

Side 1

NEWARK BUTTON

RUNNING MAN

MY STREET

INSTRUMENTAL
THEME FOR AN
UNWRITTEN
HORROR FILMJOE NAMATH FOR A
DAY

LIMA AIRLIFT

HARRISON

Side 2CRICKETS AND
TUMBLEWEEDSCLIFF NOTES
VERSION

CAROLINE

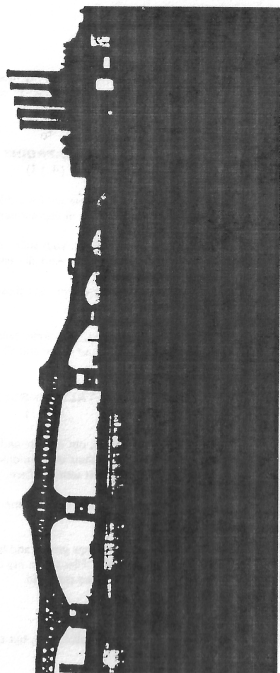
LINCOLN HIGHWAY

"PHOEBE SNOW"

DISAPPOINT

TALLAHASSEE

Jim Robertson PULASKI SKYLINES

PULASKI SKYLINES

NEWARK BUTTON When you've worked in Newark for four years, like I have, you might get it. Dedicated to Whitehead and Hoag. **RUNNING MAN** Written winter 1995. Influenced by Bob Mould's "Believe What You're Saying," Billy Bragg's "Sulk," and Matthew Sweet's "I've Been Waiting." **MY STREET** Look just to the north of the French Quarter and just to the south of my heart. Written early summer 1995. As proof that these songs are only demo versions, this one has been dramatically re-worked for the better by Anthony Marchese, Tom Rosko, and Aaron Potochny, and our alt.sex.dentist band does a far superior version.

INSTRUMENTAL THEME FOR AN UNWRITTEN HORROR FILM Weird chords make this song. One of them shown to me by Adam Victor in 1990; the other two just made-up. **JOE NAMATH FOR A DAY** If the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost had a pick-up game against Namath, Shatner, and Heston, who would win? Written in spring 1996.

LIMA AIRLIFT Well, she dared me. Influenced by Wilco and another band I'm too embarrassed to name. **HARRISON** Not George, not Bergeron, and neither William Henry nor Benjamin. Tom Rosko contributes backing vocals and harmonica. That's not plagiarism of Hüsker Dü, it's artistic license and an homage. Influences: Ringo's "Don't Pass Me By," and Billy's "Rotting on Remand." **CRICKETS AND TUMBLEWEEDS** Crowd noise from an April 1996 alt.sex.dentist gig at Doc Watson's in Philly. Written about that same time. **CLIFF NOTES VERSION** I used to be reminded of this on a quarterly basis, until I took matters into my own hands. **CAROLINE** This is not a southern song. It's a northern song. And the walrus is NOT Paul. Thanks to Tom Rosko for supporting vocals. When written, I was shooting for a Silos and Sun Volt kind of vibe, but when I recorded it, I ended up aiming for an Oasis and Bush kind of thing (with a little Andy Summers guitar thrown in for good measure). **LINCOLN HIGHWAY** I've got an addiction to reading. This song was inspired by an article in the Oct/Nov '93 issue of Omnibus (New Jersey Transit's magazine—don't bother looking for it at your newsstand). **"PHOEBE SNOW"** Had the chord progression to the chorus in my head since in 1986 but could never do anything with it until last year. **DISAPPOINT** One of the first things I wrote on my new acoustic guitar in spring 1996. Another drone song. All these things are true. **TALLAHASSEE** Original inspiration came from a Fords Jam (Tom Rosko, Anthony and Larry Marchese, and myself). Yes, there are some R.E.M. influences in this, and, frankly, the whole ending wagada is lifted straight from the Silo's "Here's to You." Thanks to Lisa Orloff for playing the violin line that leads the wagada off and to Tom for more vocal assistance. The Florida panhandle had a lot of migrant workers. And for two years, me, too.

Side 1NEWARK BUTTON
(3:25)

Sit'in' in the shadows of the Pulaski skyline. Sit'in' by the Essex line. Badge on your heart on a starched white shirt. Your Newark button says it all.

Sit'in' down by Passaic-side. In the Ironbound. Cross my heart o'er my chartreuse shirt. Your Newark button says it all.

Here it comes. And it's the one for me. You are always looking out for something to rely on. But I can't always be that shoulder you can count on . . . and on . . . and on.

Drifting in the currents of my mind. Way down by harbor-side. Hope in my heart under a faded tee-shirt. Your Newark button reads tall. And your Newark button says it all.

RUNNING MAN
(4:29)

If you cut me, I won't bleed. If you hurt me, I won't feel. All my life is just ones and zeros. And I'm waiting for someone to program me.

I stay up late, try not to sleep. I hold my breath in, try not to breath. Conversation frightens me. And I'm waiting for someone to debug me.

I'm an 86753-R2 Running Man. I'm an 86753-R2 Running Man. And I'm running as fast as I can. I'm an 86753 kind of man.

I grow flowers, they turn to dust. I buy ice-cream, it's never enough. All my insides are full of rust. And I'm trying hard to understand us.

CHORUS

All my feelings—oak tag born. Empty razors and telephones.

CHORUS

And I'm trying very hard to understand. I'm trying hard to re-write my program.

MY STREET
(4:13)

When you ride the streetcars and walk Elysian fields. When you see my street sign, do you think of north up here? What about Terry and Eva-Marie? If geography follows then it rhymes with destiny.

When I ride the highways and hop the turbine freights. I think of that smile. Cat got your tongue? What about Terry and Eva-Marie? I should have named rotisserie the "Utah Sains."

When I ride my highways and walk my Elysian fields. When I ride my streetcars can I pay the fare in years? What about Terry and Eva-Marie? Between the Hudson and Mississippi lays my street.

INSTRUMENTAL THEME FOR AN UNWRITTEN HORROR
FILM
(1:40)JOE NAMATH FOR A DAY
(5:42)

I'd like to be Joe Namath for a day—with pantyhose and shaved legs. I'd like to be Joe Namath for a day—struttin' my stuff down the old White Way. I'd like to be Joe Namath for a day—Achilles heel and weak knees. I'd like to be Joe Namath for a day—from goatie to toupee.

I'd be so happy layin' outside Miami Beach pool side makin' guarantees and recipes for more drinks to make with gin.

I'd like to be Joe Namath for a day—hauntin' the stands of old Shea. I'd like to be Joe Namath for a day—getting Christmas cards from celebrities.

I'd be so happy being laid up in hospital chattin' up the Nurse-of-the-Day—"hey darlin', what's your name?" Sign my cast with your autograph; here's a laugh for your photograph. Touchdown records aren't meant to last; put a lock on the bachelor pad.

Hey where'd you go, Broadway Joe?—with your mohair shirt and your fur coat. Hey where'd you go, Broadway Joe?—with your mod shades and

all you know. Hey where'd you go, Broadway Joe?—with your Fu Manchu and your white shoes.

I'd like to be Joe Willie.

LIMA AIRLIFT (4:28)

Your head in the clouds, Andes in front of you. Tierra del Fuego at your feet. I built a wall topped with wire, but your flights come in hour by hour and you, you break the siege.

Your head in the clouds, Andes in front of you. Tierra del Fuego at your feet. I built a wall around my heart stone-by-stone, part-by-part but you, you break my siege with your Lima Airlift.

Lima Airlift, I love you. Lima Airlift, making our dreams come true for me and you.

I wrote this song upon a dare from you, and I offer it up sincerely to you. Your Saint Nazaire savior faire and Arnheim in the autumn air let you root my lines with your Lima Airlift. Lima Airlift!

HARRISON (4:59)

Well the sun woke up today o'er in Jersey City way, and when it goes to sleep tonight it'll be by Newark's gas lights. And the skyway climbs above the rusty smokestacks and the mud, and when the wind blows right I can smell the baking bread.

And on a clear night I can see the beer factory lights as the planes circle 'round over head. And when the shift ends they head back to where it's said there are more bars here in this square mile.

Oh Harrison, Harrison, I don't know where you've been from when you leave in the morning 'til your head hits the bed. Oh Harrison, Harrison, you can't bring it down 'cause Harrison is getting out of town.

And now I hear some talk about building a new ballpark and bringing back the glory years of baseball's Newark Bears. And it's been many years since the Scots and Portuguese faced off down by the river over there.

Oh Harrison, Harrison, you decide to take me to the cleaners, baby, take me for a ride. Oh hip hurrah for Harrison, there's that you can't deny that Harrison will sleep well tonight. Oh Harrison, sleep well tonight.

CHORUS 1
CHORUS 2

Side 9

CRICKETS AND TUMBLEWEEDS (2:31)

Crickets and tumbleweeds can't break my fall. Cigarettes and alcohol won't save my soul. Hey Mr. Bartender, say another koan, and pour me one more for the road.

The tallest mountain is no bigger than an ant's head, thorax, and abdomen. Hey Mr. Bartender, say another koan, and I'll catch the last train home.

Wash another glass, pour another draught, and drown another cigarette. Can't you see this desire's been bleached from me, and I've got all that I could want and all that I can get.

Crickets and tumbleweeds echo through the room. Turn off the lights, and unplug the juke. Hey Mr. Bartender, say another koan, and give me one last call, one last drink, one last round and I'll go home.

CLIFF NOTES VERSION (2:37)

Sometimes in my notebooks. Sometimes in my photos. During certain moments. But never in my Class Notes.

CAROLINE (4:31)

It's been years since I've seen your face, and it's been years since I rubbed you the wrong way. I've been Burned once too many times. I've moved on, left you behind the wall of your silence, the wall of paned glass. What does your sepia heart sing?

Plant a farm, raise a kid, buy your freedom. I don't know you but I've touched your picture behind the wall of your silence, the wall of pained glass. What does your sepia heart sing?

Caroline . . . New York, you're so hard to find. Caroline . . . take a ride down 79. Caroline . . . down toward the county line. Caroline. Caroline.

You never got your 40 acres and your mule, and I never gave you your just due. Peter, where are you? This song is for you, behind the wall of your silence, the wall of paned glass. What does your sepia heart sing?

CHORUS

CHORUS Caroline . . . you're a pal of mine. Caroline . . . take this nickel and make a dime. Caroline . . . pin that badge to this heart of mine. Caroline . . . we're just wasting time. Caroline. Caroline.

LINCOLN HIGHWAY (4:26)

Four score and sixty miles to go as the crow flies. Who says the invocation, the dedication, the Benedictine?

Keep following your Lincoln Highway. Keep following the Lincoln Highway. Everybody's got a Lincoln Highway. Keep following your Lincoln Highway.

The planks in your platform are the planks in Paterson and the nails in the coffin of Hamilton. From Nashville to Chicago; from Harrisburg to Berrigan. CHORUS

What's the score and 95 to go. Don't you go back to Rockville. "Continental Sample": a cross to bear, follow your trail in a beaded chair. CHORUS . . . God-damn your Lincoln Highway. Everybody's got one!

"PHOEBE SNOW" (3:17)

I climbed the mountains, and I crossed the bay. I forged the rivers to be with you today.

White smoke, hard coal, high hopes . . . ridin' the "Phoebe Snow."

The miles pass, and time flies so fast. But each passing telegraph pole brings me closer to your home.

CHORUS

CHORUS

Now "Phoebe's" back for sure, and my heart's in a whirl. But such an anachronistic girl—streamlined and forced-air cool. And instead of anthracite, she's burnin' oil.

CHORUS

DISAPPOINT (4:13)

Call me up late at work, "meet me for a drink." I say yes again. I should no instead, 'cause all I can give: disappointment.

Wait outside to surprise you at your shift's end. I took a chance again. Should have gone straight to bed. And all I end up: disappointed.

We make plans for those we love. But those plans will surely fade away and turn to dust.

Chocolate milk, banana nut, and dinner twice a year. I tried again. There's no way I can win, 'cause in the end all I can serve: disappointment. Disappoint.

TALLAHASSEE (7:31)

Sugar cane and coffee cup, out of state and out of luck, I've never seen sprinkles look so gray. Doughnuts under monuments, neon lights following the road down to the coast just south of here.

There ain't no panacea in this town for me. There ain't no panacea for what's illin' me.

Cucumbers and tomatoes; orange groves and bungalows. Lookin' for something I can call my own. Film still in my camera, 40 watt flashbulb in hand, where giants roam the red clay land.

CHORUS

There ain't no Panacea in Tallahassee, but there's one just 30 miles down 319. Tallahassee!



Well, here I am again with another tape. As always, these are demo versions and subject to change once Anthony, Tom, and Aaron get their hands on them. Your feedback—the good, the bad, and the ugly—is always welcome. I hope you enjoy.

All music and lyrics written, performed, recorded, and mixed by Jim Robertson—unless otherwise noted—between 1994 and 1996 in Hoboken, NJ.

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Jim Robertson, Oaktree Music, 841 Willow Ave., #2, Hoboken, NJ 07030. (201) 222-1531 robertson@tesla.njit.edu

Other tapes by Jim Robertson:

"Sundays, holidays, and other days" (1991)

"Songs and shovels" (1993)

Music and lyric book available.

Special thanks to Lisa Orloff for letting me play my guitars late into the night. Thanks also to Aaron Potocny, Anthony Marchese, and Tom Rosko for occasionally helping me to play some of these songs live.

Cover photo by Jim Robertson.