

SUMMER'S GONE

The wings of a dead moth folded
Like nun's hands in prayer
The harvest moon hung over
In scarlet silhouette

CHORUS And the trees were shivering in the cold losing
 All their leaves to the autumn breeze, summer's gone

The geese have taken to the north wind
The bear is crawlin' to the den
There's gonna be some resurrection
When that Exodus returns

CHORUS

Too cold to hang sheets on the line
Two cold birds sang their goodbyes

CHORUS

The scythe hisses, the reaper whispers, but who will hear ?

She bid adieu in October
The rustling leaves gossiped
She carried too much color
Better winter's nakedness

CHORUS

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal and acoustic guitar
Cathy Clasper-Torch: fiddle
Chris Farias: mandolin
Tom Laureanno: cajon drum
Tom Duval: harmony and electric bass
Caleb Cook: upright bass

JOE

Joe is holding court at the bus depot
Buskin' and dancin', strumming on an old banjo
On the flip-side of luck
Brother can you spare a buck ?

His derby hat's full of old moth holes
His Goodwill vest can't warm his chest
It's December and it's getting cold
He takes a nip
Fuel for the rocket ship

 He had a job in the factory
 Before the labor moved overseas
CHORUS Before the water rose above his nose
 When the unemployment check ran out
 It was a haymaker, an eight count
 Now he sings for those who have a place to go
 Hey Joe

Joe loved Louise, Louise loved nice clothes
When things got rough, she had enough
She left him for another Joe
But he's has her photo
And the old banjo

CHORUS

He's on the ropes and he swings back with a song
Ah there's still hope, rope-a-dope, the winter nights are long

It's a blue light night, time in jail is warm
Three hots and a cot
A misdemeanor and a sad song
The sergeant knows his name
Slips him some change

CHORUS

c 2013 Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: M. Laureanno & Michael Troy

M. Laureanno: lead vocal and acoustic guitar
Tom Duval: bass, banjo, electric guitar, drums and harmonies

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 and cello

HAVE MERCY ON THE SINNER

Father Green taught chemistry
He loved the feel of a flask
Lit cigars on Bunsen burners
Hid Old-Grand-Dad in his desk

Father Wolf taught us English
Drowned his pain in metaphor
Read us "The Scarlet Letter"
Another reverend with a flaw

CHORUS Lord if your forgiveness
 Is your stock and trade
 Have mercy on the sinner
 Who can't be saved

Father Flaucher taught us music
Wrote hymns to celebrate spring
Harmonized with Sister Margret
Like lovelorn birds they'd sing

CHORUS

They took a vow, there were no women
But there was plenty of red wine
Was Father Wolf ever forgiven
When he hung himself at Christmastime ?

CHORUS

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar and harmonica
Tom Duval: bass, electric guitar and harmonies
Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

SPRING

Now that the snow is gone
Crocuses kiss the sun
The cardinal sings to his fair one
In the key of April rapture

Cherry blossoms fill the air
Eternal hope everywhere
The muses dance, they draw you near
They lead, you follow after

CHORUS Spring will have you flyin'
 She'll lift you in her arms
 Spring will have you smilin'
 She's the perfect song

In the dew of the morn
With daffodils she sings along
To a mocking bird's lusty song
The month of May is Eden

A cotton dress, a June breeze
A blessed gust reveals her knees
The faintest blush, the sweetest tease
Nectar of the season

CHORUS

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar and bass
Cathy Clasper-Torch: fiddle

LITTLE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS

- Footnote: A couple of years ago 5000 blackbirds mysteriously fell from the sky and died. This made front page news. Buried on page ten that same day was mention of the fact that the US death toll in the Iraq/Afghanistan war had reached 5000. This song is a little allegory about the birds and the soldiers.

Little red-winged blackbirds falling from the sky
Little red-winged blackbirds falling from the sky
Five thousand blackbirds, but the true count's classified

Roosting in the willows, preened lean and fit
Roosting in the willows, preened lean and fit
Five thousand blackbirds, with their bright red epaulets

There came a shrill order, they scrambled to the sky
There came a shrill order, they scrambled to the sky
Five thousand blackbirds, did not question why

They hit the ground with thunder, enough to shake the West Wing
They hit the ground with thunder, enough to shake the West Wing
Five thousand blackbirds, of thee I sing

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal and acoustic guitar

Tom Duval: acoustic lead guitar

Frank Laureanno: bass

Tom Laureanno: cajon drum

LET GO

Your wine glass is nearly empty
“No sadder sight” you would say
I’ll fill it up if you will tell me
You have a new song to play

Your black guitar, a Depression beauty
Your raspy voice above a hush
Never guilty of too pretty
But always held a royal flush

CHORUS Let go, let it go, through the heart, through the bone

You played ‘em all in Kerrville Texas
And in the pubs of County Clare
And in the heart and ribs of Memphis
At Rendezvous’ swigging beer

And in your green velvet jacket
Whispering your Irish tales
Clicking heels, doing magic
Dropping coins in your ale

CHORUS

Some were bitter, some were sweeter and some could make you cry
Your songs took no prisoners, they never apologized

The wine in your glass is all gone
And so are you my friend
But I would open you a jeroboam
If only you could play again

But ain’t it like you to leave me to
Talk to myself all night long
If you were here what would you do ?
You’d say, “Shut up and sing the song”

CHORUS

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal and acoustic guitar

Tom Duval: bass, electric guitar and harmonies

THE GARDEN

Mama said don't touch the butterfly or it won't leave the ground
But when she turned her head his little hand reached out without a sound

Now its velvet rice papered wings were numb
And its golden dust stained his careless thumb
In the flower bed between geraniums
He laid its body down, in the garden

Fetch that pitchfork, strip that sod off, get yourself down on your knees
Plant that lettuce and those peppers, stretch that trellis carefully

But rabbits came and beetles too
And his innocence was their food
So he built a fence, called in the troops
Defending, the garden

He received an invitation to her wedding Sunday
It will be outside in her back yard where they used to play

Beneath grapevines they once kissed
While the porcelain Virgin bird bath blushed
Then he caught her garter, just his luck
Coveting, in the garden

Mama said don't touch the butterfly or it won't leave the ground

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal and acoustic guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: fiddle

Caleb Cook: upright bass

GOLD RUSH

The gold rush is ended, did not go as intended
The ghost of lost hope lives in this town
The tools of the busted are scattered and rusted
The dust of his dreams still in the ground
He sees it so clearly now as a fool in barren lands
All the wealth he desired lay in her hands

The cicadas are silent, livestock are dying
It hasn't rained in forty days
The last horse has fallen, buzzards are callin'
As thirst steals his faith and claims its prey
He sees it so clearly now in the valley where he lay
The day he left her side was when he lost his way

A coyote's grievin', a woman believin'
Her man's solemn vow to return
Beyond her forgiveness and his reason for leavin'
The love in her heart will always burn
She sees it so clearly now as a fool for a gold struck man
All the wealth she desired lay in his hands

The gold rush is ended, did not go as intended
The ghost of lost hope lives in this town

c 2013 Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: Roy Champagne and M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitars and bass
Tom Duval: electric guitar and harmonies

All I DIDN'T DO (to deserve you)

When my fever came this morning
You answered to my calling
Kissed the sweat from my brow

You finally knew what it meant
For better or worse, so you went
And rocked me in the bough of your arms

CHORUS All I didn't do to deserve you
 Ah you put me to shame
 I'm a son-of-a-bitch it's true
 And you're a saint

Before you left you filled my pitcher
I'll be damned how much I miss ya
But when you come back home I'll set things right

But soon my halo will start to fall
And turn into a noose when all
The good I'd planned to do has taken flight

CHORUS

Well fevers will do the damnest things
You promise God you'll come clean, I do, I do believe

Though I can't unscramble an egg
I'll make you breakfast in bed
Hell, I'll do the laundry

All I didn't do to deserve you
Ah you put me to shame
But I want you to know that I love you
You're all I ain't

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno

M. Laureanno: vocal and acoustic guitar
Tom Duval: bass and lead acoustic guitar

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 while they ate their donuts
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

Words and Music: c 2013 M. Laureanno
M. Laureanno: vocal, harmony, acoustic guitars and bass

PUSHING BACK WINTERTIME

The snow is climbing high
His memory drifts in the night
Through the heart of a storm
To his heart that was torn
Pushing back wintertime

She was the spring, he was the fall
They couldn't bring down that wall
In a blizzard she took flight
He watched her fade to white
Pushing back wintertime

She planted a tree in his yard
She said it would grow to the stars
Now with ice covered limbs
It fights in the wind
Pushing back wintertime

Burning her oak in the fire
Saying goodbye, old desire
The melting has begun
A snowdrop greets the sun
Pushing back wintertime
Pushing back wintertime

c 2013 Music: M. Laureanno; Lyrics: M. Laureanno and Roy Champagne

M. Laureanno: vocal, acoustic guitar, cello, viola and oboe