

BACK COVER

The title song is dedicated to the thousands of legal aid advocates who happily chose a life of service. Help them with your gifts and your support.

Deepest thanks to Heidi Gerber – producer, musician, singer, engineer, philosopher, collaborator, and friend – for hearing, seeing, and thinking the things that I could not, and for asking me to trust her and to step into the whirlpool with a smile.

Thank you to the people who first said I should do it: Dena B, who first suggested it. Bob G, who opined that I might even be able to make money at this (doubtful, but a nice thought). Joyce R, Jennifer D, and Matt B, for their emphatic exhortations. And, of course, Emily, who asked, “Do you think you could make me a recording of you singing and playing guitar?” Perhaps this CD will suffice.

Thanks to Mike and Pat G for unflagging devotion and encouragement, Jim and Regina for letting me hang around and play (and eat), Cliff T (who insisted on “Light”), and other longsuffering listeners - two Jeff M’s, both for listening and one for a good day, Evora T, Stephanie and Dan E, John E, Glenn R, Mytrang N, Kathleen C, Larry C, Lucy, Ruby S, Lisa B, Shireen W, Beth G, John K, Steve X, Janet L, Althea H, Mattie C, James H, Chuck G, Willie A, Christobria, Tillie L, Bristow H, Alberto L, Alex T, Bill S, Taylor H, Lou C, Bert T, Heidi M, Jim and Ev F, Lisa M, Mark F, Lora, Cyndy S, Ralph F, Carl S, Arthur, Carolyn W, Iffat, Levon, Colleen, Mike, Joel and Bethany W.

Thanks to Cameron and Kelly and the gang at the OHG. Sustenance in all forms was always right there when we needed it.

The guitar used for most songs is a custom acoustic- the “Tim Watson Special” - made by Mike Roebuck of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Photo by Cheryl Nolan

FRONT COVER

*One Face
at a Time*

Tim Watson

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WESTERN TENNESSEE

By Tim Watson

Vocals and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Violin – Patrick McAvinue
Banjo – Randy Barrett
Oboe – Meredith Rouse
Arranged and conducted by Mike Crotty

Driving down Virginia,
Washington DC is far behind
Into Tennessee, heading for
a place to clear my mind
When Nashville's way behind me,
my mind is feeling free
Cause soon I'll see the lovely
river called the Tennessee
The land along the river has been
calling me.

My cousin Jeff says let's go get the
horses; we'll ride up in the hills.
So we saddle up and make
our way along the back roads and through
the fallow fields.
And Jeff is up on Johnnie,
and I'm on a horse named King
And right now I don't care about a
cotton-pickin' thing
I'm riding high and wide and feeling free
In Western Tennessee.

These quarter horses know the land.
They take us into places seldom seen -
through timeless hills and meadows,
along the gullies and through
the shallow streams.
I see the redbuds and the dogwoods
moving in the breeze
I smell the woods and horses and the
dogs are smelling me.
This air is like a tonic for a man
who longs to breathe
In Western Tennessee

The churches with their cemeteries take us
from the present to the past
The markers seem to say to take our time,
don't let it go so fast.
And if I could I'd stay up on this horse
and on this hill
I've tried to like the city, but I guess I never will.
The land along the river calls me still.

And soon I'll have to go 'cause I've got
promises to make and some to keep
But one day I'll return and never leave,
cause this is home to me.

I can see from on this hill
the day is nearly done
The road is like another
river running to the sun
The land along the river
always calls to me
From Western Tennessee.
There ain't no place on
earth I'd rather be
Than Western Tennessee.
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CARDBOARD MAN

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Background Vocals - Heidi Gerber,
Randy Barrett
Violin – Patrick McAvinue
Banjo – Randy Barrett
Acoustic Bass – Heidi Gerber
Mandolin – Marcy Marxer
Harmonica – Dan Gabel
Wood block and snare – Tom Teasley

I see him in the grocery store;
he's been there quite a while.
Stands by the coke machine,
and always has a smile.
People walk right past him with
their cartons and their cans.
On one side he says Welcome,
and on the other Come Again.

He's just a piece of cardboard,
but I like him just the same.
Doesn't try to judge me;
he's just happy that I came.
He sees my frozen pizza,
my coffee and my beer.
He watches me go rolling through
the produce and the years.

Chorus

And I say hey, to the cardboard man.
Just one dimension, and needin'
some attention, he's doin' the best he can
I say hey to the cardboard man.
'Cause me and you, sometimes we're
cardboard too
So say hey to the cardboard man.

I've seen him lose his balance;
I've seen him hit the floor
Someone always comes along
and props him up for more.
I've seen him face the wrong direction,
when he gets turned around
He ends up stranded in a corner
and he never makes a sound.

Sometimes I wish that he could talk.
I wonder what he'd say.
I reckon he'd just smile at me
and then he'd turn away.
'Cause there ain't no use in telling
me what I already know -
It ain't so hard to stand in place,
'cause when you're only one
dimension, you've got no place to go

Chorus

There's cardboard people everywhere;
they're tattered and they're torn
Living lives of cardboard from the
day that they were born.
But most of them will be
OK with just a little help.
You can feel free to start with me,
I'm feelin' kinda flat myself.

Chorus

'Cause me and you,
we could be cardboard, too,
But for the hand of fate it could
be me and you, so always,
please, take the time to
say hey to the Cardboard Man.

He's just a cardboard man.

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ONE FACE AT A TIME

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar-
Tim Watson
Background Vocals - Heidi Gerber
Acoustic Guitar – Paul Bell
Violin – Patrick McAvinue
Mandolin – Marcy Marxer

Rita went to law school with
a lifetime of dreams
Waiting on her graduation day.
She was staring straight ahead,
but there was something that she'd seen
Caught her eye, made her look away.

The faces of people she'd see now and then
Changed all the plans she'd made.
Faces on the outside, always peering in
And Rita said "I think I'll work a year,
maybe two, in legal aid."

She serves the blind-folded lady
who's holding justice in her hands

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Makin' this CD is killin' me.

Makin' this CD is really thrillin'...
but it's really killin' me.

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REMEMBER ME

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Bass Flute – Mike Crotty
Oboe – Meredith Rouse
Arranged and conducted by Mike Crotty

When it's winter in the mountains
And the moon shines on the snow
When the fire is burnin' low
And the cold is in your bones
Remember me
Remember me

When the sun is in the valley
On the junipers and pines
I'll walk these concrete canyons
Where it doesn't seem to shine,
And when I do
I'll remember you.

I can see you in the firelight
when the winter days were through.
I'll never be a better man than
the one I was with you.

Come one day these boulevards
Will see the last of me.
I don't know where this life might lead me;
Don't know where I'll be.
The road will call one morning,
and I'll pick up and go.
Further and further from
the moonlight and the snow.

Don't know where I'll be
Remember me
Remember me
Remember me

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FOR EMILY (INSTRUMENTAL)

By Tim Watson

Classical guitar – Tim Watson
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Graphic design and web site by
Emily Taylor and James Hood.

Produced by Heidi Gerber for
All Access Audio, Inc.,
Silver Spring, MD.

Recorded and engineered
by Heidi Gerber at
All Access Audio, Inc.
Silver Spring, MD.
Additional recording by
Bob Dawson at Bias
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12, 13, and 15 mixed by
Bob Dawson and Jim Robeson
at Bias Studios. Tracks 2, 3, 5,
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Heidi Gerber at
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P.O. Box 8458,
Silver Spring, MD 20910

See Tim's website at
lostcreekrecords.com.

Instrumentalists

Violin –
Steven Romer, Jennifer Rickard,
Joanna Owen, Rebecca Racusin,
Eileen Doty, Paula McCarthy,
Eleonel Molina, Destiny Hoyle,
Jocelyn Adelman, Alexandra Mikhlin,
Lily Kramer

Oboe –
Meredith Rouse

Viola –
Steven Day, Derek Smith,
Chiara Dieguez

Cello –
Sean Neidlinger, Kerry Van Laanen,
Deborah Brudvig, Aron Rider

Bass –
Glenn Dewey

Flute / Alto Flute / Bass Flute –
Mike Crotty

Clarinet / Bass Clarinet –
Lee Lachman

Horn –
Charles Paul

Percussion –
Steve Fidyk

Special thanks to the musicians who drank deep and elevated these songs with their wonderful interpretations - Mike Crotty, Paul Bell, Randy Barrett, Patrick McAvinue, Heidi Gerber, Peter Princiottio, and Marcy Marxer.

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I'm not a friend of second chances.
They never seem to come my way.
But maybe my fortune's changing;
I got your message yesterday

And you don't know if we can make it,
but you're thinkin' maybe we should try
I'm on my way to you tonight,
on this road up in the sky

Silver wings, fly all night
Set me down in morning light
She's waiting there for me
Silver Wings.

I feel like I'm in the hands of
something I can't see
But if it gets me back to you,
then that's all right with me.
It seems to me the sky is brighter.
But maybe it's just in my mind.
I've been looking forward for so
long, to leaving all these years behind.

Silver wings, fly all night
Set me down in morning light
You can leave the rest to me.
Silver Wings.
Silver Wings.

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GOD BLESS CHUCK DARWIN

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar - Tim Watson
Background Vocals - Heidi Gerber
Acoustic Guitar - Paul Bell
Fretless Bass Guitar - Peter Princiotta
Flute - Mike Crotty
Oboe - Meredith Rouse
Clarinet & Bass Clarinet - Lee Lachman
Horn - Charles Paul
Conga - Steve Fidyk
Cello - Sean Neidlinger
Cymbals - Bob Dawson
Arranged and conducted by Mike Crotty

In the 1800's a good man
walked the earth
Chuck Darwin was his name,
and he was the first
To understand clearly
the order of life
But his book led to
decades of strife
Decades of anger and
decades of strife

A hundred years later
they found DNA
In all of God's creatures.
It showed the way
That we are related to
all living things
Walkers and swimmers
and things that have wings
Crawlers and sliders
and all living things



Stop wearing blinders
and saying there's a schism
Between God and Darwin,
'cause there really isn't
Chuck was flesh and blood,
with kids and a wife
And he could see so
clearly the wonder of life.

In the Good Book, a
verse can be found
It says we were made from
the dust of the ground
I don't think old Darwin
disagreed with that line
He only thought it
took a long time
Creation of humankind
took a long time

Still so many people,
just won't believe.
There are none so blind as
those who won't see
How the truth of his teachings
set us all free.
"Bang, you are created"
just didn't work for me
That old-timey version
just wasn't for me.

So stop wearing blinders and
saying there's a schism
Between God and Darwin
'cause you know there isn't
Chuck was a good man
who told us the truth.
God bless us all, and Chuck Darwin, too
God bless us every single one...
and Chuck Darwin, too

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MAKIN' THIS CD (IS KILLIN' ME)

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Resonator Guitar - Paul Bell
Violin - Patrick McAvinue
Banjo - Randy Barrett
Didgeridoo - Cleo Clayborne
Acoustic Bass - Heidi Gerber
Kalimba - Tim Watson
Kazoo - Tim Watson
Credit Card and Pine Cone - Heidi Gerber

Oh I lay awake this mornin'
wishin' I could just stay there in bed
Cause I knew that I'd end up this
way, in this situation that I dread

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And Rita thinks that everyone
should try to make a difference
when they can.

She goes the extra mile,
one case at a time,
Gives the world a smile,
one face at a time,
Other plans can wait for other days;
She's got work to do in legal aid.

Time goes rolling by and she's
making a difference
In the faces that she sees
And Rita's face is changing too;
'cause now she sees clearly
The world the way it ought to be.

She doesn't make much money
like she did in all her dreams
But she doesn't really mind
She knows down in her soul
that the dream she's living in
is better than the one she left behind.

And Rita sometimes loses,
but she never really fails,
Cause the blind-folded lady
knows she's always there
standing by the scales.

She goes the extra mile
one case at a time,
Gives the world a smile,
one face at a time,
Those other plans have all
begun to fade...
She's got work to do; those
faces keep on coming through
She'll work another year,
maybe two, in legal aid.

Rita went to law school
with a thousand people's dreams
Waiting on her graduation day.
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THEY LOOK A LOT LIKE ME (GETTYSBURG)

By Tim Watson,

additional lyrics by Heidi Gerber
Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Background Vocals -
Tim Watson, Heidi Gerber

Flute - Mike Crotty
Violin - Patrick McAvinue
Banjo - Randy Barrett
Electric Guitar - Paul Bell
Drum - Mike Griffith
Orchestral music arranged and
conducted by Mike Crotty

Blue summer's day in 1863
The men in gray are coming
through the trees
And even at this distance
I can clearly see
These boys that we call
rebel devils look a lot like me

Blue summer sky
stretches overhead
Third of July, turning red
They're coming into range,
stretch out on the ground
Stare down that long,
long barrel; another one goes down

Blue summer's day,
rise and look around
Red, blue, and gray...
twisted on the ground
They're staring at each other
with eyes that do not see
And I can't help but wonder
how much more of this there'll be
Cause they all look a lot like me...

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JESUS IN THE KITCHEN

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson

I spilled some chocolate
syrup on my kitchen floor
A lamentable condition
that I chose to ignore
It got smeared around
a bit for all the world to see
Cleanliness is never a priority for me

My fundamental neighbor
came to talk about my soul.
He talked about damnation
while he ate a jelly role.
He dropped a little jelly on
the stain already there



He said "It looks just like a face,"
and then I got a scare.

Cause he yelled "Hallelujah, you've
got Jesus in the kitchen."
He danced around his chair and
he kept on pointing to the floor
Screaming "Glory Hallelujah,
you've got Jesus in the kitchen."
He started quoting verses,
and he shot right out the door.

Now there's a painting of the
Savior in my Holy Book.
I tried to keep an open mind
and I gave it a look.
I looked back at the floor
for any similarity,
But it just looked like jelly
and some chocolate to me.

But a crowd began to gather
out in my front yard
Some were toting signs and
some were sitting on my car

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My bible-quoting neighbor was
amongst 'em, yellin' loud
I walked up to the porch rail,
and I addressed the crowd.

And I said "I'm glad y'all've got religion;
it's my religion, too.
But there's nothing here to see;
and I wouldn't lie to you.
It ain't the face of Jesus,
and I'll tell you one thing more:
When Jesus comes again it won't
be on my kitchen floor."

But they screamed "Hallelujah, you've
got Jesus in the kitchen."
The mob began to grumble; they were
getting kinda wild.
Yelling "Glory Hallelujah, you've got
Jesus in the kitchen."
They were holdin' rakes and kissin'
snakes and I thought I might die.

But then a man approached me
with a camera in his hand.
He was from the biggest tabloid
rag in all the land.
He said he'd pay a thousand bucks
to get a photograph
Of the stain that looked like Jesus,
and I let go a laugh.

And I yelled, "Hallelujah, I've got
Jesus in the kitchen.
Everyone can come on in and
see my kitchen floor."
And they all looked and said
"This ain't no Jesus in your kitchen."
They grabbed my little neighbor and
they headed for the door.

And he was callin' out for
Jesus as they dragged him
out the door.

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PASCAL'S LAMENT

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Harmony Vocal - Heidi Gerber
Acoustic Guitar - Paul Bell
Electric Bass - Heidi Gerber
Flute - Mike Crotty
Oboe - Meredith Rouse
Clarinet & Bass Clarinet - Lee Lachman
Violin - Jennifer Rickard & Joanna Owen
Viola - Chiara Dieguez
Cello - Sean Neidlinger
Arranged and conducted by Mike Crotty

And now the evening's over,
You slip out of my car.
An automatic kiss goodnight,
And I'm driving through the dark
And once again it occurs to me
I don't figure in your plans.
You walked away with that familiar sway,
But without a backward glance.

How many times have I sat and pondered
As the night turned into day.
The problem with these expectations
is they just won't go away.

And once again I wonder why
I accept these highs and lows.
I guess it's true - the heart has reasons
That reason cannot know.

The sounds of morning clear my head,
How I wish they'd clear away these blues.
I'm shaking off the night again,
But it seems I can't shake you.

And once again it occurs to me
Not to treat myself this way.
Don't know about tomorrow,
But I won't love you today.

I'm not gonna be in love with you today.
No, no, I'm not gonna be in
love with you today.

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A LIGHT UP IN THE SKY

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Background Vocals - Tim Watson,
Heidi Gerber
Violin - Patrick McAvinue
Banjo - Randy Barrett
Electric Guitar - Paul Bell
Acoustic Bass - Heidi Gerber
Mandolin - Marcy Marxer
Harmonica - Dan Gabel

There's a light up in the sky
There's a light up in the sky
We're all lookin' up and wonderin' why
There's a light up in the sky

They came from far away
So very far away
Some people say they might
be here to stay
They came from far away

Wonder what they're doin' here
and if they look like us
What are their intentions?
Are they honest, are they just?

Will we be their servants,
will we be their friends?
Will they show us wonders, or tell us
it's the end?

This could be a blessing or a curse
This could be a blessing or a curse
Things just might get better,
but they could get a whole lot worse
This could be a blessing or a curse

They say we live in darkness
and they're bringing us the light
And we don't know enough to
know if that's wrong or right
We've got our suspicions and
we're reaching for our guns
But we should be real careful
'cause there ain't no place to run

There's a light up in the sky
There's a light up in the sky
Don't know if we should laugh or
we should cry
Jump for joy or just lay down and die
We're all lookin' up and
we're wonderin' why
There's a light up in the sky

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WAVING GOODBYE

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Acoustic Bass - Heidi Gerber
Background vocals - Tim Watson
and Heidi Gerber
Arranged and conducted by
Mike Crotty

I'm putting on my shoes.
I'm checking the time.
Soon I'll look back at you
as I pull out of the drive.
I'll see your face in the window.
I'll see the light on your hair.
You'll force a smile and put
your hand in the air,
Waving goodbye.
You'll wave goodbye

It's always the same every time I go.
You wonder why I'm leaving,
and I don't even think I know.
I live in a separate house,
I live in separate days,
Folding in upon myself and
keeping you away,
By saying goodbye.
Saying Goodbye.

And time stares down upon you,
And the years just seem to say,
That we're not getting anywhere -
I just go away.

So many years that I've
been leaving you.
You'll watch from the window
'til I disappear from view.
With every reason not to leave
you I still drive away,
But I'm thinking someday soon
I'll turn around - maybe today.
But for now it's goodbye.
Goodbye. Goodbye.

I'm putting on my shoes.
Checking the time.
I'm checking the time.

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FOUR CORNERS (INSTRUMENTAL)

By Tim Watson

Acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Acoustic Guitar - Paul Bell
Electric Guitar - Paul Bell
Fretless Bass Guitar - Peter Princiotto
Didgeridoo - Cleo Clayborne
Arranged by Heidi Gerber

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MISTY FIELDS

By Tim Watson, additional lyrics by
Heidi Gerber

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Violin - Patrick McAvinue
Acoustic Guitar - Paul Bell
Arranged and conducted by Mike Crotty

There's a mist out on the fields tonight
Another day is done
It rose up in the fading light
It'll disappear in the sun

I've seen this sight a thousand times
But tonight I'll see it through
When the morning burns these mists away
I'll fly away with you

You were just a Brooklyn girl
Said you were passin' through
I tried to keep my distance
But I took a shine to you

Showed you how I work this land
These fields of green and gold
Not much world to a New York girl,
But it's the only one I know.

And I could stay here
where I've always been,
But these fields would never
be the same again.

We'll be walking past rows of brownstones,
Yellow cabs and corner bars,
And sometimes I'll still see these roads,
these misty fields, beneath the stars

But you and I will find our way,
with our shoulders to the wheel
And make a life beyond
these misty fields.
A thousand miles away
from these fields.

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SWITCHING SIDES

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Guest vocalists - The Burly All-Man Choir

I see women holding hands
with other women
Arms around each other
as they stroll

And here I am a man who
just can't understand
Why I can't get a girl to
have and hold

I've been trying all my life
to get a woman
But I've only met
with limited success
When they go out with me
somehow they come to see
That they like women more
and fellows less

So I watch women holding women
that I could never get
But it's not completely hopeless.
No, I'm no beater yet
I see the way to women now,
and I'm gonna get me one
I'm gonna get me a sex change,
so I can be a lesbian
Lesbian, lesbian - I'm gonna be a lesbian
Yeah I'm gonna get me a sex change
and then I can be lesbian

Now some will say that
what I plan is cheating
And I confess I'm feeling kinda sly,
It's gender slight-of-hand;
inside I'll stay a man
While everyone will think
I'm switching sides.

The more I think about it,
the more I understand
My destiny has only just begun
I'll still be in the game; the
target's just the same
It's only that I'm giving up my gun

These women holding women
that I could never get
They'll soon have competition,
cause I've got one trick yet
I see the way to women now,
and I'm gonna get me one
I'm gonna get me a sex change,
and I can be a lesbian
Lesbian, lesbian - I'm gonna be a lesbian
Yeah I'm gonna get me a sex change
and I can be lesbian

And when the doctor's done,
then all the world can see
How this hard and lonely life
has made a woman out of me
These women loving women,
they've been having all the fun
So I'm gonna get me a sex change,
and I can be a lesbian
Lesbian, lesbian - I'm gonna be a lesbian
Yeah I'm gonna get me a sex change and
I can be a les-bi-an

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SILVER WINGS (FLY ALL NIGHT)

By Tim Watson

Vocal and acoustic guitar- Tim Watson
Background Vocals - Tim Watson and
Heidi Gerber
Flute - Mike Crotty
Arranged and conducted by Mike Crotty

Staring out a little window, the
ground below me drops away
There's a couple holding hands
beside me, it takes me back to better days

When you and I were less than married,
but something so much more than friends
I'm countin' on these silver wings,
to take me back to you again

Silver wings, fly all night
Set me down in morning light
She's waiting there for me
Silver Wings.

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