

DON WRIGHT



TIME ON EARTH

RHYTHM IN THE WORD, Volume 18

Home Recordings - 2026

TIME ON EARTH

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Lyrics and music for all songs by **DON WRIGHT**

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

Background vocals, tambourine & shakers – **Carmen Madrid Wright**

Recording & sound mixing done in **Studio 44** – Los Osos, California

The sun. The moon. The river. The sea. The wind and the mountains. I very seldom write a song that doesn't include one or more of these things. I guess you could call it repetitive. Or unimaginative. I expect it's only the result of being a citizen of earth. The elements are our constant companions. Gravity. Oxygen. *Time*. We're only here awhile. They all go on without us. We're only here because of them and we owe them the recognition. *La gente!* We think we know so much but we know so little. And that's ok I think. Well, it will have to be, I suppose. Anyway, knowledge is overrated.

***"Then the Lord God formed a man from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life..."* Genesis 2:7**

***"Prepare yourself for the afterlife and you'll be a better person...
Even if there isn't one..."* D.W. 02:26**

“I don’t need to know what I don’t know”

Denver, Colorado, 1969. Midway between Belvedere Street and Lakeland Avenue is St John’s Alley – one block, one way. You enter on Chandler Street and exit on Greenwood. The buildings that fronted Belvedere were two and three-story apartments and flats. The back doors opened onto the alley, for taking out the trash mostly. The buildings fronting on Lakeland Avenue were one and two-story commercial shops and stores. At the back of one of these – Santori’s Books and Gifts – was a blue door with no knob or handle.

It made me curious.

ST. JOHN’S ALLEY (The Blue Door)

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**In the midst of the coldest winter
Of a time long ago
I walked down St. John’s Alley
Where I came upon a blue door
Well it made me curious
Like a blue door will
It didn’t have a handle or knob
So I couldn’t just walk right in**

**I stood there awhile and I wondered
Should I or shouldn’t I knock
I knocked and the blue door opened
To a woman alone in the dark
She was dressed in a robe
That went to the floor
And held a candle in her hand
She looked me up and down one time
She said “Come on in”**

**She smelled of lilac and a summer shower
Her eyes were smoky and dark
She didn’t speak, just bid me follow
That candlelight dancing as she walked
We came to a room with no windows
There at the end of the hall
She said “Sit down and wait right here”
That was about all**

**She left me there in the darkness
And disappeared into thin air
I heard voices shouting in a Gypsy tongue
But there wasn’t nobody there
Then a figure appeared before me
Or a shadow I should say
It moved around of its own accord
Don’t know what it was to this day**

**Well I didn't stick around
To make sure what I saw
Was enough to make me realize
I didn't need to know at all
I made my way back down the hall
Like a freight train on the track
Out the blue door with all due haste
I never did look back**

**I still walk through St. John's Alley
But I know better now I think
Even when I've had a little
Too much to drink
I don't need to know what I don't know
I'm not curious anymore
About anything that's going on
Behind the blue door**



St. John's Alley, winter (of a long time ago)

**“And no matter what the future holds
Whether days or weeks or years”**

I've spent a lifetime getting to “better” places. Each time something appeared to be out of reach, I decided it wasn't and I always managed to get there. Simply put, I believe, as long as I've had something undone, something to look forward to, that that's the only thing that has kept me going. Last thing I ever want to hear myself say is, “I've done it all.”

ACROSS THE RIVER

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**Like Samuel in his solemn robes
I'm happy to come calling
I will tell you all I see and what I know
But when the thunder rolls and closes in
And the rain starts falling
It's you that must decide and you alone**

**Across the river
Is the joyful sound of horns
Across the river is a restless wind
Blowing soft and warm
At the water's edge I stand each night
And look beyond the hills
Across the river
Where your light shines still**

**And like James who suffered patiently
I will persevere
I can wait until the cows come home
And no matter what the future holds
Whether days or weeks or years
I believe now as my brother has foretold**

**Across the river
A band is playing in the street
Across the river there is treasure buried
Underneath our feet
At the water's edge I stand each night
And look beyond the hills
Across the river
Where your light shines still**

**I have seen the world unbound
Like Lot among the sinners
I've drifted without mooring to and fro
I've walked with the sisters of temptation
And whispered in her ear
But I was spared and set down here upon this road**

**Across the river
A player plays a simple tune
Across the river there is time to linger
In the solace of your room
At the water's edge I stand each night
And look beyond the hills
Across the river
Where your light shines still**



“God said to Abraham, ‘Kill me a son.’ Abe said, ‘Man you must be puttin’ me on.’ God said, “No” Abe said, ‘What?’ God said, “You can do what you want Abe but, the next time you see me comin’ you better run.’ Abe said, ‘Where do you want this killin’ done?’ God said, ‘On Highway 61.’ “

Bob Dylan, 1965, Highway 61 Revisited

Mythical experiences can happen in real places. What we imagine to be taking place somewhere we’ve never been, and will never be, is no less important – or less real – than what might actually be. Truth is often an illusion. Time always is.

D.W. 2026, Time on Earth

“You’ll find him out among the lost and lonely ones”

When Albert King sings about being ‘born under a bad sign’, it gets me to thinking about this whole, pointless, discussion I’ve heard about fate versus self-determination. Of course, most of us make our own beds and then have to lie in them. But for some, the bed’s already made. And they still got no other place to lie down.

BLUESLAND

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**I knew a man who had it all
From his head down to his feet
Looked like he stepped out of a picture
In a fashion magazine
He had a girl was like a peach
Perfect as a girl could be
Yeah she was something
You might get ahold of only in your dreams**

**One day she left him standing there
Dumbfounded in his yard
He watched her as she drove away
In another man’s car
Now he wanders in the street
Without direction or command
You’ll find him out among
The lost and lonely ones
Somewhere in BluesLand**

**And I knew a girl who was
Her own worst enemy in the end
She took for granted
Every blessing she’d been given
She had it all but wanted more
And she got it when she asked
She thought any man should be so lucky
To have a girl like that**

**Well the years they took their toll
She never learned another way
She’s still got a lot of fools knockin’ on her door
Has to shoo them away
But when that sun goes down
And she starts lookin’ for a good man
She’ll be driving up and down
These streets all alone again
Out here in BluesLand**

**I’ve seen them all come and go
I’ve seen the rich ones and the poor
I seen them all when they were up on top**

**And seen 'em all fall down below
They thought the world owed them a living
With just a wave of their hand
Well they all got a one-way ticket
On the bus to BluesLand
Welcome to BluesLand**



Downtown, BluesLand

***Trains running up and down one hour apart
Foghorn blowing, 4 a.m. somewhere in the mist
Woman in a red dress turns 'round the corner
Collar turned up against the cold
Looking for some place with a hot cup of coffee
Looking for a bus bench to sit on that ain't wet
I remember what got me here
But I don't know why
I remember when you left that last time
But I don't know why
Won't let myself know why, guess is more like it
I never knew there was such a place as this
If I'd known, well,
I guess it wouldn't have changed anything
Probably would have found some other way
To end up here***

***Like to take one of these trains out of town
But they never stop***

***One Sunday morning, daybreak
Came a knock at the door
Rolled out of bed real easy like
Pulled on my pants
Listened for a follow-up knock
One never came
The silence pleased me
I welcomed more of it
From my second-story window
I looked down on empty streets
Again I was pleased
I shuffled to the kitchen
Coffee was on my mind
Then another knock at the door
More emphatic than the first
Through the peephole I saw him***

***I made it down the fire escape
And ended up here***

**"I wake up in the morning
With a axe to grind"**

A man wakes up in the morning with a hammer goin' off in his head. And it goes on all day long. Every day. Well, let's just say it makes it hard to think straight. At the very least. Never know what he might do to get rid of the hammerin'. Even if he knows it'll come back again.

FROM A TROUBLED MAN

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**I been wonderin' about myself
How much lower I can get
I got shed of anyone
Who might'a had a chance to help
I ain't seen the worst of it yet**

**I wake up in the morning
With a axe to grind
I never get no relief
It's just one thing then another
Day after day
Never gonna stop comin' after me**

**This ain't the life I was countin' on
Don't even know what that was
You got something to show me
You say could turn things around
Whatever it is it ain't enough**

**I spend my nights walkin' the river
All day I stay inside
Keep my troubles to myself
So no one comes under the gun
Or gets in my sights
I know I'm goin' straight to hell**

**Yeah I been wonderin' about myself
Just how much lower I can get
There ain't no bottom
To this barrel I'm in
Least I ain't seen it yet**

**Yeah there ain't no bottom
To this barrel I'm in
Least I ain't seen it yet**

**“I walked down every road
Just to see where it led”**

When you get to a point where you're able to look back at where you've been, sometimes it makes more sense. Or maybe you just want to think it does. Because here's where you are so, if it doesn't make sense, well that's too disheartening. Things are confusing enough without adding another layer. I mean you can't get the full meaning of a book without getting to the end, right?

Then it's supposed to all make sense.

LIKE THE PAGES OF A BOOK

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**I was a cowboy for one whole afternoon
Yeah I saddled up
But I didn't know what I was doin'
I fell down off that horse every time I tried
But I climbed back up and I did ride**

**And I was an altar boy
But I never did believe
I folded robes
And carried water for the priest
For so many years
All was darkness, all was night
But the world did turn
And the sun did rise**

**I never thought that I could know
Anything to call my own
Days turned like the pages of a book
And when it's all said and done
I didn't bow to anyone
Just believing was all that it took**

**I walked down every road
Just to see where it led
Some were rough
And some were a big mistake
Like everyone said
But I did learn one thing
About myself I didn't know
If you wanna survive you can't do it all alone**

**Now I take every step with a helping hand
Of the only one who needs to understand
The things I've done
And the story that I told
And why I'm thankful I have grown old
I never thought that I could know
Anything to call my own**

Days turned like the pages of a book
And when it's all said and done
I didn't bow to anyone
Just believing was all that it took
You got to believe, yeah yeah, uh huh

At the top of the low hill was a small cluster of oak trees and a rock outcropping where James decided it would be a good place for some shade and a decent sitting spot. He'd been out a couple of hours and the August heat was beginning to assert itself. He found a nice, flat-top rock, about chair height and stood the 30:06 rifle up against a smaller rock next to it and sat down, thankful for the opportunity to rest and get out of the sun. He took off his ball cap and removed the handkerchief from his back pocket and patted dry his forehead and the back of his neck. He removed the binoculars and set them down on another rock.

He picked up the binoculars and surveyed the canyon below him. The small pond in the bottom was only half full but still enough water to attract some early morning drinkers. Two deer – a doe and her fawn – tip-toed in. A half dozen doves dropped down from nearby trees and back up again to roost. A coyote slinked in, bouncy on his feet, head in constant movement from side to side and chased everyone off. A little late in the morning for him, James thought. The coyote got his fill then trotted off towards him, underneath the fall of the hill and disappeared.

Then James glassed the hillside opposite, looking closely under the trees and the brush and the many draws that ran down to the canyon floor. He'd killed a lot of deer in this canyon from this very spot. It was his favorite place to be. A buck taken on the hill where he sat was an easy pull back over the top and down to the cabin to hang and dress out. One taken in the canyon bottom or on the other side could be hauled in by driving the truck up the fire trail and down into the canyon. So he waited. And thought about fried deer liver with bacon and onions for lunch with a cold beer and hanging lines of jerky to dry in the hot afternoon.

He sat a full hour and was about to get up and maybe move across the hillside a ways or even head in. Well, as often would happen, he got lulled into complacency, got used to seeing nothing move for a long time and, suddenly, there he was, running at about half-speed across the canyon floor towards him. What appeared to be a nice, three-point buck had dropped out of the bottom of the tree line above the pond and was already halfway across the canyon. James couldn't get a bead on him soon enough and he disappeared into the draw below and to the left of him.

He knew better than to run over that way and head him off. Best to wait awhile and see if he pops out on the hill. Patience. You can't outflank a black-tailed buck. You can only hope he doesn't know you're there and then wanders into your sight. After about fifteen minutes, out he come and was walking right towards James. James slowly raised the rifle and got him in the scope and was eye to eye with the buck... and then something happened that had never happened before – James put the gun down. The deer slowly turned and headed up the hill. He stopped and looked back, as if to say, "You're really not gonna shoot me?" and trotted up and over the top. James smiled as he watched him and a feeling of satisfaction came over him. He said to himself, "I've killed enough deer, got no license to kill anymore." Then he headed up and over and down to the cabin for a cold lunch.

“I saw myself in his arms”

Who comes to gather us up when we've gone over? I expect we all would hope it's a loved one who has already made the journey. Someone who can guide us into the unknown. Of course, we don't choose who that might be – might be your mother or father. Sadly, it might be your child.

I knew a man who drowned in a river. I knew he couldn't pass up the chance to make that run on a stormy day, to look death in the eye and come out on top. Well...

SAWYER'S WELL

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**I walked out to the edge of the darkness
I saw myself in the light
And I went down to the river where he lay
I saw myself in his arms
There was nothing I could do
To bring him back
Nothing I could say to him now
I carried him over and lowered him down
Down in the bottom of Sawyer's well**

**There's a hole in the sky
Where our souls depart
And I believe you have gone
A day so still and shadows above
Bearing down on the world
I saw the river rise up
And the rain fallin' down
Wasn't nothin' gonna stop you now
Not the rocks and the mud
Or the raging water
Or what lies in the bottom of Sawyer's well**

**Sometimes at night
When the wind dies down
I feel the breath of the Lord on my eyes
Sweet and calm like heaven itself
But I remember a precious child
Born to this world
Without a beat in his heart
Alone with the angels now
They lowered him down where he remains
At the bottom of Sawyer's well**



**“Just waits until they come his way
Like the planets ‘round the sun”**

Yeah, sure, it's the looks. But it has something to do with disinterest also, it seems. I've always been a little too interested in girls to be able to pull that one off though. I've worked with guys and ridden with guys that had it. I've seen the way women look at them and respond to them and for the most part, they all had the same look and demeanor – dark, lanky, loose and unencumbered – and a world whole and satisfied unto itself. I can understand the attraction.

Well, that's never been me.

LADIES' MAN

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**I know what girls like
They like ‘em long and lean
They like ‘em rough up to a point
If you know what I mean
I've seen ‘em take a second look
At a man who fits that bill
If he's got it he can do no wrong
He'll bend them to his will**

**Ladies' man
It ain't something that you learn
You're born with the pedigree
It's in the eyes and in the walk
In every unspoken word
But it ain't something that comes free**

**Yeah I know what girls like
They like what I ain't got
But I've seen the power
Of the man who does have
That special something who knows what
He don't even have to try
Never puts the moves on anyone
Just waits until they come his way
Like the planets ‘round the sun**

**So yeah I know what girls like
But it's never done me any good
And how they think about anything
Is something I never understood
But a ladies' man don't have to worry
'Bout anyone's feelings but his own
Though in the end, in the field where he plays
It'll be just him alone**

Ladies' man

**It ain't something that you learn
You're born with the pedigree
It's in the eyes and in the walk
In every unspoken word
But it ain't something that comes free**



August, 1952 – I had it then.



***1975 – I thought this would impress her.
It didn't, actually.***

Her name was Cookie Vargas. I opened the door of my apartment one afternoon to her standing there in a black dress, black hair, brown eyes and a bottle of Tanqueray gin, held down low in her left hand. She brushed her hair back off her face with the right hand, then placed it on her hip and said, "Do you have any ice?" If I hadn'ta had ice, I still would've said I did and just hoped she didn't notice. I had a couple trays in the icebox and I poured her some gin and tonic with a squeeze of lime and set it down on the table next to the couch, where she had settled in. I sat down across from her so I wouldn't have to waste time turning my head to look at her. I'll tell you right off, Cookie is a girl I could spend a lot of time with – in conversation or none at all. But she always had something to say and that was fine with me – even her voice was nice. I had yet to find anything about her that didn't appeal to me. (To be cont.)

**“Some people ‘round here
Gonna find out how he made his bones”**

Joey Maldonado was from Summitville, Indiana – a little spit of a town just northeast of Indianapolis. Just west of there is Kokomo. Kokomo is a good-sized city, comparatively, of fifty to sixty thousand. It seemed to be the perfect size for an aspiring rackets man to get his feet wet before taking on bigger game. He acquired a reputation as a wheeler-dealer pretty fast there, running fixed craps games, horse races, numbers and the like. A little too fast for the likes of the kingpin who’d run things of that sort there for some time. He sent some pretty rough boys to deliver that message and they crippled Little Joe up pretty bad and sent him packing. But, after several years of some ‘Louisiana learnin’, he finally returned to pass on the education.

LITTLE JOE FROM KOKOMO (a somewhat true story)

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**Back in 1995
This town was ripe for the pickin’
For a young man
Name of Joey “The Wheel” Maldonado
They chased him down an alleyway
Gave him a pretty good lickin’
Folded him up into a seat
On a southbound ‘loco’**

**Well it took awhile
But he healed up down in New Orleans, Louisiana
‘Till the time was right
For a self-made man to come home
They got the drop on him once
But it wouldn’t be twice my friend
Some people ‘round here
Gonna find out how he made his bones**

**Little Joe from Kokomo
Slipped into town tonight
He’s countin’ heads and taking names
And spoiling for a fight
He licked his wounds for twenty-five years
Now he’s back with a score to settle
Little Joe from Kokomo
Kokomo, Indiana**

**You might not recognize him now
If you see him coming at all
Keep that head on a swivel
Watch your back or maybe just say a prayer
Or hightail it out of town
Even if you have to crawl
Better do somethin’
Or you might just wake up dead**

**Nobody's seen him yet
But I hear he sent out invitations
Waiting patiently for the rats to take the bait
For some there may be a small measure of mercy
For others there will not
For most it's just too damn late**

**Little Joe from Kokomo
Slipped into town tonight
He's countin' heads and taking names
And spoiling for a fight
He licked his wounds for twenty-five years
Now he's back with a score to settle
Little Joe from Kokomo
Kokomo, Indiana**

Bloodlines (a mostly true story)

Harry Wright (my father) was a child in Summitville, Indiana. In 1912, when he was seven years old, his father, Franklin, an oil man, headed to Tulsa, Oklahoma, when it was still a tent city. After a few years, Tulsa played out and he and his wife Jessie and Harry and his sister Elizabeth followed the oil strikes and came to California, to Shandon and then to Santa Margarita – a town of about a hundred and fifty people at the time.

They rode the ten miles into San Luis Obispo in a horse and buggy to get supplies once a week. By the end of his life, in 1989, the whole world was on the Internet. So Harry's life ran the full spectrum of the 20th century. He told me the story once, of a bigger boy he'd chased out of his yard in Summitville. The kid came at him with a big ol' diaper pin they had in those days and tried to take my father's baseball glove. Well Harry slapped it out of his hand and chased him off with his own pin.

Turns out the kid's name was Leonard Maldonado, grandfather of Little Joe... Small world.



**“There’s something so familiar
To this spell I’m under”**

She was here. And then she wasn’t. She returns, then she leaves. I lie in bed and I hear things. And I see things. Sometimes I know they’re real. Sometimes I can’t tell. Sometimes I just want to hold onto the last time and try to refrain from hoping for the next. Because one of these times, I fear it will be the last time. And that’s something better remembered than something still to come.

MY OH MY

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**There’s a light on in the courtyard
Now a knock on the door
They said you wouldn’t be comin’
‘Round here no more
But here you are
Now what are we gonna do
My, oh my, oh my**

**Your hair looks good / The rest of you too
The world ain’t got the better of you
And that dress you’re wearin’, oh now
You’re a sight to see
My, oh my, oh my**

**My oh my how I’ve thought about this time
Just to be with you again
To hold you in my arms
And look into those eyes
If I’m dreaming don’t let it end**

**I hear your voice / I feel you breathing
I can’t believe just what I’m seeing
There’s something so familiar
To this spell I’m under
My, oh my, oh my**

**What brings you back is never clear
You stay awhile then disappear
It’s never long enough
But while we’re together time stands still
My, oh my, oh my**

**My oh my how I’ve thought about this time
Just to be with you again
To hold you in my arms
And look into those eyes
If I’m dreaming don’t let it end**

**“Well they say it’s never too late
But I’m thinking this time
Is a time that might not be true”**

Sometimes you see it coming, sometimes you don’t. Well I’ve been on both ends of that and neither end is a good place to be. You got your choice between hurt and guilt. You can live with both of course but, in the end, I guess I’d choose hurt. It don’t last forever. Guilt does. So does that give this guy the last laugh? Well... pretty sure those aren’t tears of joy.

THAT TRAIN LEFT THE STATION

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**Have you seen my baby
She’s got a real sweet smile
And long brown curly hair
She told me to meet her down here
Before the 5:15 heads up north somewhere**

**Is she the girl you took for granted
All this time
Who followed you wherever you went?
Yeah she left out ‘here some time ago
On the 3:35 goin’ west**

**That train left the station ‘bout an hour ago
Right on time like it always is
Yeah that train left the station
And it ain’t comin’ back
It ain’t comin’ back my friend**

**She’s a girl like no other
Always been by my side
Through the good times and the bad
I don’t think I can make it
Without her in my life
Guess I didn’t know what I had**

**Well they say it’s never too late
But I’m thinking this time
Is a time that might not be true
You’re a few years late
And a few dollars short
Of doin’ what you shoulda been doin’**

**That train left the station
‘Bout an hour ago
I saw it disappear ‘round the bend
Yeah that train left the station
And it ain’t comin’ back
It ain’t comin’ back my friend**

**“Any second guessing on my part
Would be a waste of time”**

No matter what anyone says, some of us have opportunities and some of us do not. I have had. And I have used them wisely... on occasion. Just enough, I suppose, that I've been one of the fortunate ones – in that I didn't end up in prison. Or dead yet. There are plenty of us who never had a chance – we don't all get the choice to determine our own fate, let's not kid ourselves. The oppressive hymn of the ghetto and the black cloud of serial abuse and human depravity are, for some, inescapable.

For those of us who feel we have done our best by our loved ones and others who are still here and in one piece, more or less, let us be thankful for that.

But we should not forget that the accounts yet to be settled up are not in our hands.

THE FORTUNE

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**There's a hurricane coming
They call it judgement day
And whether you believe or not
No one gets away
I know you've been waiting patiently
For me to change my tune
But I don't think that's gonna happen
Anytime soon**

**I made my bed and here I'll lie
What's been done has been done
I played my hand the best I could
It's too late to cut and run
Any second guessing on my part
Would be a waste of time
When I look back all I can see
Is the good fortune that was mine**

**There's no easy way to say it
So let's just come right out
I had my chance and you had yours
To lay our troubles down
We chose to just plunge on ahead
As though it all would last forever
Now the time has come to pay
For the fortune we've been given**

**There's a hurricane coming
It's called judgement day
And whether you believe or not
No one gets away away
Take my hand and walk with me awhile
Whichever way we're goin'
Bless this house and thank you for the fortune that we've known**

“I remember what happened to this day”

The Salinas Valley is the smaller of the two main agricultural valleys in California – the San Joaquin being the larger. So you can imagine the four little towns that dot the forty-eight mile stretch of Highway 101, between King City and Salinas, are populated primarily by Mexican field workers and their families. Most of whom live an uneasy life from day to day, in fear of La Migra, the forerunner to what is currently known as ICE. The headlines speak in generalities, the news reports in numbers and political analysis. But here on the ground, among human beings trying to survive and love and protect their families, is the real story... Screw every border in this world!

MEXICAN BRANDY

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**I lived on *Avenida Dolores en Soledad*
Down the street from *Las Lagrimas Café*
Was a night not so long ago they closed it down
I remember what happened to this day**

**I knew a girl with a diamond smile
Who worked the bar
Brandy was her name,
From *Monterrey Mexico*
The first time that I saw her
Was like a shooting star
Blazed across the sky
And fell down here below**

**She was serving drinks
As fast as she could pour them
They were four-deep at the bar
And going wild
I made my way up to the front
And when she saw me
She set a glass down on the bar
Filled it up and smiled that smile
And said, “It’s Mexican Brandy for you”**

***Trabajaron en el campo, su familia*
To put food on the table every day
She made as much each night
As they made in a week out in the fields
*Como sobrevivieron yo no se***

**We spent a few precious months
En los sueños del Cielo
With no one but each other
Night and day
She always knew it could end any moment
It made her sad
All I could do was kiss the tears away**

**They came through the door
Straight to the bar and took her away
They had her family outside in the car
And locked up tight
She knew it was *la migra*
She didn't try to run
I saw her through the window
As our eyes met one last time
All we could say was, "Adiós"
All that was said was, "adios, adios, adios"**

***Trabajaron en el campo, su familia*
To put food on the table every day
She made as much each night
As they made in a week out in the fields
*Como sobrevivieron yo no se***

**I lived on *Avenida Dolores en Soledad*
Down the street from *Las Lagrimas Café*
Was a night not so long ago they closed it down
I remember what happened to this day**



The girl with the diamond smile

TIME ON EARTH



Song List

1 St. John's Alley.....	4:48
2 Across the River.....	4:34
3 BluesLand.....	3:49
4 From a Troubled Man.....	3:47
5 Like the Pages of a Book.....	3:07
6 Sawyer's Well.....	3:24
7 Ladies' Man.....	5:54
8 Little Joe From Kokomo.....	4:16
9 My Oh My.....	3:01
10 That Train Left the Station.....	3:49
11 The Fortune.....	3:40
12 Mexican Brandy.....	4:28