

Wild Carrot & the Roots Band – Live: Crowd Around the Mic

Track Listing

1. Intro/Pan American Boogie
2. When You're Smilin'/You Are My Sunshine
3. Real Love (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
4. Bits and Pieces (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
5. Intro to Homegrown Tomatoes
6. Homegrown Tomatoes
7. Golden Wings (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
8. Intro to There is a Time
9. There is a Time
10. Adieu False Heart
11. Intro to MacPherson's Lament
12. MacPherson's Lament
13. These Songs (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
14. I've Heard That Song Before
15. Hello Hopeville
16. Shut de do
17. Intro to Blue Bottle Tree
18. Blue Bottle Tree (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
19. Waters of Truth (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
20. Blackbird
21. Intro to Now I Fly (Esme's Song)
22. Now I Fly (Esme's Song) (*Lyrics – scroll down*)
23. What Have You Done to Lift Somebody Up
24. Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring

Lyrics

Real Love

(Pamela Temple; © Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

how we gonna fix this thing
all you've got's tape, all I've got's string
and what we need more than anything
is real, real love

we've been hauling this around
it's driving us into the ground
when we can laugh and lay it down
we'll find real, real love

chorus:
know me whole but love me still
it's the prayer of time and the test of every will
know me whole but love me still

nothing's all black or all white
find a spark and let it take flight
let it light the truth inside
with real, real love

somehow, sometime, someplace
we'll swallow our pride and the bitter taste
will open up a little space
for real, real love

chorus

how we gonna fix this thing
how we gonna fix this thing

Bits and Pieces

(Pamela Temple; © 1998 Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

I've got a box crammed with pictures of places I've been
and my backpack is worn at the seams.
I've got letters written in foreign tongues from friends who think
my tongue's a foreign tongue too.

Stories, yeah, I've got some of those
Tell me how much time can you spare
I've seen profiles in purple suns and weavers in the mountains
I've held the hands of hard-lived lives

Chorus:

And I've got Bits & Pieces, Bits & Pieces
I've gathered
I want them to sew themselves together
While I sleep
And I call on St. Cecelia
St. Cecelia
Send me, send me
a song

I've got passport stamps and currency
and dark new freckles on my skin
I've got a new wiggle in my hips from dancing
To the music of a new and rhythmic language

I've seen velvet mountains and windswept pampa
Got every watergem of color in my eyes
I have walked the equator, crossed cultural lines
and hung my gaze on the Southern Cross

Chorus

Bridge:

When I empty my pockets of all I've picked up
and it's spread out for my view
I know I'll always have it wrapped away for
When I need to be anyplace
but where I am
and it'll take me there

Break = Verse

Chorus

Golden Wings

(Pamela Temple; © Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

little golden wings
lying in the mornin' sun
and I'm completely undone
just thinkin' 'bout him

little golden wings
promises of what could have been
if we hadn't said those things
and if he hadn't gone away

chorus:
everything we lost
everything that was stolen
everything we gave away
gone like water
gone like dust
gone like the cicadas' last song

little golden wings
like the rust of time
you vanish on the air like a sigh
like his love for me

little golden wings
like the memories of love grown cold
but that was years ago
seems like yesterday

chorus

little golden wings
summer is for grievin'
life is as short as a dream
and as long as goodbye

little golden wings
promises of what could have been
if we hadn't said those things
and if he hadn't gone away

chorus

These Songs

(Pamela Temple, Spencer Funk; © Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

i will give these songs to you
my sweet joy and pride
and when i'm gone, i'll be in these songs
and their melodies will never die

i was just fourteen years old
when daddy brought those hippies home
guess mama heard 'em coming on the breeze
'cause she stirred a little more water in the beans
and smiled at me with wet warm eyes

i'd never seen their likes before
no, my world stretched to the corner store
they were hitchin' to new york with an old guitar
and I asked them if they were country stars
they said no but they would sing for me

and they sang "michael from mountains"
they sang "amazing grace"
"to everything turn, turn, turn"
and "the times they are a-changing"

they sang those songs with sweet, sweet breath
and i cried and hugged my knees up to my chest
then i broke my bank, had fifteen dollars saved
and i walked home from the pawn shop with a beat up kay*
and a brand new spark in me

and now i sing "michael from mountains"
i sing "amazing grace"
"to everything turn, turn, turn"
and "the times they are a-changing"

and i will give these songs to you
my sweet joy and pride
and when i'm gone, i'll be in these songs
and their melodies will never die

come gather 'round people wherever you roam

*Kay is a brand of guitar that, at the time, was affordable (cheap) but hard to play. Spencer's first guitar was a Kay. It's gathering dust hanging on the wall today.

Blue Bottle Tree

(Pamela Temple, Spencer Funk; © Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

I made a blue bottle tree
To keep your soul from haunting me
I grease the necks up true and thin
And hope your spirit slides right in

The glass is bright, the glass is blue
And sparkles like your eyes used to
You always swore you'd set things right
Then disappeared into the night

Chorus 1: Now I can't stop the rain from fallin'
 I can't stop your soul from callin' me
 And can't stop the slow and steady path of sorrow

I used to think that I had endless time

So I took the blame, made your troubles mine
Now for every little song left unsung
There's been another blue bottle hung

I see 'em hangin' in the sun
And think of all the wrongs you done
But it's past time for church and second thoughts
I tried to forgive and you just forgot

Chorus 2: Now I can't stop the stars from shinin'
 Can't stop the truth from findin' me
 And can't stop the slow and steady path of sorrow

As the night sings up the moon
I hang another bottle, hum a tune
And pray your spirit sees the light
And sealed by the sun gets trapped in tight

Chorus 3: Cuz I can't stop the world from turnin'
 Can't stop this love from burnin' me
 Can't stop the slow and steady path of sorrow

I made a blue bottle tree
To keep your soul from haunting me

Waters of Truth

(Pamela Temple; © Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

Heard tell of the man in the desert
wandering for 40 days and 40 nights.
It seems my life is to be spent here.
And I've cried myself an oasis
but I can't drink of the salty tears
and hours pass like minutes in this desolate place in here

Chorus:
When will I stumble on to me?
When will I find that place and stay?
When will I drink of the pure waters of truth?
When will I hear the silence between the storms?

I know you now a beacon
guiding me. guiding me to the rain
You've been here more times than I
but you know how to leave.
I want to know the answers and I want to know them now
Questions are the grains of sand I swallow
Polish them and string the pearls for me

Chorus

To end my search
I consider everyone a savior
somehow holding the secret to something finer inside
But they're drowning in their own fears

and want to take me with them
But they're not true. I am true

Chorus

Now I Fly (Esme's Song)

(Pam Temple; © 2009 Chocolate Dog Music (BMI))

This morning I was just a girl
A bright young flame in this world
My heart exploded in dark
Embedding each soul with an ember, a spark

Chorus:

Now I fly

Over this night of a thousand tears

And I fly

Away from this night of a thousand tears

#1: I have hollowed you out in this night
Fill yourself up with my light

#2: I promise and this much I know
I'm with you wherever you go

#3: More love in this will be found
Now I'm sweet somewhere bound (repeat #1)

Now I'm the frayed edge of your heart
Living takes less will than art
My life will flow as part of yours
From the Ohio banks to the Myanmar shores (Chorus + #2)

So hold my memory near
Don't live from sadness or fear
Good work will be done still and yet
And anger's just hope that has turned to regret (Chorus + #3)