**1. This Whole Broken World**

If you were a ship, and I the first mate   
Out crossing the channels so deep   
I’d not learn to swim, for if you’d go down   
Down toward the depth of your fate,   
I’d soon be there quick in your wake   
  
If you were a carriage, and I held the reins   
Out crossing the badlands so wide   
I’d not learn to walk, for your axle fails   
Tied up by those arid chains   
Our wood and our bones bleach the same   
  
If you were a leaf, and I a strong gale   
All forcing the hold of your might   
I’d move between the light and toss around time   
And you’re bound there to follow my tracks   
For that’s the step in this old crooked dance   
  
If you were my own, and how I wish that you were   
To steer ‘round this whole broken world   
I’d not learn to love, as forever’s a long time   
All broke down by life’s weary game   
It’s enough to be posed in your frame

**2. The Month of May**

Last time I saw you   
It was in the month of May   
You floated down   
as a leaf that’s lost its way   
  
In days to come   
I’ll lay broken on the ground   
Just as a dream   
Still waiting to be found   
  
Does my heart echo   
In this dark and lonely room   
Is that the music   
Of a song that ends too soon   
  
Still far away   
You lay in your featherbed   
Just as a lady   
Gone back to sleep instead   
  
My heart’s a sparrow   
Gone cutting up the light   
I live the silence   
Of a clear and starry night   
  
I’ll build a tower   
That no one else can climb   
But through the keyhole   
Is a man who’s lost his mind   
  
And in the shadows   
A path that longs for light   
Just as the moon glows   
With all its milky light   
  
I’d fly away   
To some old distant land   
And as I prepare   
On my own legs I stand

**3. Wealth of Sorrow**

Across you lie in your sticks and stones   
Across the darkest ocean   
But here I am all blood and bones   
So constant in direction   
Not a compass am I needing   
  
What of the sea? She cried so sad   
What of that sea all storming   
I’ll build a boat with a rudder deep   
So constant in direction   
It will always keep me floating   
  
What of the peaks that lie between?   
What of those peaks all snowing?   
I’ll dig a trench so wide and low   
So constant in direction   
For the quickest i’m returning   
  
What of the rivers that roll and flood?   
What of that water flowing?   
I’ll build a bridge so strong and tall   
So constant in direction   
For the shortest I am traveling   
  
What of the wind that blows away?   
What of those gales howling?   
I’ll rope the gulls and tight will hold   
so constant in direction   
That the clouds will give me pardon   
  
What of the plains she cried so long   
What of that vastness slowing?   
I’ll cry the tears that’ll flood my way   
So constant in direction   
And across it I’ll come sailing   
  
What of the silence among the stars?   
What of that wealth of sorrow?   
I’ll sing a song so sad and true   
That the stars will line to light my path,   
And point me toward your dear affection

**4. Where The Bluebirds Sing**

He slipped the loop off the three strand gate   
And tires clamored off down the track   
He looked at the fields, at what might have been   
You can't change the future by looking back   
No you can't make it rain, or will the wind to stop its blowing   
Can't change the future by looking back   
  
  
It’s the closest to death, save for dying   
His shadow lay there flat on the ground   
He yearned for the rain to come wash it away   
You can’t tell a story without making a sound   
You can't slow the day, or knock the world off its axis   
Can’t tell a story without making a sound   
  
  
She paid a fair price for trouble   
This lonely world shone bright by the moon   
She lay still in the ditch, as the buzzards undressed her   
And the sun made its circles ‘round the room   
You can't take it back, as the world it keeps on spinning   
And the sun made its circles ‘round the room   
  
  
In the long dark hours of burden   
Morning feels like it's never gonna come   
The stone of her love lay heavy on his heart   
Like the horizon beneath the setting sun   
You can name all the stars, but not their place in the sky   
Like the horizon beneath the setting sun   
You can’t choose your fate, or lift the weight of the masses   
Like the horizon beneath the setting sun.

**5. Dark and Dreary**

When a man has lost his will

When a man has lost his will to live

It's a dark and Dreary world

My mothers gone by illness

My father he left by a triggered gun

It's a dark and Dreary world

Even in the noonday sun

The sun it spares the wilderness

The moon hangs cold on heavens rope

It's a dark and Dreary world

All deceived by pulpits hope

In ardor and in scarceness

A farrow soil 'neath rich and poor

It's a dark and Dreary world

And there's a lock on heavens door

**6. My Girl's Heavy**

Are those your footprints I’m following around

My head’s up in the clouds but my feet are on the ground

I’m down and out in London I’m down and out in Spain

And every time I head on out I come straight back again

My girl’s heavy, hold on tight,

My girl’s heavy sleeping through the night

Are those your footprints I’m following around

Coming from the country and headed into town

And when the winds get get blowing I pull down on my cap

Gone straight to the gutter for to take a little nap

Are those your footprints I’m following around

I traced them way up country and they turned me upside down

And when my girl gets heavy I start to float away

And when I kiss that pretty little girl I’ll live another day

Are those your footprints I’m following around

Pointed toward the north but I’m headed for the south

I travel through the day and I’m sleeping through the night

You may see me now but I’ll soon be out of sight

**7. All Over Babylon**

When Noah built the ark he said come little lambs now two by two   
Come now while the sky’s still blue   
When Noah built the ark he had a hammer and a chisel and a fine saw too   
Oh lord he hammered and he chiseled like you’ve gotta do   
  
But it rained all day, and it rained all night   
And it drank the sinners, all over Babylon   
  
When Noah built the ark he’d been waitin’ for a while for a rainbow sign   
Lookin’ to the heavens with a jug of wine   
When Noah built the ark he battened down the hatches and he hunkered on down   
Oh with the skeeters and the elephants, Glory bound

**8. Down in the Valley**

With my feet in my boots and my boots in the stirrups swinging down   
I sit in the saddle pointed just the other way from town   
I don’t know when I’ll get there but it’ll ease all the hard times that I’ve found   
But until then I’ll be sitting right up here with no feet on the ground   
  
Down in the valley the girls are dipping their toes   
While the men down at the station cry ‘oh lord, it goes how it goes’   
Down here on Jackson the bums are kicking at crows   
While the ladies of the evening cry ‘oh lord, it just goes to show’   
  
I don’t need money or luck, I sing the song that I chose   
I sit on the sidewalk believing anything that anybody knows   
I don’t know when I’ll get there but it’ll ease all the hard times that I’ve made   
But until then I’ll be sitting right down here laying down in the shade   
  
Down in the valley the geese are swimming their eights   
While the ladies of the evening cry ‘oh lord, you’re choosing your fate’   
Down here on broadway the boys are getting up late   
While the men out in the country walk the broad line between love and hate

**9. Those Mighty Beasts of Holm**

In the year 1918 when the war came tumbling down   
All men that were spared were home to Scotland bound   
The foaming shores of France all churned and lay there washed in red   
The mauled the mamed on a namely ship instead   
  
Across the channel wide and to the north she did sail   
A sea of fire couldn’t slow her down, nor could the strongest gale   
She sailed away from Kyle of Lochalsh on the last day of the year   
Filled with all the eager boys, she was Lewis bound to steer   
  
The sails were full on the Iolaire, as an eagle spreads it’s wings   
They cut across the Minch’s deep, feeling rich as any king   
But as the lights of the harbor came, as a beacon in the night   
The waves they crashed and the sea it roared and they saw a dreadful sight   
  
The captain cried an awful noise, a name they’d heard before   
Then a sound came thundering like death knocking at your door   
Below the waves all sleeping still, for nowhere did they roam   
They’d laid in wait, like some crooked fate, those mighty Beasts of Holm    
  
As the sea came rushing in, and the ship was sinking fast   
Two hundred weary sailors swam and saw their home the last   
Their leather boots like cannonballs pulled and tugged them down   
And who the war had spared, the sea it claimed them now   
  
In the year 1919, the first of days to come   
The Iolaire in the harbor sat, for this war had not been won   
The mast it stood one hundred yards, like a branch up toward the sky   
The last tree out on Lewis stood, as tall and sad goodbye   
  
All the island mothers walked, and combed the windy shores   
Sons washed up one by one in twos and threes and fours   
Below the waves all sleeping still, for nowhere did they roam   
They’d laid in wait, like some crooked fate, those mighty Beasts of Holm

**10. Young Jaime Foyers**

Far distant, far distant, lies Scotia the brave   
No tombstone memorial to hallow his grave   
For his bones they lie scattered on the rude soil of Spain   
For young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain   
  
From the Perthshire Militia we did a volunteer   
Along with young Foyers that bold halberdier   
To storm Bridges Castle right before break of day   
With Young Jamie Foyers leading the way   
  
While mounting the ladders for to scaling the wall   
A shot from a French gun made young Foyers fall   
He placed his right hand all across his left breast   
And thus Jamie Foyers his Comrades addressed   
  
To you Robert Percy who stands a campaign   
If goodness should send you to Scotland again   
You can tell my old father if yet his heart warms   
His son Jamie Foyers expired in your arms   
  
And if a few moments in Campsie I were   
My brothers and sisters my sorrow to share   
And alas my old mother, oh long may she mourn   
Her son Jamie Foyers will never return.   
  
“Oh, if I had a drink of that Baker's Brown well,   
My thirst it would quench and my fever would quell.”   
But his very live-blood was ebbing so fast,   
And young Jamie Foyers he soon breathed his last.