



Sun-Scorched Land Tracklist

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4. Jobandee
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6. Providence Drive
7. Already There
8. When I Come Back
9. Blind Beggar Saloon
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HAND TO THE PLOUGH

Hand to the plough, Don't you ever look back
Hand to the plough, Don't you ever look back
Hand to the plough, Don't you ever look back
It's a long row to hoe

I was living in the middle of a sun-scorched land
Your water was black as coal
A remedy, this could be a helping hand
Just a taste will erase your soul

A hungry man said, can you give me some food?
I said, sure, here, take this bone
Then suddenly, the night, it turned into noon
And I realized I was alone

I fell asleep underneath the Judgement Tree
When I woke, you were gone
A rattling snake told me I needed something to eat
But I figured he was wrong

I was blind from the sky in the sun-scorched land
The hungry man led me to the waterside
I saw the light fill up the cup of his hand
And a voice said, Here Am I

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LOCOMOTIVE

Hear that locomotive sing, It will bring me what I need

I will see the light and be baptized in the ash and fire Oh, hear that locomotive sing

Hear that whistle in the wind, How it calls me like a friend

I will stow away and find a brand new day Oh, hear that locomotive sing

And see that steel shine bright as coal, It will lead me to my home

I will catch a ride and make my way to the other side Oh, hear that locomotive sing

Feel the churning of those wheels, They will show me what is real

I will feel alive when I ride that track through the open night Oh, hear that locomotive sing

Can you feel the shaking in the walls, Now I know it won't be long

Til' I will have my say and take to the permanent way Oh, hear that locomotive sing

Hold that grab-iron handle loose, Find another train to cruise

I will catch it on the fly and take it to the sweet by and by Oh, hear that locomotive sing

Hear that locomotive sing, It will bring you what you need

You will see the light and be baptized in the ash and fire Oh, hear that locomotive sing

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THE YEAR OF BEETLEJUICE

He beat me by four days and forty-seven years

I was too late to the show; I was too late to be heard

He stole away from his hometown—a middle-finger to his fears

I stayed around for far too long; I was safe, but I wasn't assured

It took me by surprise the first time I heard him sing

“You're No Good,” “New York Town,” “Well, well, well

So I Can Die Easy,” so I stepped into the ring

It ain't until you toss in your cap that you can answer the bell

Everybody's got a foe, everybody's got a friend

Everybody's got a frown, everybody's got a grin

But nobody's got the lowdown on what's about to begin and end

I met her once in haste at the wicked Gate of Horn

She sang the German Lied; she sang “Muleskinner Blues”

She sang “The Battle Hymn,” “No More Auction Block, No More”

I listened with regard, 'cuz what you hear is what you choose

It was the year of Beetlejuice, the last year of Reagan's rule

The year that he gave 'em “Down in the Groove” and they gave him the Hall of Fame

It was the year that Miss Holmes got back in the booth and sang some spirituals

After a decade and a half recording drought; it was the year that I got my name

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JOBANDEE

Mr. Jobandee sings just to scuffle a dime
From dawn to dusk he does what he must to feed a family of nine
A mighty movin', a mighty movin' he'll bring When Mr. Jobandee begins to sing

Mr. Jobandee knows that the head of the town
Is a vicious man who does what he can to bring the people down
So dressed in dregs, Jobandee begs for the people to hear
He sings and shouts and rouses a crowd; they all tip him and cheer

We're gonna take that devil, take that devil down (4X)

The more he shouts, the more turn out—the more money he makes
Mr. Jobandee crows, leadin' a parade
And they hunted down the head of the town; gonna make him pay
But 'Bandee snuck around the block and he hid away...

We're gonna raise that banner, raise that banner high (2X)
We're gonna take that devil, take that devil down (2X)

Jobandee had lied, he didn't have nine; he didn't have one kid
Now he wore a Goorin lid upon his head, held a dame in his hand
But the people fixed on 'Bandee's tricks; he's gonna pay for his sin
So the bandit lit out for another town to do it over again

We're gonna bring that bandit, bring that bandit back (2X)
We're gonna take that devil, take that devil down... (2X)

Mr. Jobandee sings just to scuffle a dime
From dawn to dusk he does what he must to feed a family of nine

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A FEELING I GET

It's a feeling I get deep in my chest After all of my strength has turned into weeks of work
It's a feeling I get like I can't catch my breath Though I'm breathing so damn hard that it hurts
And I pace in this prison, in a cell of precision My file reads: a fraud and a fake
It's a feeling I get deep in my chest But your love finds a way to me

It's a thought that I get deep in my head After all of my wonder turns to worried words
It's a thought that I get like I don't know what's ahead Though I'm looking so damn hard that it hurts
And my mind spins around just like a wheel on the ground My foot frozen still on the brake
It's a thought that I get deep in my head But your love finds a way to me

It's a feeling I get deep in my chest I felt it from the moment I met you first
It's a feeling I get like I can't catch my breath Though I'm breathing so hard that it hurts
But I'm freed from this prison by a narrow decision My file reads: the debt has been paid
It's a feeling I get deep in my chest When your love finds a way to me

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PROVIDENCE DRIVE

Take the narrow road up until You reach the narrow gate made of sacred steel

You'll know you've gone too far if the hill begins to take a dive

But to know where to go you need to know where you've been

If you have to look back, look ahead again

If you're lights are dim, you won't see the sign Marked Providence Drive

Though the road is old, it's hardly worn Your treads shouldn't slip with the pedal floored

And with a one-handed grip, you need to shift it to fourth; keep it in-between the lines

You may be tempted to travel down a distorted detour

You may be tempted to give it up, cut the trip short

You may make a few wrongs well before you finally make a hard right On Providence Drive

If you see someone 'a-walkin' afoot And they're lookin' back, then they're staying put

But if their head is straight and their hand is up, then they're probably trying to hitch a ride

So if you have the room, then carry the weight But if you park the car, don't hesitate

Or it's likely you'll stay stranded there on the side Of Providence Drive

After mountain, valley, river, and bog

Through the rain, through the sleet, through the wind and the fog

Is a clearing upon which you can spot The Way and The Truth and The Life...

But to get there you gotta drive the Providence Mile It takes the will to avow, it takes awhile

It takes a lowly and a holy style to ride on Providence Drive...

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ALREADY THERE

Well God said to Moses, I'll show you the land

Moses said, God, I don't care I can see you're holding heaven in the palm of your hand

Cuz I'm already there

And God said to the president, man, you know that's a sin

President said, God, I don't care I got to get it while it's good before I go to the pen

Cuz I'm already there

And God said to the righteous man, you'll never make a cent

Righteous man said, God I don't care Eternity is something that could never be spent

And I'm already there

God said to the corporate man, stop cheating your friends

Corporate man said, God I don't care I would rather live alone and have it pay dividends

Cuz I'm already there

God said to Jesus, Son, you know how this ends

Jesus said, God I don't care They can hang me up to die but then I'll fly through the air

Cuz I'm already...

And God said to the devil in red, to hell with you, man

Devil said, God I don't care I done built a burning mansion and I made up a bed

Cuz I'm already there

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WHEN I COME BACK

When I come back I'll be a hero, baby
When I come back I'll be your loving man
When I come back you'll need a hero, baby
But I don't know if I can be one then

Every day that I'm alive my baby
Every day I'm gonna bring you down
Every day you'll need a hero, baby
But I don't know if I can wear that crown

Take my hand and sing a gentle tune
Dress it with a ring and set it loose

Did a few things I never thought that I would do
From a boy to a man in a ten month stint
Over in 'Nam I was a hero, baby
Now I don't know if I can be content

Make my heart into a red balloon
Tie it to a string and set it loose

Oh, my love You'll hold my hand again
You'll hear my voice, I'll sing your song
But it won't be me at all

Though I am gone you'll always be my baby
Though I am gone you'll have my heart to keep
Though I am gone you'll have a hero, baby
Now that I know what I can be asleep

Make my heart into a red balloon
Tie it to a string and set it loose

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BLIND BEGGAR SALOON

A pretty girl was Bessy Two men loved her dearly
Dom said, I will die for you Dan said, I will buy for you

Bess said, you do not know me I come from a foreign country
A land of depravation Poor is my station

Her father was a noble until he lost his eyes in battle
From then he was a pauper begging at the local bar

Oh, Lord, don't you know what you could lose? More than your sight at the Blind Beggar Saloon

Dan would have no part of Bessy's lowly station
Your father is a beggar and I am a man of stature

Dom, he paid no mind of Bessy's lowly station
I do not measure true love by the weight of the wallet

Though of lowly station, the beggar had kept a fortune
He saved it in a coffer And so he made this offer:

The man that can match me dollar for dollar by the end of the score,
I will let him marry my daughter, take the lot, and leave me poor

But the man I top, dollar for dollar by the end of the count,
he will stay away from my daughter and his eyes will come out

The men laid down their money One man came up wanting
Dom would hold pretty Bessy's hand Dan would never see her again

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DOWN IN BETHLEHEM

There's a baby in a manger down in Bethlehem and he's coming down to tend to our souls

There's a baby in a manger down in Bethlehem Sing it high and sing it low

There's a shepherd with a flock around Jerusalem and he's going 'round to fill up his fold

There's a shepherd with a flock around Jerusalem Sing it high and sing it low

There's a teacher in the temple for the people to hear and he's goin 'round to preach in their homes

There's a teacher in the temple for the people to hear Sing it high and sing it low

There's a healer in the desert for the sick and the lame and he's going 'round a-mendin' our bones
There's a healer in the desert for the sick and the lame Sing it high and sing it low

There's a man upon a cross, Oh Lord it shoulda been me But he gathered up my heavy load

There's a man upon a cross, Oh Lord it shoulda been me

There's a man upon a cross and he's a-suffering But he's coming down to rescue our souls

There's a resurrected man, look at his hands and feet Sing it high and sing it low

There's a baby in a manger down in Bethlehem and he's coming down to tend to our souls

There's a baby in a manger down in Bethlehem Sing it high and sing it low

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