

Rhythm in the Word

DON WRIGHT - YOU DON'T KNOW ME



— RHYTHM IN THE WORD —

VOLUME I

HOME RECORDINGS - 2014

YOU DON'T KNOW ME ————— Copyright 2014 by DON WRIGHT

Lyrics and music for all songs by DON WRIGHT

Vocals, guitars, harmonica - 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 Love Is / Love Was**
- 2 It's You I Remember**
- 3 I Ain't From Nowhere**
- 4 You Don't Know Me**
- 5 Shawn Marle**
- 6 Mine Is a Highway**

Track

- 7 Before You Can Fly**
- 8 Blood Is the Tie That Blinds**
- 9 I Dream of Mexico**
- 10 I Believe Little Stories**
- 11 The Sun and The Wind**
- 12 The House on Mestizo Street**

...“I took what little that I really needed and I put back all the rest”

I guess I would have to say that, other than whatever happens when we die, love is the biggest mystery. I know what it does and what it feels like but I don't know what it is really. I do think love should be an action, not just a feeling. Someone can say they love you, even feel like they do, but if they're not loving you then they don't love you.

Love kills. Love saves.

LOVE IS / LOVE WAS

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**Once I lived by the ocean
Yeah I laid on the sand so white
With just the sun beatin' down on me
And in my window just the moon at night
I took my livin' from the water
I took my strength from loneliness
I took what little that I really needed and I put back all the rest**

**Precious stones did I gather and I laid them all around
Nothin' moved, nothin' mattered
Between the sky and the sacred ground
As I wrestled with my madness I believed that I might die
But I was saved by a vision fallin' down from a cloudless sky**

**Love is / Love was / Love lives / Love does
Love gives us wings to rise above**

**I grew up in the city, rollin' 'round with the cars and trucks
I had my dreams, I had my sanity
Wasn't nobody gonna call my bluff
Too many hours had I waited, too much of myself did I give
I said from hereon, from hereafter
I ain't gonna lay down with the dogs again**

**Love is / Love was / Love lives / Love does
Love gives us wings to rise above**

**They say everything happens for a reason
Far away, far away
I say you don't get to heaven that easy
Come a day, there'll come a day
Somewhere on down the road there will be a crossing sign
You better get up on the levee
Or go rollin' in the mud and the tide**

**Now I stay by the river with my family on the edge of town
I know every line, every shadow
Between the sky and the sacred ground
I tell my son to travel gently / I tell my daughter to be brave
I tell my baby that I love her and I will still in my grave**

**Love is / Love was / Love lives / Love does
Love gives us wings to rise above**

..." My only hope and all I pray is that I will be everything you want"

I remember seeing you in a crowd of people. I remember the first time we talked on the telephone. I remember what you were wearing at the airport when I had to leave – a black shirt with little white polka dots. And the smell of your skin. And the warmth and sweetness of your breath. The palm of your hand. The sound of your voice. Tus ojos - oscuros y hermosos.

I'll remember you when you're gone. I'll remember you when I'm gone.

IT'S YOU I REMEMBER

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**It's you I remember from a crowded street
And faded letters on a wall
"Pepsi Cola tastes so sweet, you can't help but drink it all"**

**The cars and the buses they rattle and they roll by
Buildings rise and they cover the sun
You're one in a million, that's how I feel
In this world you're the only one**

**I see your eyes I see your smile
I see your body and the way it moves in the moonlight
When the lights go out and day is gone
It's you I remember when I'm here alone**

**There was a time that we owned long ago
We were lords over everything
We'd start in the middle with a fire that burned both ways
And love was all that we'd ever need**

**This place that I once knew
It's growing up around me now
Oh I have won and I have lost
My only hope and all I pray is
That I will be everything you want**

**I see your eyes I see your smile
I see your body and the way it moves in the moonlight
When the lights go out and day is gone
It's you I remember when I'm here alone**

**It's you I remember most of all
From all the miles and all the days gone by
Every whisper, every kiss
Every tear and every sigh**

**I see your eyes I see your smile
I see your body and the way it moves in the moonlight
When the lights go out and day is gone
It's you I remember all night long
It's you I'll remember when I'm all alone**

... "Please don't tell me it's time to come home
I wouldn't know which way you want me to go"

Sometimes I envy people who are from somewhere. And stay there. Or end up there. I envy the familiarity they have with their country - the history. Like a lot of people, I was born one place, grew up in another and then looked for a place of my own. Sometimes I wish I could have stayed where I grew up. After I moved around a lot, I went back there. I felt like I had found my way home. But that didn't last.

I like it here, where I am now. I really do. But I'm not from here. And I'm not from there. So I'm hoping it doesn't matter where you're from... just where you are.

I AIN'T FROM NOWHERE

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I'm standing in the back door framed by a setting sun on fire it seems
There's dust from a '65 Chevrolet rollin' by down the acequia road
The wind is blowin', the birds are flyin'
The water's rising and the dogs they're crying
Like something just died somewhere in the neighborhood

There's a long slow train rolling through
Sounds like it's sayin', "Don't do anything I wouldn't do"
Right here's where I am, no matter where I've been
I can't tell you how many places I've lived
I ain't from nowhere and I ain't goin' back

My head hurts, my back is broken
All I have is the time I've stolen
What I need is this glass filled with warm red wine
Please don't tell me it's time to come home
I wouldn't know which way you want me to go
If these clouds want to gather well I'm just gonna let it rain

There's no words for the longing that I'm feeling inside myself
I think you might have mistaken me for somebody else
But right here's where I am, no matter where I've been
I don't know how many places I've lived
But I ain't from any of 'em and I ain't goin' back

Now Jimmy from the barrio lives down the road
How did he get here I don't know
He's got a story for everything that hangs on his wall
Me I got a picture of some railroad tracks
A car in the driveway that's low and fast
Slide in baby sit down let's go for a ride

Just got my feet in the water and I feel like I already drowned
I'm barely hanging on to the railing out here on the edge of town
Yeah this is where I am no matter where've been
I couldn't tell you all the places I've lived
But I ain't from nowhere so I can't go back

Rhythm in the Word

**Take your time, tell me what you want
Make it real clear where the line is drawn
Then step back child, we'll see what comes
I got a funny feeling that comes on strong
Money in my pocket but not for long
I once was a servant of God and I can do it again**

**Oh we could fall in love and I wouldn't know why
Guess I'll never understand this life 'till the day I die
But now this is where I am no matter where I've been
I can't remember all the places I've lived
I ain't from nowhere
I ain't goin' back**

(Rhythm, meter, chord structure borrowed from Bob Dylan – *Things Have Changed*)



..." I can laugh or I can cry but all you'll see are the tears"

No matter how intimate the relationship, you only know what someone is willing to show you of themselves. Everyone has to keep a little something hidden away. It is, at once, the cause of our sadness and the source of our strength. They all know something about you. They all love or hate something about you. But, from beginning to end, no one really knows who you are.

Parents, children, lovers, bullies.. no one.

YOU DON'T KNOW ME

Copyright by Don Wright 1995

**You always loved me
And I thought that you had the sun and moon in your pocket
You just pulled them out when you wanted to impress me
I was mistaken but that didn't stop me
From tryin' to please you every chance I got
Little did I know I didn't need to try so hard
There was no way for me to tell you what I felt inside
There was nothin' I thought I could share or give to you
I hid every rough and lonely day that I could hide
I'm a little less than the picture of the man you knew
You don't know me / This is who I am
You don't know me / This is who I am**

**I let my mind wander, I cut you off in traffic
I never saw you behind me
Now you want to beat me up, you want to work me over
Some day when the time is right
Right now I'm in the middle of the road
And I know it looks like I just don't care
I could'a shown some consideration
We're the sum of the things that hold us back or get us here
They say if you change one moment you change it all
I can laugh or I can cry but all you'll see are the tears
I'm a little more than the picture of the man you saw
You don't know me / This is who I am
You don't know me / This is who I am**

**This ain't the land we knew / We are not the chosen few
We are the sons and daughters
Pull your head out of the sand / Take a breath and understand
I want to run beside you
There is only so much time to do what we must do
Better spend it on the things that matter now
I could hold you in my arms or I could let you go
You may know it all about this whole world spinning 'round and 'round
But you don't know me / This is who I am
You don't know me / This is who I am**

..." Nothing's explained by the hands on a clock..."

There's so much space around us, past behind us, time ahead of us that we can't possibly grasp it all – either at once or even in any manageable chunks. It seems to me that we should be able to always have our whole life with us at all times. That it shouldn't be mostly lost and only occasional memories drifting in and out of random moments. We live a life – we should be able to keep it, hold it, treasure it.

And there's the unimaginable immensity of the universe... and then of course, there is the immeasurably more important connection between two little souls.

SHAWN MARIE

Copyright 2009 by Don Wright

**Time sweeps down on us cold like the wind
Covers everything in its dust
Clouds boil up in the sky far above
Making prisons of shadow and light
That we think are enough
To protect us from the darkness beyond
And the aching within**

**You and I know that we're well on our way
And here just for a little while
Nothing's explained by the hands on a clock
Just look at these oceans of sand
That were once solid rock
And all we can do is just keep pushing on
Hard for the sea**

**Empires have fallen where now there are children
Playing in the streets with their toys
Dante's inferno or Jericho's walls
Far down the river somewhere
Is there no end to it all?
I can't believe what I've seen and heard
In the blink of an eye**

**I see ruins left high from the flood
And the light of stars long since gone
Still all I want is the touch of your hand
And to know that when the time comes for us
We'll be together once again
Yeah I'd give the world and all my years
For nothing but this**

**Well she told me her name was Shawn Marie
And that she was alone in this land
Oh whatever happened to love
That was held like a jewel
Now it feels like a stone in my chest
And the rain falling down
And the fire is high
And the wind it speaks her name
In a lullaby**

...“Mine is a train that never slows, never pulls up”

I've lived in many places that I thought would be my last stop. I think that here and now, most of the time. I've always looked for a place to pull off to the side of the road. Some place warm, cozy, safe. And I found a lot of them. And I've stayed a long while in some of them. Maybe I just never got far enough off the highway.

Gotta get outta earshot of it I guess.

MINE IS A HIGHWAY

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**You've got a pleasant life, you got your family and your home
You got your dreams that keep you on a straight and level road
You are the one who moves about so innocently
And believe me there are times
You are the one I always wished that I could be
Because yours is a life of cool nights and falling leaves**

**Mine is a highway, mine is a river that rolls on
Mine is a bright light shining all around
Mine is a sea that rises and covers us all
Mine is a train that never slows, never pulls up**

**Well there's just one thing I seek from this crazy world
While all around us there is pain and there are endless fools to bear
Bring to me one holy child, restore the faith that I once had
This is all I ask of you and I will keep my boots upon this path
Now I see you there in your refuge
A future of contentment that is yours**

**Mine is a highway, mine is a river that rolls on
Mine is a bright light shining all around
Mine is a sea that rises and covers us all
Mine is a train that never slows, never pulls up**

**Now come and take my hand, won't you show me how it's done
Calm these troubled waters, shade this burning sun
Quiet my afflictions, if only by your movement and your touch
Maybe there is hope and maybe there is time enough
Because yours is a life of promises all fulfilled**

**Mine is a highway, mine is a river that rolls on
Mine is a bright light shining all around
Mine is a sea that rises and covers us all
Mine is a train that never slows, never pulls up**

*Hay una puerta negra, una puerta negra
Y una puerta blanca, hay una puerta blanca
No se cual, ya no se cual debo abrir
No se cual debo abrir, no se cual abrir*

...”Still we put our faith in the hope of another day”

“Most men lead lives of quiet desperation” – Henry David Thoreau *But, I would say, in that desperation there is always hope. Hope is the wheel that keeps turning – even if it never gets you anywhere. So you keep going through the motions. You keep having those dreams. Keep piling up the years. I say keep at it, there’s always tomorrow.*

BEFORE YOU CAN FLY

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**You go to school / You get a job
You buy a car and a big house too
And you got a woman that you call your wife
You don’t know what you’re gonna do
The Lord moves his mighty hand
And the clouds they just roll away
You go out the door
And walk through another day**

**You say good morning / You say good night
You get in bed / Turn out the light
You dream of life in a naked land
And of a girl with an open hand
There’s a world on the other side
And while you sleep it’s warm and bright
From the darkness you come face to face
With another day**

**You got to crawl before you walk
And you got to walk before you can run
You can climb up to the top, you can try
But you got to love someone, oh yeah
Before you can fly**

**Rivers flood / Mountains fall
And a heart beats through it all
And though we seek higher ground
Most get lost / A few get found
We live a life we call our own
Then time takes it all away
Still we put our faith in the hope
Of another day**

**You got to crawl before you walk
And you got to walk before you can run
You can climb up to the top, you can try
But you got to love someone, oh yeah
Before you can fly**

..." Nothing quite as strong as flesh and blood"

Leila Marie. We never got to know each other but I guess we loved each other for a while – in the birth bed of foggy August San Francisco. In the back seat of the taxi cab heading down Old Bayshore highway to San Jose. In the hand-me-down crib once used by mis tres hermanos. In the salty sweet tears that we shed on each other.

And in the blood.

BLOOD IS THE TIE THAT BINDS

Copyright 2006 by Don Wright

**Oh my name you never heard it
My face you never saw
And I've done everything that you could imagine
More than once
But I never lived one single day
That you were not on my mind
Just praying that you thought of me sometimes**

**When I left California
And I went looking for a life
I drove out to Colorado
Oh I was young and I was wild
And in every town I came to
I'd see someone I thought was you
A picture of the love I never knew**

**Somewhere in between the lines of 'Tombstone Blues'
And what's playing on this radio tonight
Every dream of heaven / every song for you
Has been washed in the blood of my life
And blood is the tie that binds**

**In a fog I remember of a year out on the Plains
I was running with a bad outlaw
And I landed up in jail
Then seven years with one woman
Twenty years with the next
Not one year was better than the rest**

**But my first child was a daughter
My second was a son
In that first second I saw 'em
I realized what I had done
There was my reflection
In those eyes looking up
Nothing quite as strong as flesh and blood**

**Somewhere in between the lines of 'Tombstone Blues'
And what's playing on this radio tonight
Every dream of heaven / every song for you
Has been washed in the blood of my life
And blood is the tie that binds**

**The sign on the highway says I'm goin' south
Yeah I'm headed down to New México
And I'm never turning around
Oh my darlin' she's got family there
And me now I got mine
Mama I think everything's gonna be alright**

**Somewhere in between the lines of 'Tombstone Blues'
And what's playing on this radio tonight
Every dream of heaven / every song for you
Has been washed in the blood of my life
And blood is the tie that binds**



**...”And then the ground it opened up
And the thunder and rain filled a painted sky”**

I may have had both of these dreams more than once. They never get old.

I DREAM OF MEXICO

Copyright 2009 by Don Wright

**One night I dreamed that I was driving
Through the lonely dusty streets of Hermosillo
And as the sun was going down
I parked my car and walked inside a *farmacia*
She was standing at the counter
A Sonoran beauty like I'd never seen oh
And in my dreamy Gringo Spanish
I said “*Ay que linda eres senorita*”**

**Then she moved off into a back room
That was bare and dim with light from just a lantern
Her silhouette passed by the window
As she slipped without a sound beneath the blanket
She said, “I know you've come a long way
And you look like the kind of man that I can count on”
Until the morning sun found me alone
Oh I was *en el cuarto de mis suenos***

**I dream of Mexico... and the two of us
There in that land below, dark and mysterious
Not long in this fleeting world are we
Waiting to be loved, hoping there is one
Waiting just for us, hoping to be loved**

**Last night I dreamed that I was walking
Through the middle of some desert in the moonlight
While all around me there were voices
In a language I have never heard in this life
And then the ground it opened up
And the thunder and rain filled a painted sky
She appeared for just a moment then was gone
Leaving a vision still burning bright**

**I dream of Mexico... and the two of us
There in that land below, dark and mysterious
Not long in this fleeting world are we
Waiting to be loved, hoping there is one
Waiting just for us, hoping to be loved**

..." Is there enough on your plate
You only got one mouth to feed"

Life is really very simple, isn't it? We're given the Golden Rule. We're given images of sacrifice. We're told that greed is bad, that forgiveness is good. And all we have to do is look at the pictures, understand the words, apply the concepts to our everyday actions in how we think and behave and treat each other... Yep, that's all.

And if you're not very careful with the choices you make, one day even the most ordinary things can become strange to you.

I BELIEVE LITTLE STORIES (tell a bigger tale)

Copyright by Don Wright 1996

Listen to the mighty word
You want to know but it's too late for you to start
See the bright-lit image
You feel the power but will you take it to your heart
You've already made your fortune
Yeah while the sun was up high
And now you need so much more
And you haven't got the time to wait

Day becomes the night
Another serving of dreams is laid out
Sleepwalking 'round the dial
Never knowing what the show is about
You lie there in wretched profusion
Oh what the hell is your story
Is there enough on your plate
You only got one mouth to feed

I believe little troubles grow too large for men
Every moment, every whisper takes its toll on them
Until they slip into that water and go far away
I believe little stories tell a bigger tale

One day through the walls outside
You get a sense of something moving down the street
Steppin' out the door
You catch your breath as it licks at your feet
In the spreading blue light that surrounds you
Oh it swallows you whole
And when the telephone rings
You're puzzled by the sound you hear

I believe little troubles grow too large for men
Every moment, every whisper takes its toll on them
Until they slip into that water and go far away
I believe little stories tell a bigger tale

...“the sun strokes the pink desert sand
like it’s a holy thing”

We take a lot for granted. From the ground we walk on to the moon and the stars. The turning of the earth. The sun and the wind. Science can tell us how it all happens. But it can’t tell us why that’s how it happens. I don’t think we have to look past what we see right here in front of us – what we think we know. We don’t have to look above or beyond or even within. It’s all just what it is. And that should be miracle enough.

THE SUN AND THE WIND

Copyright 2007 by Don Wright

There’s a wind blowing warm through the land
Soft as the sound of wings
And the sun strokes the pink desert sand
Like it’s a holy thing
I think it’s always gonna be that way
Then someone takes me by the hand
And leads me out into the light of day
Hoping I’ll finally understand

That it’s only the sun and the wind
Not the word from above
But I believe that they’re one and the same
I hear the voice of love
Raining down on a mountainside
Drifting up from the river below
Clear and true as the ocean’s wide
More than we’ll ever need to know

Seasons run through my heart
Come again and again
Just as real as the sun and the wind

Under the line of these hard city streets
Breathes the soul of a world
As it faithfully follows the sun
‘Round with every turn
Just like the hunger in each of us
Reaching out for these little bites
It never fades and there’s never enough
To fill the emptiness deep inside

Trouble calls at my door
Shadows cover the dream that I’m in
Probably just the sun and the wind

Raining down on a mountainside
Drifting up from the river below
Clear and true as the ocean’s wide
More than we’ll ever need to know

Rhythm in the Word

**Now I feel something with you at my side
That I've never known
Like the moon pulls and pushes the tide
I just can't let you go
We haven't got a lot of time I suppose
But there's always the time right now
Come walk with me and I'll hold you close
And lay our blanket out on the ground**

**Night it turns into day
Clouds roll out and roll in
All because of the sun and the wind**

**Yeah we're gonna find out some time
Just where this mystery ends
But it begins with the sun and the wind**



...“everyone I pass makes the sign of the cross”

I can see it like I lived it. And who's to say I didn't. How could I remember something that didn't happen? I can feel the horse under me. The hat, tight on my head. The dust, caking in rings of sweat at the base of my neck. Red clouds fading into purple night. In the little room with the small window, there's a tattered Indian rug on a wooden floor. I remember the smell of the adobe walls and the candles mostly burned down. The bed, the blanket. The woman. And the heart that beat within.

I never should have left.

THE HOUSE ON MESTIZO STREET

Copyright 2007 by Don Wright

In from the wide rolling plain
To a place I know and love like a friend
Down on the corner by the cottonwood trees
And up the hill to the house on Mestizo Street

I see a light in the window burnin'
Oh I hope that it's the woman I been wantin' to see
Night and day I been countin' the hours
Since I last rode through the dust of Mestizo Street

The sound of a single drum rises up from the river tonight
And everyone I pass makes the sign of the cross
The moon is so yellow and round, in a purple sky
As I reach the end of Mestizo Street

Inside the little adobe that I remember
On a shelf just a picture of her with a child in her arms
And comes there a voice from the door behind me
“I'm sorry to say they both died of the fever last March”

Well I sat and held my face in the blanket
On the bed where we once laid and loved the nights through
I thought of the woman with the world in her dark eyes
And the baby that I never knew

*Vaya con Dios mi amor india linda
Y adios mijita tan joven y inocente*
Now I'll ride away but my heart and my soul will always
Be with them in the house on Mestizo Street

The sound of a single drum rises up from the river tonight
And everyone I pass makes the sign of the cross
The moon is so yellow and round, in a purple sky
As I reach the end of Mestizo Street
As I ride away from Mestizo Street

Rhythm in the Word

Notes:

**In they came, down they went like in feverish dreams of youth
With the food all gone and the money spent, wasn't nothin' else to do
He just stood there still like a holy man until that gun would come up
Then those doves'd scatter. Most of 'em didn't scatter fast enough
'Bout every three or four passes, he'd get two with one pull of the trigger
He must have missed once in a while... I don't recall ever seein' that though
Twenty-gauge Remington, that's all he shot
Drunk or sober, tight as a hangman's knot
He was a drinkin man. He was an oilman's son
He was an artist with a shotgun**

**They called him 'Duke'. His life is done
But I'll tell you this - He was an artist with a shotgun**

**Lucille's in the kitchen making tortillas
Round, perfect, thick homemade tortillas
Out the window, her roses cling to the trellis over the gate
Bright red, dewy, magnificent pearly roses
That bring her joy and fill her heart
Even when she's not looking at them
I'm looking back through time's foggy glass
And know she won't be around much longer
But I can still smell those roses
And those tortillas as they hit the hot *comal***

**Lucille Louise, Mama 'Cille -
The years can't bury the memories... In the heart of a child**

***Don Derecho de la Paz
New Mexico***



Rhythm in the Word



YOU DON'T KNOW ME - DON WRIGHT



PLAYLIST

1. LOVE IS / LOVE WAS.....	5:06
2. IT'S YOU I REMEMBER.....	4:12
3. I AIN'T FROM NOWHERE.....	5:09
4. YOU DON'T KNOW ME.....	5:12
5. SHAWN MARIE.....	3:50
6. MINE IS A HIGHWAY.....	5:52
7. BEFORE YOU CAN FLY.....	3:54
8. BLOOD IS THE TIE THAT BINDS.....	4:56
9. I DREAM OF MEXICO.....	5:33
10. I BELIEVE LITTLE STORIES.....	5:45
11. THE SUN AND THE WIND.....	4:20
12. THE HOUSE ON MESTIZO STREET.....	4:42