

LYRICS

BILL BOOTH
RIVER TOWN

ICE HOUSE

The wurlitzer is blasting Elvis on the floor
Same crowd, friday night smoke pouring
out the door
Ain't nobody dancing, got the patriots on tv
Three sailer boys on pinball cause it's
too rough out to sea

At the ice house
Papa's ice house
At the ice house

Little Mary Jo little darling
everybody's favorite girl
Grew up here on the west end and then left
to see the world

Little Mary Jo little darling
how does your garden grow

In the darkness of the tenement house
next door
To the ice house
Papa's ice house
To the ice house

Fog horn in the harbor, it's St. Patrick's day
Italian don't like no Irish
looking at his girl that way
It's a hard rain falling, words turn to blows
Nobody wants no trouble
but sometimes that's how it goes
At the ice house
Big papa's ice house
At the ice house

PELTOMA AVENUE

Remember Jimmy Jones
The roadhouse was his home
At the motel out by the Interstate
How he loved to sing
Laugh about everything
Said the devil was gonna have to wait
His hat hangs on the wall
He's finished his last call
In the corner, his empty barstool
Times will change spirits remains
Down on Peltoma Avenue

We didn't know her name
Just called her Candy Cane
She let most anybody have their way
Just a child, she lived alone
'Cept when her daddy came home
One day she tried to run away
He found her with her friends
Dragged her home again
Ragged and bruised
The sadness in her eye
No makeup could hide
Down on Peltoma Avenue

Young trash man Sam
Tunnel rat in Vietnam
Could make any broken motor run
Hoover, frigidaire
TV, record player
Anything somebody threw away
Digging through the trash
He makes a little cash
A hero with the scars to prove
Troubled mind and shakey hands
Thanks to Uncle Sam
Down on Peltoma Avenue

The summers come and go,
autumn turns to snow
Some are dancing, some singing the blues
Like turquoise or gold,
Like the simple or the bold
Down on Peltoma Avenue



Photo: Megan Booth

UNDER THE PINE

My favorite place in the world is
under the open sky

I first saw this tall tree when i was only
two feet high

In the summer it was green and shady,
in the winter snowy white

Dark days of december it would shine
with starry light

Chorus

*Under the pine where the snow falls down
at Christmas time*

*If love is blind, I'll be blinded by this love
for all time*

Under the pine

Two kids we played together,
brown needles on the ground

See who could climb the highest
in a game of lost and found

Like brother and sister

Like two spirits in the night

A bond that can't be broken

Come what may come what might

Chorus

Side by side we laid down,
pine boughs high above

Gazed at the sky in wonder
talked of family, God and love

Valentine's we carved our initials in that tree

A solemn ceremony for all the world to see

Chorus

ETHEN ALLEN JAMES

Down at the railroad bridge

Suitcase in the ditch

Looking for shelter in the pouring rain

A jug of apple wine

Hidden in the pines

Like a long lost friend to Ethan Allen James

Chorus

Ethan Allen James

Liquor doused the flame

And dampened the heart

To love life's game

He and his wife Elaine

Would dance the nights away

To the sound of the country swing

Temptation in the bar

And the crying steel guitar

Elaine fell in love singing cowboy Slim

Chorus

The years went slowly by

Ethan lived under the sky

Like a railroad bum who never rode a train

One day Elaine and Slim

Were dancing down at the Inn

When Ethan showed up drunk and glassy eyed

Slim held his ground

When Ethan swung around

Fell down on the floor never landing a blow

Elaine was in tears

Slim jammed into gear

We helped Ethan back up
walked down to the riverside

Sitting on a log

Ethan didn't talk

But his harmonica played an old french folk song

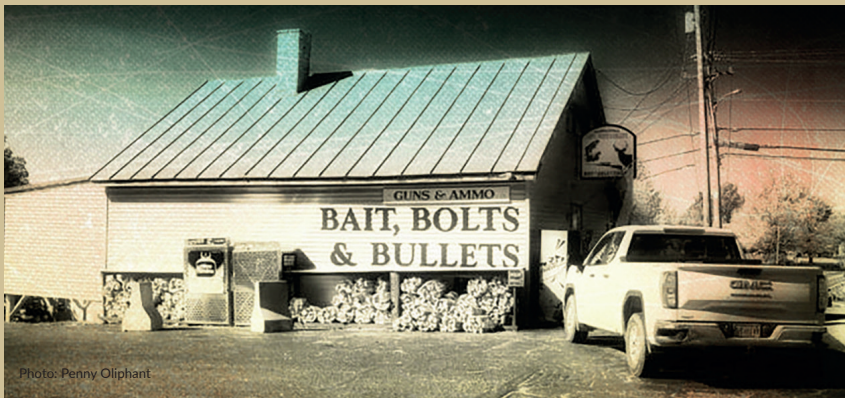


Photo: Penny Oliphant

RIVER TOWN

Chorus

*I was born in River Town
Most people know my name
Down here in River Town
ain't nothin' never change*

I work down at the mill like my daddy do
At the bar on Friday night
we raise a glass or two
For the good times, bad times
Our friends old and new in River Town

I loved the girl in River Town
But she loved the ramblin' man

They disappeared from town like two
blowing grains of sand
Still sometimes I'm dreaming
she'll come back this way again
To River Town

Went down to the mill to pick up my last pay
Told the boys working the line
I'm heading out today
They said, man, where you going
Wish I too could get away from River Town

Sunrise on the Interstate flaggin' down a ride
Asked me where are you headed boy
As I climbed inside
I said anyplace is alright, I ain't been nowhere
But River Town

Photo: Penny Oliphant

TOWN FARM

He moved into the poorhouse
After the mill shut down
With his wife and five children
On the outskirts of town
She got up and left the table
And walked straight out the door
He picked his crying baby boy
Up off the cold linoleum floor

Chorus

*Say goodbye to the old Town Farm
Ain't never going back again
Say goodbye to the old Town Farm
Pull the trigger down around the bend*

The day she went missing
Been a year now come this fall
He wept bitter tears for a year
Now he doesn't weep at all
There was a white stripe on his finger
Where he pawned his wedding ring
He wouldn't take a handout
For the shame that it would bring

Photo: Penny Oliphant

Chorus

When the welfare folks came knocking
Was when the nightmare would begin
This is no place for the children
We have to take them in
All alone in the big house
His shotgun on the wall
He heard the angel's voices
And he left to heed the call

Chorus

ST ALBANS MARCH (Instrumental)



SLAVE TO THE MAN

Uncle Bud was a jolly joker
Had a job down at the fertilizer plant
Working on a big metal grinder
That one day caught and tore off
his right hand
No workers compensation
Just a slave to the man

Young Cindy the sexy secretary
Had put up with about all that
she could stand
Had more skill and a higher education
But had to pander, please ignore
the touching hands
Hard choices made
Her a slave to the man

A man walked in the railraod station
barroom
Just off the boat from some foreign land
The local punks called him dumbass frenchie
Then he took the cue stick in his hand
Ran the table
No slave to the man

WYATT HAD TO TRY IT

If there was a first in line
The highest branch you'd dare to climb
A rougher road to ride
A steeper hill to slide
Wyatt had to try it

If there was a falling star to catch
A bigger pumpkin in the patch
Someone to make a dare
Jump off the bridge into thin air
Wyatt had to try it

If there was another joke to crack
With the gang downtown in daddy's cadillac
Stare into the sun
Ring a doorbell and then run
Wyatt had to try it



BAXTER MOUNTAIN RANGE

On a misty mountain top over the tree line
In the wind and the hail where the eagle flies
I climbed down alone sure that I could find
my way
Back to the bottom of the Baxter Mountain
range

I called out to my fater, called to him
in the wind
Believing we would meet at every turn
of every bend
Down in the canyon I lost my way
On the rocky trail of the Baxter Mountian
range

I wandered through the wilderness,
days and nights alone
They gave up on the lost boy
when the trail went cold
Say it was a miracle the day I finally came
Alive out of the woods on the Baxter
Mountain range

They took me to a cabin, my mama cried
When she heard they found her lost boy
weak but still alive
Didn't mean no trouble to cause any pain
On my way back home from the Baxter
Mountain range

Made news in California and
the New York Times
Letter from the President
glad boy you're alive
Tell me son what did you see
so long so far away
Deep in the wild Baxter Mountain range

TROUBLE DOWNTOWN

Out on Highway number nine
Three cars pull up from behind
Passing by then slowing down
On the black top road at the edge of town
Trouble Downtown

Flashlight shining in her face
She wound up in the wrong place
They said lay down and she obeyed
Nowhere to run and too afraid
Trouble Downtown

Banker Bob was running wild
Had a lonely wife and an only child
He wound up with a broken back
From a jealous man with a baseball bat
Trouble Downtown

CHICKEN COOP

Ten years at the Tannery
Just another man now they don't need
He filled his pockets full of shells
Shot some windows out to raise some hell
Trouble Downtown

The cruisers came lights flashing blue
They gunned him down their aim was true
The answer why went to the grave
When his life could not be saved
Trouble Downtown

Cheating on the one he loved
It was poison like a pusher's drug
One day he said this can't go on
She said then we'll die as one
Trouble Downtown

Pulled a pistol from her purse
Tears in her eyes she made a curse
She left this world without a friend
His kids never saw him again
Trouble Downtown

Working at the henhouse for a dollar a day
Can't make a living if it doesn't pay
Working at the henhouse for a dollar a day
Can't make a living if it doesn't pay
I used to be fond of chickens too
Now I'm working at the chicken coop

Squawking and pecking and laying eggs
Feeling kind of sorry for that bird in a cage
Squawking and pecking and laying eggs
Feeling kind of sorry for that bird in a cage
I'll never buy another can of chicken soup
Been working at the chicken coop

Over easy poached and sunny side up
Feathers get ruffled with a cackle and cluck
Boss getting orn'ry ain't it just my luck
He told me where to go
I said go get ...what?

Roosters crowing there's a broken yoke
If I don't work overtime I'm gonna go broke
Roosters crowing there's a broken yoke
If I don't work overtime I'm gonna go broke
I'll never have another chicken barbecue
Been working at the chicken coop

Working at the henhouse for a dollar a day
Can't make a living if it doesn't pay
Squawking and pecking and laying eggs
Feeling kind of sorry for that bird in a cage
Out of the fire into the frying pan
Think I'm gonna go vegetarian

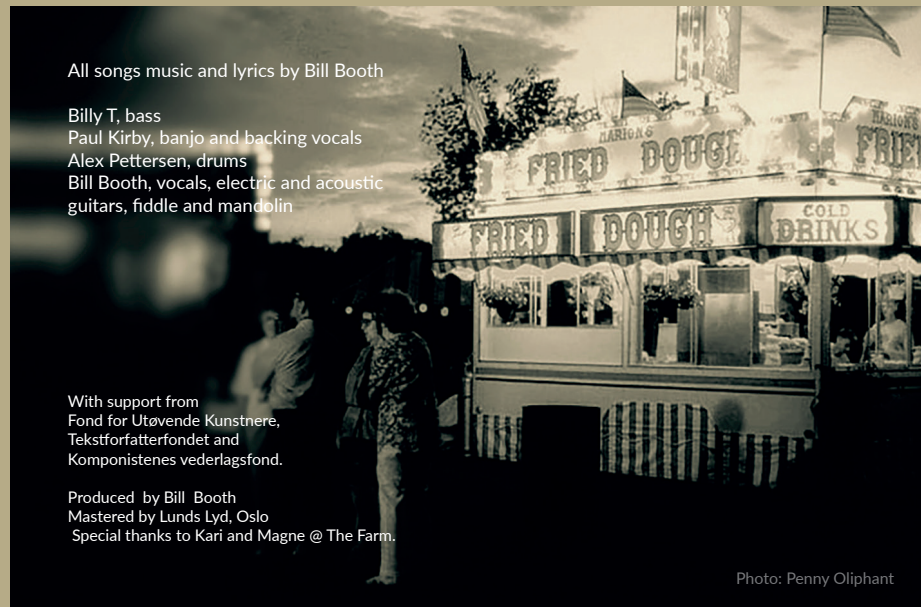
SNAKE ROOT REEL (instrumental)

All songs music and lyrics by Bill Booth

Billy T, bass
Paul Kirby, banjo and backing vocals
Alex Pettersen, drums
Bill Booth, vocals, electric and acoustic
guitars, fiddle and mandolin

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Tekstforfatterfondet
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