

# Run Through the Trees



Don wright

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Rhythm in the word

Volume 4

# home recordings, 2015

run through the trees-----Copyright 2015 by DON WRIGHT

Lyrics and music for all songs by DON WRIGHT

Vocals, guitars, harmonica, keyboards & mandolin – DON WRIGHT

Backup vocals, shakers, tambourine – Carmelita DeLaO Madrid-Wright

All recording and sound mixing done en la casita de Doña Ana, New Mexico

## Track

- 1 steel and rubber
- 2 ship in the bottle
- 3 jump in the river
- 4 run through the trees
- 5 there will be love
- 6 the razor's edge

## Track

- 7 raise you up
- 8 now when you hold me
- 9 the highway ran through here
- 10 song for Donre'
- 11 sweet sweet love
- 12 cry a little harder



*Estradas - on the porch*



*Curly Joe*



*Duke II*



*Canciones al Rancho*



-----Playlist-----

1. Steel and Rubber.....5:12
2. Ship in the Bottle.....5:12
3. Jump in the River.....5:22
4. Run Through the Trees.....4:18
5. There Will Be Love.....4:06
6. The Razor's Edge.....3:40
7. Raise You Up.....5:19
8. Now When You Hold Me.....4:21
9. The Highway Ran Through Here.....3:58
10. Song for Donre'.....4:20
11. Sweet Sweet Love.....5:13
12. Cry a Little Harder.....4:24

..."Just lay your head out on that hood sometime  
Feel the bite of the rain and the wind"

*You've watched the big wheels roll by alongside you on a rainy highway, while you're safe and warm and dry inside your car. Things glide along in slow motion. And the music is making it feel like one big movie. But just open that door, man. It's cold out there. And wet. And very dangerous! Those are big, heavy, steel machines flying through the air real fast... best just watch where you're going.*

*There's real beauty in reality of course. But it's not always comfortable. Things are the way they are for a reason.*

## STEEL AND RUBBER

Copyright 1980 by Don Wright

I bet you've seen that big highway across the way  
Cars slippin' through the stream on a rainy day  
Behind that big picture window  
With the music keeping time  
You got a twenty- first century ballet playin' live  
You might just get lost in there  
Like some kind of glassy dream  
The world is full of fools like you who never see  
Lay your head out on that hood sometime  
Feel the bite of the rain and wind and keep in mind  
The hard cold world of steel and rubber

You've seen her walk  
You've seen her laugh and dance by you  
Every move is a beat of your heart  
When it seems that she should  
Want her loving arms around you  
There in your mind it's tearin' you apart  
She turns her head and the street becomes your universe  
Every feeling that you hold inside, you're never gonna learn  
Just walk right up and look into those eyes  
At a life of love and pain and realize  
The hard cold world of steel and rubber

Don't be ashamed if you can't live a normal life  
You can't change your road  
Don't you hurry, don't you hide  
Don't you catch yourself in a lie

I can guess what you think about at night  
The dreams that follow in the dark tide of sleep  
A life of fame and adoration, symmetry and light  
And a fire in every memory you keep  
No one's there when the hard times come along  
That emptiness you think is real, you're never wrong  
It takes a little out of you each day  
You might as well get a good job and put your faith  
In the hard cold world of steel and rubber

...”Turnin’ on the barstool / Suddenly not so cool  
A victim of the blessing of his youth”

*When I was a young man, I believed that things would work out well. I would find a path to fulfillment and happiness, just because that was what I wanted and envisioned for myself. I would have a family. I would discover my life’s work. I would be successful. Opportunities would present themselves and I would make choices. Well when I hit the wide open spaces, what I really found was just that – wide open, empty space. Sometimes you have to create out of whole cloth. Your future doesn’t come to you. You must seek. There were times I felt, like Mose Allison said, “I don’t worry ‘bout a thing ‘cause I know nothin’s gonna be alright.”*

*I’m still optimistic, I still have faith. But I know there ain’t nothin’ comin’ – I gotta go get it.*

*So, is this song about alcohol? Well, yes and no. Yes, it is about alcohol. And no, it isn’t not about alcohol.*

## SHIP IN THE BOTTLE

Copyright 1994 by Don Wright

When I was growing up everything was bright and rosy  
We didn't cry for love or want for anything  
But behind the hand-pulled shade  
There was something dark and lonely  
And it was hiding in the face that laughter brings  
The lessons of my father linger like no other  
Every time I reach for them I find

Piece by piece he built his life  
Day by day and night by night, in the bottle  
Like a boat built in the glass  
The only way that it could last, in the bottle

There was a boy I knew in school  
You could tell that he would make it  
He had a way of turning everything to gold  
But he went one too many years livin' on his reputation  
And when I saw him last his eyes had lost their glow  
Turnin' on the barstool  
Suddenly not so cool  
A victim of the blessing of his youth

Piece by piece he built his life  
Day by day and night by night, in the bottle  
Like a boat built in the glass  
The only way that it could last, in the bottle

By the fire of your faith  
By the strength of your devotion  
I have tried to walk this clear and level road  
And I know what I must do  
Yes I know what is expected  
If I want a world I can call my own  
I've been waiting so long  
How could I be so wrong  
If only I had never heard you say  
Piece by piece he built his life  
Day by day and night by night, in the bottle  
Like a boat built in the glass  
The only way that it could last, in the bottle



BRANDY  
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EN 1730

CALIDAD ORIGINAL DIMECQ

...”I'm gonna mix me a highball and put on the barbeque”

*The river. Of course, it is life. It's always been a metaphor for life because it is the plainest example we've been given. The original lesson. And although we don't know exactly where it bends and flows – other than we always know where it ends – at some time, we have to trust the water, leave the safety of the bank and jump in. Not expecting answers and wearing nothing but faith.*

## **JUMP IN THE RIVER**

**Copyright 1992 by Don Wright**

Sometimes you got to jump in the river  
Let go the line and hope that you can get back home

When the reeds get too thick on the riverbank  
And the moon is beginning to fall  
It's time to make the decision  
To get away from it all  
Blue water  
Take over  
Roll on  
Down yonder

There comes a time when you got to forget what's cool  
Give up the ground and go flying down the whirlpool

My mama once told me a story  
'Bout a man in an easy chair  
Taking the road that he wanted  
Never got him anywhere  
Deep water  
Deliver  
'Round the bend  
Now or never

Sometimes you got to jump in the river  
Let go the line and hope that you can get back home

So many times I stood at the river's edge yeah  
You just got to stick both feet in and get 'em wet oh yeah  
Well I'm gonna mix me a highball  
And put on the barbeque  
You help yourself to the reasons  
And find you an answer or two  
Clear water  
Great Father  
Then, now  
Forever

Sometimes you got to jump in the river  
Let go the line and hope that you can get back home

..."Hide in the darkness 'till the fires burn down"

*I'm out here in the dark. It's getting cold and I should maybe build a fire. Somewhere across the river there, the city lies in a sprawl of sidewalks, asphalt, windows and wires. I can hear the hum and see the glow over the curve of open land between here and there. I'm trying to move farther away but keep getting tangled up in the trees, getting turned around, not making any headway. Which way home?*

## **RUN THROUGH THE TREES**

Copyright 2000 by Don Wright

A 1985 Cadillac Seville rollin' by  
Lookin' pretty good until  
You see the red cellophane  
Where a taillight used to be  
Duct tape holdin' the broken glass  
Torn leather seats

She sits next to a 30 year-old wild man at the wheel  
An ash tray full of cigarettes, a bottle full of gin  
Oh she wonders how he looked so cute  
Just an hour before  
Now her mouth is dry  
Her hand is on the door

Run through the trees back to your home  
Down by the river where the lies they flow  
Run through the trees away from town  
Hide in the darkness 'till the fires burn down  
I'll take you home tonight

Lookin' back just a year or two ago  
You were happy then to be living on your own  
Now look down the street  
Past the neon promised land  
At the things you see before you  
The loneliness you've had

Makes you wonder now  
Was there anyone who cared  
Did you give yourself to strangers  
Where do you go from here  
Take your finger from the trigger  
The needle from your arm  
Go back to the world you left behind so far

Run through the trees back to your home  
Down by the river where the lies they flow  
Run through the trees away from town  
Hide in the darkness 'till the fires burn down  
I'll take you home tonight

..." There is a light at the top of the stairs"

*Love comes in many forms. There is the eternal love that we hope (believe) blankets the universe. There is something we feel at age 15. There is first love, young love, lost love, love that grows, love that hurts, love that lasts. Everyone longs for it, wonders if they really have it, and they never know what it really is.*

*But you never forget what it feels like to have someone waiting for you across town, at the end of the street... at the top of the stairs.*

## THERE WILL BE LOVE

Copyright 1995 by Don Wright

There is a light at the top of the stairs  
Someone's waiting inside for you  
And don't you know  
What the sound of your voice  
And the touch of your hand will do

There will be rain, there will be sunshine  
There'll always be a place for you  
There will be love, there will be loneliness  
But still no matter what you do

There will be love in the shape of a heart  
Beating only with one desire  
And though this moment  
Is alive with the heat  
Of a dream that has caught on fire

There will be rain, there will be sunshine  
You got to roll with the rise and fall  
There will be love, there will be loneliness  
But if you hang on through it all  
There will be love

There will be rain, there will be sunshine  
These are the things that will remain  
There will be love, there will be loneliness  
When everything has gone away

There will be love in the shape of a cross  
Just a shadow beneath the sand  
We lie in hope for the new morning light  
Of a day that will come to pass

When there will be rain  
There will be sunshine  
There'll always be a place for you  
There will be love  
There will be loneliness  
Still no matter what you do  
There will be love

..." A book and a bottle there of holy water  
A blanket and a crutch"

*How do we get from one place in our lives to another? Most of the time, I imagine, it's a succession of very small events and decisions that seem inconsequential at the time. You turn around one day and, well hell, how do I get out of this? Where did everyone go? Why am I here all alone?*

*Once I was a child. Once I was loved. Tell my story. Cover me with light.*

## THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Copyright 1994 by Don Wright

Down in the doorway below street level  
Where there ain't attention paid too much  
A book and a bottle there of holy water  
A blanket and a crutch  
They say you reap what you sow, well that's obvious  
But just what could bring a man to this  
Out of a world of innocence  
To walkin' on the razor's edge

Out in the distance, away from the safety  
Of your green suburban lawn  
Lives something real  
Something sweet and deadly  
That you never counted on  
Well it shouldn't take long to do you  
And leave you in tears  
Lookin' back at every step  
How is it 'gonna feel when you find out  
You're in the shadow of the razor's edge

In the brightness of the night  
You would run for cover  
I was your hidin' place from this world, yeah  
We gave up everything for one another  
Just like two runaways  
We were the picture of love  
Until time played its hand  
Now the picture, well that's all that is left  
Once I was layin' in a bed of dreams  
Now I'm sleepin' on the razor's edge

They say you reap what you sow, well that's obvious  
But just what could bring a man to this  
Out of a world of innocence  
To walkin' on the razor's edge

..." This is the way of the world"

*You run and you run and you run. And as long as you're on the move, you figure you're hard to pin down and you don't have to explain anything to anyone. Or even decide for yourself what you really believe. Keep moving. Stay in the shadows. Bob and weave. Don't even look in the mirror. Thing is... it's not just the world that you have to avoid – it's Him.*

*And He's everywhere.*

## **RAISE YOU UP**

**Copyright 2007 by Don Wright**

Cold. Cold is the wind that blows  
Sure as the rain that falls  
This is the way of the world  
Dark. Dark is the sky above  
Hard is the ground below  
Pain is the Lord I serve

There was always someone to lose  
Long as I can recall  
Come and go yeah they came and they went  
But I missed you most of all  
Who's going to take your place  
I can't say what the future will bring  
But I'm gonna put my faith on the line  
And my hat in the ring

Dreams. Dreams that I had of you  
They told me what I should do  
Long as I stayed on the run  
Oh what is this voice I hear  
Whispering hard in my ear  
Love is gonna raise you up  
Love is gonna raise you up

I used to think that livin' the good life  
Just gives the Devil a name  
But I found out the hard way baby  
He never looks twice the same  
How many times did I think that I was the only one  
Lost in a world that never longs  
To take care of its own

Oh and what is this thing I feel  
When nothing else is real  
Love is gonna raise you up  
Love is gonna raise you up

Come and talk with me I can live with  
Just the sound of your name  
Walk with me out here in the moon light  
So I can see where we've been  
Raining down from heaven above  
How could you not believe  
All at once I know everything now  
That I never could see

Oh do you hear this voice I hear  
Ringing so loud and clear  
Love is gonna raise you up  
Oh do you feel what I feel  
Around us these arms so real  
Love is gonna raise you up  
Love is gonna raise you up



..."Oh and there's no fool / Oh like a young and a hungry one"

*We waste a lot of time. And a lot of love. Everyone knows they can use up all their time, but love seems to have this reputation of being boundless, eternal, unending. Well, I think we can use up love too, throw it around 'till it's all gone. But then, if the right one comes along, suddenly there it is again – all brand new.*

## NOW WHEN YOU HOLD ME

Copyright 1982 by Don Wright

I spent most my life  
Scratching for love in a losing fight  
Watching the wind blow  
And searching for dreams  
That would last the night  
Oh and it's a hard world  
Oh when you're lost and lookin' for a friend

Taking no shelter  
Just let the rain come pourin' in  
Throw down a strong one  
And get in my car and hit the clubs again  
But now when you hold me  
I feel the wildness slippin' away  
Now I am only  
Taking the hours that I gave away

I spent most my life  
Laughing at the things that made me cry  
Chasing the main line  
With a heart beating clear in the loudest night  
Oh and there's no fool  
Oh like a young and a hungry one

Taking his pleasure  
Grabbing at life when he's on the run  
Walkin' the tight rope  
Away from the reach of everyone  
But now when you hold me  
I feel the walls come fallin' down  
Now I am only  
Finding the love that I threw around



" There was the Cave and the Hut and the Rose Garden  
And those girls in their summer dresses of cotton"

*Allow me to look back for just a moment, recalling all the little places that thrived in my youth, when U.S. 101, el Camino Real - the King's Highway – passed right through every town it connected. Let me just slip into this warm bath of remembrance and experience fleeting glimpses of what was. A time before off-ramps and overpasses. When you had to slow down to drive through a place so you might as well stop. Have lunch. Sit in*

*a park. Buy a souvenir. Watch out for the kids playing baseball in the street. Maybe even spend the night in a hotel with a restaurant off the lobby. Tip the bellhop, when there was such a thing. Have a steak and a martini.*

*Maybe it's true that the past always looks better in the rear-view mirror but, even today, I'll take a two-lane road that runs through a little, forgotten town somewhere and, with one look, I can see what once thrived there. They were better days... no way around it.*

## **THE HIGHWAY RAN THROUGH HERE**

**Copyright 1983 by Don Wright**

Papa Joe said hi  
He seemed glad I took the time to stop by  
He said sit down and have a drink  
Let's go 'round and 'round  
He kind of loosened his tie  
He got that faraway look all around his eyes  
And his words came out like music  
To that same old song

He said you don't remember  
But there was a time  
When the highway ran through here  
You don't remember no  
But there was a time  
When the highway ran through here

They were better days, oh I know  
And this little town it just seemed to grow  
Remember all those nights down at Isy's  
Now little Isy's gone  
But more than that has changed  
It's in the way that the light lays on the rain  
In the night when you're all alone  
In some cafe window downtown

There was Stanley's steakhouse  
With some nice waves out front in summertime  
There was Junior's and Harry's and the Hive  
Where you could dance to a jukebox all night  
There was the Cave and the Hut and the Rose Garden  
And those girls in their summer dresses of cotton  
There was Tex's and the Arcade and Isy's  
Now little Isy's gone

Papa Joe said hi  
He let a tear get out of those big blue eyes  
And the rain came down  
And we looked around town  
And just froze in time  
He kind of loosened his tie  
He got that faraway look all around his eyes  
And the words came out just like music

He said you don't remember  
But there was a time  
When the highway ran through here  
You don't remember no  
But there was a time  
When the highway ran through here



..." don't you even think of cryin'"

*From one eternity to the next. Earthbound or beyond. Together always.*

## **SONG FOR DONRE'**

**Copyright 1995 by Don Wright**

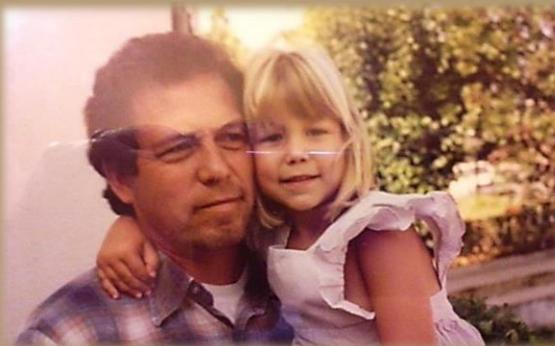
Here is the song that I wrote for you  
Take it and keep it with your things  
When you're alone may it comfort you  
And be your light when darkness brings  
Fear and doubt swirling' all around  
As feelings come and go each day  
Know this well, oh that time will tell  
My love for you won't fade away

For yours is the first sweet face I saw  
That held a mirror to my own  
Now with the turn of an open door  
Years of mystery are gone  
And though I see that we'll only be  
A little longer in this world  
I know now that we'll stay somehow  
Forever in each other's soul

Stars may tumble from this sky of blue  
But dreams of heaven never die  
They're still on fire  
They're still in the blood

Lying' alone in a cold gray dawn  
Memories playing' on your mind  
You hear that morning' train  
What a lonesome sound  
But don't you even think of cryin'  
'Cause I'll be there, oh I will I swear  
You might not see me right away  
Put your trust in love and just  
Close your eyes and call my name

Stars may tumble from this sky of blue  
But dreams of heaven never die  
They're still on fire  
They're still in the blood



..."every hair is counted"

*Science tells us that no one created us and no one is watching over us. It's easy to go along with that. I mean, the story in the bible is hard to take at face value. And, with everything that's going on, sure doesn't seem like anyone is looking out for our welfare. However... I believe we are limited in our ability to explain how we got here and why we are able to keep ticking. It's not for us to know.*

Way down here  
It's hard to see the truth  
High above  
The Lord's got his work to do  
Two million people  
Fightin' off a cold and bitter storm  
One twenty-year-old mother  
Tryin' just to keep her babies warm

We talk in length  
About the good things that we have done  
We talk in numbers big and round  
To show how much we love  
I'd like to move you with my words  
But I don't have much faith  
We'll be better off  
From anything that I can say

The hand that feeds  
Is the hand that holds the light  
The face that's shining down  
Sings you to sleep at night  
You've got to know yourself  
Be careful what you do  
There's someone lookin' out  
From deep inside of you

Sweet sweet love, unending devotion  
Every rock, every shore and ocean  
Sweet sweet love for the world unbounded  
Sweet sweet love, every hair is counted

Way down here  
Wrapped in the salty night  
I see the moon roll 'round  
I feel the years go by  
Did someone call my name?  
Just listen and you'll hear  
The word moving over you is carried on the wind

Sweet sweet love, unending devotion  
Every rock, every shore and ocean  
Sweet sweet love for the world unbounded  
Sweet sweet love, every hair is counted  
..." you can cry a little harder ...hurt a little more"

*No one said it was easy. Why would it be? Then anyone could do it, right? And, as we know, a lot of us don't make the cut. There's High School. There's your twenties and living on your own. There are divorces, drugs, and death. Heartbreak and fear - fear of what you're going to do next or even why you're doing it - and, of course, loneliness... guess that's the hardest one.*

*Dig deep - it's the price of admission.*

Another face looks out the window  
East into the rising of the sun

Ever longing for this blessed light  
One more shiny new day has begun

Can you cry a little harder  
Can you hurt a little more  
Can you pick up that burden  
And get up off that floor

Can you walk up that mountain  
With your heart in your hand  
Do you think there's no way  
You will ever be able to do it again  
Can you cry a little harder  
Is there someone you can call  
Now who's going to save you the next time you fall

Do you have a friend in this city  
Do they recognize your name  
Do you hear that empty sound every time you turn around  
Is it always the same  
Well you can cry a little harder  
And hurt a little more  
You can pick up your burden  
And get up off your floor

Are the dreams that you came with still strong in your soul  
Go on look a little closer  
You'll see someone you know  
And maybe you'll find out  
Maybe you won't  
There's magic movin' 'round you  
That will make you believe what you don't need to know

Now cry a little harder  
Hurt a little more  
Pick up that burden  
Get up off the floor  
Walk up the mountain  
Raise up your hands  
Sing of the wonder  
Sing it again

#### THOUGHTS:

---

The moon rises over the little houses on the edge of town - only because we're turning in that direction. The earth, rolling, tumbling, as always. The train leaves the station while the rest of us watch from under the cover. But who's coming and who's going. Whistles blow. Brakes squeal to a stop. Hammers swing down in an arc of precision. Babies cry, stars blow up and we just keep turning - flying through space at a speed unimaginable, spinning in circles all the while. And not feeling any of it! Where are we going anyway? Well I think we know the answer - nowhere in particular. Not that we'll ever really know - because when we get *there*, we won't *be* here. I see things winding down, getting dark. Dust fills the air. The ground comes up, the sky disappears. All shapes become unrecognizable... We should be happy that we won't be around to witness it.

Right now though, I see Billy Huelo coming up the driveway. He's got a highball in one hand, a rolled-up newspaper in his hip pocket, a fifty-dollar bill in the other hand and a crown of thorns on his head. My curiosity overcomes my good sense and I open the door.

*"Cual prefieres de estas cosas señor?"* he asks.

"Nice to see you, Billy. I'll take the drink" So he hands me the highball.

*"Es un bonito día, verdad?"* he says.

"It sure is," I tell him. "Couldn't be prettier."

*"Tomaste buena decisión, huero,"* and he smiles a little smile.

"Yeah I think so too. I already saw the news on TV, fifty bucks ain't what it used to be, and that hat looks too difficult to remove. *Gracias y hasta mas tarde, Billy.*"

*“Si mon, mucho cuidado eh,”* he says walking away. I watch him toss the newspaper and the fifty in the trashcan at the end of the driveway and turn down the street with the crown still on his head.



I couldn't really say whether the words in these songs live in the music or the music is born out of the words. But, for me, the words by themselves tell a story, paint a picture that I then find myself in. The music is just the bed they lay in. Take a passage like the following, from Bob Dylan's *It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)*:

*“Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even the silver spoon  
The handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon  
You understand, you know too soon  
There's no sense in trying”*

Now, there are three kinds of people. The first person takes this just as it is and enjoys the imagery, the rhythm and the drama of it. They bask in it and it takes them somewhere. For the second person, it doesn't do anything. They find it to be just a bunch of pretty or even silly words that rhyme and have no meaning for them. The third kind of person however, thinks it means something other than what it says. That the poet is using these words to say another thing and they need to figure out what that is so they can understand it on their terms.

I think the first two people both have the right idea – either you get it and appreciate it or you'd just as soon be eating a ham sandwich. This last guy though, wants to analyze it, really needs it to *mean* something normal. He figures Bob is disguising what he actually wants to say. But why would anyone do that? Poets don't do that. There's no point to doing that. They want to share a vision, not hide it from you. Bob's talking about a handmade blade and a child's balloon. Either that feels good when you hear it or it means nothing – I think it's best left at that.

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Don Wright , 2015