my little simple selfish self. Being where I am I'm looking back and seeing what I felt. You enjoy the time when we are together. It doesn't take as much to turn me off. • Put them on, try them on. Of course you couldn't know. Put them on, try them on. Of course it's risky I know. • Little sister I'm certain, that he's no worse than any other guy that I have met. You've gone to the store but you haven't made any purchase yet. It's true the time we spend is trivial and corny. Your little story has become a bore. • For the first time I'm finding out the things I never knew about myself. When I look at you I see reflections of the lie I used to be. Please don't tell me who I am or who I'm supposed to be. Things seem to change. They'll never be, never be the same.

COLORS NEVER SEEN***

I've seen you before. How long has it been? Where did you go? Why did you go? I've seen you before, can I see you again? I figured it out where I ran into you, why I ran over you. • A regular meeting, a hello and good-bye, yes another, another good-bye. Was I counting too hard on harmony? The vibes didn't sing. Neither did he. When the curtain closed you could tell this wasn't the ending. A painting with colors that I have never seen. • At that exact moment, he was caught off guard. He was hit with crowding applause. To look at the lights, this new sentiment was one tragedy he would never forget. How could I forget? • Was I counting too hard on harmony? The vibes didn't sing. Neither did he. When the curtain closed, this time would be the ending. The muse that had caught him would not let him go. • A regular meeting, another good-bye, yes another good-bye, another good-bye.

*Keyboard: Clay Mixon **Keyboards: Chris Bailey and Doug Degan ***Additional vocal: Renee Suzano

Thanks to: Joan & Bill Bailey, Pat & Frank Carollo, Janice & Errol Dennis, Linda & Earl Protti, Lu Rojas, Paul Clement, John Maracich, Chris Nail, Dennis Papaleo, Marty Hurley, Ryan Hollard, The Artichoke Gang, LA Hill, and last, but definitely not least, all our friends and family who come to see us over and over again.

Very Special Thanks to: Shepard Samuels, Ken & Colleen Fonte, Jay Fiorello, Emmett Mayer III, Michael & Renee Suzano, Mike Adams and Doug Degan.

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