

plains of tellico

through 24 valleys and 24 hills
for 24 thousand years it has spilled and danced in pools
and shallow rills
now with gasping breath lies still

on the plains of tellico where the water of the tennessee flows
and it holds them like a vase of souls on the plains of tellico

well the indians lost and they headed west
homesteaders came and plowed over the rest
neither could they stand the test
of a government request

on the plains of tellico where the water of the tennessee flows
and it holds them like a vase of souls on the plains of tellico
on the way to the ohio

now the blood and the tears and the plow's left behind
we all turn and yield to a happier time
now it seems we've come to find
sequoyah's name on a cul-du-sac sign

on the plains of tellico where the water of the tennessee flows
and it holds them like a vase of souls on the plains of tellico
on the way to the ohio
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Buffalo to Washington (written by Greg Stiglets)

Rolling past these green fields and twisting through the mountains like a snake in through
the brambles rolling out, never go this path again
But I don't have to pay heed to the track that lays before me that old engineer is gonna
drive, the motor moves, and takes me where I long to go
Away from feeling so damn low

I've jumped this train but I'm not riding first class by a long shot, I'll just sit here in the
corner of this boxcar counting stops and broken dreams
It's something that I'm used to, at the same time not familiar I'll just roll on out, new
places call me, it's really not as lonesome as it seems
After all I've done and seen

Some look me and yearn to hit the tracks, take off running like a shot that rings out loud
and true, ride the rails and see the pretty sites

But some just look and shake their heads and wonder what the hell I must have thought
when I lit out on my own to see the big bright city lights
Ain't no use to try and fight

I'll put my pillow beneath my weary head and know the rhythm of the tracks lulls me
quick to sleep, not lay awake and think of what I've done
I'll sleep into the distance and when the morning wakes me there'll be a new place
waiting for me and when they ask me where I'm from
Buffalo to Washington, tell 'em I'm just having fun

Bide My Time (written by Anya Hinkle and Jesse Langlais)

Two years back and forth before the door
Pattern thin upon the linoleum floor
I'm going to bide my time
Down by the rusty rails and the kudzu vines
Far away from the interstate 40 whine

Goodbye, so long, fare thee well, I'm leaving you today
Goodbye, so long, fare thee well, won't be the one to say
My love's gone away

Thoughts of you come rolling down the line
On narrow gauges twisting through my mind
The better memories from before
They're coming with me but I'm not coming back for more
All the rest I'll leave on the cutting room floor

Goodbye, so long, fare thee well, I'm leaving you today
Goodbye, so long, fare thee well, won't be the one to say
My love's gone away

I'm going down to the river
In dad's rusted Chevrolet
Don't ask me what I'll do till I get there
Probably stare at that Macon county clay

Love's season's left behind
Bouquet of bittersweet on the railroad sign
As I sit on the tailgate drinking wine

Goodbye, so long, fare thee well, I'm leaving you today
Goodbye, so long, fare thee well, won't be the one to say
My love's gone away
My love's gone away

Good Hard Rain (by Anya Hinkle)

I've been traveling, been on the road
Looking for something, for what I just don't know
But I got my baby and I got my home
Know I'll find it no matter where I roam

A good hard rain is what I need
To take these blues away from me
Sitting on a mountain all alone
Need some thunder to shake my bones

Grab a cup of coffee, top off the tank
Monday morning, I'll start another week
The boy at the station gives me a smile
Saying you take care, see you in a while

A good hard rain is what I need
To take these blues away from me
Sitting on a mountain all alone
Need some thunder to shake my bones

Back on the highway I'll keep rolling on
Gonna burn these blues till they're gone
Gonna wipe these furrows off my brow
Gonna burn these blues, I'll find a way somehow

A good hard rain is what I need
To take these blues away from me
Sitting on a mountain all alone
Need some thunder to shake my bones

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To take these blues away from me
Sitting on a mountain all alone
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Wanderin' Boy (written by Bryan Clendenin)

I'm just a wanderin' boy I'll always roam around
I've always got some place to go that I ain't found
Travel all alone so no one will weigh me down
Just a wanderin' boy and I'm going town to town

There's nothing in my pockets I can't pay the rent
Guess time out on the road is always time well spent
Had a little girl but I let her down
On that winter morning when I ran out of the town

I could never settle down, the road beneath my feet
Stay at home living on this dead end street
My mind is made to ramble like a leaf out in the wind
Just a wanderin' boy headed down the road again

I'll always be a Rambler and I can't settle down
It's north to south and east to west and round and round
Travel all alone so no one will weigh me down
Just a wanderin' boy and I'm going town to town

I could never settle down, the road beneath my feet
Stay at home living on this dead end street
My mind is made to ramble like a leaf out in the wind
Just a wanderin' boy headed down the road again

Wilkins County Wood (written by Greg Stiglets)

Well my mind goes back to the place it was when it all began
I was shuffling through the fields that led through my granddaddy's land
When I came upon a hilltop overlooking gentle streams
Marked the place that I'd come back to raise the post and beams

Oh my daddy said to never cut the wood so green and young
And the Wilkins County sawmill never checked for square or plumb
But the money that I had would never buy the wood from town
So the Wilkins County sawmill is where I laid my money down

And it was way over yonder, over hill and dale
I built a road so strong to take me to and fro and never fail
And the twisted pile of lumber I was gonna build it there
But it twist and fell because the damned old Wilkins County Wood was out of square

Should have milled the wood myself with nothing but a hatchet in my hand
Save myself the trouble I wouldn't wish on any man
Happiness and memory, I'm standing in the rain
Thinking on the girl I loved that will never take my name

Because she left me moaning, begged her not to go
But swinging a 12-pound hammer shaking framing straits about to break my back I
know

And the twisted pile of lumber I was gonna build it there
But it twist and fell because the damned old Wilkins County Wood was out of square

And I laid the trusses but my blood turned cold
Watching the frame that was to house me and my wife when we were old
Twist and slowly falling and quick became the past
Just like that old Wilkins County wood our love was never meant to last

More than I can take (written by Greg Stiglets)

Left the front porch light on almost all damn night long
Never reared your pretty head
Finally rolled in at dawn, eat a bite and with a yawn
At last you come to bed
But it's time for me to wake, this way of living is more than I can take

It's colder than it has been ever in this house since I don't know when
The sun is gonna rise
I can lie and kid myself, laugh about you if nothing else
Making up these little lies
But it's time for me to wake, this way of living is more than I can take

If I jump on the interstate I can make it back to momma by daybreak
Change this path I'm on
Wouldn't matter much to you, sleeping off whatever it is you do
You'd never know till I was gone
Maybe it's time for me to wake, this way of living is more than I can take

Coffee's strong I made this morning, stirs me from my sleep
All these things that I know now are more than I want to keep
Maybe it's time for you to wake, this way of living is more than I can take
Maybe it's time for me to wake, this way of living is more than I can take

River is Rising (written by Stacy Claude)

River is rising in Carolina, water is coming down
River is rising in Carolina, water is coming down

Move the horses in the pasture to higher ground
Move the horses in the pasture to higher ground
Ohhh, the water, take me down
Ohhh, muddy water, take me down

Pa runs out to the field of cotton to watch it drown
Pa runs out to the field of cotton to watch it drown

From the rooftops in the valley watch the water coming down
From the rooftops in the valley watch the water coming down
Ohhh, the water, take me down
Ohhh, muddy water, take me down

Tennessee (written by Anya Hinkle)

Rolling east through midstate limestone cliffs
Blasted by a powder mine through fields
Joined by power lines
I miss you
I'm coming home, coming home, to you my love

The view from here is something to behold
So much change could have never been foretold
Through the wisdom of the family fold
I miss you
I'm coming home, coming home, to you my love

A line of faces pass in a blur
A loving hand I tried to secure
What could have been I'll never know for sure
But I found you
Now I'm coming home, coming home, to you my love
Coming home, coming home, to you my love

When I Can Read My Title Clear (written by Isaac Watts)

When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eye

Let cares, like a wild deluge come, and storms of sorrow fall
By grace I'll safely reach my home, my God, my heav'n, my All.

And there I'll bathe my weary soul in streams of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll across my peaceful breast.

Across my peaceful breast, across my peaceful breast,
And not a wave of trouble roll, across my peaceful breast.

