

## *Waiting To Fall*

Hello  
We meet here once again  
Where four walls can't hold us in  
Poetry in motion  
Though  
You may not know my name  
It means nothing just the same  
Grab onto my hand an' we'll escape!  
Into  
The worlds that we create  
An' the pictures that we paint  
Languid orange, pastel grey  
An' blue  
The world in columns streaming down  
Onto this old river town  
New beginnings coming through the clouds  
Coz' I'm changing all my strings  
St. Cecelia's gonna sing for me  
So forget all the sting  
Of the hang-ups that you bring  
An' be free  
Live as much right now as you can  
You could spend your whole life waiting  
Waiting to fall into it  
We're just  
Like graffiti on speeding trains  
We change an' move to a different place  
Some of us remain the same  
You must  
Know that rails can't hold us back  
You got to dare to jump on the track  
Try an' find a new path  
Coz' there are things you can't learn  
Just because you're getting a little older  
You tried but you burned  
Your candle at both ends an' now you're colder  
Live as much right now as you can  
You can't spend your whole life just waiting  
Waiting to fall into it  
Hello!  
We meet here once again  
Where four walls can't hold us in  
Poetry in motion

## *1. Waiting to Fall*

I wrote *Waiting to Fall* in the Fall of 2010 just after I came home from one of our first long road trips to Ohio. As I was coming home the fall sunlight was shining through the clouds in these columns of light. It seemed to be shining on my new home of Grand Rapids...and on a restaurant by my house called *New Beginnings*. Coincidence? A sign?  
I had just left my job as a youth director in a small church in Sparta, MI and was planning on giving music a shot more full time. My wife and I had just bought a house in Grand Rapids and were getting settled in our new home.  
Also, the band was going through lots of changes then as well. Nathan left the group and the separation wasn't exactly pretty. Very soon after Emily would leave the group and Justin would be joining us onstage playing electric guitar. But this song isn't about the breakup of what was "Drake"....  
*Waiting to Fall* is about letting go of any hang ups you have about your life or self, searching for the present moment, growing up into yourself, and not having a set path that you just follow... it is really about "new beginnings" in everyway. We recorded this song first at Joe Giese's studio and the re-recorded it at Henry Ford CC. I wanted to start the album with songs that had only Paul, Nic, and I playing on it. I play banjo, mandolin, and harmonica. Nic plays bass (on all tracks) and Paul plays drums (on all tracks).

**Enthusiastic, Evangelistic, Preacher Man**

Standing on the corner  
Bible in your hand  
Waiving it an' preaching it  
But I don't understand  
When I'm driving in my van  
Down Michigan Avenue  
People just getting where they're going  
They're not listening to you  
An' I do not understand  
Enthusiastic, Evangelistic, Preacher Man  
Next week you bring a partner  
Standing at your right hand  
Carrying a sign that reads  
"Have you been saved yet"  
While your screaming at the cars  
With a soapbox underneath your shoes  
People just getting where they're going  
They've already heard the news  
An' I'll never understand  
Enthusiastic, Evangelistic, Preacher Man  
Four or five blocks over  
At the grocery store you can see  
Outside a man named Leon an'  
He's pushing carts for free  
He ain't got no home to speak of  
Earns his money one cart at a time  
Trying to get where he's going  
Without asking "can you spare a dime?"  
An' you do not understand  
Enthusiastic, Evangelistic, Preacher Man  
My preaching days are over  
But one thing I can see  
Cleary you are wasting time  
Playing revolutionary  
You ain't got no ground to stand on  
Lord, ain't that the truth!  
People just getting where they're going  
Without sleeping in the pews  
An' you'll never understand  
Enthusiastic, Evangelistic,  
Energetic, Unrealistic  
Enthusiastic, Evangelistic, Preacher Man

**2. Enthusiastic, Evangelistic, Preacher Man**

Every once in a while I see this guy on the corner of Michigan and Fuller over by my house. He stands on a box, waves his bible around, and preaches to the cars. The second time I saw him he had a friend behind him looking not as happy to be there as he was with a sign around his neck that said "Have you been saved yet?" I found it really odd to be preaching the way he was to cars during rush hour not only because it's just a bit weird but also because G.R. has this reputation of being a very conservative Christian city. So it's likely that most people driving home after work at this particular Intersection are conservative middle to upper class white Christians...not unlike himself. It's amazing to see how many different interpretations there are of who Jesus was and how he intended his followers to live life. In my opinion, doing things like preaching on a street corner to cars and praying in front of a Woman's Resources buildings to end abortion is not exactly what Jesus had in mind. In the middle of this song, I talk about a guy named Leon working at a grocery store. I would always see him working outside pushing carts...even in the rain/snow. I would smile and nod at him. I met Leon sometime in January '11. Someone in the grocery store was saying how they weren't sure if they had enough money for something and I overheard them speaking so I offered a dollar to the man so he could get whatever it was that they wanted. It turned out that they were trying to buy some food for Leon. They told me that Leon was homeless and that he pushed carts outside for free, for tips, and that they were speaking to the manger the next day to try and get Leon an actual job there. Eventually, Leon got hired and still works there. This is the first song on the album to deal with religious themes. I tell people that I am constantly in a fight with God...and He tends to win. I've taken a break from being involved with any church in particular...maybe forever. We'll see. But I can say that I think fighting for social justice is important no matter what you believe and standing on a street corner isn't helping. I know Leon wouldn't have gotten that job if those two men didn't speak up about it. That's how social justice works.

### *Modern Times*

Modern times have got us  
Wild eyed and starving  
For some truth  
An' we want to eat our fill  
'Till our bellies are fat an' happy  
Grace is jus' a sugar kiss  
Waiting for you to  
Take your seat at the feast

Coz time isn't on your side  
Why wait for tomorrow  
You could slide right off of the sunrise  
With all your heart, soul, an' your mind  
Love in these modern times

Modern times have got us  
Running and frightened  
At least Fox News  
Tells us we should be  
'Till our minds are open wide  
Our hearts and our hands are tide  
Waiting for someone to  
Be the change we want to see

### *3. Modern Times*

Modern Times also has some religious themes about fighting for social justice. It's also about not waiting for another day to live the life you want to live...much like Waiting To Fall. I'm told this song sounds like a Dave Matthews song...but I'm not sure which one. Either way, it has a cool varied meter going from 4 to 7. I'm also pretty proud of the banjo solo in the middle.

### **Blueberry Wine**

My Granddaddy he drank whiskey  
I only drink it for a change of pace  
To start me up but when I drink to much  
I end up on my face  
Still I need a remedy that's going to cure me  
An' ease my worried mind  
Now when I got the whiskey blues  
I dink that Blueberry Wine

See once I met this fellow  
Whispers of grey in his hair  
He said "If all life's a window  
Take a good look over here!"  
He pointed to a half empty bottle  
An' said "This sure does mighty fine  
For when I'm tired of paying my dues  
An' it's called Blueberry Wine"

Well hand over the bottle friend  
Let me take a look  
A warning label from the government's  
How you know it must be good  
But you say you made it yourself  
Well, friend, I'll give it a try  
Right then and there's where I heard the gospel news  
Of that Blueberry wine

I drank it in the summer  
Drank it in the fall  
Drank it in the winter  
But by spring it was gone  
So I headed out on the dance floor  
To have myself a real good time  
Coz dancing's the cure for your blues  
When you don't have Blueberry Wine

### **4. Blueberry Wine**

If you've been to one of our live shows, you might know the story behind this song.

Those of you who haven't heard the story it goes like this:

The band was playing in Mt. Pleasant at Rubbles. I had way too many whiskeys and had a rough morning of it. Feeling super hung-over I met up with my dad at the Dunegrass and Blues Festival in Empire. I was laying in the sun listening to some music and still feeling hung-over in the mid afternoon. I started talking to a guy who was drinking some of his homemade blueberry wine. When he offered some to me I told him I was too hung-over to drink with him. But after "just a sip" we decided to drink the whole bottle. Hangover cured. I also used some things that my friend Nelson had said at a party..."a warning label from the government let's you know it must be good!" Mark "Huggy Bear" Lavengood played dobro on this track...and it's awesome. He recorded in Chicago while he was living there in may of 2011 while we were on tour.

### **First Paved Street**

The rain pours down on Detroit  
But that doesn't stop all the cars  
Down on Woodward Ave.  
Way out an' beyond the first traffic light  
The world ever knew  
There's a girl out there  
Who waits for me  
With an umbrella for her hair  
Goulashes on her feet  
An' a kiss under the lamppost  
That makes it worth  
The three hours of driving  
An' it makes me think

That when Henry Ford made the "T"  
Maybe he was thinking of me  
So I could drive across  
This great lakes state  
Onto the first paved street

Her an' I got hitched in her momma's church  
Where she plays the organ every Sunday  
For all the believers  
An' we got dreams  
Of traveling across the USA  
Digging all fifty states  
We'll start off in Chicago to reminisce  
South to Florida East to Virginia  
An' California out West  
She could heal the sick  
An' playing music  
Is just fine by me  
We will be just like Kerouac and Cassidy

When Henry Ford made the "T"  
I'd like to think he was thinking of you and me  
So we could drive across this great country  
Onto the first paved street

The rain doesn't feel the same in Seattle  
It hits so hard it makes us wonder  
If it really is time  
To head back home near the world's first traffic light  
With our baby girl on the way in mind  
An' her momma whose hair has grown a touch more  
grey  
While we've seen Mississippi's swamps  
Montana's beauty and space  
It's coming back home that makes it worth the hours  
of driving  
An' it makes me think

That when Henry Ford made the "T"  
Maybe he was thinking of you and me  
So we could drive across

This great lakes state  
Onto the first paved street

When Henry Ford made the "T"  
I'd like to think he was thinking of you and me  
Even though he didn't know  
About carbon footprints  
An' alternatives to gasoline

When Henry Ford made the "T"  
I'd like to think he was thinking of me  
So I could drive across this great country  
Onto the first paved street

### **5. First Paved Street**

A friend had told me that Woodward Ave in Detroit was the first paved street in Detroit...maybe even ever. The first traffic light was set up near Cleveland. This song is a fictionalized version of the truth...not a true story. Tammy and I always have wanted to travel, though. Tammy wanted to be a travel nurse for a while and I was thinking about what that would be like. During the last bit of the song I mention how Henry Ford must not have known about carbon footprints or alternatives to gasoline. However, I heard after I had written the song that Ford perhaps did know the alternatives at the time. I haven't found any documentation, but according to Nate Karnes who plays the organ on this track, he wanted to run his cars on alternatives but big oil tycoons forced him to have them run on gasoline. If anyone knows any information on this, it would be cool to read about it.

### **The Sparrow**

As the universe  
In creation's breath  
Eternally exhales  
An' inhales again  
From the beginning  
To the end

Does the sparrow  
With broken wing  
That lay dieing  
Still get seen?  
Has freedom lost its sting?  
An' does it seem indicting?  
Or does life move on  
From song to song?

What will be mine?  
What will be yours?  
Does He see the sparrow?

Still I sing and dance  
To the beat of the drum  
To communicate  
With the cycle and the rhythm  
Of all creation  
In celebration

They say the trees of the field  
Will clap their hands  
The rocks will cry out  
In the rivers and  
The lilies are clothed  
Still I don't know

How deep the roots  
Of my tree grow  
Does He see the sparrow?

### **6. Sparrow**

I listen to NPR's "Speaking Of Faith"/"On Being" Sunday nights and on podcast as much as I can. I was listening one particular time when host Krista Tippett was interviewing Mary Doria Russell author of "The Sparrow". The Sparrow is a science fiction novel set in the future. The title refers to Matthew 10:29-31, that says that God knows even when a sparrow dies. It got me thinking about my own faith...its ups and downs...and I wrote this song. We started recording this one at Mackinaw Harvest and finished up everywhere else. Joe Giese plays a rocking guitar solo!

### **The Northern Islander**

Joseph is dead now  
My vision was clear  
I will lead you now  
So lend me your ear  
Those of you who believe  
Come and follow me  
To a brand new Jerusalem  
With me as sovereign royalty

Follow me to the harbor  
At the Island's north end  
St. James will be its name  
An' I am its saint  
Those of you who believe  
Come and follow me  
As for you, you will take one wife  
As for me, I will take five

To the northwest land  
Emerges on the horizon  
God loves his children  
An' He gave them a king  
Of the northern islands

Influence in politics  
The Lord gave to me  
The House of Representatives  
An' the seat of Emmet County  
Those of you who don't believe  
Will have to follow me  
With my 400 witnesses  
In July 1850

But the pied-piper can play only so long  
Before two of his own flock  
Won't listen to his song  
When the mainlanders heard the shot  
To the back of his head  
They came to reclaim  
What they stole in the first place

### **7. The Northern Islander**

The Northern Islander was the title of Northern Michigan's first newspaper. Printed from Beaver Island, MI, it was funded and supported by James J. Strang: The self crowned king of Beaver Island. This song is written from King Strang's point of view. Only the bridge do I talk in my

own voice as the narrator. I read about the story in a book called "Weird Michigan". After reading that I knew there was a song in there somewhere. We recorded this song at Mackinaw Harvest studios in March of 2010, intending to release it (along with Namaste and two other non-released songs by Nathan) as a small EP to have something new to sell. We ended up putting The Northern Islander and Namaste together and released them as singles in Fall of 2010.

This song features Randall Moore and Erin Zindle of The Ragbirds. Randall came with so many percussion instruments it was crazy...the introduction to this song took new life from there. Erin used a penny whistle during the bridge that reminds me of a couple of things. First, it makes me think of the natives that settled there that were kicked off the island by the Mormons led by King Strang. Second, the Irish settlers that moved onto the island after King Strang was shot and killed.

In the summer of 2011 we got to perform this song on Beaver Island as a part of the Beaver Island Music Festival. It was a bit surreal.

If you want to read more about the story of King James J. Strang follow this link:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James\\_Strang](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Strang)

### **Thick As Thieves**

Go! Fall about with me empty  
Don't carry your burdens 'round  
Lay them at my feet on the ground  
Listen! As the moon turns around us  
Stay just deeply dream with me  
We'll be thick as thieves

Stay! Throw your crooked arms around me  
I pray that you see  
Stay! Fall about with me empty  
We'll be thick as thieves

Go! Now awaken your soul  
Mine is calling out to yours  
So follow me out the door  
Listen! As my breath asks you gently  
Liken me to dew an' you to grass  
We're pieces of sand in the glass

Go! Lover, mother, child, friend, father  
Wander through the years  
But the blessed dance is here!  
Listen! Listen closely  
Even this moment will vanish from time  
An' you could be my reason to rhyme

### **8. Thick As Thieves**

I use things that people say that I find interesting in my songs all the time. In particular this song's title comes from my friend Erik Calloway.

Erik and I were heading out to grab some coffee with his newborn baby boy Silas (sometimes a ride was the only thing to keep him from crying).

On the way back Erik was talking about his friends from High School and about how close they were. He said they were "Thick As Thieves" back then.

I thought that was an interesting way to put it with strong imagery. So when I was writing some poetry about Tammy and I, I decided to include it in the song...and it ended up being the title of the song and album. This is a love song that realizes the two lovers in the song are not perfect.

I think that nobody really is...but I know that my whole world and being is strengthened by our love. We used it for the album name because of all that the band has gone through in the past year or so. Nic thought that it would be a good way to sum it up. Oh and it also features Mark Lavengood rocking out on the dobro...so why not.

### *L.R. Doty*

Not long off the shores of Milwaukee  
Sank the ship called the L.R. Doty  
Twelve and one hundred years  
Have past since she's been found  
Her crew of seventeen brave men  
Never saw there loves again  
Two kitties cried along with them  
As they sank beneath the waves  
No songs were sung on that day  
An' none were written since  
Sunk beneath the waves  
Was the fate of too many ships  
Let's celebrate, dance a jig, an' lend your ear to me  
As we raise a glass an' sing a song  
For the L.R. Doty  
From an Illinois farm they carried corn  
In a ship meant to weather the storms  
Of Lake Michigan heading North  
As they were Canada bound  
The waves reached to thirty feet  
Some prayed for their souls to keep  
Others just cursed the sea  
An' sank to a watery grave

### *9. The LR Doty*

I was listening to NPR one day last summer and heard a story about people finding a ship that sank in Lake Michigan almost 112 years ago. The person at NPR asked an expert on the L.R. Doty and other Great Lakes shipwrecks if many songs were written about ships that sank in the Great Lakes. He answered by saying no because it happened so often in those days. So I decided that was a great songwriting challenge and came up with this song. I used a Celtic feel to honor the types of songs sung on the ships. Jeffery Niemier rounded out that feel by adding his awesome violin. I suggested adding an ascending and descending pizzicato part when the waves come up and actually sink the boat. It's one of my favorite moments on the album. You can find out more about the L.R. Doty here:

<http://www.ship-wreck.com/shipwreck/doty/>

### *Sleeping Satyr*

Save Yourself  
Don't worry about me  
My grave my hell  
I've carved out way too deep  
So I don't need your  
Self righteous handouts  
Don't you come to me  
I don't need your help now

Invalidate my head  
An' my heart no longer  
I've paid my debt  
An' it's made me stronger  
So I don't need  
You to rescue me  
Coz I can stand  
On my own two feet

But my Achilles' heel  
Might give me away  
My heavy heart  
Is Paris' target  
Coz I'm a sleeping Satyr  
In a patch of ivy  
An' when I awake  
I'll pray for one more

Save Yourself  
Don't put up a fight now  
My grave my hell  
I've come to like now

### *10. Sleeping Satyr*

This song is sort of a personal lament. It's about a bunch of different struggles of mine...including leaving the church. Other than that I'm not that comfortable talking about the rest of it. However, I hope that listeners will be able to listen to my music and relate to it. Even on a personal song such as this that maybe they might not know exactly what I'm talking about in the song. I came up with the idea of using mythological figures when I went to LA and toured the Getty Villa museum. It features Nate Karnes on organ and it's one of my favorite tracks on the album.

### Man On Wire

I may never be a millionaire  
With an apartment up there on fifth avenue  
But if I said I done gone gave up money  
Well folks I'd be lying to you

An' if you've heard these chords before  
It don't surprise me any  
Coz I ain't no Lennon or Dylan or Prine  
You got to love what you do  
Do what you love  
So I keep following this dream of mine

I may never run a marathon  
Sporting my 26.2 bumper sticker  
Coz running the race of success  
Was making me a mess  
So I forgot about that shit  
An' I got there quicker

An' if you've heard these words before  
It don't surprise me any  
Coz I ain't no Lennon or Dylan or Prine  
You got to love what you do  
Do what you love  
So I'll keep on following this dream of mine

I may never climb a mountain top  
I'd freeze my ass out there in the snow  
But there's a song on my lips  
An' a guitar on my kiss  
So I thank ya'll for coming out to the show

An' if you've heard this song before  
It might surprise me some  
Coz I ain't no Lennon or Dylan or Prine  
You got to love what you do  
Do what you love  
So I'll keep on following this dream of mine

### 11. Man On Wire

I talk about the story of this song at our live shows as well....if you want to hear it come to a show! No just kidding. But seriously you need to rent the movie called Man On Wire and find out about this awesome guy on your own. It's a great movie.

I was inspired to write this song after watching it and it helped push me to keep going as a musician. It features Jason Wheeler on mandolin. Jason did such a good job hearing what the song needed and filling it. Something cool about this song is that Peter Fox and I had to edit it in one spot because I added an extra bit that wasn't supposed to be there. It's a flawless edit and I'm so happy the way it turned out! This song also honors some of my musical inspirations including John Lennon, John Hartford, David Grisman, and John Prine.

## Namaste

Every moment is alive  
Everyone is a temple  
Let my every breath speak these truths  
Preach the word that love is simple

Coz there's fire in our eyes  
Living water in our veins  
Feel the Earth beneath your feet  
Let the wind dance in your heart again

Everyone is divine  
Every moment is a cycle  
Let my every breath speak these truths  
'Till this body is not able

When death clinches his tight fist  
I know my spirit will not change  
My cage will open and my heart will sing  
Of the love I took and the love I gave

An' may my thoughts  
May my words  
May my deeds  
Acknowledge your divinity  
Namaste

An' may your thoughts  
May your words  
May your deeds  
Acknowledge my divinity  
Namaste

Every moment is alive  
Everyone is a temple  
Everyone is divine  
Every moment is a cycle  
Namaste

## 12. Namaste

Namaste means (loosely): The divinity in me salutes the divinity in you. I intentionally mixed themes from Christianity and Buddhism/Hinduism together due to personal faith reasons. I first heard the term while I was a student at DePaul University. It features Randall Moore on tablas, Emily Carlson on violin, and Nathan Schleicher on guitar. It's a perfect way to end the album and is my favorite song. I hope you've enjoyed listening to our newest album and I hope to see you at a show soon!  
Namaste to all of you.

-Eric Engblade  
Written November 2011