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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### DISC 1 | SONG LIST

Borderline  
Pullin' Me Down  
St. Paddy's Day  
Too Corrupt for Heaven  
Midnight Ride  
Dreams Never Die  
Chippewa Falls  
Misguided Companion  
Burning at the Stake  
Beacon Hill | *Live*  
Dimestore Mona Lisa  
Uninspired  
When It Comes to You  
Completely  
When The Rain Comes Down  
The Promise

### DISC 2 | SONG LIST

Scarlet Robe  
Paint You a Song  
I See You in Myself  
Smoke  
Really Doesn't Matter Anymore  
Pale Light of Mercy  
Last Honest Man  
The Queen  
Never-ending Hill  
Thoughts On Chicago  
Johnny Diversey  
Bourbon Blue | *Live*  
Willie Don't Care  
Searchlight  
Christmas Eve  
2 Card Monte  
The Season of My Discontent

### DISC 3 | SONG LIST

Pauper's Sky | *Version 1*  
At The End of the Light  
Josiah's Prayer  
Wrong Direction  
Ship Without a Sail  
So Begins the Fall  
Diamond Lake  
Night Blooming Jasmine  
Undertow  
Givin' Up The Ghost  
Apache Tears  
Would That It Were  
Angels Inside  
Lamb and The Lion  
Unanswered Prayer  
Pauper's Sky | *Version 2*

### DISC 4 | SONG LIST

On The Morrow  
Ling Su  
So Close  
Broken from Birth  
Upscale Dive  
Paris Starts to Burn  
Willie Is Coming to Town  
Home Here Abandoned  
Stories, Lies and Legends  
One True Friend  
Last Call  
Ugly  
Across the Water  
Road to Abilene  
Tell Tale Heart | *Alternate Version*  
Natalia  
Bells of Saint James

# Stories, Lies & Legends: The Story Behind the Collection

Written by Jim Cardillo

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**Sixty-six tracks, spanning thirty years of demos,  
outtakes, and rarities clocking in at over five hours.**

**What in the world were we thinking?**

**Well, here is the story of how these songs became  
*Stories, Lies and Legends* by Michael McDermott!**

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## **PART 1 | An Anniversary Rekindles an Idea**

In March of 2020, there was a thread in Pauper's Sky Fan Facebook Group about themes for upcoming virtual Stagelt shows. I had commented that a complete *Last Chance Lounge* show would be great, since the record would be celebrating its 20th anniversary this year. Eric Quattrone (more commonly known to most as EQ) had replied that it would be cool show and how much he liked that album. My answer to that was, "I have so many memories of making that album, I should probably write them down." Eric was not about to let that slip by so he encouraged me to put pen to paper.

What transpired was a reflective look at *Last Chance Lounge*, twenty years down the road. In it, I mentioned how I wanted to do a box set with Michael in 1999 because I was so overwhelmed by how many great songs he had. I was the Vice-President of A&R at Koch Records where I had signed Michael to the label. I can recall that choosing the songs actually turned out to be one of the more challenging parts of that album. Michael and I worked together to narrow down a list of seventy songs to see which ones would make the cut.

I sent this write-up to Michael which also included a personal account of our friendship, and he graciously took the time to read it. Michael was moved by it, and we had a good conversation about that period in time. That night, I tossed and turned while sleep refused to arrive. The idea of the box set wouldn't leave my head. By 5:30 AM, I was wide awake writing a proposal to Michael. The time was right for it, and I knew fans would embrace it. Michael was a little skeptical that anyone would have interest in his old demos but there was something maniacal in my desire to do this project. It may have been out of pity but Michael said, "Let's do this."

Michael put me in touch with Troy Deckebach. Troy has worked with Michael for many years and has amassed a large collection of recordings. Michael then gave Troy and Eric his blessing to help me round up his recordings. That day I bought an external hard drive and mailed it to Troy. At this point there was no promise that the project would see the light of day. It was more like, "Let's see what you come up with." New Jersey had just begun its lockdown due to the pandemic and I had nothing else going on, so I was cool with that. The mission had begun.

Troy, Eric and myself didn't have defined roles. Troy returned the external hard drive with a few hundred songs on it. Then Eric supplemented that with a bunch of live material and some additional demos. For the first two months I worked primarily on my own just listening to songs. Once I got a handle on what we had and the direction of the record I started to lean on Eric and Troy more. Both of them were an encyclopedia of information. It was amazing what they knew off the top of their heads. They could answer something in seconds that would take me thirty minutes to research. Later on in the project, Eric handled all the audio editing. This was key in trying to fit 66 tracks over four CDs. He was also my second set of ears as I mastered each track. Eric was the quiet glue that held things together.

We all had different songs that were our “must haves” for the set but we also shared a lot of common ground. Troy was great at getting me to think in terms of *the why*. Why did I favor one version over another? Why did this sequence work? Why was this song left off? In some regards, Troy was your cool High School English teacher, that forced you into critical thinking and to support your argument. That's really valuable when you have a project of this scope.

## **PART 2 | Finding the Flow: Song Order and Sequencing**

Before a single song was chosen, I was adamant that *Stories, Lies and Legends* was not going to be in chronological order. Firstly, there's no skill involved in assembling them. The song from 1989 goes first, followed by the track from 1990. It's boring and has all the rigidity of a librarian's filing system. There are two byproducts of chronological sets. One, you tend to get clumps of very poor sounding stuff lumped together on the early discs. Two, people tend to gravitate to a favorite time period and just play that one disc over and over. Being a big Springsteen fan, I held the *Tracks* box set in high regard. However, my problem with the set was that if you didn't like the *Steel Mill* material you would bypass the first disc. If I was going to do a Michael McDermott set, I wanted it to be all things to all people.

Each disc should stand on its own like an individual album, but the four discs should fit together to tell a bigger story. It's the same reason we didn't follow the idea of doing themed discs. At one point early on, I toyed with the idea of Disc 1 being album outtakes; Disc 2 being unreleased demos; Disc 3 being piano songs; and Disc 4 being alternate live versions. Disc 4 was an interesting concept because it really got into the anatomy of the song and how Michael wrote. I had early live versions of *What In The World*, *20 Miles*, *Surrender* and some others. It was a great snapshot into his creative process but ultimately, telling a story over four discs seemed the right way to go.

There were thirty versions of *Stories, Lies & Legends*. Troy didn't see the first fifteen and I don't think Michael saw anything until we got to twenty. Eric was looped in earlier. I started sharing ideas with him once I got to around version seven. Michael seeing things late in the process was by his request. He had told me, “Get it to a point where you three feel good about it and then I will check it out.”

The first two songs that I put on were the two versions of *Pauper's Sky*. They were penned in to open and close Disc 3. They never moved. I wanted them as bookends in this great story arc, telling two sides of the same coin. Disc 2 always started with *Scarlet Robe*. This was a demo I had heard twenty years earlier during song selection for *Last Chance Lounge*. I had wanted it on the album, and it didn't happen for a variety of reasons. This time around that song was going to be on the record, in a prominent position.

Disc 4 always opened with *On The Morrow*. One of the way the discs tie together are through these loose threads that Eric and I called, “lyrical cousins”. So *Pauper's Sky* would pick up in *On The Morrow* with the lyric, “It’s a pauper's life - it's a wagon wheel”. There's so many of these lyrical cousins throughout the four discs. They're like little Easter eggs. Can you find them all?

One of the last songs taken off of set was *What If Love Is All That Mattered*. I wanted it on there so badly because it was the other side to *Doesn't Really Matter Anymore*. There's a six-year gap between when the songs were written and it's this wild journey from the innocence of being in love to where the character ends up. I thought those would make great bookends.

We had to make a couple of artistic sacrifices in exchange for fitting 66 tracks over 4 CDs. In two or three cases we had to swap tracks onto different discs in order to be under the time limit for each disc. Two days before we turned everything in, it looked like we were going to lose *Bourbon Blue* because it wouldn't fit on the disc. Eric came to the rescue there. I don't think he slept too much those final weeks. Somehow he figured out what songs had to move in order to fit *Bourbon Blue*. I'm still not sure how that happened.

I recently went back to the first tracklisting to compare it to the finished product. Surprisingly, twenty out of the sixty-six tracks appeared on that original list. I was floored that so many songs survived. Even if they were removed at different points, they were so strong that they worked their way back for the final lineup.

In sequencing each CD like a stand-alone record, I tried to pace it like a longer Stagelt show, with ebbs and flows. At the same time, I wanted it to feel like a Michael McDermott record. Michael's albums are known for having these emotional powerhouse songs towards the end of album, such as *Trembling Hour*, *Carry Your Cross*, *Italy*, *Around The World*, *God Help Us*, *Bourbon Blue*, etc. That's why *Stories, Lies and Legends* has closers like *The Promise*, *Season of My Discontent*, *Pauper's Sky*, and *Bells of Saint James*.

That last week of the record was bedlam. It seemed the closer we got to the deadline, the more changes were made. We wanted to use every bit of space on the disc to fit as much music as possible. We even made a subtle change for a practical and artistic reason. I believe five songs were dropped/added in the final 72 hours. It was like living in an old *Columbo* TV episode “One more thing...what about this song?”

Most records have a 4 to 5 second gap between songs. With *Stories, Lies and Legends* there's only a 2-second gap. This was done to accommodate all the music, but it also gave the album a seamless flow. The record is so intense that you need that beat to catch your breath between tracks.

I would say to Eric, “I'm torturing myself over this sequence and people are going to load this into iTunes and hit shuffle. There's going to be like five people that listen to this the way it's intended and three of them are me, you and Troy.”

We see now that more people listened to the entire discs. However, that's a true rarity. The way folks listen to music has changed and the art form of the album is falling by the wayside. Music is at a crossroads. There was even a discussion about whether the collection should be on CD or a thumb drive. These are hard decisions for artists going forward and there may not be a single, right answer.

## **PART 3 | The Stories Behind *Stories, Lies and Legends***

The title of this collection comes from the song, *Stories, Lies and Legends*. What you don't know is that the song was cut from the record the day before it was named. In May, I asked Michael if he had any thoughts on a title. I received a single word email in return, "None." I sent him a list of ten potential titles (among them was, *Stories Lies and Legends*). The sound of crickets over the next ten days was deafening, so I assumed Michael hated all of them but we continued work on the collection. At one point we had a tough choice on songs and the actual song, *Stories, Lies and Legends* came off. The very next day I sent Michael an email and asked, "Any more thoughts about a title?" His reply, "I really like *Stories, Lies and Legends*." There were so many changes, and now we had to get *Stories, Lies and Legends* back on the record.

The fact that this album even came out is a miracle. It was dead and buried at least four times. I walked away, said "That was it," and spiraled into a depression. At some point, my brain wouldn't shut down and I couldn't sleep until there was a way to get it back. Here are a few of our obstacles.

**Mastering** | Mastering is the last step in the record process. You tweak the EQ (*no, not Eric*), even out levels, boost the volume, trim frequencies and other minor but important adjustments. Mastering engineers charge around \$150 per track. Multiply that by 66 tracks and it comes out to a lot of freaking money. Even at half the price it's still \$5,000 and much more money than what we had to devote to this project. It took a few days, but I found a solution that cost \$60 and disaster was averted.

**Eco-Friendly Wallet** | They should tell you that eco-friendly is not wallet-friendly. Saving the environment is expensive. Michael didn't want to use any plastic in the packaging. We had gotten an initial quote for the project. When I told our rep that we wanted an eco-friendly solution, he informed me it would increase the price by a few hundred dollars. A few months in, I asked him to send me an updated quote when we made an adjustment to the booklet. What I received back was a price that was TRIPLED from our first estimate as they didn't factor in some elements. There was no way around this and I thought the project was over. I spent the next three days, pouring over websites until I found the wallet packaging. When all was said and done, what turned out to be the final product was cheaper than our first quote and we were back on track. The term *box set* has become a generic title that covers all forms of packaging. This includes everything from long boxes, to slip cases, to specialty shaped packages, and yes, even eco-friendly wallets. I always called *Stories, Lies and Legends* a box set. However, there was concern that fans would take the term literally and be disappointed with our packaging. So, we got very specific with what it was: a sexy, eco-friendly wallet or the anti-box set.

**The Blow Up** | Troy, Eric and I had a tracklist we all loved. I sent it to Michael and began living Tom Petty's song, *The Waiting*. After the dulcet tones of more crickets drove me crazy for five days, I was convinced there was only one answer, Michael hated it. So I did what any sane person would do, I threw everything away and started from scratch. It was around 3 AM when I started and seven hours later I had a new tracklist and sequence. Eric thought I had lost my mind and Troy just laughed. We sent it to Michael only to find out, he didn't hate the first version, he was just busy and never responded to it. However, he did like the new version much better and things were once again back on track.

## PART 4 | The Collection within the Collection of Songs

What I learned very quickly during this process is that Michael has written a lot of freaking songs! One of the truly maddening and amazing things was how he rarely threw anything away. Michael would keep a song around for ten years, but in that time, he would change the title three times and record five different versions. So as we were cataloging songs you would see a duplicate title, but you had to listen to every single title because you never knew when you would find something different. For example, there is one song on *Stories, Lies and Legends* called, *Too Corrupt For Heaven*. It also went by *Estelle*, *My Sweet Estelle*, *Hello Moon*, *Too Holy For Hell* and *Too Corrupt For Heaven (Too Holy For Hell)*. Between those four titles there were six versions of the song. At one point there was a folder on my hard drive called “My Sweet Corrupt Estelle” just to keep them all in one place.

Eric usually knew if a song had multiple versions but sometimes even he was surprised. It was fairly late in the project and we were discussing the song, *Smoke*. Michael sent me an email with the song attached. I assumed it was the version in the Vault because that's all I had ever heard. Suddenly, it's this totally different recording. When I sent it to Eric he was like, “Whoa, where did this come from?” Michael hadn't even listened to it before he sent it because he assumed it was the other version as well. When we all heard it our reaction was the same, this was something really cool.

The majority of the tracks are demos with Michael playing all of the instruments. Songs with a drum track were home recordings. Some are so rare that Michael couldn't even remember the details. For consistency, we didn't want to include notes on some songs but not on the others.

The song, *Beacon Hill*, was a great find. There was a recording from a solo live-stream show from Michael's home in 2018. Eric sent it to me and *Beacon Hill* was on there. I had asked him about the song and he told me it had only been played once or twice and it had never been demoed. It turns out Michael had debuted the song the same night as *What In The World*. Everyone came up to him afterwards and asked about *What In The World* and it overshadowed *Beacon Hill*. Michael thought folks didn't like it, so he tossed the song. When I asked Michael about the song, the only recording he could find was a partial songwriting fragment he found on the memo section of his phone. Eric, Michael and myself really liked the song, so I'm glad that it got a second chance here.

The song, *Bourbon Blue*, was 100% a Troy discovery. Michael had done a great version of it on Stageit and I wanted to use it, but the recording wasn't great. I was speaking to Troy about it and he, just matter-of-factly, was like, “Oh, I have two great piano versions of *Bourbon Blue*. Do you want to check them out?” Then we listened to the one, it was hands down the greatest version any of us had ever heard. It was from solo performance at the World Cafe in 2001.

At times, it was like, Eric, Troy and I were running a Detective Agency. We would find a title on a setlist or a database, and if it didn't ring any bells, we would start to dig. We would email each other lists of songs and see who could identify their history.

One of the lists had *Thoughts of Chicago*. There was a spoken word piece called, *Thoughts On Chicago*, that Michael had done one time during a radio interview. It turns out that was the track, just with a typo in the title. When I heard it, I was struck how it was the perfect companion piece to *Johnny Diversey*. Those two tracks became the cornerstones to Disc 2.

They were also on the first version of *Stories, Lies and Legends* and were never touched. For me, it is the most personal moment on the record. I'm not sure if anyone else will feel that way but it's so powerful and everything else on that disc was built around it.

Michael and I had very few disagreements about the tracks to be included. The only exception was with the song, *Paris Starts To Burn*. Michael just disliked the song and wanted it off *Stories, Lies and Legends*. At one point I caved, and for a few days it was gone, but it really bothered me. I kept going back to the song and I would ask Eric, "Am I wrong about this song?" Finally, I emailed Michael and said, "I'm really sorry but I think you're wrong." I put it back on the record and to Michael's credit, he never asked me to remove it again. That was such a great moment of trust and I'm forever grateful for that. Now, I'm just waiting for one person to tell me that they love it!

Another tune that was on the first tracklist was *Paint You A Song*. It may be one of the most iconic, unreleased McDermott songs that most fans are familiar with. It had made a comeback on the pandemic StageIt shows with Heather featured on vocals. It was a stunning version, and I wanted to use it in this collection. Michael wasn't 100% happy with the performance, so I proposed that maybe he and Heather could cut a new demo of the song. The idea hung out there, neither being rejected nor advanced. Troy was a huge fan of the original, so we slotted it into the sequence and were prepared to ride with that version. Two months later, Michael mentioned the new demo for *Paint*. He thought it could happen soon and that we would have it for *Stories, Lies and Legends*.

This was a major thing for us. Not only did we love Heather's vocals but it would give us something from 2020 which would make it a true thirty-year collection. On a personal level it would also allow me to right an earlier wrong. *Paint* was originally under consideration for *Last Chance Lounge* and we had taken it off, because I wasn't sold on the female vocal from the demo. It turned out to be the right call because I can't imagine anyone other than Heather doing that vocal. Just took a little while for us to get there. Early in August Michael sent me the track and we were all blown away. It's definitely one of the highlights of this release!

## **PART 5 | The Final Pieces Come Together**

In July of 2020, Michael asked me to write an intro for the collection. I wanted to frame this group of songs, so folks knew what they were listening to. In some ways it was easier to tell people what it wasn't. I had harkened back to the pitch I made to Michael, when he doubted the viability of this project. It wasn't a career retrospective. It wasn't *Orphans 2*. These recordings were imperfect and rough around the edges. There weren't any multi-track masters but rather in some cases, thirty-year old cassettes.

After the first two sentences, telling people what *Stories, Lies and Legends* wasn't, I was stuck. That's when I got a little push from Neal Casal. Earlier in the day I attended an online presentation by three people, who had worked on the Neal's book of photography, *Tomorrow's Sky*. Neal was a gifted singer/songwriter that I had worked with during the 90's, who sadly took his life in 2019. Neal was also an accomplished photographer and a coffee table book of his work was being prepared for release. I thought about Neal's photos and what he saw and how the world spoke to him. It was the same whispers I had heard when I listened to Michael's demos. They were photos to me.

With that epiphany, I wrote the intro in under five minutes and everything made sense to me (*see below*). The photo metaphor would carry over through the rest of the project. I was thrilled when Jeff Chenault came on board to handle the art direction for *Stories, Lies and Legends*. Jeff had worked with Michael and I on *Last Chance Lounge* and the three of us collaborated really well. In addition to that project, Jeff and I had done a dozen albums together, and I knew the magic he was capable of.

Jeff liked the metaphor of the photos and he took off and ran with it. What he did (as usual) far exceeded our expectations. The funny part was that Michael was initially dreading the artwork process. Answering questions about fonts and colors wasn't something he looked forward to. However, Jeff didn't work that way, and the artwork was done from concept to finished product in less than ten days. We made one adjustment to the interior layout and that was the only change to Jeff's first draft. Including fan photos was something I wanted to do early on. This was a fan-oriented project and I wanted them to participate in it. I was always struck by the quality of photos in the Pauper's Sky Fan Facebook Group. I knew folks had to have some great shots of Michael, but what I wasn't prepared for was the sheer volume of submissions we would receive. There were hundreds upon hundreds of photos. Some were great shots, but we couldn't use them because the resolution wasn't high enough. In other cases, there were just too many great pictures. Maybe next time.

Uh-oh, I said next time. The most common question has been, "Will there be a Volume Two?" That is something only Michael can answer. I know he has enough material and I know there's enough interest. Eric, Troy and myself have songs we wish had made *Stories, Lies and Legends* but couldn't for a variety of reasons. If it happens down the road, I wouldn't be surprised. Equally, if it never happens, I wouldn't be surprised by that either. All I can say is, don't look forward or back and you won't be disappointed. Enjoy *Stories, Lies and Legends* for what it is – a beautiful gift from Michael McDermott for all of us to enjoy.

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**Introduction from *Stories, Lies & Legends*  
by Jim Cardillo**

This isn't a career retrospective nor is it Orphans Vol. 2. This collection isn't a compilation of Vault Songs either. Rather, think of it as a box of photos, kept under the bed. They're jumbled together, some with sharp, crisp edges and others faded and worn-smooth with age. Some are black & white, others are color. Each one with a story to tell. Stories of love, hope and salvation scattered next to heartbreak, loss and darkness.

Each day for six months, I sat on the floor and sifted through these snapshots and negatives, until I could hear their stories. I found beauty in their starkness and composition. There was a rhythm to their motion. In the end, I realized they all belonged together, to form a bigger picture. One with a story all its own. A story of a thirty-year journey, that has only just begun.

I would like to thank Michael for his thirty years of friendship and for trusting me to curate/produce this collection. Also, my sincere gratitude to Troy Deckebach and Eric Quattrone for their invaluable support and assistance.  
I can't imagine having done this without their help.

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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### Tracks Organized by Disc

Year	Song Title	Disc	Track
2010	Borderline	1	1
1992	Pullin' Me Down	1	2
2005	St. Paddy's Day	1	3
1989	Too Corrupt for Heaven	1	4
2012	Midnight Ride	1	5
1992	Dreams Never Die	1	6
2018	Chippewa Falls	1	7
1999	Misguided Companion	1	8
1992	Burning at The Stake	1	9
2018	Beacon Hill   <i>Live</i>	1	10
2002	Dimestore Mona Lisa	1	11
2005	Uninspired	1	12
2005	When It Comes to You	1	13
2005	Completely	1	14
1989	When The Rain Comes Down	1	15
1990	The Promise	1	16
1995	Scarlet Robe	2	1
2020	Paint You a Song	2	2
2005	I See You in Myself	2	3
1997	Smoke	2	4
1995	Really Doesn't Matter Anymore	2	5
1996	Pale Light of Mercy	2	6
2015	Last Honest Man	2	7
1989	The Queen	2	8
2001	Never-Ending Hill	2	9
2011	Thoughts On Chicago	2	10
2007	Johnny Diversey	2	11
2001	Bourbon Blue   <i>Live</i>	2	12
2011	Willie Don't Care	2	13
1997	Searchlight	2	14
2012	Christmas Eve	2	15
2017	2 Card Monte	2	16
1990	The Season of My Discontent	2	17

Year	Song Title	Disc	Track
1997	Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 1</i>	3	1
2001	At the End of the Light	3	2
2001	Josiah's Prayer	3	3
1998	Wrong Direction	3	4
2012	Ship Without a Sail	3	5
2010	So Begins the Fall	3	6
2006	Diamond Lake	3	7
2006	Night Blooming Jasmine	3	8
2000	Undertow	3	9
2014	Givin' Up the Ghost	3	10
1992	Apache Tears	3	11
2004	Would That It Were	3	12
2001	Angels Inside	3	13
2005	Lamb and the Lion	3	14
2010	Unanswered Prayer	3	15
1997	Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 2</i>	3	16
2015	On The Morrow	4	1
1990	Ling Su	4	2
1997	So Close	4	3
2013	Broken from Birth	4	4
1998	Upscale Dive	4	5
1997	Paris Starts to Burn	4	6
2010	Willie Is Coming to Town	4	7
1995	Home Here Abandoned	4	8
1996	Stories, Lies and Legends	4	9
2010	One True Friend	4	10
2013	Last Call	4	11
2004	Ugly	4	12
2004	Across The Water	4	13
2002	Road to Abilene	4	14
2011	Tell Tale Heart   <i>Alternate</i>	4	15
2007	Natalia	4	16
1991	Bells of Saint James	4	17





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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### Tracks Organized by Year

Year	Song Title	Disc	Track
1989	Too Corrupt for Heaven	1	4
1989	When The Rain Comes Down	1	15
1989	The Queen	2	8
1990	The Promise	1	16
1990	The Season of My Discontent	2	17
1990	Ling Su	4	2
1991	Bells of Saint James	4	17
1992	Pullin' Me Down	1	2
1992	Dreams Never Die	1	6
1992	Burning at The Stake	1	9
1992	Apache Tears	3	11
1995	Scarlet Robe	2	1
1995	Really Doesn't Matter Anymore	2	5
1995	Home Here Abandoned	4	8
1996	Pale Light of Mercy	2	6
1996	Stories, Lies and Legends	4	9
1997	Smoke	2	4
1997	Searchlight	2	14
1997	Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 1</i>	3	1
1997	Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 2</i>	3	16
1997	So Close	4	3
1997	Paris Starts to Burn	4	6
1998	Wrong Direction	3	4
1998	Upscale Dive	4	5
1999	Misguided Companion	1	8
2000	Undertow	3	9
2001	Never-Ending Hill	2	9
2001	Bourbon Blue   <i>Live</i>	2	12
2001	At the End of the Light	3	2
2001	Josiah's Prayer	3	3
2001	Angels Inside	3	13
2002	Dimestore Mona Lisa	1	11
2002	Road to Abilene	4	14

Year	Song Title	Disc	Track
2004	Would That It Were	3	12
2004	Ugly	4	12
2004	Across The Water	4	13
2005	St. Paddy's Day	1	3
2005	Uninspired	1	12
2005	When It Comes to You	1	13
2005	Completely	1	14
2005	I See You in Myself	2	3
2005	Lamb and the Lion	3	14
2006	Diamond Lake	3	7
2006	Night Blooming Jasmine	3	8
2007	Johnny Diversey	2	11
2007	Natalia	4	16
2010	Borderline	1	1
2010	So Begins the Fall	3	6
2010	Unanswered Prayer	3	15
2010	Willie Is Coming to Town	4	7
2010	One True Friend	4	10
2011	Thoughts On Chicago	2	10
2011	Willie Don't Care	2	13
2011	Tell Tale Heart   <i>Alternate</i>	4	15
2012	Midnight Ride	1	5
2012	Christmas Eve	2	15
2012	Ship Without a Sail	3	5
2013	Broken from Birth	4	4
2013	Last Call	4	11
2014	Givin' Up the Ghost	3	10
2015	Last Honest Man	2	7
2015	On The Morrow	4	1
2017	2 Card Monte	2	16
2018	Chippewa Falls	1	7
2018	Beacon Hill   <i>Live</i>	1	10
2020	Paint You a Song	2	2



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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### Tracks Organized Alphabetically

Year	Song Title	Disc	Track
2017	2 Card Monte	2	16
2004	Across The Water	4	13
2001	Angels Inside	3	13
1992	Apache Tears	3	11
2001	At the End of the Light	3	2
2018	Beacon Hill   <i>Live</i>	1	10
1991	Bells of Saint James	4	17
2010	Borderline	1	1
2001	Bourbon Blue   <i>Live</i>	2	12
2013	Broken from Birth	4	4
1992	Burning at The Stake	1	9
2018	Chippewa Falls	1	7
2012	Christmas Eve	2	15
2005	Completely	1	14
2006	Diamond Lake	3	7
2002	Dimestore Mona Lisa	1	11
1992	Dreams Never Die	1	6
2014	Givin' Up the Ghost	3	10
1995	Home Here Abandoned	4	8
2005	I See You in Myself	2	3
2007	Johnny Diversey	2	11
2001	Josiah's Prayer	3	3
2005	Lamb and the Lion	3	14
2013	Last Call	4	11
2015	Last Honest Man	2	7
1990	Ling Su	4	2
2012	Midnight Ride	1	5
1999	Misguided Companion	1	8
2007	Natalia	4	16
2001	Never-Ending Hill	2	9
2006	Night Blooming Jasmine	3	8
2015	On The Morrow	4	1
2010	One True Friend	4	10

Year	Song Title	Disc	Track
2020	Paint You a Song	2	2
1996	Pale Light of Mercy	2	6
1997	Paris Starts to Burn	4	6
1997	Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 1</i>	3	1
1997	Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 2</i>	3	16
1992	Pullin' Me Down	1	2
1995	Really Doesn't Matter Anymore	2	5
2002	Road to Abilene	4	14
1995	Scarlet Robe	2	1
1997	Searchlight	2	14
2012	Ship Without a Sail	3	5
1997	Smoke	2	4
2010	So Begins the Fall	3	6
1997	So Close	4	3
2005	St. Paddy's Day	1	3
1996	Stories, Lies and Legends	4	9
2011	Tell Tale Heart   <i>Alternate</i>	4	15
1990	The Promise	1	16
1989	The Queen	2	8
1990	The Season of My Discontent	2	17
2011	Thoughts On Chicago	2	10
1989	Too Corrupt for Heaven	1	4
2004	Ugly	4	12
2010	Unanswered Prayer	3	15
2000	Undertow	3	9
2005	Uninspired	1	12
1998	Upscale Dive	4	5
2005	When It Comes to You	1	13
1989	When The Rain Comes Down	1	15
2011	Willie Don't Care	2	13
2010	Willie Is Coming to Town	4	7
2004	Would That It Were	3	12
1998	Wrong Direction	3	4



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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### DISC 1 | SONG LIST

1. Borderline 2010
2. Pullin' Me Down 1992
3. St. Paddy's Day 2005
4. Too Corrupt for Heaven 1989
5. Midnight Ride 2012
6. Dreams Never Die 1992
7. Chippewa Falls 2018
8. Misguided Companion 1999
9. Burning at The Stake 1992
10. Beacon Hill | *Live* 2018
11. Dimestore Mona Lisa 2002
12. Uninspired 2005
13. When It Comes to You 2005
14. Completely 2005
15. When The Rain Comes Down 1989
16. The Promise 1990

## BORDERLINE

Lost souls and Road Tolls  
Vagrants in the steeples  
Fill the empty hours  
Filled with lonely people  
In the empty tavern, tattered tales are  
being told  
By the saints and the kings, down the dusty  
streets of old  
A slave to desires, a slave to neon dreams  
Lost in a world of poetic, back alley schemes

I wish that the night  
It wouldn't be so cruel  
I wish that the day  
Wouldn't treat me like a fool  
I'm just looking for some space  
Somewhere near the borderline

Subways and roadways  
Vagrants in the doorways  
Some homeless, some heartless  
Some dauntless down on Broadway  
Watchin' Willie is looking nervous  
By the Adult Bookstore  
He's got his hands in his pockets  
Dreamin' for more  
Callin' out to the young girls  
On their way to Dominicks  
Well, It's Friday night  
This is the way that Willie gets his kicks

I wish that the night  
It wouldn't be so cruel  
I wish that the day  
Wouldn't treat me like a fool  
I'm just looking for some space  
Somewhere near the borderline

There's nowhere to go  
When you're all boxed in  
There's everywhere to lose  
No chance to win  
If you're unhappy  
I'll just say you're content

If you say you're not a sinner  
You still have to repent

Card sharks, Landmarks, Sandlots  
Where childhood dreams are torn  
Whitewalls and pool halls  
Desperation is being born  
In the ancient bookstores  
James Joyce is forgotten  
Laundromats fall silent  
Alley rats feed off of what is rotten  
The old man mutters to his wife  
Who passed away long ago  
While he wanders down these  
broken streets  
While the winter wind does blow

I wish that the night  
It wouldn't be so cruel  
I wish that the day  
Wouldn't treat me like a fool  
I'm just looking for some space  
Somewhere near the borderline

The old matador, the unwanted whore  
The misguided troubadour  
Scuttle buttin' round the trashcan  
Like the night and the night before  
The parking garage is sleepin'  
The vandal is creepin'  
On the fire escape of a young girl's fears  
While she's weeping  
Church bells ring  
Promises don't mean a thing  
Can you tell me the difference?  
Between a thief, a fool  
A wise man and a king?

I wish that the night  
It wouldn't be so cruel  
I wish that the day  
Wouldn't treat me like a fool  
I'm just looking for some space  
Somewhere near the borderline

## PULLIN' ME DOWN

Can you hear that?  
Sounds of a heartbeat  
Can you feel that?  
The sounds of the rain  
I can see you  
Through an open window  
I can feel you  
Somehow it's not the same  
I heard the evenings tune  
While I was under the moon  
Those spirits hangin' all around  
They were pullin' me down

I'm waiting, just beyond the forest  
I'm waiting for a love I can understand  
The horsemen, they adore us  
They whispered of the sweet magic, hidden  
in our hands

As the night fell, I was here in my cell  
My head began to pound  
I could feel it again  
Pullin' me down...

I'm learning the rules of the ocean  
For the land I've known, knows me not  
anymore  
The bleeding hearts, they sang a trumpets  
song  
While I watched my love leave and return  
to me nevermore  
As the dawn broke, I was there in the  
smoke  
My ankles inches in the ground  
Pullin' me down...

## ST. PADDY'S DAY

March 17, wearing your green beret  
With brown paper bags, as we watched  
the parade  
Holding hands and talking for hours  
You told me your dream about the ivory  
towers

The city that day seemed full of life  
I swore that day, that you'd be my wife  
It was St Paddy's Day

Scotch and Whiskey, Boy I thought we'd  
have drowned  
Then we turned our Claddagh rings around  
You told me you loved me 'neath the  
willow tree  
It was our one-year anniversary  
On St. Paddy's Day

Yeah I know sometimes, nobody's to blame  
Good things end and it's all such a shame

Autumn leaves now they're starting  
to change  
The distance between us has grown,  
and it's strange  
From St. Paddy's Day

Some drink to celebrate the time  
Some drink so they can bitch and whine  
Some drink because they're trying to forget  
I'm drinking tonight, cause I'm filled  
with regret  
Can we start it all over, like we never met?  
Start it all over

Around here boy, it's like New Year's Eve  
Your resolutions and a saintly reprieve  
Maybe next year, when the parade  
passes by  
I'll look across the street and catch your eye  
On St. Paddy's Day



## TOO CORRUPT FOR HEAVEN

Hello Moon, How've you been?  
You're looking good, have you lost some weight?  
I heard you singing that old Dixie tune  
Though I know the day has been making you wait  
I saw you watching me, you were hiding your head  
Just as the night began to fall  
I must admit, you scared me just a bit  
When you jumped out on the wall  
You tell me I'll never know what it's like, to be free  
Nobody wishes they were you, more than me

I was captured by the evening and its enchanting spell  
I was too corrupt for heaven and too holy for hell  
I was just an exiled dreamer who was so far from home  
I was just a lowly dreamer, who was dreaming all alone

Hello stars, what's that you say?  
The moon has been upstaging your act  
I really do admire your work  
That's not a line mama, that's a fact  
I never see you hanging around

The city anymore  
I hear that the constellations don't allow  
Free dreaming anymore  
I hear you got a gig, dancing up on the Northside  
What was it that made you run from the city and hide

Were you captured by the evening and its enchanting spell?  
Were you too corrupt for heaven or too holy for hell?  
Were you just an exiled dreamer who was so far from home?  
Were you just a lowly dreamer who was dreaming all alone?

I never realized until tonight,  
How beautiful the night could be  
Never realized all its secrets hidden  
Within its shadows of mystery

I was captured by the evening and its enchanting spell  
I was too corrupt for heaven and too holy for hell  
I was just an exiled dreamer who was so far from home  
I was just a lowly dreamer, who was dreaming all alone

## MIDNIGHT RIDE

I've been beaten and battered  
Worn out and shattered like glass  
I've been kicked around town,  
Knocked down, like a clown to my ass

I've been broke as a joke  
I've smoked all the coke in my grasp  
I've pissed anything good  
That I ever had  
I've spilled my own guts  
To the losers and sluts of my past  
I've been careless and wasteful  
With all the things I needed to last  
I should have been dead  
With the weight of this dread that I own  
My heart was a tomb, if you came to  
You walked out alone

Underneath the moon  
I'll be by your side  
I'll be coming soon  
On a midnight ride

I've lied to the promises  
Honest with duplicity  
I have hurt anyone  
Who'd ever come close to loving me  
I have written the verses and curses  
That were cast upon love  
Babe, to be with you tonight  
Is all that I've been dreaming of  
Cruel and callous with malice

I've turned like a twist  
I have held love like a stolen knife,  
Here in the palm of my fist  
I have thrown punches  
With bunches of daisies in hand  
The valley of the dead  
Became the only thing I could understand

Underneath the moon  
I'll be by your side  
I'll be coming soon  
On a midnight ride

Like seeds in the sun,  
I have run with anybody's approach  
I got a switchblade tongue  
and a gun concealed here in my coat  
I sunk like a stone  
On this road here alone  
I was saved  
I've been lifted from  
This numb filled slum-like grave  
The campfires light tonight  
I'll hide any signs i was here  
I will cross this river  
to deliver this love I have dear

Underneath the moon  
I'll be by your side  
I'll be coming soon  
On a midnight ride

## DREAMS NEVER DIE

Twilight eyes with a warrior's stance  
He sat in the silence missing his chance  
At completion  
On the porch at the foot of a mountain  
so high  
She could feel the current and the storm  
in his eye  
Screaming "Treason"  
As time passed his tongue became a blade  
Dreams never die, they only fade

Later that night  
In bed with his wife  
He had thought all about his life  
And his sadness  
Marie she held him so  
She felt him letting go  
While outside the ancient winds  
Would violently blow its madness  
Then he woke up to the breath of the day  
Remembering the promises he made  
About direction  
Once upon a time he said  
"I'd rather be dead, than to be down in  
any bed of protection"  
Something wasn't right in the place  
Where they laid  
Dreams never die, they only fade

Meanwhile, Marie  
She was already up  
Looking down into her broken, lonely cup  
Started drowning  
Whether it was coffee straight or mixed  
with something else  
She said she's never gonna be an average  
book on the shelf

She's gonna be astounding  
He took off out on his own  
Each day getting further and further from  
his home  
Is this what he wanted?  
He was bound for the West Coast  
Was he chasing a dream or just a ghost  
With a soul so haunted  
Sundown on Saint James  
A hero by trade  
Dreams never die, they only fade

He watched the landscape roll by  
Ran his hand through his greasy hair  
Looking to the sky  
Started dreaming  
Marie she sat alone on the porch  
Never saying a word  
Beneath the fallen sky  
Should could hear the night bird  
Screaming  
He wondered how she would ever  
understand  
That he was too young when he asked for  
her hand  
Forever  
He didn't know where he'd go  
Didn't know what he'd find  
Confusion was so heavy  
It's like they were blind together  
For worse or for better  
He knew what would have happen  
If he had stayed  
Dreams never die  
They only fade

## CHIPPEWA FALLS

Late last autumn...I went ramblin'  
Way up North...To Chippewa Falls  
My heart was broken  
My mind was shattered  
I followed the river  
To my father's house

A man came out  
To the front lawn to see me  
He said "Excuse me sir, can I help you out?"  
I said "There's nothing, you can do here."  
I said, "I followed the river to my father's house"

"Oh my father, showed me pictures  
Right there in the river is where  
his brother drown"  
He said, "I'm sorry, it's such a tragic story."  
I said "I followed the river, to my father's house"

He said "I'm not sure of which you're  
speaking  
I don't know what the hell you're  
talking about  
I'm gonna have to ask you to keep moving."  
I said "I followed the river, to my father's house."

I pulled my revolver, from my waistband  
Just as his wife and son came out  
She cried "Dear God no, what are you  
doing?"  
I said "I followed the river, to my father's house"

I had all three, kneel before me  
'Twas then I think they had little doubt  
I said "I'm sorry, to have to do this...but  
What are you doing in my father's house?"

## MISGUIDED COMPANION

Misguided companion, she moves in the night  
I recall the steps that she made  
Filled with abandon, caught in the light  
I am bound to these games I have played  
I will accept any sentence to come  
I will make no apologies here  
Filled with repentance and nowhere to run  
My sight is deceitfully clear

No matter how cold, your heart may grow  
Gotta keep that fire burning  
No matter how long the road may seem  
There always comes a turning

I wanna tell you of the things that I've seen  
I'm sure you've seen them there too  
I wanna know why these days in between  
Never seem to let us pass through  
Broken moon daydreaming coming alive  
I swear those dreams are so real  
Watching visionary colors collide  
It beckons my pride for to kneel

No matter how cold, your heart may grow  
Gotta keep that hunger yearning  
No matter how long the road may seem  
There always comes a turning

Sufferings aching touch it comes from  
the dark  
She knows my feeling so well  
Misguided companion, still missing  
the mark

Hung halfway between heaven and hell  
Lately I've wondered where this thing will  
lead  
Oh I'm sure there must be more to this  
It feels like I've plundered the rocks and the  
seed  
Just to taste my betrayers sweet kiss

No matter how cold, your heart may grow  
Gotta keep that fire burning  
No matter how long the road may seem  
There always comes a turning

Baby's breath lingers.,  
Matchbooks of scars  
Counting opportunities lost  
Right through my fingers  
Straight to my heart  
I have no means to cover that cost  
I wanna sing out, sing out my song  
The words would just fail me then  
My words are all stupid  
My timings all wrong  
The feelings as strong as its been.

No matter how cold your heart may grow  
Gotta keep that hunger yearning  
No matter how long the road may seem  
There always comes a turning

## BURNING AT THE STAKE

Frantic madness spinning broken circles  
around and around  
Viewing the tainted golden rings and the  
silver holy crown  
They are stained with the poisonous blood  
that stains these hands that i have  
Marked with the weariness of the forgotten  
sacred calf

I have spoken with the prophets in a day  
that i have never lived  
I have seen the parting waters that never  
take but only give  
I have seen the soulless man that knows  
only but to take  
The cry of injustice that is burning at  
the stake

Are you burning...burning now

The man exploded into the deafening  
evening destined for the air  
The silver sonnets spoke of a lady's skin that  
was once so fair  
The seer's betrayed by the strength and the  
smoke that once made him fly  
The dungeons are filled with thieves of  
beauty too precious for the eye

Spoken were the words of a quest that was  
known oh so well  
Tortured were the tongues too taut with  
trivial tales to tell  
Demolition visions create incisions that I  
forsake  
And your explosions were horrific when you  
were burning at the stake- can you feel me  
burning now

You should know that you know no more  
than what you can see  
The colors that were apparent for you baby,  
they don't exist for me  
There's something creeping in the night,  
calling you by your middle name  
That is just your soul, and I am just  
your pain

To touch the objects forbidden voluminous  
in their view  
To step onto the evil plains and search for  
something true  
The wild perversions of the pedantic parlor  
boy he tries so hard to shake  
for he knows that his innocence is burning  
at the stake

Riding by the way of the angels on a hot  
high urban night  
Busted from the rural rage, escaping from  
the rural light  
Democracy is down in flames but even  
these chains can't keep me down  
I live beneath the water in a graveyard that  
I've found

Oh sweet madness you call on me so often  
it's like you never leave  
you are one step right behind me you are  
the thoughts that I cannot retrieve  
Seeking refuge from you I scribble down  
these thoughts for free you try so hard  
to take  
for I know that my soul is now burning  
at the stake  
Can you feel me burning...burning now?

## BEACON HILL

How many years has it been my friend?  
Some details are gone for good  
I'm not a fan of "Remember when?"  
Or doing things I know I should  
I was driving the other night  
I took a wrong turn and went until  
I crossed the bridge by the old gaslight  
By the sign that read "Beacon Hill"

Martin he always bought us beer  
We'd stay up all night getting drunk on  
dreams  
Remember you cried when you did hear  
Martin enlisted in the Marines  
Hiding out near the garden wall  
Just across from the Davidson Mill  
I wonder if you recall  
Our first kiss up on Beacon Hill?

Eileen moved to New York  
Just like she said she always would  
Stephanie is in social work  
In an uptown neighborhood  
Christian is an Atheist  
He said I'm sure it's all God's will  
He always was the craziest

On summer nights up on Beacon Hill  
I only wanted the best for you  
I always thought you would take my name  
At some point, I guess we knew  
That things could never be the same  
Babe, I ain't got no regrets  
I heard you married in Merriville  
Some things I won't regret  
All those nights up on Beacon Hill

Funny, writing this letter now  
Who writes letters these days?  
I thought maybe I'd see how  
You were doing anyway....  
Time is cruel and so unkind  
Some things you can never kill  
I think about you from time to time  
And those nights up on Beacon Hill  
I can't believe that I'm still here  
Yeah the darkness gives me a chill  
All the nights I held you near  
When we were kids up on Beacon Hill  
And we were in love up on Beacon Hill...

## DIMESTORE MONA LISA

Dimestore Mona Lisa,  
With her unnerving stare  
I asked, where she was headed  
She said "Babe I'm already there."  
She'd been sick for quite some time  
I didn't realize how bad  
The boys all talk about her smile  
To me, she always seemed so sad  
She asked me a question  
"Tell me which one of these is true...  
Tell me do you choose your life or does  
your life choose you?"

On Lancelot's horse I ride  
Esmerelda for to see  
I have traveled so many miles  
Esmerelda is "tres jolie"  
I wake from this dream I swear  
At least a couple times a week

I've been alone for so long now  
I still get startled when I speak  
Tell me Esmerelda  
At least give me a clue  
About whether you choose your life  
Or does your life choose you

I got some reservations  
About what I'm doing here  
Like O'Connor's "*Revelation*"  
Things don't seem so clear  
Seems that insecurity  
Has gotten the best of me  
The dead soldiers before me  
Offer little company  
Dimestore Mona Lisa  
I think you already knew  
Mona tell me do you choose your life  
Or does your life choose you



## UNINSPIRED

The alarm clock is screaming  
“Get the hell out of bed”  
There’s a million other places you wish you  
were instead  
With all of my planning  
I never would have guessed  
That you’d be this lost and this depressed  
So I put on my clothes  
Make it to the door  
I always figured our lives would have so  
much more  
What it is we got  
What’s within reach  
Happiness ain’t something you can  
ever teach  
The rain from the heavens  
Left a smoldering fire  
These days I feel so uninspired  
What ever happened to the things we  
admire  
These days I feel so uninspired  
  
There’s a man in a window  
5th and Esplanade  
Dreaming about the farmhouse  
Where he was raised

He moved to the city  
He wished he had stayed  
He can’t leave the house  
He’s so afraid  
In a field of flowers, I feel like a briar  
These days I feel so uninspired  
I feel so empty; I feel so tired  
These days I feel so uninspired  
  
There’s peaks and there’s valleys  
Of this I’ve little doubt  
I’m not sure what this malaise is about  
I’m hungry for something  
As I’ve ever been  
There’s a light in the distance  
I see no end  
Up by the bootstraps, they always say  
It’s easy for them, they don’t feel this way  
Down in the gutter, I’ve been down here so  
long  
Will there come a day when we sing a brand  
new song?  
I’m torn and I’m battered so sang the choir  
These days I feel so uninspired  
Listen to the wind, Beware the ire  
These days I feel so uninspired

## WHEN IT COMES TO YOU

Flowers fade and love is made  
The fools are all out on parade  
I built you a slipper made of gold  
Love is blind, or so I'm told  
I'll rewrite the greatest poems of  
Dreamers, failures, hope and love  
The sounds of bows against the strings  
Like Dominique in angel wings

There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you  
There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you

So put a tourniquet around my heart  
To keep it from falling apart  
Byron, Shelley, Shakespeare and Keats  
Dripping off the page into the streets  
In miracles, I still believe  
I think you've got one, up your sleeve

There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you  
There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you  
You dance across the water  
I don't know what to do  
There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you

The scent on this scarf is growing weak  
I left on Sunday incomplete  
I slid across this ancient floor  
To drown in the colors all around your door

Been feeding fire with gasoline  
She moves like a sphinx in my dream  
Am I being smart or just a fool  
I'm broken glass and she's a jewel  
Pardon me for going on about  
A love that I can't figure out.  
Into the nighttime skies I'll cast  
A prayer of hope that this will last  
Through the valley's often times I've fled  
There's bounties still out on my head  
I've done some damage from coast to coast  
Destroyed some things I needed most  
Precious is the one I see  
When I see her looking back at me

There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you  
There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you  
You dance across my ocean  
You sail my skies so blue  
There's something greater than me  
When it comes to you

## COMPLETELY

Eyes like ancient pools of dreams  
She fills in all my in-betweens  
Her smile, her laugh, her touch, her taste  
I swear I see heaven, when I see her face

Come close my love,  
Come sweetly  
Tell me that you need me  
Tell me you believe in me  
I love you, completely

Where I was going, was anyone's guess  
When I fell off my chair, I was such a mess  
When I hit the floor, I should have known  
When you picked me up, I finally found my home

Come close my love  
Come sweetly  
Tell me that you need me

Nothing can defeat me  
I love you, completely  
I love you, completely

I've been twisted up  
I turned out all wrong  
I felt at home  
Where I don't belong  
True to you  
I'll forever be  
You showed me things  
That I never see

Come close my love  
Come sweetly  
Tell me that you need me  
Nothing can defeat me  
I love you, completely  
I love you, completely

## WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN

He came up north from Goran Missouri  
Trying to find a way to lose all his worry  
Working as a carpenter to make some  
money on the side

He had land down in Goran Missouri  
When his dad died he left him the farm and  
all the worry  
He didn't wanna stay but he had too much  
family pride

When spring is dry he wants to die  
It's gonna be another long year  
When thunder cracks and the wind blows  
back  
There's hope in his eye  
When the rain comes down, Brings life to  
Goran town  
When the rain comes down, like a baptism  
on the ground

Little John and Lonesome Pete  
Were always fussing about the heat  
On the street today...I can hear the sounds  
of a brand new season  
Construction drummers and drillers of the  
street  
Sally moved uptown to get away from  
Lonesome Pete  
She just left him a letter on the doorstep  
with no reason

Now he just sits alone in a world of his own-  
listening to the wind blow  
With the room cold and black he just sits  
back...stares out the window  
When the rain comes down- and what's lost  
will never be found  
When the rain comes down- Like a baptism  
on the ground...

Last time I saw her was a year ago in  
September  
On that fateful night I can still remember  
How she left me standing on the corner in  
the drizzling rain  
I still hear about her from time to time  
I still dream about her from time to time  
How it stings when I wake to find things are  
only the same  
I just stare at the ceiling with this empty  
feeling  
Remembering when I was hers and she was  
mine  
When the storm rolls in and it reminds me  
of back then  
Now I think about her every time  
When the rain comes down — falls so hard  
on me now — what's lost will

## THE PROMISE

Sunshine on the rooftop  
There's a hole in the sky  
Where I sleep  
It hasn't rained for weeks  
I'm coloring your faded memories  
The trees stand so frightened  
The sirens sound their guards to the leaves  
There's a rose on my arm  
There's your name tattooed in the breeze

How long must I wait for the promise?  
The warmth of love amidst this battle chill  
How long must I wait for the promise?  
Calling these raging waters to be still

The pirates abandoned  
The cowboys roam the ancient streets  
The dogs prowl,  
While I howl, with the angels at my feet  
The land destroys the hand that's reaching  
The dream, the wish and the prayer

Can you help my brother falling from the  
weight?  
Of the cross he must bear  
How long must he search for the promise?  
For peace someday up on the hill  
How long must he search for the promise?  
Calling these raging waters to be still

The priest and the sage  
They converse with the liar  
Discussing all that's good  
When you gaze into the fire  
The truth as revealed is seen  
Through the eyes of the flame  
The moments been sealed  
By the child without a name

How long must I search for the promise?  
I guess I'm counting on the strength of my  
will  
How long must I search for the promise?  
Calling these raging waters to be still



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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### DISC 2 | SONG LIST

1. Scarlet Robe 1995
2. Paint You a Song 2020
3. I See You in Myself 2005
4. Smoke 1997
5. Really Doesn't Matter Anymore 1995
6. Pale Light of Mercy 1996
7. Last Honest Man 2015
8. The Queen 1989
9. Never-Ending Hill 2001
10. Thoughts On Chicago 2011
11. Johnny Diversey 2007
12. Bourbon Blue | *Live* 2001
13. Willie Don't Care 2011
14. Searchlight 1997
15. Christmas Eve 2012
16. 2 Card Monte 2017
17. The Season of My Discontent 1990

## SCARLET ROBE

Speak to me of silence,  
Speak to me of anything  
Speak to me of the cold, grey violence  
Tell me what you see  
Speak to me of longing, or of the dawning in  
your mind  
These hearts that's wrapped in briars  
They'll fail you every time

So put it on me  
Let it flow  
I deserve it  
Don't you think I know?  
You know, you know  
It's beyond me  
I still want you  
For I will be the one  
In a scarlet robe

Abusers line the doorways  
Seeking someone innocent  
Troubadour's gone years before  
Their songs sound just like whispers  
I've been Waltzing Matilda  
To my troubled dance of decadence  
If I could take back every night  
I left you lonely

So put it on me  
Let it flow  
I deserve it  
Don't you think I know?  
You know, you know  
It's beyond me  
I still want you  
I will be the one  
In a scarlet robe

Incense burns through nights on fire  
Sultry summers swayin'  
Betrayal left its footprints  
Around the room where I was staying

Her perfume made me drunker  
And her banter made me sick  
So I'd never fall for that again  
That low down dirty trick

So put it on me  
Let it flow  
I deserve it  
Don't you think I know?  
You know, you know  
It's beyond me  
I still want you  
I will be the one  
In a scarlet robe

Once upon a lifetime  
I was a proud and faithful knight  
Now I'm just a pauper  
Stranded in this pale light  
My weakness is so strong tonight  
My weakness is secure  
My weakness is so strong tonight  
My weakness is secure

So put it on me  
Let it flow  
I deserve it  
Don't you think I know?  
You know, you know  
It's beyond me  
I still want you  
I will be the one  
In a scarlet robe

## PAINT YOU A SONG

Where are you tonight, my sweet Bedlamite  
I wish I didn't get so emotional late at night  
It's just that something isn't feeling right  
to me

You know how I get to thinking, the way I  
always do  
You know how I get to drinkin' and breakin'  
down on you  
You were the only one, who could ever pull  
me through, to see

All I ever wanted was to say the perfect thing  
All I ever wanted was a love song to sing  
All I ever wanted always turned out wrong  
All I ever wanted was to paint you a song

Just tell me what kind of colors, that you  
long to see  
Tell me of the things, that you don't get  
from me  
Just tell me what it is you want me to be,  
for you

I'll stretch my canvas and hang it over  
your bed  
I'll paint you the person you wish that  
I was instead

Tell me my love, do you want your world  
red or blue?  
All I ever wanted was to say the perfect thing  
All I ever wanted was a love song to sing  
All I ever wanted always turned out wrong  
All I ever wanted was to paint you a song

I'm sorry my friend, I suppose, it's time for  
me to go  
It's just when I'm not with you, time passes  
so slow  
Before I leave, there's one thing I like to  
know, was it real

I'm sorry if I hurt you, I never wanted it  
that way  
Somewhere between my heart and my  
mouth, my mind got in the way  
I got a poisonous tongue, that can never  
convey the way I feel.

All I ever wanted was to say the perfect thing  
All I ever wanted was a love song to sing  
All I ever wanted always turned out wrong  
All I ever wanted was to paint you a song



## I SEE YOU IN MYSELF

There's no telling what events occurred  
We drew the line, a line so blurred  
In the thick of thin things, we were sprung  
Our jeans were old but our hearts  
were young  
I love you for what you are and not  
I cherish everything we got  
Would you love me for the way I am?  
There's one thing you don't understand

I see you in myself  
We're spinning around this carousel  
I see you in myself  
Is it over now?  
I can't even tell

I want you just the way you are  
The way we first kissed on the hood  
of that car  
Love can be so trying boy  
We build things up then we destroy  
What made us one will divide someday  
If you want me still  
I'll find a way  
I'm a lot like you  
You're a little like me  
It's the things in ourselves  
We don't wanna see

I see you in myself  
I'm not afraid to ask for a little help  
I see you in myself  
Is it over now?  
I can't even tell

Sunsets come  
We fade to black  
I'll take the cross  
Right off your back  
I'll walk on the water  
Until I start to sink  
We're not as different girl  
As you might think

I see you in myself  
On the borderlines of this jail cell  
I see you in myself  
Is it over now?  
I can't even tell

I see you in myself  
I'm not the only one  
Who needs a little help  
I see you in myself  
Is it over now?  
I can't even tell

## SMOKE

Ghost train sparks in a Memphis night  
Rattlesnake dances beneath the Main  
Street light  
Smoke he packed a pistol and a grin so tight  
The air smelled like Mississippi sorrow

Of course Humpty, he was broke again  
Getting high with his half-sister Gwen  
He didn't hear me when I asked him  
If he knew when...  
We could do that little deal tomorrow

Have you heard  
Have you heard  
I know it seems too absurd  
What they're saying is true  
Smoke's playing chicken with the natives  
I don't think he's gonna make it through

The electric streets lined with ghosts  
and ghouls  
Bringing to life, the hero's and the fools  
The sunset is forgotten, the horses and  
mules  
Remind you there's an absence of mercy

Highball was higher than I'd ever seen  
His tongue moved like a serpent  
In a cocaine dream  
He said he felt fine, he said  
He felt pretty clean  
I knew he was feeling pretty dirty

Have you heard  
Have you heard  
I know it seems too absurd  
On another dead end night  
Smoke's playing chicken with the natives  
I don't think he's gonna be alright  
I don't think he's gonna be alright

Fatty and Skinny were looking confused  
Blowing smoke and stardust but seemed  
fairly amused  
When the racket boy admitted that  
he'd been abused  
By his step-father in Charlotte

Virginia was drunk  
Talking about Charlie again  
To some stranger who didn't know  
her when  
It's sad to see her fall, without a friend  
Becoming the local harlot

Have you heard  
Have you heard  
I know it seems too absurd  
What they're saying is true  
Smoke's playing chicken with the natives  
I don't think he's gonna make it through...

I guess there comes a time  
You gotta stand alone  
Find a place in this world  
You can call your own  
You can sit around all day  
You can bitch and moan  
About how you're feeling hollow

Be prepared to stumble  
Be prepared to slide  
The valleys are deep  
The rivers are wide  
When you walk  
You gotta walk with pride  
Don't expect anyone to follow

Have you heard  
Have you heard  
I know it seems too absurd  
Smoke's playing chicken with the natives  
I don't think he's gonna be alright  
I don't think he's gonna be alright

## REALLY DOESN'T MATTER

It's another dead end night  
It's like nothing happens here at all  
In the glow of the neon light  
I see my father's hero's on the wall  
I wonder where she is  
And just who it is that she's  
somewhere with  
I taste my drink  
I smile, I give Jeff a wink  
He makes them nice and stiff  
"Walking After Midnight" played  
As I went walking out the door  
Why can't I realize  
That it really doesn't matter anymore

Clark street lights a flicker  
In this never ending heat  
I was walking, when I ran into an old friend  
Little Lonesome Pete  
He said he's stuck in some sales job  
One he can't even stand

Then he asked me if I needed any help  
Said he'd load equipment for the band  
He said Theresa, his love, left him for a guy  
at Federal Express  
I asked him what went wrong  
He said "The girl is so easily impressed"  
The yellow brick road had begun to corrode  
In the future of this barroom whore  
"Michael have you realized  
Love really doesn't matter anymore"

It's 5 o'clock in the morning  
I just don't feel like going home  
I don't know why but it feels like  
Someone's trying to reap  
Every seed that I've sown  
I guess I'm looking for something sacred  
To help me pick my ass up off the floor  
It frightens me to think  
That it really doesn't matter anymore  
Don't believe them when they say- It really  
doesn't matter anymore

## PALE LIGHT OF MERCY

Boy, If I had a dollar  
For every long night like this  
I'd build a mansion on that hill  
I'd be cruel and gluttonous  
But these long nights don't pay  
I ain't got a dollar to my name  
These jeans are torn,  
This heart is worn  
But I'm on my way  
I'll search all over  
I won't stop until I see  
To gaze upon  
The sweet pale light of mercy

Gretchen burns herself to sleep  
But her dreams are soaked with tears  
She screams all day long  
It's a scream that nobody hears  
Today I saw her on the street  
Swimming in those fragile eyes of defeat  
There's a hurting deep inside  
That she just cannot hide from me  
She said "I've been waiting  
For it to fall all over me...  
Waiting for the sweet pale light of mercy"

It was two years ago today  
When Willie had his last drink  
I saw teardrops fall from his eye  
He said "It really made me think  
The gift of life has been abused  
It's been distorted, It's been confused  
Your life will leave you far behind  
With so much wasted time  
For you to lose"

Then I heard the bells a ringing  
Ringing out for you and me  
Ringing for the sweet pale light of mercy

From the basement of this church  
To the White House Doors  
From the snowcapped covered mountains  
To the Caribbean shores  
From Damascus to Donegal  
Men will rise, Men will fall  
Some will look everywhere  
Some won't even care  
Some will hear the call  
It's not written in the courthouse  
It's no ancient decree  
Gaze upon the sweet pale light of mercy

The clock it beckons me to move  
The candle calls my bluff  
I've got everything to prove  
Am I really all that tough?  
Everything's become more complex  
Temptation gets so much harder to detect  
Down a medicated track  
Will leave that monkey on your back  
With the bitterness of regret  
Listen for the bells a ringing  
They ring out for you and me  
Ringing for the sweet pale light of mercy  
Singing for the sweet pale light of mercy  
Thinking about the sweet pale light of mercy

## THE LAST HONEST MAN

He worked for the city...  
For the better part of 40 years  
His daughters were so pretty  
Two of the three couldn't hear  
He went to mass every morning  
Over at Saint Barnabas  
He stopped in to Cork and Kerry  
After work when he got off the bus  
Ginger was a beauty  
Married in 1955  
Whenever there was trouble  
That Irish girl was by his side  
He could have cut some corners  
He could have cut them if he wanted to  
He was friends with Giancana  
Offered him a job in 62'  
There's so much of his life, boys  
I just couldn't understand  
There he goes  
The last honest man

He'd sit in front of his TV  
His thoughts are a million miles away  
His life was never easy  
I never heard him once complain

It breaks my heart to wonder  
What was really going on inside  
What kind of weight he was under?  
How it lifted when he died  
He always had a kind word  
And always had a helping hand  
Say goodbye...  
To the last honest man

Today we're all gathered  
All gathered to say goodbye  
Ginger's in a wheelchair  
The grandkids begin to cry  
The bugle plays Taps  
I think about the cracks  
That people fall between  
Just another fallen hero  
Just another noble dream  
Boy, he took so many punches  
I don't know how he could stand  
There goes...  
The Last Honest Man  
Say goodbye...  
To the Last Honest Man

## THE QUEEN

See her walking on down the street  
Coming at me like poetry  
She's my baby  
She's the light of my world  
She's the queen of the wrong side  
She's my lost little girl

When I'm down  
Feeling depressed  
She touches me  
With her tenderness  
She's my baby  
She's the light of my world  
She's the queen of the wrong side  
She's my lost little girl

She keeps her problems hidden  
She's distant like the moon  
She's trouble ridden on a Sunday afternoon

When I say "Babe what's wrong, you know,  
I haven't got a clue...  
Come on baby let me help you through"

When I'm lost and wandering in the night  
She rescues me and helps me see that  
shining light  
She's my baby  
She's the light of my world  
She's the queen of the wrong side  
She's my lost little girl

Hey, who's that coming  
Can't you see?  
That's my girl  
Coming after me  
She's my baby  
She's the light of my world  
She's the queen of the wrong side  
She's my lost little girl

## NEVER ENDING HILL

Dust bowl ballads are running through my  
brain  
Still looking for the things that I can't find  
The rats and the gutter girls are whispering  
my name  
It feels like I'm running out of time  
Dreaming of Sisyphus and the loneliness  
I know  
The weight that I've been carrying around  
You can bet that I'd be going if I had some  
place to go  
Amazing grace when is it I'll be found  
This battle does seem far from over  
These moments it's a test of your will  
I wonder why it feels like I  
Keep running up a never ending hill

Proteus beside me  
His work is here at hand  
Scripture like a drum beats in my heart  
I behave in such ways,  
The likes I'll never understand  
I don't know how I'll ever play this part

Forces of futility band together  
A broken cup you're never gonna fill  
You wonder why  
No matter how you try  
You keep running up  
A never ending hill

Whispering the names  
Of all the soldiers gone before  
And all the promises  
That I never met  
Whispering the names  
Of lovers crawled across my floor  
The secret places in nights I'd soon forget

This long journey is just getting longer  
This uncertain ride it seems like a dream  
Wondering the wonder grows so distant  
Distant in the twilight between  
The hunger is what keeps us all going  
The hunger isn't something you instill  
I wonder why...it feels like I keep running up  
a never ending hill

## THOUGHTS ON CHICAGO

Hey, this is Michael McDermott  
I've lived in New York and LA  
But one of the reasons I keep returning to  
this, my home in Chicago is because it's a  
city of ghosts for me

Like certain streets and certain seats in bars  
and cars with bad mufflers  
They say when you go to heaven  
You go there as your most happy age  
Sometimes I think cities are like that too  
They only seem to remember you as you  
were when you were most happy

My dad in the late 1930's and early 40's  
used to park cars on Diversey  
Worked at a place called Isbell's  
Ended up earning the name Johnny  
Diversey because of that  
He even took my mom on their first date to  
Jake's Pub which is still over there on  
Clark Street  
And she still bitches about that to this day  
Diversey and Clark would still remember  
my dad the way he was  
But I wonder if they'd even give him  
a second glance nowadays

My family has spilled blood here  
They built bridges and burned houses  
They parked cars and sang songs down  
Lincoln Avenue  
Gotten married, gotten divorced  
Had grand success and tragic failure  
Been born and died  
Gotten drunk on why it is we keep getting  
up after all we seem to do is fall

Chicago is who I am  
It's what I say and what I write  
It's how I weep, it's when I laugh  
It's a song I haven't written  
It's the love I haven't met yet  
It's my wife, it's my lover  
It's my sister and my brother  
It's my mother and my father  
It's me

Built of rusted steel and concrete  
And even someday a little tin  
Chicago is my day, it's my week  
It's my family, it's my moon  
Chicago is my heart  
Plain and simple  
Chicago is my heart



## JOHNNY DIVERSEY

Louie and Freddy and the Duke came in  
Looking for Johnny and Diamond Jim  
Patty she said "I haven't seen him for days"  
They turned and walked out in a  
smoky haze  
Just then Johnny came in from the back  
Looking like a week-long heart attack  
He lit cigarette and chewed on ice  
He said, "Tonight I'm leaving for paradise"

Johnny Diversey was my best friend  
For as long as I remember when  
He parked cars out on a Clark Street dive  
We made just enough man to stay alive  
We made our scores boy here and there  
Just not enough to get us anywhere  
If it worked once it'll probably work twice  
It's the way things work down here in  
paradise

Diamond Jim was new to the scene  
He said he just came up from Abilene  
But there was something I just didn't trust  
Johnny said Jimmy had a plan for us and a  
grand for us

The day that it went down I knew  
something was wrong  
Johnny came in and brought Diamond Jim  
along  
He told me that I should come with them

That they had someone to meet down at  
the Lion's Den  
I said "I think I'm gonna sit this out"  
Johnny looked pissed and threw his hands  
about  
Something about it just didn't feel right  
It's the way things move down here in  
paradise

Johnny was last seen down at the Clark  
Street dive  
Got the keys to a Beemer and began to  
drive  
I still smile when I think of him  
I hope he's alright and not with Diamond  
Jim

Patty and I we still reminisce  
About all the crazy shit we did when we  
were kids  
That's all the story I've got no advice  
There's no advice given here in paradise  
Hey Johnny someday you can hear this song  
I hope you know I wish I could've come  
along  
And sometimes here boy you've gotta think  
twice  
It's the way you survive down in paradise.  
Cold cold cold here in paradise  
Cold cold cold here in paradise  
Cold cold cold here in paradise

## BOURBON BLUE

Graceful, she was moving like a dancer  
I was waiting for an answer  
She just sang along  
I didn't know that song  
Captured, enraptured by her spirit  
The words I couldn't hear it  
What was I to do? I was feeling like a fool  
Listen to the wistful sounds of morning  
coming through  
I keep holding on for my Bourbon Blue

Ballerina, she moved slowly  
The air was almost holy  
Restored what I had lost  
Put the nails in the cross  
Breathless, caught myself drifting  
With the weight I had been lifting

To try and figure out what this whole thing  
was about  
Downward, I was falling...reaching...for a  
strand so true  
I keep holding on for my Bourbon Blue

I know I'm stupid  
I have a stupid way of thinking  
When the clearness clouds my drinking  
And I'll kneel and I'll confess  
To my total lack of purpose  
Singing, been writing songs by number  
Living life locked in a slumber  
And I'll kneel and I'll confess  
Cause I felt so useless  
Listen to the wistful sounds of morning  
coming through  
I keep holding on for my Bourbon Blue...

## **WILLIE DON'T CARE**

Willie don't care, what side you're on  
Willie don't care about right and wrong  
Willie don't care about the Civil Wars  
Willie don't care she don't care anymore

Willie don't care, for this kind of talk  
Willie don't care., the girl just wanna rock  
Willie don't care...I'm a troubadour  
Willie don't care she don't care anymore

Willie don't care...If you drive a fancy car  
Willie don't care...If you're a movie star  
Willie don't care if you're hungry or poor  
Willie don't care...she don't care anymore

Willie don't care...about Michelangelo  
Willie don't care about who you know  
Willie don't care...if you're names at  
the door

Willie don't care...she don't care anymore  
Willie don't care...About those silly things  
Willie don't care...she just dreams of wings  
Willie don't care...about the Jersey shore  
Willie don't care...she don't care anymore

Willie don't care...about your Italian shoes  
Willie don't care when Daddy's got  
the blues  
Willie don't care about Knock Knock  
Knocking On Heavens door  
Willie don't care, she don't care...anymore

## SEARCHLIGHT

Endless seeking for that soul down  
silkened streets with rain  
Gazing through tired tattered windows  
tumbling on this tortured train  
Even if I could rewrite this script  
I still wouldn't know where to begin  
I don't think that anybody knows the  
God forsaken state I'm in

Oh Searchlight  
Voices cast into the wind  
In between this dark night  
I swear I don't know where we've been  
Always remember, I'll be with you until  
the end  
I swear this is the last song  
I'll ever write about you again...

Electricity, in springtime storms of hurt  
Clarity...She hides beneath a layer of dirt  
Sweeping ecstasy disguises in the ways of  
love  
Bitterness breeds burns everything that  
we're made of...

Oh Searchlight  
Hallowed voices cast into the wind  
Ghost like shadows  
Betrayal of everywhere we've been

Always remember, I'll be with you until  
the end  
I swear this is the last song  
I'll ever write about you again...

Wonder used to pour from your curtains  
Now they just stand still  
You were beautifully confused  
About the things in me  
That you couldn't kill  
Know you killed this heart girl  
It shall never be the same  
Know I've done some damage too  
What's love without a little pain

Stranded  
Legs that lack the will to stand  
Abandoned  
Searching for a little land  
Orphaned spirit...  
Kindred right until the end  
I swear this is the last song  
I swear this is the last song  
I'll ever write about you again

Farewell...Oh my love farewell  
May God's light shine on your doors  
And on your window sills...  
I swear this is the last song...

## CHRISTMAS EVE

Seems like a lifetime ago  
We watched the falling snow  
Down by the lake  
By the lighthouse we stood  
We thought nothing good  
Would ever break  
Little did we know  
If there's a crack  
Its gonna grow  
Until it falls apart  
There's an icy howl I hear  
And hidden in the fear that's in your heart  
It's cold as hell tonight  
Babe, something just ain't right  
Between you and me  
Maybe it's too late  
I'll be coming back  
On Christmas Eve

Babe, I wish that I knew  
What it was inside of you  
That makes you run

I can't seem to see  
What it is inside of me  
That makes me numb  
I followed your footprints in the snow  
Down a path I didn't know  
Lead back to me  
Maybe it's too late  
I'll be coming back on  
Christmas Eve

I've got some work way out West  
Maybe Its' for the best that I'm gone  
Give you some time to figure out  
What it is that makes you doubt  
What feels wrong  
I'll do my best not to call  
Even when I'm crawling up the wall  
I'll let it be  
Maybe it's too late  
I'll be coming back on  
Christmas Eve  
Maybe it's too late

## 2 CARD MONTE

Most nights it's The Tender Bar  
I work the dinner crowd  
Saturdays at O'Donovan's  
Before it gets too loud  
A little slight of hand  
I work for mostly 5's and 10's  
More and more each year  
It gets harder to pretend  
It's the 2 Card Monte everyday  
The same stupid jokes year after year  
Like the best things that come my way  
I can make them all disappear

You see, I've had this here trunk  
Since I was just a boy of 10  
My Daddy was a drunk, one day  
Never came home again  
He told me of Blackstone  
and Robert Houdini came before  
Ma said he was changed  
When he came home from the war  
She moved away when I turned 18  
Remarried the following year  
It's not magic can't you see  
I can make things disappear

I say "Oh that's the way it goes  
I can't catch a break no matter what I do  
When I try to run...I always fall  
Into a darker shade of blue"

I had a wife of 15 years  
She took all that she could take  
I came home late one night  
The bed was still made

I sit at the kitchen table  
Looking out the window shade  
I keep thinking that I hear her  
Still calling me Babe  
I struggle with the strength to go on  
I struggle even looking in the mirror  
I don't have a magic wand  
I can make things disappear

I say "Oh I'm sinking low  
I can't catch a break no matter how I try  
I can't run...I've nowhere to go  
Neither have I wings to fly"

Some days I hit the track  
Other days I'll hit the gym  
Some nights even pull a girl  
Though my act is wearing thin  
Most nights I go home alone  
Man, it's still the worst  
Desperation builds  
One day its sure to burst  
Maybe I'll ride down to the sea  
Walk to the end of the furthest pier  
With one last step I'll be free  
In that moment  
Disappear

I say "Oh, that's the way it goes  
I can't catch a break no matter what I do  
When I try to run, I always fall  
Stuck inside a darker shade of blue"

## SEASON OF MY DISCONTENT

He spoke of words, that he didn't know  
He'd been in this country a month or so  
He asked me if I knew of work  
He was here all alone  
He said "I gotta send money to my wife and  
kids back home"

There's no time for happiness  
There's no time to repent  
This is the season of my discontent

Living in this town is like living in a jail  
While you watch everyone around you  
silently fail  
You move to another town with a different  
name  
You find out things there are still the same

There's no time for happiness  
There's no time to repent  
This is the season of my discontent

I finally found someone I could call real  
She came in the night and like a thief would  
steal  
She played me like a game and she played  
so well

She got my heart and I got 6 months in hell  
There's no time for happiness  
There's no time to repent  
This is the season of my discontent

The grass is dying and the sky's turning gray  
I see six white horses coming my way  
The vicious wheel is out of control  
It spits fire and blood while the church  
bells toll

There's no time for happiness  
There's no time to repent  
This is the season of my discontent

I'm always hearing things I want to believe  
They tell me to stay, when I'm starting  
to leave  
When I stay...they wish I would go  
Until I don't know which way is up and  
which way's below

There's no time for happiness  
There's no time to repent  
This is the season of my discontent  
This is the season of your discontent  
This is the season of our discontent



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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### DISC 3 | SONG LIST

- |                                     |      |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| 1. Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 1</i>  | 1997 |
| 2. At the End of the Light          | 2001 |
| 3. Josiah's Prayer                  | 2001 |
| 4. Wrong Direction                  | 1998 |
| 5. Ship Without a Sail              | 2012 |
| 6. So Begins the Fall               | 2010 |
| 7. Diamond Lake                     | 2006 |
| 8. Night Blooming Jasmine           | 2006 |
| 9. Undertow                         | 2000 |
| 10. Givin' Up the Ghost             | 2014 |
| 11. Apache Tears                    | 1992 |
| 12. Would That It Were              | 2004 |
| 13. Angels Inside                   | 2001 |
| 14. Lamb and the Lion               | 2005 |
| 15. Unanswered Prayer               | 2010 |
| 16. Pauper's Sky   <i>Version 2</i> | 1997 |



**PAUPER SKY | VERSION 1**

Everything is a little out of control  
My broken wing  
My heart and empty soul  
The birds won't sing...  
The bells won't toll for thee

Even the sun, it doesn't feel as bright  
I'm on the run, every day and night  
I'm the one, who isn't feeling right today

And I wish, for just one time  
I could sail, I could soar and fly  
So far away  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you

The trees stand so statuesque  
I'm on my knees  
I can't catch my breath  
Like some disease  
Cuz I look like death right now

All I can do, is to hope and pray  
I make it through  
To a brand new day and the hope of you  
Keep the ghosts at bay for a while

And I wish, that for just one time  
I could sail, I could soar and fly  
So far away  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you

Here I am and I just can't sleep  
I'm near the end I'm in way too deep  
Do broken people mend, or do they just  
creep along, creep along

One false start, swings like a pendulum  
I'm not that smart, But I'm not that dumb  
O' my heart, beats like a heavy drum  
tonight

Seems like years, since you've gone  
Through all the fears, they creep like dawn  
In my ears, it's your favorite song, that  
plays, and plays, and plays

How I wish, that for just one time  
I could sail, I could soar and fly  
So far away  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you

## AT THE END OF THE LIGHT

Give up all your resolutions  
They never seem to go anywhere  
The more that things keep breaking down  
You'll find the less you're likely to care  
I've been feeling pretty good these days  
Yet something ain't feeling right  
I heard that there is a tunnel  
At the end of the light

It's always a work in progress  
There never seems to be any rest  
One day you're gonna take over the world  
The next you'll find it hard to get dressed  
Some days the angels will adore you  
Other nights you'll bring demons delight  
Have you heard that there is a tunnel  
At the end of the light

Make sure you pack your pickaxe  
and an extra supply of your faith  
It's a journey into the center of soul  
You haven't got a moment,  
a moment to waste

Dust the day it dies rather quickly  
The pale light is starting to fade  
The kingdom is yours if you believe in it  
You can't owe what you've already paid  
Still my legs are feeling shaky  
But if I have to you can bet I will fight  
You'll find that there lies a tunnel  
At the end of the light  
They tell me that there is a tunnel  
At the end of the light  
Say mama, is there?  
Hey papa is there?

## JOSIAH'S PRAYER

"I used to be a king around here kid  
Everything I'd do, were things that  
no one did  
I was doing the things you cats think  
are new

You think you're all so smart  
You ain't got a clue"

As he pours the ashtrays  
He wipes down the bar  
He turns the juke down low  
His thoughts drift so far  
He looks like he's talking to himself  
Because no one is there  
That's when we say he's singing  
Josiah's Prayer  
Hey la la la  
Singing Josiah's prayer

He's an orphan son  
Sometimes you'd never know  
He's got a rose tattoo  
and a cocaine nose  
He's got a kid in K.C.  
And a wife out East  
After school he swears he almost  
Became a priest  
He's a pretty tough cat  
With a madman stare  
Everybody listens to  
Josiah's Prayer  
Hey La La La  
Singing Josiah's Prayer

And it goes...  
Fear not the wind  
For you know not when change will begin  
Fear not the wind  
For you know not when the change will  
begin

He lets me stay late  
Cause I'll always lend an ear  
Sometimes I stay until dawn  
Drinking whiskey and beer

He said "It's all about the choices you make  
To learn there's a blessing in every mistake  
If you don't believe in Jesus or the angels in  
the air  
I got a thing I call Josiah's Prayer"

Hey La La La  
Singing Josiah's Prayer

Tonight, he said "No one even noticed my  
hat...  
By the way, is it true what they say  
That Susie is coming back?  
I don't know why you hang out with this riff  
raff for  
If it wasn't for you man, I wouldn't let them  
in my door  
I swear, I don't know where all of my  
money goes  
I saved a little blow for us, for when after  
we close...  
Just between us, not that anyone would  
care...  
Do you think you could write a tune for  
Josiah's Prayer?"

Hey La La La  
Singing Josiah's Prayer

And it goes...  
Fear not the wind  
For you know not when the change will  
begin  
Fear not the wind  
For you know not when the change will  
begin

Did I Tell you?  
"I used to be a King around here kid..."

## WRONG DIRECTION

Moses came down from the mountainside  
Had a fire in his heart, he just couldn't hide  
Came down holding a God given key  
Everybody wanted in, but they wanted in  
for free  
He threw down the messages he came to  
bring  
Everybody stood in shock when he began  
to sing

Oooh We're moving in the wrong direction  
Come on people  
Oooh we're moving in the wrong direction

So I tiptoed across the fields of truth  
Caught a glimpse of the person  
I was in my youth  
It could have been me  
But I couldn't be sure  
With a faith so strong  
A heart so pure  
I wasn't even sure which way to go  
It's a long way up  
Its further down below

Oooh we're moving in the wrong direction  
Come on babe...

Oooh we're moving in the wrong direction

Can you see the borders?  
Can you see the doors?  
Television, violence, religion and wars  
Cigarettes and my regrets  
In circles of smoke we dance like  
marionettes

Singing...

Oooh we're moving in the wrong direction

So stark and solemn this place has become  
I spend so much time thinking about the  
things that I've done  
I tried so hard to be a better man  
Things never go according to plan  
Was wandering around in a day less night  
One of these paths is bound to lead to  
the light

Oooh we're moving in the wrong direction  
Turn it around now, sister...brother

## SHIP WITHOUT A SAIL

If I had a dollar, for every long night like this  
I'd build myself a mansion, I'd be cruel and  
gluttonous

If I had a flower, for every time I needed  
you

Even those Parisian gardens...that still  
wouldn't do

I'm rudderless and restless, I'm a train  
without a rail

I'm feeling pretty helpless, I'm a ship  
without a sail

I'm burned out and I'm breathless, on the  
seas of betrayal

I'm on my way to nowhere, I'm a ship  
without a sail

If you had a nickel, for every time I let you  
down

For each night caught in the middle, when I  
couldn't be found

I know you'd have a treasure, you couldn't  
spend your lifetime through

I never took any pleasure, in doing that to  
you

I would give you my confession, if you'd  
heal all that which ails

If I could only find you, I'm a ship without  
a sail

How I loved to keep you guessing  
I never dreamed your heart would fail

I guess that is the lesson

I'm a ship without a sail

If I had a hammer, I'd build myself a tower  
I'd light you a candle and call your name on  
every hour

If I had a ladder, I'd climb up to the stars  
All that ever mattered, was the love that  
was ours

I'm rudderless and restless

I'm a train without a rail

I'm feeling pretty helpless

I'm a ship without a sail

I'm burned out and I'm breathless

On the seas of betrayal

I'm on my way to nowhere

I'm a ship without a sail

I'm a rainbow without color

I'm a tuneless nightingale

If I could only find you

I'm a ship without a sail

## SO BEGINS THE FALL

I stayed out all night  
I said I'd call  
What I did in between  
You see, I can't recall  
I stumbled in all drunk  
Talking off the wall  
I don't wanna fight  
So begins the fall

Thought I was strong  
But I know I'm weak  
I was a world champion  
Of this losing streak  
Every time I start to move  
I always seem to stall  
When you got nothing to prove  
So begins the fall

And I know you're mad  
I don't blame you none  
Being alone...It ain't no fun

Forgive me babe...  
Don't make me crawl  
What a mess we've made  
So begins the fall

I was out with some friends  
I told a tale or two  
But you can't defend  
What you never knew  
My tongue can't talk  
I'm creeping down the hall  
Feeling in my gut  
So begins the fall

You're in the other room  
Gonna write you a song  
About how I love you so  
About how it all went wrong  
I'm feeling blue  
Trying to make sense of it all  
Do you feel it too? So begins the fall  
I know you feel it too, so begins the fall

## DIAMOND LAKE

There are ghosts on the corner  
Beneath the streetlight dim  
They tattoo our secrets  
Deep underneath our skin  
The leaves changing color  
They fall onto the ground  
Like gentle hearts drop  
They fall without a sound

I don't care what they say  
Heaven's not that far away  
I will find you again  
'Neath the moon on Diamond Lake

There is fear at the harbor  
Desperation at the shore  
There's mist on the water  
Like the beauty you once wore  
The orchards stand naked  
Neath the cloudless skies we run  
Father forgive me  
We know not what we've done

I don't care what they say  
Heaven's not that far away  
I will find you again  
'Neath the moon on Diamond Lake

And the moon and your hair  
Like the waves up by the pier  
Your eyes, yeah your eyes  
In a world so crystal clear  
The sun it would sink  
We'd sneak onto that boat  
And your hope with your dreams  
In the pockets of your coat

I don't care what they say  
Heaven's not that far away  
I will find you again  
'Neath the cracked crescent moon on  
Diamond Lake

## NIGHT BLOOMING JASMINE

Little Santa Monica seemed so quiet  
There was nothing left to say  
I'm on the street again tonight  
Another lonely night in LA  
Going East off Westwood  
Going right at dawn  
For what we should have done and  
didn't do  
Will be left to linger on

The night blooming jasmine, it rained down  
from above  
The night blooming jasmine, for the one I  
love, for the one I love

The truth's tattooed temptation  
The drywalls days' desire  
The turnstiles of frustration, I have walked a  
sinner's mile  
The temptress in the tempest, you were  
such a sight to see  
Through the midnight yearning, don't you  
know, I burn for thee

The night blooming jasmine, under the  
half cracked moon  
The night blooming jasmine in your room,  
in your room

Go forth and seek a higher ground  
Go forth and be at peace  
Go forth and seek what you haven't found  
Go forth and never cease  
Don't you turn away,  
Don't you say those ugly things to me  
I wish that I could stay  
I don't know who it is you want me to be

The night blooming jasmine, wherever  
I may roam  
The night blooming jasmine, going home  
The night blooming jasmine, what was it  
we were thinking of  
The night blooming jasmine, for the one  
I love



## UNDERTOW

In a rainbow night,  
I held on tight to her dirty coat  
To our surprise...  
when you realize, was a sinking boat

It's hard sometimes not to lose control,  
when down is the only place to go  
To rise you must sink down below,  
Under the undertow  
Under the undertow

Her electric hair  
blew through the air, as I called her name  
The whistle blew at 5 till two  
From a wrong way train  
She'd even tried, suicide,  
she lost her faith, she'd lost her pride  
She said "Jesus appeared right by my side,  
Under the Undertow"  
Under the Undertow

We stride beside try and forget the way  
things were  
You must recall the garden wall  
we were so unsure

We saw the life we could have had  
But let it all get oh so bad  
While the second guessing drives you mad  
Under the undertow  
Under the undertow

If you look the wrong way twice, it's a  
battlefield of men and mice  
Sundown it comes and what do you see  
When morning cracks...do you ever feel like  
me?

Katy bar the door and make sure you draw  
the drapes  
Every man is bound to face the fears, that  
he escapes  
Surrendering, the blue bird sings, you can  
hear the distant freedom bell ring  
You can learn to fly without your wings  
Under The Undertow  
Under the undertow

## GIVIN' UP THE GHOST

Once we were like warriors  
Once we were like kings  
Once we were so young and pure  
Flew on dirty wings  
Fields of your surrender  
Seem like a dream to me now  
What you said, I still remember  
While you were burning down the house

We're givin' up the ghost  
I believe that it's time  
I've been trying so long  
Trying so hard  
But still couldn't get it right  
We got so close  
But we couldn't read the signs  
Of what mattered most  
And what we couldn't leave behind

We're givin' up the ghost

After all that we have been through  
After all was said and done  
Remember that the hunter  
Is the hunted one  
Seven years of hunger  
Seven years under the gun  
These days all I do is wonder  
Who we've become

We're givin' up the ghost

I believe that its time  
Its waiting out there  
It's ours to find  
We got so close

We couldn't read the sign  
We're givin' up the ghost  
The bells are ringing tonight  
We're givin' up the ghost

Scarlet are the curtains  
That hang inside your room  
I know that you've been hurtin'  
I've been hurtin' too  
There's a shadow of a gunman  
Standing next to your bed  
There's a killer on the loose  
He's runnin' free in your head  
Be careful what you wish for  
Be careful what you seek

Sometimes the strongest  
Appear as the weak  
Sometimes betrayal, is the form of a kiss  
Fear is a jail, when you're feelin' like this  
There's a time to retreat, a time to advance

If you just give me one last chance  
We're givin' up the ghost

I believe that it's time  
Let's tear down those walls  
That we couldn't climb  
We got so close  
We couldn't read the sign  
Of what matters most  
And what we couldn't leave behind

We're givin' up the ghost  
There's a ringing at night

## APACHE TEARS

Betrayal, I have met you  
Our paths have crossed before  
Misfortune how could i forget you  
Is it not I, that you adore?  
Loneliness, yes, I'll bet you  
You'll be coming back for more  
Love, why is it I  
You constantly ignore

I cannot even believe this anymore  
So many broken promises...so many fears  
I'm sailing tonight on a sea of  
Apache Tears

You spoke to me of honor  
You spoke to me, words so true  
Tonight I'll cross the water  
Just to catch a glimpse of you  
I don't blame you for leaving  
In fact, I don't blame you at all  
Nobody wants to be around  
When a man's about to fall

I cannot even believe this anymore  
Just waiting for the light to reappear  
I'm drifting tonight, on a sea of  
Apache tears

For a mighty long time down  
This endless track, of scattered lives  
Fragments of death like jewels  
Line this way like empty eyes

The wind indeed has spoken  
The clouds have begun to descend  
The treaties have all been broken  
Along the wicked trail of men

Beneath the painted sky  
In the harvest of my soul  
I'll find you here somehow  
I'm sorry Mama  
All the prayers you taught me  
Seem useless to me now...

Harbor are you hiding  
Won't you reveal yourself to me  
This turbulent tide I'm riding  
Searching everywhere for thee  
Visions of wounds unhealing  
Visions of wasted days gone by  
I'll conquer these fears I'm feeling  
It's a mighty good day to die

I cannot even believe this anymore  
So many broken promises, so many fears  
I'm sailing tonight, in a sea of  
Apache Tears

I cannot even believe this anymore  
Just waiting for the light to reappear  
I'm drifting tonight, on a sea of  
Apache tears...

## WOULD THAT IT WERE

Too tired to talk tonight  
Drifting near and far from her  
I know things will be alright  
Wouldn't that be grand  
Would that it were

So I sing a tuneless melody  
Darkness looms like a sepulcher  
I know your heart is still with me  
I'd feel better would that it were

You're not the easiest person to read  
The last few days have been a blur  
I'll be all that you ever need  
Would you love me  
Would that it were

Would that I knock upon your  
heavenly door  
Would that it was tomorrow  
Would that it were that I was the one

Would that it were  
What if it ain't  
We still haven't found a cure  
All I need is a fresh coat of paint  
Would you love me  
Would that it were

There are weeds in the garden  
Where my fear resides  
So many things of which  
I'm so unsure  
I've heard good hearts  
Have angelic guides  
Would you love me  
Would that it were

Would that I knock upon your  
heavenly door  
Would that it was tomorrow  
Would that it were that I was the one

## ANGELS INSIDE

Would that I were  
Steadfast and pure  
Would that I was  
Going because  
Those days before me  
Tried to ignore me  
I could never be so clever  
It seems I only feel  
Right when lonely  
High wire walking  
Drunken talking  
Everlasting  
Lifeline casting  
Thoughts turned rotten  
Has since forgotten me

"Close your eyes," she said  
Like an ancient lullaby  
"Close your eyes," she said  
Don't you know there's angels inside."

Hark I hear the news today  
A babe, in the city of David lay  
With such melodies that never dreamed  
In a fever sweat, I heard you scream  
From the inside out, you will turn  
From the outside in, your soul will burn  
I couldn't tell what was real  
Years have passed since I could feel a thing

"Close your eyes," she said  
You with the foolish pride  
"Close your eyes," she said  
Don't you know, there's angels inside.

The weight that I was falling under  
The wind wrestled my will asunder  
The heat of passion, in temptation  
The dark night of the soul salvation

Such a journey I have traveled  
Watching all the while,  
while I unravel  
Such a beautiful  
Catastrophe  
I didn't know I had in me  
With my Zippo and some gasoline  
I'll burn it down until I am clean  
My ugliness in effigy  
Through this smoke  
I will be free, someday

My mama said,  
"Close your eyes," she said  
Like an ancient lullaby  
"Close your eyes," she said  
Don't you know there's angels inside.

"Close your eyes," she said  
You with the foolish pride  
"Close your eyes," she said  
Don't you know, there's angels inside.

## LAMB AND THE LION

I laugh every time I start crying  
I got the heart of a lamb and a lion  
I'm alive but it feels like I'm dying...  
Dying for you to return  
I had to forget her to remind me  
Sometimes I feel my best days are behind  
me  
I think I had to lose him, just to find me  
I had to drown myself in order to burn  
I had to love to know hatred  
Knew the evil and sacred  
Yet I still don't know what I have found  
Wonder why that I always take the long  
way around  
I had to fall down to keep myself standing  
Do you feel at home here, abandoned?  
Flying high but there's no place for landing  
You're not sure where you want to go

I had to stop just to keep myself going  
So many things I have yet to be knowing  
In the distance I see your light glowing  
Had to get high to find out how low  
I had to doubt to believe  
Had to trust to deceive  
Had some dreams dashed without a sound  
Lord, why do I always take the long way  
around

For the sake of the weak and dejected  
For the songs of the meek and neglected  
For the prayers of the lost and rejected  
For those that know better than I  
Is it love or self-loathing?  
Is it a wolf in sheep's clothing?  
I still don't know where I am bound  
Lord, why do I always take the long way  
around

## UNANSWERED PRAYERS

My mother told me, when she would  
hold me  
About the saints and the angels  
How they were near  
Then we pray for father  
When his drinking got heavy  
We had no money  
And our future was unclear  
Then mother started working  
Then we never even saw her  
My sister and my brothers  
Grew to resent her  
Everything fell apart  
From the weight we were carrying  
It didn't occur to me  
Until many years later

Oh Father, who art in heaven  
Do you even care  
What becomes of the fallen?  
What becomes of the faithful?  
What becomes of our unanswered prayers?

William walked out of County  
When his sentence was over  
Some state money in his pocket  
A one room apartment in town  
His options weren't many  
His days seemed numbered  
What once were pastures of plenty  
Was now barren ground  
He had a friend up in Providence  
He had a cousin in Chicago  
He knew if he went there

He knew what would become  
Midnight in his one room  
He took out a bible  
He prayed for the strength  
The strength not to run

Oh Father, who art in heaven  
Is there anybody even there?  
What becomes of the fallen?  
What becomes of the faithful?  
What becomes of our unanswered prayers?

So tonight, I've been thinking  
About saints and sinners  
About losers and winners  
Which one am I  
There are sheep and there are serpents  
There are the meek and the madmen  
Which one are you  
It's up to you to decide  
They say that the kingdom of God is at hand  
Is it above or below?  
Or is it inside  
There are martyrs that murder  
There are prophets that profit  
There are devils and demons  
Alive and well tonight

Oh Father, who art in heaven  
Do you still even care  
Of what becomes of the fallen  
What becomes of the faithful?  
Of what becomes of our unanswered  
prayers...

**PAUPER SKY | VERSION 2**

Everything is a little out of control  
My broken wing  
My heart and empty soul  
The birds won't sing...  
The bells won't toll for thee

And even the sun, it doesn't feel as bright  
I'm on the run, every day and night  
I'm the one, who isn't feeling right today

How I wish, that for just one time  
I could sail, I could soar and fly  
So far away  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you

The trees stand so statuesque  
I'm on my knees  
I can't catch my breath  
Like some disease  
Cuz I look like death right now

All I can do, is to hope and pray  
I make it through  
To a brand new day and the hope of you  
Keep the ghosts at bay for a while

How I wish, that for just one time  
I could sail, I could soar and fly  
So far away  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you

Here I am and I just can't sleep  
I'm near the end and I'm in way too deep  
Do broken people mend, or do they just  
creep along

One false start, swings like a pendulum  
I'm not that smart, But I'm not that dumb  
O' my heart, beats like a heavy drum  
tonight

Feels like years, since you've gone  
Through all the fears, they creep like dawn  
In my ears, it's your favorite song, that  
plays, and plays, and plays

How I wish, that for just one time  
I could sail, I could soar and fly  
So far away  
I'd be so high, in a Pauper's sky with you





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# STORIES, LIES & LEGENDS

## Michael McDermott

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### DISC 4 | SONG LIST

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## ON THE MORROW

The horses stirred  
daylight broke  
I could see the fire  
I could smell the smoke  
I'm gonna lighten my load  
it's about time  
cuz on the morrow  
I will make you mine

It's a pauper's life,  
it's a wagon wheel  
I got a switchblade knife  
I always conceal  
I got a restless heart  
I got a miner's lung  
On the morrow  
will we stand as one

I got a hangman's curse  
I got the gallows grin  
I got a dream you're always in

I got a pirate stare  
I got a debonair style  
got a mandolin prayer  
I got a tombstone smile  
I got a boxer's break  
I got pocket comb  
On the morrow  
will we stand alone

Got a second-hand coat  
got a third hand hat  
Got me a sinking boat  
and a treasure map  
I got an old sun dial  
that I can't read

On the morrow  
will you be with me  
I got love  
got love to spare  
and it's yours if you even dare

I got a renegade mouth  
I got a prisoner's eyes  
I got a childish wit  
and a shotgun mind  
I got too much love  
for just one heart  
On the morrow  
will we fall apart

it's an endless road  
that I've been on  
but these days I'm feeling strong

Blessed love  
You're a summers day  
How do I love thee?  
Let me count the way  
I would walk all day  
and ride all night  
On the morrow  
I will hold you tight

I got an old guitar  
Head full of songs  
And this feeling I don't belong  
It's a hair trigger tongue  
The one she's got  
She runs cold and she runs hot  
On the morrow  
You ain't seen nothing yet

## LING SU

A face that burned like fire, forever into  
my soul  
I looked across the room to me it did show  
That the sisters for me must have been  
praying...  
There was something that my heart was  
truly saying

Her hand it felt like healing  
While the devil was close by  
Her smile revealed the wisdom  
That was coming from on high  
A Covenant she kept with herself  
Destitution to be with her would be such  
wealth

Oooh what am I gonna do?  
Another empty night just thinking  
about you  
Hoping that these threatening skies  
might turn a tranquil blue  
I'm lost in the memory of her eyes  
I'm lost in the depths of her peaceful skies  
The skies that belong to  
Ling Su

I know our conversation was very brief  
I couldn't believe it, but she was such a  
subtle seasoned thief  
You stole my heart from me in seconds flat  
I've been looking for you to try and get it  
back

Oooh what am I gonna do?  
Another empty night just thinking  
about you  
Hoping that these threatening skies  
might turn a tranquil blue  
I'm lost in the memory of her eyes  
I'm lost in the depths of her peaceful skies  
The skies that belong to  
Ling Su

If you keep my heart  
then I feel I should have yours  
I bet many have battled for it  
I bet many have started wars  
Any sailors have sailed the stormy seas  
Just to be by the magic of your mystery

Oooh what am I gonna do?  
Another empty night just thinking  
about you  
Hoping that these threatening skies might  
turn a tranquil blue  
I'm lost in the memory of her eyes  
I'm lost in the depths of her peaceful skies  
The skies that belong to  
Ling Su

## SO CLOSE

Irish music pours to the street  
The singers singing "Pair of Brown Eyes"  
I wonder if we'll ever meet  
Wearing two different disguises  
You've got the heart of Mata Hari  
You're dancing cross town for some prince  
You never could say you were sorry  
Now that makes no difference

Maybe after all this time  
There were too many mountains we  
couldn't climb  
Too many ghosts and secrets that we  
couldn't define  
We almost made it babe  
Like a winters rose  
Love as strong as the mighty Mississippi  
river flows  
We almost made it babe  
That's the way that love comes and goes  
We almost made it babe  
We were so damn close  
Almost made it babe...were so damn close

Seems like a long time ago  
That we met on that misty August night  
We listened to Van till dawn  
In your tiny apartment in candlelight  
Hallelujah gypsy lover...  
I was feeling barely alive  
Then you kissed my lips  
I knew right then  
We were gonna survive

I couldn't tell you what went wrong  
That got me singing this wistful song  
Maybe I was foolish in thinking  
That what we had was really that strong...

We almost made it babe  
Like a winters rose  
Maybe we just got caught by the  
Cruel currents and the undertows  
We almost made it babe  
That's the way that love comes and goes  
We almost made it babe  
We were so damn close  
Almost made it babe...were so damn close

I worked everywhere I could  
New York, Seattle, Hollywood  
You said that you supported me  
You swore to me, you understood  
You didn't like the vaudeville scene  
Even though you knew it was my lifelong  
dream  
Revenge was all you could do  
To let me know you felt in between  
Thinking it can drive you mad  
How something good could turn so bad  
I'm so sick, so sick and tired  
Thinking about what we might have had  
We almost made it babe  
Like a winters rose  
Love as strong as the mighty Mississippi  
river flows  
We almost made it babe  
That's the way that love comes and goes  
We almost made it babe  
We were so damn close  
Almost made it babe...were so damn close

## BROKEN FROM BIRTH

Hey there Father, if you're able  
Would you sit down, at my table and tell me  
All the things that you know

Hey there Mother, don't mean to bother  
I miss you so...like no other  
Would you hold me...telling me you love  
me so

Whatever it's worth all I seem to feel is hurt  
Maybe I, maybe I, was broken from birth

Hey there sister, can you hear me?  
I want you close, I want you near me now  
Like we were when we were kids

Hey there brother, can you help me?  
I'm on the run, they're out to get me now  
How has it come to this?

Whatever it's worth all I seem to feel is hurt  
Maybe I, maybe I was broken from birth

There's so many pieces here, so many lines  
I couldn't put them together if I had all the  
time in the world

I've never known, much belonging  
I'm so alone, and always longing to be  
Something greater than I am

I've had my fair share, my share of  
problems  
It's not like I don't care, I know, everybody's  
got them  
But it seems sometimes, it gets so hard to  
understand

Whatever it's worth all I seem to feel is hurt  
Maybe I, maybe I was broken from birth  
Maybe I, maybe I was broken from birth  
Maybe I, maybe I was broken from birth

## UPSCALE DIVE

Like begets like and I'm nowhere tonight  
Nowhere lately, is nothing new  
I was talking with a friend about a means to  
an end  
To a girl with eyes of bourbon blue  
I fare pretty well with the ladies  
Most times they just leave you blue

I was broke, down, beaten and battered  
Lord, I was barely alive  
Until I met my love in  
An Upscale dive

Mustache Pete is a guy everyone should  
meet  
He's a master of thievery and delight  
Meanwhile, Dr. Paul is back in the  
bathroom stall  
Dealing a little twenty-dollar while  
Jeff was pouring them strong all night long  
Everything up until that point had seemed  
alright

I was broke, down, beaten and battered  
Lord, I was barely alive  
Until I met my love in  
An Upscale dive

I was bellying up, for to refill my cup  
In the mirror, I thought I caught a glance  
With a tap on my shoulder, I turned around  
It was her asking me to dance  
I declined, I said I was fine  
Girl come back when you get a chance

I was broke, down, beaten and battered  
Lord, I was barely alive  
Until I met my love in  
An Upscale dive

## PARIS STARTS TO BURN

Circus town, we move through the crowd  
The lights went up, his head was bowed  
down  
Looking for an old fashion score  
He said he couldn't feel the high's anymore  
It was a dark night in Texas  
A dusty back road  
He had done everything,  
He was about to explode  
You can feel it before it begins  
Paying the price of somebody's sins  
The signs are written everywhere you turn  
You better pay attention...before  
Paris starts to burn

William and Theresa were married that year  
In a church outside of town  
With whiskey and beer  
He was a Merchant Marine  
Now they both work days  
Down at the Winn-Dixie  
For minimum wage  
Their friend Jaime was a singer  
In a good local band  
One night he slipped William  
Something into his hand

You can feel it before it begins  
Paying the price of somebody's sins  
The signs are written everywhere you turn  
You better pay attention...before  
Paris starts to burn

One year later, reality called  
Said it feels like my motor has stalled  
Its' getting to the point, I can't even feel  
Somewhere inside, the pain is so real

William told Theresa he was going out for  
smokes  
Disappeared down a backroad of  
Timberland Oaks  
The cops said it must have been a deal gone  
wrong  
By morning time William was already gone  
Three days later, he landed in Circus Town  
With a feeling that his ship was on its way  
down...  
You can feel it before it begins  
Paying the price of somebody's sins  
The signs are written everywhere you turn  
You better pay attention...before  
Paris starts to burn

## WILLIE IS COMING TO TOWN

I've been hearing rumors lately  
They're talkin' about my baby  
That Willie is coming to town  
I've been waiting for forever  
For us to be together  
Daddy's been playing the clown  
She's been inside for almost a year  
I just can't wait until she's finally here  
I'm hearing rumors lately  
They're talking about my baby  
Willie is coming to town

For so long I have missed her  
I long to hold and kiss her  
I wonder what she looks like these days  
I hope she'll recognize me  
Her looks will paralyze me  
I probably won't know what to say  
Seeing her will be like starting over again  
I'll be her Daddy and I'll be her friend...  
uh huh...

If it's true, I won't know what to do  
It feels like I'm tangled up in blue  
I've been hearing rumors lately  
Something about my baby...  
Willie's coming to town

Can't wait to see her and shelter her from  
All of the battles that are bound to  
come...uh huh...

I even read it the paper  
It's like some kind of caper  
They don't know how she was found  
When they said that she was close  
I turned as pale as a ghost  
My world is upside down  
You can let it be known  
That I just can't wait  
I'll be standing there at the prison gate...  
uh huh...

I've been hearing rumors lately  
They're talkin' about my baby  
That Willie is coming to town  
I've been waiting for forever  
For us to be together  
Daddy's been playing the clown  
She's been living up north for almost a year  
I just can't wait until she's finally here  
I'm hearing rumors lately  
They're talking about my baby  
Willie is coming to town



## HOME, HERE, ABANDONED

Cloud-like dreaming  
Thought I'd be asleep all night  
Temple, stood on what once was hallowed  
ground  
Brother...you say you've crossed these  
barren fields  
Waiting, for the light to be revealed

You could be taking off  
You could be landing  
You could be falling down  
You could be standing  
You could have found your home  
Home, here, abandoned

Breathing in the winds of your reflection  
While you're bleeding...to the death march  
of the trumpet  
Forever climbing...but still you're getting  
nowhere...  
Shelter...There must be some here  
somewhere...

I could be taking off  
I could be landing  
I could be falling down  
I could be standing  
I could have found my home  
Home, here, abandoned

Sister...Is it really worth it?  
You got your monkey...in your own private  
circus  
Don't you know, that I'd guide you  
If there was somewhere I could take you  
From the outside...  
Hope has such a different point of view

We could be taking off  
We could be landing  
We could be falling down  
We could be standing  
We could have found our home...  
Home, here, abandoned

puncture the dam...for to be broken...it shall  
return

## STORIES, LIES AND LEGENDS

Don't know what it was about that house  
Down the street from ours  
Seemed like every time an old man died in  
there

There was a new one there in hours  
Harold on the porch said,  
"Back in the day I was the prince of my  
street  
Always had some money in my pocket and  
shined shoes on my feet."  
I loved it when he told the story of the day  
he met Capone  
He was about to tell another when I heard  
my brother  
Telling me to get my ass back home

Stories, Lies and Legends...For the hearts  
that just won't mend  
Stories, Lies and Legends...living in the souls  
of women and men

Little Jimmy was just 19  
Hiding on O'Connors ridge  
He told his brother he moved to America  
Jumped off the GW bridge...  
Jimmy was nearly a legend  
They've been telling his story for days  
How he stole cop car in Kiltchima  
In a field he set it ablaze  
He went to New York to work for money  
Sent it to his mother for the Garda car  
When he got home, they arrested him  
Mother drank it all at the bar

Stories, Lies and Legends...always seems to  
shed some light  
Stories, Lies and Legends...keeping the spirit  
alive

Death followed David around every turn  
Tonight they finally got their man...  
It didn't come in the form of Goliath  
In front of the all-night liquor stand  
Some say they saw nothing  
Some say it looked like a Medicine Man  
Disappeared slowly down Broadway  
With snake oil in his hand  
Some said it was suicide  
Some said a mixture of drugs and booze  
When you roll the dice that many times  
One of these days you're bound to lose

Stories, Lies and Legends...our own  
mythology  
Stories, Lies and Legends...from the city to  
the sea  
Stories, Lies and Legends...Tell me what you  
know  
Stories, Lies and Legends...the older that we  
grow

Gabriel still plays his tune  
Moriarty is still on the trail  
I swear I'm gonna be there on that day  
When Jonah eats the Whale

## ONE TRUE FRIEND

Judas and Jezebel were waiting at the bar  
there on Sunset  
Guinevere said, "When you get there, drop  
my name at the door"  
There's something so lonely about a  
Saturday night  
When you're in that mindset  
Like a movie you've seen a million times  
before

I was two colors away from a masterpiece  
adored by all critics  
I was a hundred grand short of buying  
myself a little house  
I was a witticism shy of impressing all the  
cynics  
Who consider me a lying drunken louse

I have traveled to places I cannot remember  
I've been down roads I swear by God I  
thought would never end  
I guess you could say I'm in need of a little  
surrender  
What I really need right now is One true  
friend

I was a genepool away from looking like  
Johnny Depp or Daniel Day Lewis  
I was a school away from Stephen Hawking  
or even Stephen King  
I was one credit shy of graduating with a  
bachelor's in screw ups  
I was one-woman shy of wearing a  
wedding ring

I was one scene short of having a  
screenplay dazzling directors  
I was one chorus shy of having a hit song, a  
hit song on parade  
I was one prayer short of passing the  
religious inspectors  
I was one success shy of having it made

I have heard the morning dove sing a  
beautiful love song  
I have done things I myself couldn't  
comprehend  
I have pondered the complexities of all that  
I've done wrong  
I've a need so strong right now for One  
true friend

Saw the bar approaching, saw Judas outside  
smoking  
Pulled down my lid, kept driving like I did  
into the night  
Sometimes I swear I'd bet my life, God's  
gotta be joking  
At some point, on some level...he's bound  
to let me get it right

I have heard the taxi telling tales of the  
cities needing  
I have heard tales of nobility someone has  
to defend  
Lately around here everybody is bleeding...  
Bleeding for the touch of One true friend...  
Bleeding for the love of One true friend...

## LAST CALL

Do you think Hamlet was right?  
Saying there's silence not light  
In the minute he knew that it was over  
Yeah I asked Horatio, he said,  
"Man, I just don't know, but  
I saw an angel sitting there on his shoulder"  
It's been a few years now...  
Since Mama, she checked out  
The only thing I feel, is distance  
Faith, she skipped town  
I'm not sure when or how  
She said the only thing I offered  
Was resistance

So raise your glass  
It's over far too fast  
Some things you gotta do on your own  
So say goodnight, Turn out the light  
It's last call...  
It's time to go home

You think Jesus was wrong  
When he sang out his song  
As he hung there bleeding like a martyr  
You think he thought of his dad  
You think that he got mad  
You think, he thought he should have been  
smarter  
You think it rained as he died  
While Mary knelt and cried  
In that moment, he ceased to moan  
You think angels appeared  
By the place where he was speared  
Saying "It's last call...  
It's time to go home

So raise your glass  
It's over far too fast  
Some things you gotta do on your own  
So say goodnight, Put out the light  
It's last call...  
It's time to go home

Do you think you'll understand?  
When your time is at hand  
Maybe your life will seem a little clearer  
Do you think you'll feel at peace?  
Do you think you'll be released?  
The waters reflect like a mirror  
It's time to go home

Is there a place after this?  
Where bullets always miss  
Where drinks are always on the arm  
They serve breakfast all day  
You never have to pay  
No one means, nobody no harm  
If there's a fight  
It's diffused with a light  
There's no difference  
Between rich and poor  
It sounds good to me  
If my baby is with me  
We'll be the first ones, in line, at the door

So raise your glass  
It's over far too fast  
Some things you gotta do on your own  
So say goodnight, Put out the light  
It's last call....  
It's time to go home

## UGLY

I watched Matilda waltzing...  
Thought about my faults and my friends  
What was I thinking?  
I was standing by the stage door  
Waiting for the show to begin  
I was in a freefall  
Still searching for the bottom  
Of a rotted out heart that I stole  
One thing I learned  
Don't ever think you got em'  
Some things, you never can hold  
I didn't feel like goin' out  
Didn't feel like staying in  
Making deals with demons at my command  
Then no one would ever see  
Just how ugly I am

Leading the parade  
Stumbling to a mighty applause  
It's hard just staring at  
The mayhem and the pain  
I know deep down that I cause  
Maybe sometimes I can be too calculated  
I ain't complicated at all  
Can I assure you  
It's just another costume  
In the majesties masquerade ball

These rooms are dark for a reason  
Deception even treason  
I just don't know how much more I can  
stand  
Maybe it's time they finally see  
Just how ugly I am

I'll be pleased to meet me  
Just when I find out where to go  
You must be joking  
You never could defeat me  
There are some things you'll never know  
Sometimes I find it so laughably amusing  
Confusing and a little bit sad  
I'll swear to you honey  
On the day of reckoning  
You'll find the things, I never had  
The voice spoke to me sweetly  
I never heard completely  
There's one thing she'll never understand  
But someday she's gonna see  
Just how ugly I am  
I hope she never sees  
Just how ugly I am  
I pray to God she never sees  
Just how ugly I am

## ACROSS THE WATER

You said that it ain't  
But I know that it's true  
Babe, I need a new coat of paint  
To hide the fact that I keep running from  
you  
I know that I'm wrong  
I try it every night  
I want so to belong  
I want so for things to work out right

Across the water, I'll travel by boat  
Across the water, this savior doesn't float

Deep into the night  
You toss in your sleep  
Girl, what is it you fight  
Is it all the things  
You know you just can't keep  
So distant you drift  
To a far distant shore

All the weight you can't lift  
Is the weight I left inside your door

Across the water...If it need be by land  
Across the water...To find the strength to  
finally stand

You ask what makes me tick  
You say that you're confused  
Babe, it makes me sick  
To play this game  
I know I'm gonna lose

Across the water...I'll travel by air  
Across the water...I wouldn't blame you  
babe, if you're not there...  
Across the water...I'll travel by boat  
Across the water...This savior doesn't float

## THE ROAD TO ABILENE

We wanted so to be something other than  
ourselves  
I guess we didn't know what we wanted  
Spinning in circles on these bitter carousels  
Speaking to each other in sonnets  
Hey there sad eyes, what's this all about?  
Tell me what troubles you so  
It's hard to believe, when you're covered up  
in doubt  
Nothing in your garden will grow  
When you lose your horizon, babe it's not  
surprising  
That we wound up here in-between  
We've been too long on this road to Abilene

She said, "My life ain't working,  
Yeah I think I lost myself, just a few miles  
ago."  
She was right beside of me  
Rewriting all our history  
Telling me things I wished I didn't know  
The moon looked like the half shut eye of a  
jackal  
In an El Paso night  
Does your indecision always lead to your  
collision?  
Leave your face freckled with fright  
Candle light like clarity

Cruelly stares at you and me  
You wonder if we'll ever be clean  
We've been too long on this  
Road to Abilene

The moon illuminates all we've undone  
All we'll never do  
And all we'll never become

She marked the pages  
With suicidal rages  
Spoke of books she'd never write  
Poets and pagans and accidental sages  
Down Paradise Alley tonight  
Does your rear view mirror  
Maybe seems a little clearer?  
What was it that you thought you  
might see?  
Just for a while, baby, just half a mile  
I remembered who it was we could be  
Your happily ever after has become a  
disaster  
Inside your heart just wants to scream  
We've been too long on this road to Abilene

We wanted so to be something other than  
ourselves

**TELL-TALE HEART | ALTERNATE VERSION**

Talk is cheap  
On this dead end street  
I'll keep your heart with me tonight  
Are we in too deep?  
Are we incomplete?  
Would you meet me on the other side?  
Let's take a ride out of town  
Where there's no one around  
Lay down in a field of light  
You've stolen all the colors  
From the night time sky  
You left me to wander in the dark  
I know that something ain't right, tonight  
I heard it from your tell-tale heart

A kiss on the cheek  
A prayer for the meek  
I'm feeling awfully weak tonight  
Are you filled with defeat?  
With the scars that you keep

I'll reap the seeds I've sown with spite  
You've stolen all the colors  
From the night time sky  
Left me to wander in the dark  
I know that something ain't right tonight  
I've heard it from your tell-tale heart

Riding through the wasteland  
With your anger on my back  
Looking out across these fields as they burn  
Even though it all seems so complex  
It's just one step and then the next  
Is all you really need to learn

Let's go to sleep  
Babe, please don't weep  
Don't keep yourself from me tonight  
I'll keep your heart with me tonight  
I'll keep your heart with me tonight



## NATALIA

It could be something  
It's probably nothing  
I think I wanna  
I think I gotta  
Natalia, Natalia

Ladies and Gentlemen  
Step up and come on in  
She's got skin of porcelain  
It makes me wanna sin  
Natalia, Natalia

I turn and twist in Dante's chair  
I burn for your kiss everywhere  
The pedals of your roses fell  
You left me in this cheap hotel  
Natalia, Natalia

How shall we conspire  
To this dark desire  
Maybe take off your dress  
Baby, let's make a mess  
Natalia, Natalia

I turn and twist in Dante's chair  
I yearn for your face everywhere  
The pedals of your roses fell  
Now all I ever seem to do is yell  
Natalia, Natalia

I watch you drifting to and fro  
I just can't seem to let you go  
I watch you lay there fast asleep  
I wonder if in dreams we'll meet  
Natalia, Natalia

## THE BELLS OF SAINT JAMES

Silver linings rust, within these castle walls  
Where every guest is announced  
Every hero falls  
There's a trail of tears  
That trace the steps that we've both made  
I often wonder, what would have become  
If I had stayed  
I remember, the sound, coming from down  
the lane  
The misty mornings, walking to school in  
the rain  
Every time they toll, I swear, I hear  
my name  
How I miss them now  
The bells of Saint James

I still don't know what you wanted  
From the things you didn't get  
In myself, I was hurting as well  
You wouldn't let me forget  
Sundays in the Spring  
When I swore I'd give you everything  
Don't you think I regret  
The promises, I could have kept  
Rolling thunder rumbled past  
Then we got caught in the rain  
The fears that we were feeling  
We tried so hard to contain  
The rooms once filled with laughter  
Are now hidden rooms of shame  
Remembering the promises  
Of the bells of Saint James

It's funny the way things turn  
I don't find it funny now  
All the prayers they taught us  
They seem useless to me now

The tower loomed like God himself  
With a keen and watchful eye  
I remember you'd always start laughing  
Right before you'd start to cry  
Sometimes it felt like wonder  
Sometimes it felt like pain  
Sometimes it felt like thunder  
Other times it felt like change  
In March our parents would meet  
To stand and watch  
The Saint Paddy's Day parade  
We'd go kiss in the garden  
Beneath the bells of Saint James

I don't hear from anyone  
I suppose it's just as well  
I don't try making contact  
There's nothing much to tell  
I still think of her quite often  
Probably more often than I should  
Maybe I just wasn't very honest  
She just wasn't very good  
I recall the garden wall  
Where I'd spray paint your name  
Now you remember me  
With a heart that heals to blame  
I knew that I'd have to leave  
Things would never be the same  
Silent are they now...  
The Bells of Saint James  
I'm a long way now  
From the bells of Saint James