



The Rich Will Never Be Poor
Carol Denney

Laundromat Girl

she did not like the movies
she was not fond of shows
she had no time for parties
she does not care who goes
it's all the same to that girl
it's just a game to that girl
she's the laundromat girl laundromat girl

she does not follow fashion
she does not care who knows
she is no common blossom
she is a summer rose
what's going on with that girl
is something wrong with that girl
she's the laundromat girl laundromat girl
laundromat girl laundromat girl

she would not claim the credit
but she has changed your course
her world is still her secret
but she is part of yours

I don't know why they say things
I don't know why they laugh
you have a lot of playthings
she does not need all that
and all your diamonds and pearls
they don't belong in her world
she's the laundromat girl laundromat girl

she does not hear your footsteps
she does not meet your eyes
you cannot claim her interest
but you are mesmerized

I don't know why they say things
I don't know why they laugh
you have a lot of playthings
she does not need all that
and all your diamonds and pearls
they don't belong in her world
she's the laundromat girl
laundromat girl

*guitar, vocals—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum*

Treasure

don't have a fancy house
don't have a fancy car
you never been on top
you never traveled far
you think a better man
ought to have more to show
but to me but to me
you are a treasure

not what your mother hoped
not what your father dreamed
leaving your own plans out
covering all extremes
you think you're just some fool
who's never done a thing
but to me but to me
you are a treasure

oh, the mistakes you make
they get harder to take
think you should know by now
and when you're feeling low
you think that all you know
is you don't know why
and you don't know how

you got no high-class job
you get no high-class pay
you're just a working man
proving it every day
you think that any man
could easily fill your shoes
but to me but to me
you are a treasure

I see you walk the floor
though you're so much more
than I thought a man could be
I only hope you know
no matter where you go
you can still come home to me

maybe you'll never know
what you were supposed to be
maybe the world you want
is something you'll never see
you may lose everything
but you cannot lose me
cause to me cause to me
you are a treasure

*guitar, vocals—Carol Denney
bass—Mark Lemaire, Frank Buffum*

Mis Hijos

if the world were the woman whose family
was torn
Spanish the language she sings to her young
there'd be no one explaining why some others
must die
mis hijos the world like the woman would cry

if the world were the woman who planted
the corn
alone with the child who is yet to be born
while her sons and her husband are sent
somewhere to die
mis hijos the world like the woman would cry

if the world were the woman who lived in
the town
full of wounded and children and houses
burned down
and families in pieces windows broken foun-
tains dry
mis hijos the world like the woman would cry

if the world were the woman for whom no
rescue came
unlike people who only know violence
by name
and pretend there's some justice in the suffer-
ing and the pain
if the war touched the world
war would come to an end
if the war touched the world
war would come to an end

*guitar, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum
fiddle—Brian Theriault*

Mind to Leave

I'd still be on the road but I
forgot where I was going
they ask me if I'm serious
I have to tell them no
but what is the good of living here
none of these people seem to know
sometimes I have a mind to leave

LA is the place that no one
wastes their time defending
as guileless and as clumsy as
the culture it's extending
it may be empty but at least
it knows its just pretending
sometimes I have a mind to leave

oh, there's really nothing to this world
the day you stop explaining
I lost a lot of friends that way
I'm not as entertaining
oh, there's really nothing to this world at all
sometimes I have a mind to leave

I never see the man next door
but I hear everything he's saying
the price exacted by this cheap
hotel where I am staying
I don't mind his coughing but I
cannot stand his praying
sometimes I have a mind to leave

the girl across the hall from me
gets by with what she can
the rent is always late but then
she has a lot of friends
she pays it in the morning all in
twenties and in tens
sometimes I have a mind to leave

oh, there's really nothing to this world
the day you give up going on
people keep on talking and buses tend to run
oh, there's really nothing to this world at all
sometimes I have a mind to leave

I always end up wondering how we
call each other friend then
leave as lightly as the kites that
take the harbor wind
peculiar since we never quite know
how to start again
still sometimes I have a mind to leave

the road is like the people here
a distance I'm too tired to follow
heads I hold them close to me
and tails I let them go
I either can't understand or I already know
sometimes I have a mind to leave

oh, there's really nothing to this world
the day it gives its closing prayer
the wound you leave behind you
like a ring too fine to wear
oh, there's really nothing to this world at all
sometimes I have a mind to leave

*guitar, vocals—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum
lead guitar—Nina Gerber*

Winter and I

you're no New Yorker
but you sound just as strange to me
if you think these shoes are
a bargain you're wrong
they'll take you the circuit
of this motor-through island
and fade like the summer
by the time you are gone

of course I been drinking
I do it all summer
it starts every morning
either whiskey or wine
give directions to tourists
and sell them these sandals
and curse the mosquitoes
and drink myself blind

winter and I
get what's left of the island
when the tourists go home
and the snow flies
winter and I get along on the island
she's a good one to talk to
she never replies

they drive round the island
like they're changing the channels
and buy themselves sandals
and then drive away
they could buy them in Boston
but hell I don't mind it
the summerfolk keep me
in cordwood til May

summer out here
has a dangerous magic
tourists are careful I guess I know why
they can take it in pictures
from cars and on weekends
but they can't take it straight
I guess neither can I

(chorus)

I'm sober all winter
I do like my whiskey
but alone here in winter
I won't drink at all
I'll be drunk when the spring
sets its foot on the island
and sober as stone
just as soon as it's fall

when it's sunny there won't
be a sound on the island
except for snow melting
and sounds of the bay
I set up my rocker
in the middle of main street
and smoke like a chimney
and practice all day

(chorus)

*guitar, concertina, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum
lead guitar—Nina Gerber*

Getting Higher

it's getting harder to get higher
everybody knows
everybody sees that's where
everybody's money goes
it's getting everybody anxious
everybody's scared
covering their tracks up
as if anybody cared

well, it was Gottlieb's Cleopatra
inspiring all the wine
he thought he was getting faster
but she gets more careless all the time
call it a fair trade in the city
they let the small fish swim away
if your hands were full of aces
they would never let you play

cigarettes adores him
fresh air wants him back
cigarettes she takes him home
and fresh air she keeps track
but he'll be back in here tomorrow
saying he's been sadly used
taken like a schoolboy
and left alone to lose

if I were a young and handsome man
I would sweep her off her feet
beyond her wildest dreams my dear
our destinies would meet

cigarettes asks him where he's going
and then she asks him why
he really has no answer so he
conjures up a lie he says he
has a couple friends there
she says I'm really glad you do
cause I've been there and I know
you're going to need a friend or two

it's getting harder to get higher
it's getting hard to bear
this stuff may not let you sleep
but he knows he won't care
it's getting harder just to watch it
look at how we run
everybody wants some
of the legendary fun

*guitar, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum*

Stand By the Water

your heart is not sleeping
your heart is just still
the silence you're keeping
is not how you feel
you stand by the water
and stare at the sea
you caught yourself falling
and got yourself free

there's nothing inside you
that you have to fill
no reason for loving
except that you will
walking the sidewalk
walking the earth
whatever it costs and
whatever its worth

your heart knows the music
but can't say the words
the song in your soul has
never been heard
the song is so old now
the music so rough
the words are not needed
the love is enough

your heart is not sleeping
your heart is afraid
of chances you've taken
and trouble you've made
storms you have weathered
and storms yet to be
you stand by the water
and stare at the sea

guitar, concertina, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum
mandolin—Radim Zenkyl

The Rich Will Never Be Poor

(a joyous salute to the market)

as certain as the sun will rise
and politicians have lying eyes
as sure as suffering multiplies
the rich will never be poor
as certain as in life you learn
the rich have money and time to burn
the rich will counsel you wait your turn
in heaven you'll get some more

as sure as poverty plagues the land
the rich will give you a helping hand
as soon as mountains return to sand
and oceans leave the shore
count on nothing in life so well
that if the rich go straight to hell
that lots are something they buy and sell
they'll never enter the door

clearly all that you need in life
to be at peace in a world of strife
the company of a man or wife
and lots of money in store
life is simple and so complete
with faithful friends and some bread to eat
a solid roof and a room with heat
and stocks and bonds galore
!the rich will probably tell you nay
it's inner riches that really pay
the rich have always got lots to say
as they watch their assets soar

count on nothing in life so plain
the poor have water the rich champagne
the market rises to this refrain
the rich will never be poor
the rich will never be poor

as sure as life is a strange affair
in need of some robust repair
the rich don't actually have to care
the rich will never be poor
maybe people are all the same
the rich are playing a different game
you take your chances and take your aim
you'll never even the score

the rich can't help it if life's unfair
the rich are people they really care
they often mention it's hard to bear
they're burdened at their core
some say no but it's plain to see
the rich are different than you and me
the rich are different as they can be
the rich will never be poor
the rich will never be poor
the rich will never be poor
the rich will never be poor

concertina, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum

Ode to Bill Gates

Bill Gates lost a billion on Monday
and the mockingbirds sang him the blues
and the lilies all died in the garden outside
cause a billion's a hard thing to lose

the market corrected on Monday
a five hundred point plunge straight down
but Gates will survive his billions aside
cause he's got his feet on the ground,
yes he does
cause he's got his feet on the ground

the stock market's health is important
the people on Wall Street work hard
guessing the futures of wheat and of corn
guessing the futures of lard

But Gates knows that our prayers are with
him
and all of us share in his pain
we cry cause we care
about the stock market where
making money's like watching it rain, yes it is
making money's like watching it rain

the stock market's health is important
the people on Wall Street work hard
guessing the futures of wheat and of corn
guessing the futures of lard

but Gates knows we all share his vision
that the market will rise up again
we cry cause we care
about the stock market where
making money's like watching it rain, yes it is
making money's like watching it rain

guitar, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum

Sensation

let there be no misunderstanding
I know I am losing touch
I'm having no trouble sleeping
just a little trouble waking up
my friends say I am fading they are right
losing all sensation feel alright

all we are is money to someone
all we are is money to burn
they say music makes this garden grow
but I am not concerned
I water the earth with my dreams every night
losing all sensation feel alright

ooo, sometimes I only wonder
ooo, sometimes I think I know
I swear if I find a way beyond it
I will go

the universe is growing wider
flowering like a wilderness
I think it's cause for celebration
but lately I need less and less
and I need no more excuse for it tonight
losing all sensation feel alright

guitar, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum

When You're In Love

all your friends just shake their heads
lying on their easy beds
easy in their own love it is easy to be wise
in your heart you know they're right
tell yourself so half the night but it's
worth it just to look into that one man's eyes

walking down the street at night it
strays into your mind you might
run into him by chance and hope
to God you never do
swear you'll never fall again
and then some rumor wanders in
and off you're flying praying that it's true

when you're in love
all the things he never told you
up against the times he'd hold you
don't matter anymore
every couple walking by
every love song makes you cry
there's always some excuse to try
when you're in love

time to let the whole thing go
all your friends have told you so
time to find a new love with a kinder hand
walking with your eyes so wide
lonely people by your side
lonely people telling you they understand

now and then you feel so free
laughter comes so easily
now and then you know you've kicked it
no one owns you now
but every time you hear his name
you have to steel yourself again
people are so careless anyhow

when you're in love
and he tells you that he's sorry
but tomorrow he'll be far away
you hardly hear the words
he's going to have to leave you here
he's going to make it very clear
but his voice is all you hear
when you're in love

so your little dream is gone
concentrate on moving on
everyone you know says they know
just how you feel
try to keep it calm and cool
feeling like some kind of fool
it's just as hard to fake it as play it for real

staying home but that's alright
thinking that tonight's the night
he'll finally call you up if only just to say hello
you're so sure you cross his mind
thinking about you all the time
never see his face but still you know

when you're in love
and he tells you that it's over
looking back across your shoulder
you just know it isn't true
you stand there with your eyes shining
waiting for a different sign
you can wait a long long time
when you're in love
you can wait a long long time
when you're in love

guitar, vocals—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum
lead guitar—Nina Gerber
mandolin—Radim Zenkyl

Song Cycle for June

Overland

I am but a pilgrim
crossing overland
and I know this road
like the touch of a hand
every step I take
I am less alone
I can hear your voice
and I'm nearer home

I am but a pilgrim
crossing overland
and my soul's at rest
while my feet journey on
I am filled with light
for the joy I've known
for the forest bright
and the road I've come

I am but a pilgrim
crossing overland
and I know my path
and I understand
every step I take
I am clearer still
I walk unafraid
and I always will

One Day

if I had but one day
I would spend it here with you
here where I can hear your voice
here where I can hold your hand
if I had but one day more

if I had but one song
it would be a song for you
it would be a song of love
I would sing with all my heart
if I had but one song more

if this were my last day
all my thoughts would be of you
wishing I could heal your heart
praying from my very soul
all my thoughts would be of you

Freylekh

joyously dance and joyous sing
joyously move in wonder
joyous we are and joy we bring
joyous the spell we're under
joy we dream and joy we know
joyous we surrender
joyous come and joyous go
joy in poor and splendor

out of my heart and into yours
joyous and never ending
into the skies beyond and more
beauty and joy attending
joyous reap and joyous sow
joyous winged and soaring
joy we plant and joyous grow
joyous and adoring

love me but once and love I know
love I will feel forever
love me and I more loving grow
joyous we live together
joyous take and joyous give
joyous in elation
joyous die and joyous live
joyous share creation

What If Love

what if love was everywhere
what if love was free
what if love reached every heart
from me to you to me
what if there was so much love
everyone could share
every heart and every voice
and love was everywhere

what if there was so much love
rising like a tide
more than stars you've ever seen
more than tears you've cried
what if oceans full of love
washed across the land
heart to heart to hungry heart
and hand to hand to hand

what if you loved all of me
what if I loved you
what if love was all we had
and all we had to do
what if we could really give
all our hearts could hold
heart to heart to hungry heart
and soul to soul to soul

what if love was here to stay
here to make us free
what if love could heal the earth
and me and you and me
what if love could heal a heart
nothing could repair
what if we gave up on love
and love would still be there
and love would still be there

*guitar, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum
fiddle—Doug Adams*

Capitol Records

you simply write to Capitol Records
you simply call them up on the phone
waltz in the lobby of the Hollywood office and
make your genius known
they're all just waiting to help you
that's the kind of people they are
send them a demo and wait for the limo that
tells you you're a star

you got friends at Capitol Records
they know what musicians go through
they'll want to listen to all you've written
cause
that's what they love to do
they're tired of stuff that's commercial
they'd love to hear something that's not
rock songs, joke songs, love songs, folk songs
all the songs you've got

they know musicians are different
they know it's a delicate breed
they won't mind if it's rough
just the jist of the stuff and they'll say
just what we need
their faces will light up in wonder
it's all worth it when these people smile
play them a number and they'll ask in wonder
how you got so versatile

send your note to Capitol Records
or when it's convenient drop by
knock on the door of the president's office yes
record people aren't shy
they'll be so happy to meet you
they'll be delighted you came
they think that artists and art is just mar-
velous
they'll love the sound of your name

at Capitol they'll understand you
they know how hard it has been
need an advance without some song and
dance
well, hey, that's the business they're in
they're on your side at Capitol Records
they dream about people like you
play them a song and they'll sing right alone
and in two-part harmony too
record people don't care about money
record people just care about art
they don't believe a song has to break even if
that song's from the heart
at Capitol Records it's different, yeah
at Capitol Records they care
(we are the world) come by if you're lonely
it's like family down there

*guitar, vocal—Carol Denney
bass—Frank Buffum*