

## **I Come From Fall River**

I come from Fall River  
A tired old mill town  
Lizzie Borden lived here  
We don't mess around

I come from Fall River  
I have something to prove  
Knock this chip off my shoulder  
It's the heaviest thing to move

When you're born in my town  
Ya push a boulder uphill  
You do hard time on the assembly line  
Though some escape, some never will

I come from Fall River  
I'm half Portuguese, half French  
We eat chourico and meat pies  
Grew up in tenements

When you live in my town  
At breakfast you talk about lunch  
And at lunch you talk about supper  
We're never full, never full enough

Oh I come from Fall River  
We cut down all our trees  
We buried our falling river  
Built a highway, but no one leaves

When you work in my town  
You take pride in your pain  
Your mother works the graveyard shift  
And hopes that you will one day break the chain

Oh I come from Fall River  
My blood is in that ground  
Though I dream of greener pastures  
I'll die in my mill town

c 2019 Mike Laureanno ASCAP

**Mike Laureanno: acoustic guitar, vocals, harmonica, drums, bass**  
**Tom Duval: electric guitars**

## MARIA

Two Hail Marys, one Our Father  
Stained glass secret, silhouette of power  
Disinfection, holy water  
Host of ghosts swallowed every hour  
But she'll intercede, say a prayer for me

Maria  
Lady at the gate  
Take us in the back way  
Full of mercy, full of grace ... Maria

Blue Madonna, handmaiden  
In the cloak the hallowed weanling  
In Constantinople on their sails  
No cross deserter, she prevails  
But she'll intercede, say a prayer for me

## CHORUS

May I kiss your feet ?  
Ah did you wink ? You play so hard to get

Mama Mia, Avo  
Rosary beads rattle soft and low  
The temple veil's fallen down  
Can't go to father, fear the son  
But she'll intercede, say a prayer for me

## CHORUS

Two Hail Marys, one Our Father

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**M. Laureanno: vocals and acoustic guitar**  
**Tom Laureanno: cajon drum**  
**Frank Laureanno: bass**

## TRUE

Looking in the mirror  
Is the hardest thing to do  
But not for you  
Mama not for you

Tugging on your apron  
Your babies always knew  
They could count on you, Count on you

I can still remember how you rose every night  
To work the graveyard shift  
Then fry our eggs and smile

But looking in the mirror  
Is easy for you to do  
Cuz you are true through n' through

In Salvation Army Clothes you dressed us up  
We had enough, We had enough

Stacking all your pennies  
In little rows of trust  
You saved for us, saved for us

I recall the noise on the factory assembly line  
It took away your hearing a little at a time

But looking in the mirror  
Is easy for you to do  
Cuz you are true, through n"through  
You are true , through n' through

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno  
**M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar, bass, cello**

# TROY

I said a prayer for my friend, he's hangin' tough  
He always said "Keep the faith" and it served him well enough  
We'll take one more ride in my fifty Chevrolet  
Go back in time before the light begins to fade

He greets me with a bear hug, his hair is thin  
Though he's lost his lion's mane, he's still a king  
The old Chevy groans but she won't let us down  
I ask him where he wants to go he says "Our Hometown"

Now we're rolling along down these Fall River hills  
He and the Chevy are holding on still  
Hard-knocks and granite blocks and these tired old mills we call home

The cars's got no seat belts, it don't matter to him  
"There's worse ways to die" he says, then he laughs like a fisherman  
When life threw a punch, he knew what to do  
He just kept on casting his hope into the blue

There's a pushbutton radio at his knee  
The tubes hum, we sing along to a song from sixty-three  
Is this the fourth of July? Are we in the parade?  
Is this the last time we get to feel this way?

## CHORUS

There's pride in the name for the town you were born  
Ya can't rip the roots out of what's bred in the bone  
In eighteen o' four our city was called Troy  
Ya can't take the Fall River outta the boy

All those cliches and sympathy cards  
Holding back the tears, trying so hard  
To find a way to say goodbye to you  
Guys from our hood don't cry, yeh that aint true

Now you're rolling along down these Fall River hills  
You and the Chevy, forever still  
Hard-knocks and granite blocks and these tired old mills you call home  
You are home

**Words & Music: c 2016 M. Laureanno ASCAP**

**Acoustic guitars and vocal: Mike Laureanno**  
**Bass: Frank Laureanno**

## **DIG A LITTLE DEEPER**

When I think of my old granddad  
In the cotton mills as a boy  
A twelve hour day at a lunch-pail wage  
In torn overalls

I can still hear him say  
God Bless the WPA  
A dirty shirt is honest work  
It's not about the pay

When times get tough, dig a little deeper  
Never give up, dig a little deeper

Grandma cooked alone  
Her cupboard bare to the bone  
She could still make soup from whatever she found  
And make it smell like home

Her first born nearly died  
Just granddad by her side  
With weathered hands the working man  
Delivered his son alive

When times get tough, dig a little deeper  
Never give up, dig a little deeper

Granddad shoveled at dawn  
Building bridges and roads for a song  
He moved a mountain of stone to feed eight kids at home  
I wanna be that strong

When times get tough, dig a little deeper  
Never give up, dig a little deeper

When times get tough, dig a little deeper  
Never give up, dig a little deeper

Words & Music c 2016 M. Laureanno ASCAP  
**Acoustic guitar and vocals: Mike Laureanno**  
**Bass: Frank Laureanno, Fiddle: Cathy Clasper**

## HEAVE AWAY

In the Seamen's Bethel  
In eighteen forty-two  
He said a prayer for his vessel  
For the men in the crew

Manuel was a seaman  
He couldn't write or read  
But he learned some english from the greenhand  
Who sang the chantey

CHORUS                    Heave away, heave away  
                                  For the oil and the bone  
                                  Heave away, heave away  
                                  For the rum and the women back home

From the port of New Bedford  
All the way to Zanzibar  
Manuel taught the greenhand  
The rope, the rigging and the spars

How to row, how to sail  
To tie a knot tight and strong  
In return the greenhand  
Played his old accordion

- CHORUS -

One hundred feet above the deck  
The lookout cried "Thar she blows"  
Manuel and the greenhand  
Side by side began to row

Eighteen men against the odds  
A fifty ton leviathan  
Just one line in the captain's log  
The whale killed the greenhand

- CHORUS -

In the Seamen's Bethel  
In eighteen forty-two  
He said a prayer for his vessel  
For the greenhand he knew

c 2015 M. Laureanno ASCAP

**Acoustic guitar, accordion, vocals: M. Laureanno**

**Bass: Frank Laureanno, Cajon: Tom Laureanno**

## **Maria do Mar**

Maria do Mar of Sao Miguel  
Sang her blues in her black laced shawl  
For the shipwrecked souls in their tangled nets and poles  
She was their Madonna, they called to her from the shoals

She could salvage their fate, take them home  
Her voice was a prayer, her voice was a poem  
With a mother's hands she could command  
A host of angels to lay them down on dry land

And she answers to their call  
She cradles them in song  
She wraps them in her shawl

She sang for the whalers adrift in their boats  
For their wives by the shore with their rosary hopes  
For Antonio who had drunk his last porto  
Who never saw the widow-maker that swallowed him whole

- CHORUS -

A tear shaped Portuguesa guitarra  
Starts the song for the fishermen at the bar  
Then Maria begins her benediction  
Delivers them from their fears and their scars

- CHORUS -

Maria do Mar of Sao Miguel

**Words & Music: c 2016 M. Laureanno ASCAP**

**Acoustic guitar and vocal: Mike Laureanno**

**Bass: Frank Laureanno, Cello, violin: Cathy Clasper-Torch**

## ONE BY ONE

One by one they lined the docks  
They sailed away like the ark  
One by one, to the promised land

One by one in single file  
Names were changed on Ellis Island  
One by one, millions, one by one

And that brave new world held hope  
They kissed the ground, we're all immigrants

One by one, they spun and wove  
Mile by mile they built roads  
One by one, a new nation

One by one in fields they slaved  
Working jobs, no one would take  
One by one, freedom

And that brave new world held hope  
They kissed the ground, we're all immigrants

Now we come by dark of night  
Chased by dogs and flashing lights

Now the river's wide  
Who will reach the other side?  
One by one, forgotten

But that brave new world held hope  
We kissed the ground, we're all immigrants  
One by one, one by one

c 2019 Mike Laureanno, ASCAP  
**Piano, vocals: Mike Laureanno**

## THE AVENUERS

We called our pond the Avenuer  
We were fifteen years old, skating on thin ice  
We prayed to Odin for cold weather  
By December we would make a sacrifice

Tie a rope around the fattest kid in town  
Slide him out on the icy mill pond  
Should the God's decide he should not die  
We'd raise our sticks to the North Star and cry

There was a mill by Avenuer  
With workers in blue overalls and boots  
Who shared their window with the pigeons  
And a minimum wage eight hour view  
With their metal lunch box, thermoses, tin cups  
They'd watch us skate to escape their boredom  
We'd put a show on, they'd grow an hour young  
Till the foreman yelled, "Back to work, you bums!"

Our old clubhouse on Avenuer  
Built with planks and cinder blocks we stole  
From right under the nose of the mill owner  
In broad daylight we dared take it all  
With a bucket brigade, we made our raid  
We were Robin Hood on crusade  
The workers looked on, laughin' in the sun  
saluting us, one by one

Beneath the ice of Avenuer  
Rest a hundred hockey pucks in the mud  
But not all them were losers  
falling into cracks was how we grew up  
Hear my mama scold, "Your hot chocolate's getting cold"  
One more rush, before we're too old  
Though we are frozen, we wait to come in  
Seizing the last slice of sunlight fallin'

We called ourselves the Avenuers  
We were fifteen years old, skating on thin ice

c 2013 M. Laureanno ASCAP

**acoustic guitars, bass, vocals: M. Laureanno**

## **NO ONE WILL EVER FILL YOUR SHOES**

You handed down to me your drafting set  
Scripto pencil, compass and tee square  
Your high school blue prints from 1954  
With tracing paper I drew your lines once more

It wasn't easy to copy you, I didn't have a clue  
How hard it'd be you step into your shoes

You rose at six and worked till six each day  
Never called in sick, pulled twice your weight  
I remember the smell of the mill on your clothes  
You cut the stress with a pack of Marlboros

All the while you paid your dues, I never knew  
What it was like to live in your shoes

I wanted to be a draftsman like you  
Wear a tie and sit high on a stool  
You could've said, "Son don't be like me"  
Instead you took me to see you in the factory

It changed my point of view, I stayed in school  
You saved me from working in your shoes

Now you lay mother's pills on a tray  
You pay the bills and make sure she's ok  
You love to laugh and talk and you can't stop  
That's how you exercise your heart

Everyday it's so damn true  
I get more and more like you

No one will ever fill your shoes  
No one will ever fill your shoes

© 2015 ASCAP Music & Lyrics: M. Laureanno  
**M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar and harmonica**  
**Tom Laureanno: cajon drum**  
**Frank Laureanno: bass**