

## Mabelline

Lyrics by Sam Nitzberg

Music by Sam Nitzberg and Matt Douglass

**Sam Nitzberg: Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitar**

**Matt Douglass: Acoustic Guitar, Backing Vocals**

**Marc Wexler: Mandolin**

**John Shock: Accordion**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**

**Andy Bopp: Backing Vocals**

Mabelline, Mabelline

Working on something that can't be seen

Tired eyes and a forgotten dream

Mabelline, Mabelline

Mabelline, what's the deal

Cigarette burns on the steering wheel

Trying to find her sex appeal

Mabelline, Mabelline

Wake up early, or wake up late

Wait a minute, wasn't that the interstate?

Working at a Starbucks, living with her sister

There must be more to life than being a barrista

Mabelline, Mabelline

Working on something that can't be seen

Tired eyes and a forgotten dream

Mabelline, Mabelline

Maybe get a tattoo, maybe drink a beer

Got to find a way to look happy in the mirror

Maybe wear a raincoat or dye her hair again

Maybe go to bed, see if tomorrow comes again

Mabelline, well, she's not sure

Last night was just a blur

So pour the coffee for your customer

Mabelline, Mabelline



## Black Wind

Lyrics and Music by Matt Douglass

**Matt Douglass: Lead Vocals, Resonator Guitar,**

**Acoustic and Electric Guitars**

**Sam Nitzberg: Backing Vocals**

**John Shock: Accordion**

**Lou Shach: Harmonica**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**

**Steve Raskin: Drums, Conga**

You see the branches bending

The wind is really blowing

It's that time of year

In southern Oklahoma

The first siren calls

And his feet hit the floor

He stumbles through the dark

Out to the porch, and cries,

"Black wind's gonna blow it all away"

A funnel cloud is forming

Out to the west

Where it ends up going

Is anybody's guess

The first siren calls

To anyone alive

Ain't nothing gonna stop it

In the middle of the night

Black wind's gonna blow it all away

Living in the Red River Valley

You take your chances

You take the luck of the draw

'Cause when the birds flee the sky

Then the bough breaks

The cradle will fall on down

He longs for her embrace

And a better life than this

But tonight he sleeps alone

Taking shelter in a ditch

Black wind's gonna blow it all away

Black wind's gonna blow it all away

Living in the Red River Valley

You take your chances

You take the luck of the draw

'Cause when the birds flee the sky

Then the bough breaks

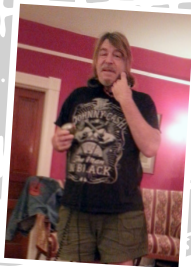
And the cradle will fall on down

Black wind's gonna blow

Black wind's gonna blow

Black wind's gonna blow

Black wind's gonna blow



## Nickel And Dime

Lyrics and Music by Sam Nitzberg

**Sam Nitzberg: Lead and Backing Vocals, Acoustic Guitar**

**Matt Douglass: Acoustic Guitars, Backing Vocals**

**Alan Oresky: Violins, Backing Vocals**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**

**Steve Raskin: Drums**

**Andy Bopp: Backing Vocals**

**Natasha Ramirez-Leland: Backing Vocals**

**John Seay: Backing Vocals**

Work all day with ones and zeroes  
Trying to make a nickel and a dime  
Didn't seem like my childhood heroes  
Had to put in so much effort all the time  
Seems like I have to sweat all of the little stuff  
Squeeze every drop of blood from a stone  
Never seems like I have gotten quite enough  
I'm seeing stars in this Twilight Zone

Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
Don't worry 'bout the details when your ass is on the line  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
I'm looking for a palm tree in a forest full of pines  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
Why do I have to be so goddamn petty all the time?  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
What's the difference when you're sucking on a lemon or a lime?

The ATM has started talking back to me  
And my password doesn't match my user name  
I got a credit card and debit card and my checking is free  
But I'm stuck in the exact change lane

Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
Don't worry 'bout the details when your ass is on the line  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
I'm looking for a palm tree in a forest full of pines  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
Why do I have to be so goddamn petty all the time?  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
What's the difference when you're stuck between a lemon or a lime?

Once I had a chance to make a windfall  
Just had to keep the train up on the track  
But I sped it 'round the curve, tried to get fancy  
I fancy I'd be rich if I didn't do that  
Seems like everything I do is gonna cost me  
And I'm working here just trying to make the rent  
The logic of my argument has lost me  
So I'm just giving you my last two cents

Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
Don't worry 'bout the details when your ass is on the line  
Nickel and dime, nickel and dime  
I'm looking for a palm tree in a forest full of pines



Nickel and dime, nickel and dime

Why do I have to look for that last penny all the time?

Nickel and dime, nickel and dime

What's the difference when you're sucking on a lemon or a lime?

## Raybans And A Speedo

Lyrics and Music by Matt Douglass

**Matt Douglass: Lead Vocals, Resonator Guitar, Electric Guitar**

**Sam Nitzberg: Ukulele, Tambourine, Backing Vocals**

**John Shock: Accordion**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass, Backing Vocals**

**Steve Raskin: Tambourine, Cabasa**

Well, the sun is calling my name  
As I sit with my umbrella in the rain  
Good things come to those who wait  
In Barcelona, Spain

You can walk along Las Ramblas all day  
And lose the money in your pocket in the middle of the fray  
But good things come to those who wait  
In Barcelona, Spain

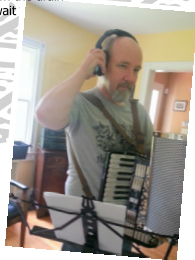
I'm gonna quit my job and salary  
Give my clothes to charity  
Soon, right away  
Live out all my days  
On a sailboat, drinking vino  
With my Raybans and a Speedo

Like a painting lives its own life  
I'm gonna live mine, too  
Whatever changes come  
I'll see it through

I've had enough of the long days and strain  
You can take the fast life and pour it down the drain  
'Cause good things come to those who wait  
In Barcelona, Spain

I'm gonna quit my job and salary  
Give my clothes to charity  
Soon, right away  
Live out all my days  
On a sailboat, drinking vino  
With my Raybans and a Speedo

Yeah, I'm gonna quit my job and salary  
Give my clothes to charity  
Soon, right away  
Live out all my days  
On a sailboat, drinking vino



## Old Leather Shoes

Lyrics and Music by Matt Douglass

**Matt Douglass: Lead Vocals, Mandolin, Lap Steel Guitar,  
Electric and Acoustic Guitars**

**Sam Nitzberg: 12-String Guitar, Backing Vocals**

**Andy Bopp: Electric Guitar, Backing Vocals**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass, Backing Vocals**

**Steve Raskin: Drums**

He used to walk up Charles with a top hat and cane  
Back when he was king of his own little game  
He once was my friend, many years ago  
He's a long way down now, another road

Time makes a difference  
Between what we say to what we do  
Now he's warming his cold feet on Read Street  
In old leather shoes

Snot runs out his nose, it dries in the cold sun  
Dirty fingers and clothes, yeah he's looking like Aqualung  
He's just a bum on a bench trying to change his mind  
He's yesterday's news to the people walking by

Time makes a difference  
From what we say to what we do  
Now he's warming his cold feet on Read Street  
In old leather shoes

Hides under broken bridges  
From too many chances, coming up empty  
Sleeps under falling stars  
From too many chances, coming up empty

He used to walk up Charles with a top hat and cane  
Back when he was king of his own little game

Time makes a difference  
From what we say to what we do  
Now he's warming his cold feet on Read Street  
In old leather shoes  
Now he's warming his cold feet on Read Street  
In old leather shoes



## Your Secret's Safe With Me

Lyrics and Music by Sam Nitzberg

**Sam Nitzberg: Lead and Backing Vocals, Acoustic Guitar**

**Matt Douglass: Resonator Guitar, Lap Steel Guitar, Backing Vocals**

**Marc Wexler: Mandolin**

**John Shock: Accordion**

**Alan Oresky: Violins, Octave Viola (Chin Cello)**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**

**Steve Raskin: Drums, Cajon**

**Andy Bopp: Backing Vocals**

**Natasha Ramirez-Leland: Backing Vocals**

Stopping, to hear a whisper  
Stopping, so I can see  
Stopping, to be a listener  
Your secret's safe with me

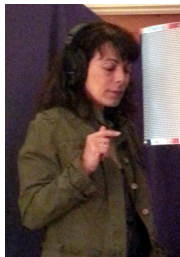
See how the shadows are falling  
Must be the end of the day  
Can't turn the clock back now, my darling  
It's not so funny how time slips away

Stopping, to see the seasons  
Stopping, to read the signs  
Watching you be the reason  
I want to sing this rhyme  
Stopping, to hear a whisper  
Stopping, so I can see  
Stopping, to be a listener  
Your secret's safe with me

Right now the air smells so sweetly  
Does there have to be a reason why?  
Things have started coming in clearly  
I don't want to have to wave them goodbye

Cursing a Canadian cold front  
Savoring a Spanish wine  
Spending a dollar when I haven't got one  
I hope these things stay stuck in my mind

Stopping, to see the seasons  
Stopping, to read the signs  
Watching you be the reason  
I want to sing this rhyme  
Stopping, to hear a whisper  
Stopping, so I can see  
Stopping, to be a listener  
Your secret's safe with me



### **Airstream**

Lyrics and Music by Matt Douglass

**Matt Douglass: Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitars,  
Lap Steel Guitar, Shaker**

**Sam Nitzberg: Harmonica, Backing Vocals**  
**John Seay: Bass**

Looking out on the coastline  
Just tar balls and dead birds left behind  
I'm driving down on the Gulf shore  
It's not like it was before

Houston, Texas can bring you down  
When the sky bakes the landscape brown  
So up in my ride I'm gonna stay  
Where every day is Independence Day

Cruising with my Airstream  
Cruising with my Airstream

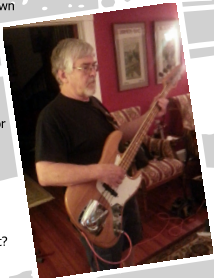
She's a beauty, 1984  
With big chrome wheels, a linoleum floor  
Looking out at all the cars  
Staring back at my stars and bars

Cruising with my Airstream  
Cruising with my Airstream

I don't need no GPS  
So what's a thousand miles east or west?  
I guess

It's Friday night out in the campground  
Pilgrims and runaways are just making the rounds  
People praise the Lord way out here  
But I sit inside drinking a beer

Sitting in my Airstream  
Sitting in my Airstream  
I like cruising with my Airstream  
Cruising with my Airstream trailer



### **True Lover's Time**

Lyrics and Music by Sam Nitzberg

**Sam Nitzberg: Lead and Backing Vocals, Ukulele,  
Harmonica, Triangle**

**Matt Douglass: Electric Guitar, Resonator Guitar**  
**Davis Shingleton: Mandolin**  
**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**  
**Steve Raskin: Conga, Triangle**

A true love is a lover's freedom  
A true love will shine  
True lovers will carry each other  
My love keeps this in mind  
True love is mine

I've had lovers who were just like all the others  
A mere acquaintance or two  
I thought each love was the final answer  
I found out that wasn't true  
Will it be the same with you?

You keep me young as the night falls all around me  
You keep me wasting my time  
You keep me busy as an angel in heaven  
You bring me there all the time  
True lover's time

Show me your mind now, show me your feelings  
Tell me the things that you know  
Tell me of lovers and their double dealing  
Tell me where I can go  
Tell me you know

I'm not a simple man and I've had my freedom  
Should I feel guilty this time?  
True lover's time



## Outta Time And Moonshine

Lyrics by Matt Douglass

Music by Matt Douglass and Sam Nitzberg

**Matt Douglass: Lead Vocals, Acoustic and Electric Guitars,  
Lap Steel Guitar, Parlor Guitar, Mandolin**  
**Sam Nitzberg: 12-String Guitar, Backing Vocals**  
**Alan Oresky: Violin**  
**John Seay: Bass, Electric Piano**

Most of my days I wait here for you  
Like you're something that comes in the mail  
I don't think love ever returns to what it was  
Every now and then I sit with a pen  
And write down "It's just not fair"  
But I'm a fool to think my mind's in sync the way it was

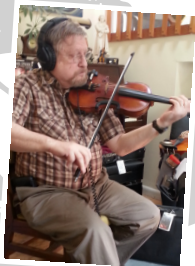
You saw the signs that I couldn't hide  
And it's all for nothing  
'Cause I'm running outta time and moonshine

I'll never forget the last time you said,  
"Please, no more whiskey or wine."  
But I don't think I'll ever return to what I was

You saw the signs that I couldn't hide  
And it's all for nothing  
'Cause I'm running outta time and moonshine

So either way in the end  
It comes down to confession  
Yeah, I'm halfway between manic and depression

You saw the signs that I couldn't hide  
And it's all for nothing  
'Cause I'm running outta time  
Yeah, I'm running outta time and moonshine  
I'm running outta time and moonshine



## You'll Wish That You Had Not

Lyrics and Music by Matt Douglass

**Matt Douglass: Lead Vocals, Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar**  
**Sam Nitzberg: Harmonica, Resonator Guitar, Backing Vocals**  
**Marc Wexler: Mandolin**  
**Andy Bopp: Baritone Guitar, Electric Guitar, Backing Vocals**  
**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**  
**Steve Raskin: Drums, Shaker**

I've been thinking hard and fast  
The world don't slow down long enough  
To take the sail down from the mast  
Dispel the trickle-down theory of love

I turn up my collar against the chill  
That came inside along with you  
Is that new frost on the window sill  
More like the past gone deja vu

So go on out the door  
You'll wish that you had not  
Go on out the door  
You'll wish that you had not  
You'll wish that you had not

I won't take you where you shouldn't go  
Oh, how lonely that place can be  
It always pays to take the high road, baby  
It brings you back home to sanity

So go on out the door  
You'll wish that you had not  
Go on out the door  
You'll wish that you had not  
You'll wish that you had not

For years I've never veered offline  
I was walking straight for a crooked man  
The clock on the wall says it's time  
For you to love me for what I am

So go on out the door  
You'll wish that you had not  
Go on out the door  
You'll wish that you had not  
You'll wish that you had not



## I Don't Wanna Do You Wrong

Lyrics and Music by Sam Nitzberg

**Sam Nitzberg: Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitar**

**Matt Douglass: Acoustic Guitar, Resonator Guitar, Banjo**

**Marc Wexler: Mandolin**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass**

**Andy Bopp: Backing Vocals**

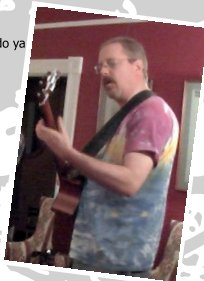
I don't wanna do you wrong, I just wanna do ya  
How'd ya get those legs so long, did they always belong to ya?  
I don't wanna mess with you mind  
But would you like to see my etchings sometime?  
I don't wanna do you wrong, I just wanna do ya

I don't wanna have you around, I just wanna have ya  
Come on over to my side of town, make it easier to grab ya  
You know I always have been fond of sports  
So would you be my athletic support?  
I don't wanna have you around, I just wanna have ya

I don't wanna get your jokes, I just wanna get ya  
Haven't understood a word that you spoke ever since I met ya  
Although I can't stand the smell of your perfume  
Could you tell them to me up in my room?  
I don't wanna get your jokes, I just wanna get ya

I don't wanna know you know, I just want to know ya  
In the biblical sense of the word, do I have to open The Book and show ya?  
I know you know I know you know I know you know I know you know  
(This could go on for an hour or so)  
I don't wanna know you know, I just want to know ya

I don't wanna do you wrong, I just wanna do ya  
How'd ya get those legs so long, did they always belong to ya?  
Would you like to see my etchings sometime?  
Come on over and I'll draw the blinds  
I don't wanna do you wrong, I just wanna do ya  
Yeah, I don't wanna do you wrong, I just wanna do ya



## Tilting At Windmills

Lyrics and Music by Sam Nitzberg

**Sam Nitzberg: Lead Vocals, 6- and 12-String Acoustic Guitars**

**Matt Douglass: Resonator Guitar, Lap Steel Guitar, Backing Vocals**

**Marc Wexler: Mandolin**

**Patrick Sheridan: Bass, Backing Vocals**

**Bill Beachler: Drums**

You can fight for what is right, oh yeah,  
Well, you can have your say  
But there's too much money on the other side  
To ever let you have your way  
You can keep on leaning 'gainst a stubborn wind  
You can beat back the crowds 'til dawn  
But you'll be forced to leave by a cash stamped  
With the horse that you came in on

Tilting at windmills  
That's your fate  
Tilting at windmills  
When the last ghost surrenders  
Another one waits

You've got a perfect plan, you're gonna beat The Man  
You're gonna show everyone what's real  
You're gonna slice through all the binding ties  
And make sure everyone gets a fair deal  
You're gonna forge a new relationship  
You're gonna beat them at their own game  
Yeah, but the punch you pack will only break your back  
And leave everything else the same

Tilting at windmills  
That's your fate  
Tilting at windmills  
When the last ghost surrenders  
Another one waits

Don't get me wrong, I hope I'm wrong  
And there'll be light at the end of the road  
Or maybe there's a pot of gold  
At the bottom of that rainbow  
But I think a share of that pot of gold  
Is something we won't ever earn  
It's kept out of view by a chosen few  
Who've got a lot more money to burn

Tilting at windmills  
That's your fate  
Tilting at windmills  
When the last ghost surrenders  
Tilting at windmills  
That's our fate  
Tilting at windmills  
When the last ghost surrenders  
Another one waits

