

1) Like the Way You Said

(Stephen Fearing /2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music)

Hold me like the way that you said
Not like you were holding another
Take me to the foot of your bed
And we will find our way over in the morning
Find our way over in the morning

Remember when I said I was sorry?
Remember when I made you cry?
Remember when the lights went out?
We were looking for a little bit of blue sky
Looking for a little bit of blue sky

Hold me like the way that you said
Not like you were holding another
Take me to the foot of your bed
And we will find our way over in the morning
Find our way over in the morning

Not a stolen moment passes
Not a day goes creeping by
Watch the world behind dark glasses
Looking for a little bit of blue sky
Looking for a little bit of blue sky

All my friends are looking thinner
All my friends got an axe to grind
Making music with the sinners
and looking for a blue sky
Looking for a blue sky

Hold me like the way that you said
Not like you were holding another
Take me to the foot of your bed

And we will find our way over in the morning
Find our way over in the morning
Find our way over in the morning

2) The Finest Kind

(Stephen Fearing/Tom Wilson - 2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music/Sony Music)

I've been dumped, I've been sore
Hard to get and then I got what for
I bought the ring, but we fell apart
She bent my mind, She broke my heart
With one love letter, the finest of the 'Dear John' kind

I picked my bones on every stage
When singing songs was all the rage
I sold my back when I needed cash
I lost my car when they found my stash
Cuffed and collared by the Governments finest kind

Cruel winds are always blowing colder
And a hard rain is never far behind
So come on darlin', rest your head upon the shoulder
Of the finest kind, the finest kind
The finest of the finest kind

I'm self afflicted, life addicted
I paid my money, but I lost my ticket
I rolled the stones and I walked the blues
I stretched my stride, I trimmed my fuse
When I went running with the finest of the traveling kind

Cruel winds are always blowing colder
And a hard rain is never far behind
Come on darlin', rest your head upon the shoulder

Of the finest kind, the finest kind
The finest of the finest kind

03) Town Called Jesus

(Stephen Fearing /2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music)

Our founding fathers built this town
And they named it for God's Son
On Sundays, it was fine clothes for everyone
But on Mondays when the gloves came off
There was always hell to pay
On the other side of Jesus, nearly half a world away

you and me, we learned to sing
As soon as we could run
We left that town like buckshot from a gun
and we flew with our ambitions
and our faded black berets
To the other side of Jesus, nearly half a world away

Money comes and money goes like water through my hands
Money spills like blood upon the land
Money finds the sacred place and rolls the stone away
Concrete in the fields, and the Northern Lights are fading

And there's something I've been looking for
On every hungry street
Older than the stone beneath my feet
a secret, waiting for a kid
To dig it from the clay
On the other side of Jesus, nearly half a world away

Money comes and money goes like water through my hands
Money spills like blood upon the land
Money finds the sacred place and rolls the stone away
Concrete in the fields, and the Northern Lights are fading

And there's something I've been looking for
On every hungry street
Older than the stone beneath my feet
a secret, waiting for a kid
To dig it from the clay
Like the long lost bones of Jesus, nearly half a world away
On the other side of Jesus, nearly half a world away

4) Showbiz

(Stephen Fearing/2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music)

Your pretty face
Grin Like a thief
Your eyes are wide above the whitest teeth
I recognise you
From the lives we live
Showbiz

Breaking the bread
Drinking the wine
Roll out our secrets like a ball of twine
So if we get lost
Find our way back, to this
Showbiz

We sink like pennies in the cool blue of the moment
And for a moment, wish to never rise again
Forget your cares
Forget your kids
Showbiz

I will not help you
You won't save me
No points awarded for stupidity
I was hers

You were his
And that's showbiz

I was hers
You were his
That's showbiz

Showbiz

5) On The Great Divide

(Stephen Fearing/Glen Stace - 2001 © Fearing & Loathing Music/Glen Stoeze)

Standing at the crossing
Listening to the bell
Watch the people rushing
Where to? I can't tell
A woman stops beside me
One eye swollen shut
One eye on the future
Stepping in the wheel ruts

It's a long train, everybody has to ride
On a two lane, riding on The Great Divide
It's a long train and a fast ride
It hasn't changed much since the last time
It's a long train

Once when I was waiting
Friend of mine rolled by
Grinning as he passed me
Smile around his eyes
But I could not speak to him
Even though I tried
So give my love to Jesse

Little diamond eyes

It's a long train, everybody has to ride
On a two lane, riding on The Great Divide
It's a long train and a fast ride
It hasn't changed much since the last time
It's a long train

And when I rise, it's coffee, tea, or cigarettes
Some mornings, it's like rising from the dead
Old songs slipping through the sheets
Tumbling in my head
Places I remember
Faces I forget

It's a long train, everybody has to ride
On a two lane, riding on The Great Divide
It's a long train and a fast ride
It hasn't changed much since the last time
It's a long train

6) Me And Mr. Blue

**(Stephen Fearing & Ian Thornley/2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music / BGG
Music Canada)**

I fell asleep on a rooftop
I woke up halfway down
In my parachute above the open ground
Nobody could hear me
Nobody could see
Changes always happen best in privacy

At least I'm going somewhere
So this is nothing new
Oh, he just comes out of nowhere
Next thing I know it's me and Mr. Blue

Hungry as a priest
I was young and I was tired
All strung out on promises like razor wire
Nobody came near me
And there were more of them
Flipping out the coin but never wishing again
Wishing again

At least I'm going somewhere
So this is nothing new
Oh, he just comes out of nowhere
Next thing I know it's me and Mr. Blue

I fell asleep on a subway
I woke up surrounded
A thousand faces riding on the underground
Underneath the city
And up out of the night
to watch the morning shutting down the streetlights
Shutting down the streetlights

At least I'm going somewhere
So this is nothing new
Oh, he just comes out of nowhere
Next thing I know it's me and Mr. Blue

8) Rave On Captain

(Stephen Fearing - 2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music)

Rave on captain sir, will you wear the crown?
The votes were counted sleight of hand and you won the round
Standing present and correct
To coronate The King elect
We bend the knee, we show respect
To the new chief saboteur

Rave on for the masses as you lead the way
Rave on for the apathy that took the day
Either one or else the other
Tweedledum or Tweedledumber
March in circles to the same drummer
And it all becomes a blur
Rave on Captain, oh my Captain Sir

Rave on for the lawyer and the plain clothes cop
Rave unto the nation of the doughnut shop
News of you and your secretary
More than strictly necessary
The loudmouths and the mercenaries
We know who they were
Rave on Captain, oh my Captain Sir

Based on what you are and who you were it was a long shot
The high priest of the entrepreneurs it was a long shot
another shooting star thrust at the world it was a long shot
A long shot

Rave on for the drinker living hand to mouth
Rave on for the factories that headed south
holding court in secrecy
The bankrupt play monopoly
No mercy, no democracy
and no-one breathe a word
Rave on Captain, oh my Captain Sir

Based on what you are and who you were it was a long shot
The high priest of the entrepreneurs it was a long shot
another shooting star thrust at the world it was a long shot
A long shot

Rave on
Rave on

9) When My Baby Calls My Name
(Stephen Fearing - 2001/©Fearing & Loathing Music)

All the anger fades away
When my baby calls my name
Darkness from the breaking day
When my baby calls my name
Fortunes rise and fortunes fall
Every gambler loves the game
I turn my back on them all
When my baby calls my name

When the flood is rising
And the bills come, thick as rain
Step inside, out of the cold
When my baby calls my name

And all the pretty horses
Take their turn around the pen
and the old brass shines
All the fallen riders
Hope to climb back on again
'Cause they might hang on this time.

In the dance halls and the bars
Or in the pearly morning light
Some make love and some make war
kiss their little dreams goodnight
Passions rise and passions fall
And nobody's to blame

But I don't miss those days at all

When my baby calls my name
When my baby calls my name

10) That's How I Walk

(Stephen Fearing/Tom Wilson - 2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music/Sony Music)

Here comes the longest night
Here comes the rain
Here comes the longest night
And the love for you that'll never come back
Love for you that'll never come back
That's how I walk all over this world

It's been the roughest ride
it's been a trip
It's been the roughest ride
That I went down, I never came back
I went down and I never came back
That's how I walk all over this world

That's how I walk
That's how I walk

Dreamed about my credit cards
Dreamed about my kids
Dreamed about my neighbours
and when I woke up, I never looked back
I woke up and I never looked back
That's how I walk all over this world

Hands on the telephone
I lost my grip
Took back the things I said
But they left my mouth and they never came back
left my mouth and they never came back
That's how I walk all over this world

That's how I walk
That's how I walk

That's how I walk
That's how I walk
Walk all over this world

11) Glory Train

**(Stephen Fearing/Brian DenHertog - 2001/© Fearing & Loathing
Music/Tidal Action music)**

I am restless tonight
Body's just a bag of bones
And a cheap suit feels
Like a poor man's home
Far away, a whistle blows
and a dog slips it's chains
Waiting, waiting for the glory train.

Feel the air
Crawl across your skin
The last lick of night
Shadow's lingering
Morning drags itself to town
Spreading like a stain
I'm sick of waiting, waiting for the glory train

Glory train
In the landscape of our own invention
Ride the rails
Of promises and good intentions
Good intentions

I found a picture
See the way we used to be?

Do you remember
How your eyes would look at me?
Making love into the night
And the neighbours would complain
We were waiting, waiting for the glory train

Glory train
In the landscape of our own invention
Ride the rails
Of promises and good intentions
Good intentions

12) Wailing Wall

**(Stephen Fearing / Colin Cripps - 2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music / BGG
Music Canada / peermusic Canada Inc.)**

Before the night is over, I will have you down
Hold you there, 'till everything comes clear
'Cause you look so much like me
and it's hard for me to see
Who's holding who
But isn't that what we do?

The colours of this room never change
The fragile friends that come and go
and it's harder to reveal
So we shut our eyes and steal again
From what we know
I wish I could let it go

You were my wailing wall
My endless fascination
The voice of inspiration in an empty hall
You were my wailing wall
When the nights would never end
Twisting closer to the bend where the lonely fall

You were my wailing wall

Please don't get too sentimental, the past is just the past

Now I have to live from day to day

Still, I've come to see the healer

From the back door of the dealer

Where the broken souls

Get lost in the undertow

You were my wailing wall

My endless fascination

The voice of inspiration in an empty hall

You were my wailing wall

When the nights would never end

Twisting closer to the bend where the lonely fall

You were my wailing wall

Flipping through the names

Of the friends I haven't burned

Pages fall like leaves

From the lessons never learned

Secrets only breathe

If you hold them to your chest

And nothing smells like fear

Nothing suffers like regret

You were my wailing wall

My endless fascination

The voice of inspiration in an empty hall

You were my wailing wall

When the nights would never end

Twisting closer to the bend where the lonely fall

You were my wailing wall

You were my wailing wall

When the nights would never end

Twisting closer to the bend where the lonely fall
You were my wailing wall
My wailing wall

13) Black Silk Gown

(Stephen Fearing/2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music)

Driving through to midnight between the rumble strips
Never let your promises get too far from your lips
'Cause the night is shot with diamonds
Above these dark New England towns
And the highway drawn beneath me like a black silk gown

Baby's on the west coast by the San Francisco bay
Clear across the continent, a couple days away
Where the Golden Gate is painted every time the sun goes down
And the ocean pools around her like a black silk gown

Oh aren't we riding now, riding, you and me
Oh aren't we riding now, side by side, you and me?

If I pull myself together, push a little further on
I might stop and get some rest until the weariness has gone
But I don't know how to reach you and the night is coming down
And the darkness folds around me like a black silk gown

Oh aren't we riding now, riding, you and me
Oh aren't we riding now, side by side, you and me?
Driving through to midnight between the rumble strips
Never let your promises get too far from your lips
'Cause the night is shot with diamonds
Above these dark New England towns
And the highway drawn beneath me like a black silk gown

14) The Parting Glass

(Trad. Arr Stephen Fearing/2001/© Fearing & Loathing Music)

Oh all the money that e'r I had,
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'r I've done,
Alas it was to none but me
and all I've done, for want of wit
to memory now, I can't recall
So fill for me the parting glass
Goodnight, and joy be with you all

Oh all the friends that e'r I had
Are sorry for my going away
And all the friends that e'r I had
Would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls into my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Goodnight, and joy be with you all