

Lyrics from *Canaries*

Here in the South

(Steph Gunnoe)

Here in the south (4X)

I've got a big old mouth

Here in the south

I'm movin', of course,

Goin' up north (2X)

They're gonna love me there

Where people get their share

They got the one eye blind

When people speak their mind

The best we can do (4X)

The west coast for you

They got the most for you

They got your antidote

You'll get your novels wrote

Here in the south (x4)

They're gonna miss the mouth

Of the wayward ones

Gonna miss the sound

Of the native tongue

Here in the south (4x)

Ain't gonna shut my mouth

Canaries

(Steph Gunnoe)

You're magical, you're magical

But you bring your old man down

If it must be him or me

I'd bring my old man down

They all say he'd be down anyway

And speaking of your mother's love

It's forty box cars long

And speaking of your mother's love

She sings a worried song

Rhythm carry me

Away from the wife of the miner's minor melody

Rhythm carry me

Away from the wife of the miner's minor melody

It's typical, it's typical
To join the college-bound
It's typical, it's typical
For those above the ground

Books carry you
Away from the man in the mines who could not find
No words for you
Books carry me
Away from the man in the mines who could not find
No words for me

And all the coal dust faeries
I didn't know they could live so long
And all the sweet canaries
Heard every radio play their song
 Another bird has flown (4X)
Heard every radio play their song

Gone Again
(Steph Gunnoe)

Gone again
laughin' with your cutter friends
Funner than
years with your comedian
 And we understand
 When you made your plans
 Such a brave young man
 More fearful then
Busted twice
Raggin' on your daddy's vice
Never nice
Slippin' on your daddy's ice
 And we understand...
Born again
Drag the little kicker in
Calm him down
Make him want to stick around
 And we understand...

It's Alright

(Steph Gunnoe)

All the lonely whistle blowers of the family
Shivering in studios starting to agree
All the rules in rituals that once held them down
In the lies that organize meaning can be found

And we learn in our own day

It's alright, it's alright to be

creatures that lose their way

And make it up anyway (repeat chorus)

All the tired rule-abiders of the family
Pull the weight and tow the line, learn to disagree
Oh, their posture is so telling, prices can be dear
And the purpose of rebellion been coming clear

And we learn in our own time

It's alright, it's alright to be free

On our own dime

It's alright, it's alright to be free (repeat chorus)

Who's gonna fix her her elixir and settle her down?
Who's gonna light his dynamite and spread him around?

Every little body has an ending, see how we run

Every little body's offended, see how it's done

And we learn, tho it's never told

It's alright, it's alright to be

creatures growing old (3X)

It's alright to die

Mohawk

(Steph Gunnoe)

Good girl, good girl
You goin come back, come back

And research yer look

All the years it took

To grow yer hair to yer waist

Hide in place

Research research

Sinner girl, sinner girl

You go and come back, come back

And research yer taste

Mohawk in the face

Poorest people in the states

Mohawks're fake

Eggwhites, toothpaste

Meet me in a while

Hair care aisle

Shopping for a style

Research research
Aged girls, aged girls
You gonna come back, come back
And research the rules
Rusty rusty tools
Rusty rusty tools

Amen

(Sean McCollough)

Far away
What can I say
What can I say
Been so long
I can't even write this song
Amen, Amen

40 years
Ain't so long
Ain't so long
We've both lived
40 years, 40 years
Amen, Amen

All my dreams
You don't know
All my dreams
I don't know
All your dreams
All your dreams
Amen

Amen
It's alright (8X)
Amen (it's alright, it's alright)
Amen (it's alright, it's alright)

Trickle Down

(Steph Gunnoe)

Little children fall in line
Swearing off the taste of childhood wine
Always thirsty growing up
Thought their mama stole their love
Watch your daughters run down from the hills
Raisin babes on fire water still
Little daughter come down from on high
Where the air's too thin for you and I
Yes, I threw little bricks at the window
When the prices made me mad
Till I learned a little trick
Only that the merchandise is sad

Watching daughters ...
And if your spirit's still around
Everything's gon trickle down
And if that theory still is sound
Everything's gonna trickle down
Trickle down

I've starred in a million dreams
Oscar-winning only made me mean
How it hurts to be eclipsed
We're all stars in our apocalypse
Watching daughters ...
And if your spirit's still around
Everything's gon trickle down
And if that theory still is sound
Everything's gonna trickle down
Trickle down

Salty Song

(Steph Gunnoe)

Salty salty salty song
Oh, the sweet heart bangs along
Salty salty salty song
Oh, the sweet hearts bang along
All radios they run
On the dirty little drum
We got dirty little drums
Television married me
We birthed the babe, reality
Television married me
We birthed the babe, reality
All plots they run on nerve
And the dirty little curve
I got dirty little curves
Workin workin workin song
Fabrication all day long
Workin workin workin song
Fornication all night long
All factories they run
On the dirty little drum
We got dirty little drums
We got dirty little drums

West Virginia Soundtrack

(Steph Gunnoe)

Yes, I love you but I have no answers
For your minerals and gandy dancers
Burning holes in my walls
Dedicate me to the underdog
Dedicate me to the underdog
 I'm a good hillbilly, honey am I really
 You say I'm remote but I've been a good goat
 I'm a good lover, workin with your governor
 Pardon his sins – he just wants to fit in
Better off if I'm not around
All your silent women in your walls of sound
Gonna run away, play it back
I been working on your soundtrack
I been working on your soundtrack
 I'm a good hillbilly...
Tough love honey, I don't want no more
From your veterans of the culture wars
Gonna run away, make a plan
To be a softer woman in a softer land
softer woman in a softer land.
 I'm a good hillbilly...
 I'll be your midwife, workin alone
 I'll help you bear what's never been born
 I'll be your midwife, dark and alone
 I'll help you bear what's never been born.

Blue Vinyl

(Sean McCollough)

Blue vinyl turns my baby on (2X)
 She drives a white torpedo
 With blue vinyl seats (2X)
1981 (4X)
 I can't compete with blue vinyl seats
 Beatin' out the blues of our creation
 But time is a teaser
 So you better believe her
 Or she'll keep twistin' all our expectations
Blue vinyl...
She drives...
1981...
 I can't compete...

Smart Country People

(Steph Gunnoe)

Smart country people we came from
Made local love with the sun
They slept with ancient attitude
So fuzzy green
Made the silver seem rude to them
Made the silver seem rude to them
 Smart country people running late
 On innertube interstate
 Oh, someone's coming
 Thumb a ride
 It looks so bad
 looks bad to be denied
 Looks so bad to be denied
Smart country places still around
Hidin their healers underground
And when you come, please give a yell
Yeah, raise it up
Antenna's gonna serve you well
Antenna's gonna serve you well