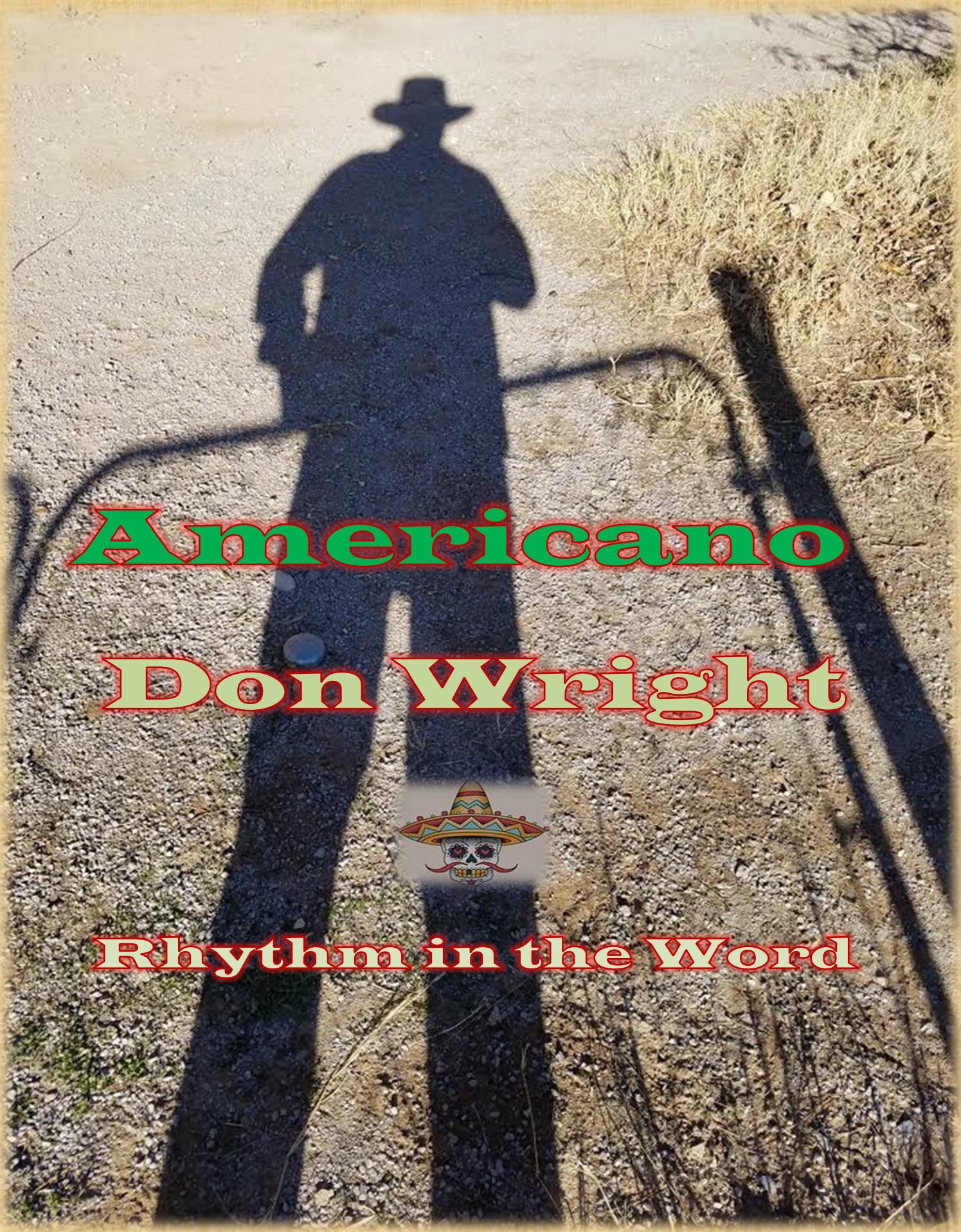

Americano
Don Wright
Rhythm in the Word

Volume 8, Home Recordings

2018

Americano

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

Note: Many of these songs would have been improved with some accordion, *pero yo no conozco Flaco Jimenez y el no me conoce – que lastima!*
Acknowledgement: Thanks to Carmelita for all the help with the Spanish lyrics.

Track	Track
1 In the Barrio	8 The Grass is Greener
2 Sometimes I Feel Like a Bullet	9 Carmelita by Candlelight
3 *Monterrey*, Mexico	10 What a Lovely Night It's Been
4 *Rio de la Cruz*	11 Johnny Five Diamonds
5 Call of the Wild	12 *Mescalero*
6 Dreams of Spain	13 Silver Ring
7 *La Pelea de Gallos*	

Carmelita George Madrid con Donré Lucille

Yo Erlinda y

Califas -

The fires that rolled through Santa Margarita in 1989 burned around 75,000 acres of grassland, *chamisa*, pine and oak hills. The deer moved out, along with most of the other animals, for a while. In the back canyon behind the ranch house, we walked through moonscapes, on ground that crunched under our feet and blackened our boots and pant legs. But it wasn't long before the tender green shoots of grass, sage and coyote brush started growing through the char and the animals came back to feast on it and everything was renewed. They say the Indians used to burn all that heavy brush every so often when they ran things, so long ago, just for that reason – renewal.

Cruces -

I pulled off the highway at the top of the west mesa and looked back to the east to see the great basin that opens wide at the end of the Mesilla Valley. I watched as it began filling up with city lights just emerging from the dusk. And beyond, the expanse rises steadily, the lights diminishing, until suddenly, the Organ mountains rise in a jagged, tumultuous curtain of stone, on fire, alone and alight in pink, red, orange and purple from the falling sun behind me on the desert plateau. Clouds, like a giant buffalo herd, started moving in with purpose, casting shadows on what remained of the light, settling onto the peaks with a familiarity, an intimacy. I turned and left it all behind, spears of lightning dropping silently in the rear-view mirror, as I returned, as always, to the West.

Corazones -

Harry Franklin Wright was born in 1905. He was my father. I think the unfortunate reality for most of us is that we can never really know our parents as they were in their youth. I listened to all the stories and I listened closer as the years passed. But there always comes a time that you realize there're some you'll never get to hear. William Wright Estrada was born in 1925. He was my cousin on my father's side but older than me by a generation and I called him 'Uncle Bill'. I learned a great deal from him. He was as sweet a soul as ever walked this earth. I learned the value of kindness and of accepting people for who they are. George Madrid was born in 1939. He was my *cuñado* and my friend. He welcomed this '*huero*' Californian into his *familia*. He treated me as he would a brother. He watched over me as I built *mi 'bombita'*, which was just like his, back in the day. I am who I am because of these three men and others. They are all gone but I remember them, I thank them, and I honor them. *Vaya con Dios y hasta mas tarde, mis queridos*!

SONGS

1 – In the Barrio……4:34
2 – Sometimes I Feel Like a Bullet……3:33
3 - Monterrey, Mexico……. ……5:00
4 – Rio de la Cruz……4:54
5 – Call of the Wild……4:20
6 – Dreams of Spain……4:03
7 – La Pelea de Gallos……4:32
8 – The Grass is Greener……4:19
9 – Carmelita by Candlelight……5:12
10 – What a Lovely Night It's Been……4:48
11 – Johnny Five Diamonds……5:33

12 – Mescalero.....4:36
13 – Silver Ring.....4:11

visit the website: donwrightmusic.com email: donwrightsongs@gmail.com

…" Under the spell of the rhythm and flow"

Mission District, San Francisco, 1968 – Nightfall on Valencia Street, streetlights and window signs just starting to glow. Headed to the Carousel ballroom, where Van Ness crosses Market Street, to see Carlos play (Santana Blues Band). The neighborhood is full of sounds, colors, motion* – puro Chicano, pura vida!** ***Since the Haight-Ashbury ran its course (a polite way to put it), I prefer this side of town – finding comfort in a little Mexican food, some Mexican music, and… Mexican women. I have been taken in and tolerated for the most part by* la gente – *as much as a* 'huero' *can be – but you learn where the line is and you don't cross it.

Of course, I know that better now than I did then. Then I was of the mind that I was Latino too (inside I was) but I wasn't raised in the culture. And it showed I guess. I met a lot of people who didn't care about that, but there were some who did. It turned out – those many years ago, and for that episode of my life – that bloodlines, and the gravity of generations were both stronger than my will. Or what I thought was love.

IN THE BARRIO **Copyright 2014 by Don Wright**

I saw you riding with someone
Out on the street where we all run
I wouldn't call him a stranger
But I wouldn't say he was someone I know
From the barrio

Everyone says he's alright
You wouldn't go with just anyone
They say your family and his were raised side by side
Generations ago
In the barrio

Well I remember the first time
We were alone in the moonlight
You told me that you could already tell
I'd be right here at home
In the barrio

I couldn't help fallin' in love
I got lost so deep in those dark eyes
We'd cruise to the sound of the radio
And drive up and down this boulevard all night
Through the barrio

Night falls softly around us
And we are born from the shadows
Hypnotized by the streetlight
Under the spell of the rhythm and flow
Of the barrio

Now I see you riding with someone
Out on the street where we used to run
Everyone says he's alright
You wouldn't go with just anyone
Well I don't know which way to turn
Where I won't see your face again
Running and running as far as I can
From beginning to end
From beginning to end
In the barrio

…" Wholly guided by another's aim"

I like to think I'm in control of my life and my destiny. Most of the time, I have serious doubts that I am. I'd also like to be the one who you can rely on in all circumstances. Most of the time you probably can. **Pero, a veces,** ***when I know I've lost control over the current state of affairs, I wonder – who's going to determine the outcome? If it's not up to me, who then?***

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A BULLET (Sometimes I Feel Like the Gun)©2017DWright

Sometimes I feel like a bullet
I only know I'm gonna land somewhere
Sometimes I feel like the gun
Most of the time I want to lay down in your arms
But sometimes I just want to run

If the truth be told
You're just as pretty as a woman could be
I couldn't hardly believe it when you looked my way
Sometimes I get the feeling
That it could be love but I don't know
It might be time to go, it might be time to stay

Sometimes I feel like a bullet
Flying through the salty air
Wholly guided by another's aim
You better watch out 'cause I don't know
What the reason would be
For you to step in front of a movin' train

I know you feel the rain coming down
Hard and I'm telling you now
Find a place to hide when the wind starts to blow
It's coming just like they said it would
And I want to be the one to comfort you
And hold you, never let you go

Sometimes I feel like a bullet
I only know I'm gonna land somewhere
Sometimes I feel like the gun
Oh I always thought I'd be rollin' down the road
Free and wild and on my own
But just like I said I couldn't tell you which one I was
Maybe neither one
Oh I guess neither one

…"She might be there, you never know"

In the flood of time, there is so much of our life that is seemingly lost forever – like it never happened. The years pile up and roll under the bridge. Long stretches of the past, containing thousands upon thousands of moments that you know you were desperately trying to hold onto, become a shapeless blur. You reach back and pull one out of the mist occasionally. Or someone - or something – returns in a dream, without explanation.

But then, there are some memories that only grow stronger, brighter, **con mas cariño,** ***the longer it has been. The birth of a child. The death of a loved one. Your first kiss. Your last look at a place you thought you'd never leave… Or someone you met by chance and everything seemed like it was meant to be and you took it for granted. Someone who appeared, as if from nowhere, and walked through the lobby of a little hotel, one night so long ago. In Mexico.***

MONTERREY, MEXICO (Room #44, Hotel Los Sueños)

I rode into Monterrey
Straight down from San Antone
I went lookin' for a place to stay
But I wasn't lookin' to be alone

I found a street with a cheap hotel
En el viejo barrio
La recepcionista **she knew me well**
Checked into room number forty-four

Out on the plaza the moon was so bright
I pulled down the window shade
I laid down, I thought I'd sleep for the night
Maybe all day

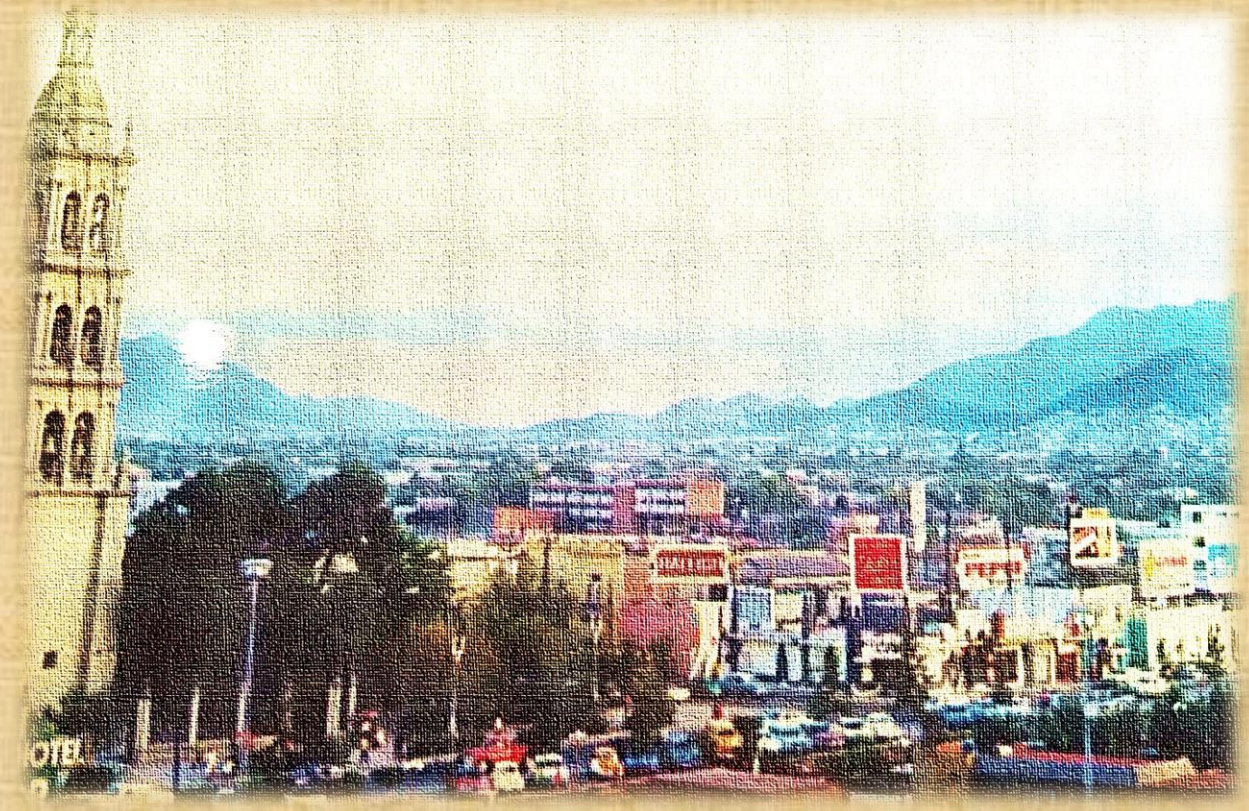
Estoy siempre feliz de volver a Monterrey, Mexico
Porque alli yo recuerdo a una mujer
She might be there, you never know
Ella era mia / yo era d' ella
En la noche yo sueño del dia
That she slipped away / In Monterrey

I don't know if I was dreaming or what
When I heard a knock on the door
I welcomed the stranger right in
To room number forty-four

She smelled of rain and had a bottle in her hand
It took me by surprise
All I could do was play the cards that I had
And hold on 'till the sunrise

En la mañana estaba lloviendo
Pero no habia nadie
I took a walk down the street and followed the sound
To where the Mariachis play

Estoy siempre feliz de volver a Monterrey, Mexico
Porque alli yo recuerdo a una mujer
She might be there, you never know
Ella era mia / yo era d' ella
En la noche yo sueño del dia
When she slipped away / Somewhere in Monterrey



View from the roof of Hotel Los Sueños - 1971

…" From a darkened doorway, in a house that I once knew"

There is always a story, hidden from all those who think they know* – la historia verdad –** ***the true story. Do we always need to know it? I really think I have stopped needing to know the truth about everything. There are many instances in which it can't be known and there are just as many where knowing it doesn't do us any good. Especially when it comes to the private world that each of us inhabits separately.

I think everyone is entitled to their secrets.

RIO DE LA CRUZ

As I look out over Rio de la Cruz
I see the shiny streets awaken ***como joyas en l'agua***
Este pueblito saluda el amanacer
With spirits full of hope and sorrow ***igual que cada mañana***

And with each day there comes a new beginning
For every heart ***que abraza el desconocido***
Underneath this vault of stars now fallen away
Que todos viajamos un camino con suerte al cielo

From a darkened doorway, in a house that I once knew
I watch her come and go in silence ***y arropada en sombras***
No hay nadie que comprenda lo que ha perdido
For I alone can know what her beauty belies
In the corners of her heart

As I look out over Rio de la Cruz
Oigo la risa y el canto de mis compañeros
They've taken to drinking their troubles away most every night
Hasta que viene la realidad en la madrugada

The wind and the falling rain now bring jubilation
Pregunto a donde estas con cada hora que pasa
Do you hide from the world, will you ever see me here
Or know ***que vives en mi corazon***

As she walks in the light of day
Through ***La Plaza de Los Solderos***
All eyes have turned to gaze upon her ***en compasion***
Con un espiritu tan tierno**, this woman of the river**
Carries a child wrapped in a blanket of dreams
En su alma, donde vive aun

…" just put me behind the wheel, stand out of the way"

"Seek and ye shall find." I should probably know who said that but I don't and I don't want to take the time to look it up. It's biblical, I'm guessing. Sometimes we know what we're looking for and sometimes we're just looking. Other times maybe we just follow the sound and see where it takes us. Somewhere between "never give up searching" and "be happy with what you have" comes contentment I suppose. Though it seems those two are a long way apart.

The fear is that you answer the call once too often. And then, there may not be a way back.

CALL OF THE WILD

Big shadows rolling by, covering up the moon
Better get down this road and the rain is falling
I turned the lights down low, locked the doors
I won't be back for a while, I hear the wildness calling
I should have been born in the fold of love's warm embrace
Then I might be satisfied
Now just put me behind the wheel
Stand out of the way, I hear the call of the wild

Somewhere the sun is coming up, I'll be driving through
Straight in a line, flyin' low
All I need is a little more time to breathe
A little more room to roam
There's never gonna be a place that I can call by name
With someone by my side
Every time I try, comes the drumbeat
Then I know I hear the call of the wild

***Sentí la bendición de los padres* way down in Mexico**
In the ruins *de las antiguas de Chichen Itza*
***Pero cuando viene la lluvia* or when this wind turns around**
I want to run back to the walls *de mi casita*
Pero siempre llega un momento que tengo que salir
It happens every time
Oh and then I know that I'm giving in
To the call of the wild

Oh I hear the call of the wild
I hear the call of the wild

…" He's never seen Madrid, but when the music plays he knows"

I was put up for adoption when I was 3 years old. My mother - Leila Marie de la Paz – was left with two boys and no source of income after my father left her and took my other two brothers from San Francisco to New York. In parting, she gave me the blessed gift of a new loving family, for which I will be eternally grateful. I always knew the truth and I guess I always understood. I never was angry with her. I never knew her.

But I still think of her.

DREAMS OF SPAIN **Copyright 1988 by Don Wright (Revised 2017)**

In a little house, *en el pobre* side of town
A candle glows, slowly burning down
Little treasures lie safe in their beds just down the hall
From a room on fire with longing after all
Bound by love that he can see
And by the one he can only feel

He dreams of Spain
Under blue Castilian skies
And a mother's tears that fall from blue Castilian eyes
***Quien sabe los años*, and the memory of her touch**
It slips and it fades away, but never enough

He's never seen Madrid
But when the music plays he knows
There's a piece of her in everything he owns
He can see her face
He can see her standing there
Someday in some other place
Or down this road somewhere
There'll come a time for letting go
And the story will be told

He dreams of Spain
Under blue Castilian skies
And a mother's tears that fall from blue Castilian eyes
***Quien sabe los años*, and the memory of her touch**
It slips and it fades away, but never enough

***Yo sueño d'Espagna* and of blue Castilian skies**
***Siento las lagrimas* that fall from blue Castilian eyes**
So long ago, the memory of her touch
It slips and it fades away, but never enough
Never enough

Nunca habrá otro perdido como tú
Y' te recordaré sin conocerte, eres mi luz

…" *hasta la muerte, o tu vida no tiene ningún valor*"(to the death, or your life has no value)

What follows is the ballad of* Frijolito y Consuelito, *and a lesson for us all.

LA PELEA DE GALLOS (The cockfight)

Tengo un gallo rojo, tu tienes un amarillo	**I have a red rooster, you have a yellow one**
El se llama 'Frijolito'	**His name is 'Little Bean'**
Y' el tuyo se llama 'Cuchillo'	**And yours is called 'Knife'**
Yo creo que si luchan, el rojo ganaria	**I believe if they fight, the red one will win**
Tienes poco dinero, hombre, para apostar?	**Do you have some money to bet, man?**
Te veré por la mañana y estarás listo pa' pagar	**See you in the morning, be ready to pay**
Porque yo se mi gallito	**Because I know my rooster**
Es el mas fuerte y el mejor	**Is the toughest and the best**
Entonces todos los vatos hicieron sus apuestas	**Then all the guys made their bets**
Todos nos dimos la mano	**We all shook hands**
Y' empezamos a beber	**And began to drink**
En amor o en una pelea	**In love or in a fight**
Debes de hacer los dos con ganas	**You must do both with feeling**
Por amor o una pelea, hasta la muerte	**For love or a fight, to the death**
O tu vida no tiene ningún valor	**Or your life has no value**
En la madrugada fui a hablar con 'Frijolito'	**Early morning I went to talk with 'Frijolito'**
Lo encontré con una gallina	**I found him with a hen**
Con el nombre 'Consuelito'	**By the name of 'Consuelito'**
Le dije tienes una pelea y debes de preparer	**You have a fight I told him to prepare**
.Me dijo que estoy cansado	**He told me, "I am tired,**
.Muchagracias pero no	**"Thank you very much, but no"**
Estaba tan enojado lo aventé a l'arena	**I was so mad, I threw him in the arena**
Y' el pobre 'Frijolito' por su vida él corrió	**And poor 'Frijolito' ran for his life**
.A los brazos de 'Consuelito'	**To the arms of 'Consuelito'**
.A llorar alli los dos	**To cry together there**
.Me dijo, hoy soy un amante	**"I'm a lover now," he told me**
Y'a no soy un luchador	**"I'm not a fighter"**
En amor o en una pelea	**In love or in a fight**
Debes de hacer los dos con ganas	**You must do both with feeling**
Por amor o una pelea, hasta la muerte	**For love or a fight, to the death**
O tu vida no tiene ningún valor	**Or your life has no value**

…" A stranger's look that calls and leads you down the line"

"Somebody stole my gal, somebody stole my pal / Somebody came and took her away / She didn't even say she was leavin" – Leo W'ood, 1918. I understand that's how you feel when it happens but, of course, nobody gets stolen 'less they want to get stolen. They're already looking to get stolen… and probably have been for a while. How do you think she came to be with you? Eh?

THE GRASS IS GREENER

Here comes another heartache
Oh I know it all too well
A stranger's look that calls
And leads you down the line
I get so tired of trying to turn the other way
Lying here beside you I could lose my mind

Yeah the grass is greener, the fruit is always ripe
The water's so much sweeter
And there's a party every night
But real love holds on and true hearts never lie
And who is always going to take you in and hold you tight

There's someone on the telephone
I think you know his name
He doesn't seem to mind too much who takes the call
Now you're itching to get out of here
I'm sure you'll find a way
Don't worry what to tell me because I've heard it all

Yeah the grass is greener, the fruit is always ripe
The water's so much sweeter
And there's a party every night
But real love holds on and true hearts never lie
And who is always going to take you in and hold you tight

There was a time not too long ago
You were happy with just one
Remember how it felt to be in each other's arms
But then one night you gave in to temptation and desire
And we ran off together and left him alone

Otros campos son deseables y quizas todo es mejor
Mas dulce es la agua, pero si quieres un amor
Quedate conmigo y esto siempre lo sabrás
Que nunca te dejaré si puedes jurar la verdad

You know who will always
Take you in and hold you tight

…" The simple truth of the love I did find"

She likes her candles. And fancy little socks. She likes her dishes and her mama's dish towels **– los limpiadores.** ***She likes her 'bout hundred chickens on the wall of her kitchen – her*** **gallos y gallinas** ***in pictures, plates, calendars, lamps and figures. She loves her adobe house she grew up in, that's been in the family for four generations. She likes the gadgets on TV' that 'aren't available in stores'. She likes hollyhocks, twinkly lights draped over her*** **trasteros,** ***Stephen King and Neil Diamond, Lucille Ball and Luis Miguel. She loves the sound of the bullfrogs*** **(las ranas)** ***in the flooded pecan orchard behind the house, at night. And the whistle and roar of the train rolling through Doña Ana. She loves our children and the child still within her. And she loves Jesus.***

She sings me Mexican **rancheras** ***and makes me*** **chile colorado.** ***She dances in the candlelight to the sound of my guitar. At twenty, she was beautiful like the breath of heaven. And she is just as beautiful today… And I love her like I've never loved anyone before.***

CARMELITA BY CANDLELIGHT

With your honey brown eyes
That shine like a summer rain
Just to see you come 'round
Or watching you walk away
Oh I believe, makes me believe
Holy rolling down on my knees
Carmelita, come hold me tight
You know I need you to get through the night
Carmelita by candlelight

All I do is count the hours
Until I see you again
I'm just working at holding on
And making amends
But I believe, you made me believe
The body is bound, the spirit is free
Carmelita, the earth and the sky
Neither one can compare with the sight
Of Carmelita in the candlelight

Carmelita, stay by my side
Sing to me softly and dream for awhile
Carmelita, burn down the candlelight

Long is the road, hard is the way
And everything that we think that we know
Changes each day
But I believe, oh I believe
All that came before and all that will be
Carmelita, nothing can hide
The simple truth of the love I did find
In Carmelita of the candlelight

Carmelita, come hold me tight
You know I need you to get through the night
Carmelita by candlelight

Carmelita

…" Didn't want to wake up from this dream we're in"

It occurred to me, after I wrote this song, that it reminded me of a movie I like – 'Spanglish'. It's about a guy falling in love with a Mexican girl, so of course I liked it. There's a scene where he pleads with her not to get up from where they've been sitting and talking. He says once her feet touch the floor, the magic will end and they will have to return to their lives (he's married and having problems). They both know it can't work – he won't leave his family and she won't break his family up, even for love. But if they could just stop time…

WHAT A LOVELY NIGHT IT'S BEEN

Church bells are ringing across the road
Everyone's singing the lines they know
You and I both realize
That everything ends
But what a lovely night it's been

It started with something I heard you say
Sounded like a lullaby from a land far away
Hypnotic and perfect as the look in your eyes
Turned day to wondrous night

We walked on galaxies of midnight blue
Lay down in fields soft with morning dew
Didn't want to wake up from this dream we're in
What a lovely night it has been

See that moon going down
And feel our feet touch the ground
Oh that couldn't be right
I know this night

Ain't been nothing like I've ever seen
What just happened to you and me?
I guess the only thing left to be said
Is what a lovely night we had

Now when that cold-hearted sun's breaking light
If we could just wish with all our might
Hey maybe it'd stay right there
Oh I know that we wouldn't care

But hear those church bells now
Hear them toll
See everybody coming down that road
Looks like this old world
Is waking up again
But what a lovely night it's been
Yeah what a night it has been

…" He learned how to lay down low, how to survive"

Some of us are bound or severely limited by our childhood. Some of us have the capacity to break free. I know people who grew up in Hell, saw the world as it should not be, and made choices that resulted in a worthwhile existence. And others who were loved and provided for but ended up destitute. W'e're not all blessed with the same capabilities, **verdad?**

Some of us make a point of avoiding trouble. Some of us just naturally gravitate toward it. One time in a jail cell teaches some people a lesson, but for others it's just part of life.

JOHNNY FIVE DIAMONDS

I'll tell you a story if you got the time
Of a man and some lessons he learned
'Bout drinkin' and gamblin' and prowlin' around
Living like there's money to burn

He started out early, caught on real fast
Landed in jail by eighteen
He learned how to lay down low, how to survive
And to cover up his tracks wherever he'd been

How many times have you seen him
Right there on the street where you live
Throwin' down cards with the Devil
Picking up the wages of sin

Now there was a night in a roadhouse
Five-card poker and a bottle of gin
And a woman at the table with steely blue eyes
She'd get a little closer every hand that he'd win

There sat one-eyed Melvin and Jimmy the Frog
The Sheriff and the man that he loved
Johnny kept pullin' hands like you wouldn't believe
It was almost like someone was looking down from above

How many times have you seen him
Right there on the street where you live
Throwin' down cards with the Devil
Picking up the wages of sin

Now Melvin he was played out, Jimmy was too
The boyfriend of the Sheriff he fled
Just leaving Johnny, that woman still close by
And the big man with the badge, "Just deal 'em," he said

Well the Sheriff pulled his last card and he bet it all
On a full house, Aces over Queens
But Johnny had five diamonds, all in a row
He raked off that money and walked out like a king

He stumbled outside in the moonlight
With that woman and her blue eyes so cold
Then out of the shadows came her man with a knife
Took a slice out of Johnny but that was all she wrote

'Cause Johnny always carried his pistol
Just in case something ever went wrong
He was sent up before and he could do it again
Twelve years to thirty just ain't that long

Yeah they called him Johnny Five Diamonds
The story that outlived the man
Drinkin', gamblin', prowlin' around
Marking off the days in his 'promised land'

How many times have you seen him
Right there on the street where you live
Throwin' down cards with the Devil himself
Picking up the wages of sin
Such are the wages of sin

…" The blood that once covered this ground will always be with us"

For those in the neighborhood of my age, you know what we were taught in school. There was no mention of a 'Native American holocaust'. But that's what it was. No, we were told that Custer was a brave American hero, not an egotistical butcher. And that Andrew Jackson was a hard-nosed realist and visionary, not a murdering racist. That was the only history we needed to know.

"The white man made us many promises, more than I can remember. But they kept only one – they promised to take our land… and they took it." Red Cloud – Lakota war leader

MESCALERO

Yo soy del norte, el otro lado del rio
Donde empiezan las montañas
Este pais es mio
He luchado por el
Estoy cansado

This was the land that we knew
And this was the reason
The blood that once covered this ground
Will always be with us
In the spirit we breathe
The song that we sing

Me llamo Mescalero
Nos dieron el nombre
No nos conocieron, no nos entendieron
Todavia luchamos, sin éxito

I smoke from a pipe of dreams
And drink from the bottle
My home is protected by four sacred mountains
Sierra Blanca y Guadalupe
Las Tres Hermanas y La Oscura
Like the sun and the moon, and the river
Never bound by the hand
That would own the world if it could

Me llamo Mescalero
Nos dieron el nombre
No nos conocieron, no nos entendieron
Todavia luchamos
Sin éxito

…" I better gather up all my things"

Remember when everything you owned fit in the trunk and the back seat of your car? A suitcase, a box of records, a box of kitchen stuff and a guitar. And still room for the dog. We gather a lot of things around us when we settle somewhere and stop moving around. All of it is precious to us at some point. Of course we know we can't take any of it with us, so maybe we eventually start shedding it, a little at a time. While we are here, we think we need these things. Where we're going, we can do without. All of it.

SILVER RING

I lay down in the light of my window
Watch the wind in the trees
And listen to the songbirds sing
I got about a hundred pesos in my pocket
And a silver ring

She left me here in the middle of the night
While I was sleeping
Well so much for seeing
What the morning brings
I got some bacon
I got some coffee and a jellyroll
And a silver ring

Got a car in the driveway
That hasn't run for awhile
Got a flat-top box
And an extra set of strings
I'm just waiting for the man to come
Maybe pay him with a song or two
Or a silver ring

Now they say there's a hurricane
Moving up from Mexico
Oh I better gather up all my things
Ashes that I saved for you,
These pictures on my wall
And this silver ring

I headed down to the corner
Where the people are known
To deal in truth
Whether you are a vagabond or a king
I asked them plain, I bared my soul
I said "How much will you give me?"
For this silver ring

I do remember those days

I remember a young man
Finding his way in the world
I see him in the rear view mirror
And I'm afraid for him
I know how the story ends
(Well at least how it gets to now)
But I'm still afraid for him
I see him driving around in cars
That may not make the journey
Looking back through a long dark tunnel
I can see the bullets that somehow missed
See the places he stepped off
Without knowing if the ground was there
And I'm afraid
That something might have happened
That didn't happen
That something could still happen
Back there, back then
And change everything
It makes no sense, I know
It's not a logical way of looking at the past
But, nonetheless
That's my fear

I leave these things behind

Flesh, bone, memories and words
Along with everything I've owned
And everyone who knew me
Confusion at the crossroads
Victories and tragedies alike
Love lost and love ungiven
Roads that were taken
And ones that maybe should have been
Scars and coins and precious stones
The cold, hard light of the moon
And every sunrise that ignored my presence
Now, while the drums still beat
Somewhere down by the river
I think I need to ride on
Before the song ends
It's hard to know what to cast off
And what to hold onto
But none of it was ever mine
So,
I'll just ride on

don wright
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