



1 The Day I Shook the President's Hand  
- lyrics and music Paul Stowe

It was the terrible era of the cold war race.  
I was a college student trying to keep the pace.  
When the nation's boss came to town,  
We all lined up to have a protest round,  
All my friends lined the streets,  
Signs in their hands hoping he'd get a peek  
Of the message they held in their hands,  
Of a weapon free world had to make a stand,

The day I shook the President's hand  
Token long-haired kid tryin' to be a tough man,  
Had no cause and I had no plan,  
The day I shook the President's hand,

As the police took the signs away,  
Wooden handles are weapons might cause dismay.  
I slipped through the gate past the CIA,  
To the front row as he passed shaking hands on his way.  
As I stretched out my hand, he shook mine.  
I was in the right place at the right time,  
and I had no problem knowing what to say,  
No missiles Jimmy were the words of the day,

Now the years have passed and we've grown older.  
We've lived our dreams and became a lot bolder.  
He must have learned something  
'cause he seems to be free,  
To travel the world, and serve humanity.  
I haven't changed my mind or the way I feel,  
About bloody wars and how they kill,  
And I don't know still if I've got a plan,  
But it changed my life to shake the President 's hand.

2 Key to the Highway - Charlie Segar/Big Bill Broonzy

I got the key to the highway,  
I'm bailed out and bound to go.  
I'm gonna leave here running;  
'cause walking's most too slow.

I'm going down to the bottom  
where I'm better known.  
Ain't doin' nothing, but drive a good man  
From his happy home.

Give me one kiss darlin', just before I go,  
When leave this time baby,  
Ain't comin' back no more.

I'm leavin' in the mornin'  
Just about the break of day  
I'm gonna walk these highways,  
Walk my blues away.

3 Refugees - lyrics and music Paul Stowe

The war has raged for many long years,  
Family and friends have perished  
Houses destroyed, no money nor job  
The children in rags and the old folks famished

They hate to leave their ancestral home  
But there's nothing to stay there for  
A tyrant rules as the world looks on  
And they fear for their lives so they must be gone

They're refugees, no country, got to keep moving on  
They're refugees, just want to be free,  
who will take them in?

Some cross the sea in rickety boats  
Losing their lives in the waves  
Some trudge overland through a hostile corridor  
of countries that have enough problems of their own  
When they arrive to the land that could bear the load  
Not knowing if they can stay  
Politicians squabble as the mobs protest  
Nationalism raises its ugly head

Why was I was born one of the lucky  
In a land of abundance and ease  
While the rest of the world struggles for bread  
And the right to live in freedom and peace  
At the end this journey in a two class world  
The haves and the have-nots meet  
Give a little more of what we've got  
and we'll still have enough cause there's plenty there in the pot

5 Little Sadie - trad. Arranged Paul Stowe

Went out one night for to make a little round,  
I met little Sadie and I shot her down,  
Went back home and I got in my bed,  
Forty-four smokeless under my head.

Woke up the morning ,bout a half past nine,  
The hacks and the buggies all standing in line,  
The gents and the gamblers standing all round,  
Taking little Sadie to her burying ground.

Wel, I began to think what a deed I'd done,  
I grabbed my hat and away I run.  
Made a good run but a little too slow,  
Overtook me in Jericho.

I was standing on the corner, reading that bill  
When up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville  
He said, „Young man, ain't your name Brown?  
Remember that night you shot Sadie down? „

I said, „Yes, sir, my name is Lee,  
And I murdered little Sadie in the first degree.  
First degree or the second degree,  
If you got any papers, won't you read ,em to me? „

They took me downtown, dressed me in black,  
To put me on the train and started me back,  
Cram me back in that Thomasville jail,  
And I had no money for to go my bail.

6 Dixie Chicken - Lowell George / Martin Kibbee

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis  
and the Commodore Hotel  
And underneath a street lamp I met a Southern belle  
Well she took me to the river, where she cast her spell  
And in that Southern moonlight, she sang a song so well

If you'll be my Dixie chicken, I'll be your Tennessee lamb  
And we can walk together down in Dixieland, down in Dixieland

Well we made all the hot spots.  
My money flowed like wine  
Then that low down Southern whiskey  
began to fog my mind  
And I don't remember church bells  
or the money I put down  
On the white picket fence and boardwalk  
of the house at the edge of town,  
But boy do I remember the strain of her refrain  
The nights we spent together,  
and the way she called my name

Well it's been a year since she ran away  
Yes that guitar player sure could play  
She always liked to sing along  
She's always handy with a song  
Then one night in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel  
I chanced to meet a bartender who said he knew her well  
And as he handed me a drink he began to hum a song  
And all the boys there, at the bar, began to sign along

#### 7 Pastures Of Plenty - Woody Guthrie

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands has hoed.  
My poor feet has traveled a hot dusty road.  
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled,  
And your deserts was hot and your mountains was cold.

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes.  
Slept on the ground in the light of the moon.  
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then,  
We'll come with the dust, and we go with the wind.

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops.  
Well its north up to Oregon to gather your hops.  
Dig the beets from the ground, cut the grapes from the vine,  
To set on your table the light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,  
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down.  
Every state in the Union us migrants has been.  
We'll work in this fight, and we'll fight till we win.

It's always we rambled, that river and I.  
Along your green valley I'll work till I die.  
My land I'll defend with my life if it be,  
For these pastures of plenty must always be free.

#### 8 Oxford Town - Bob Dylan G

Oxford Town, Oxford Town  
Ev'rybody's got their hats bowed down  
The sun don't shine above the ground  
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town.

He went down to Oxford Town  
Guns and clubs followed him down  
All because his face was brown  
Better get away from Oxford Town.

Oxford Town around the bend  
He comes to the door, he couldn't get in  
All because of the color of his skin  
What do you think about that, my friend ?  
Me and my gal, my gal's son  
We got met with a tear gas bomb  
I don't even know why we come  
Goin' back where we come from.

Oxford Town in the afternoon  
Ev'rybody singin' a sorrowful tune  
Two men died ,neath the Mississippi moon  
Somebody better investigate soon

#### 9 Big Boss Man - Luther Dixon / Al Smith

Big boss man, can't you hear when I call?  
Big boss man, can't you hear when I call?  
You ain't so big, you just tall that's just about all.

You got me working boss man,  
Workin' round the clock.  
I wanna stop and get a drink of water,  
but you won't let me stop.  
I'm gonna get me a boss man,  
One gonna treat me right,  
Sleep late in the mornin'  
Stay up late at night.

#### 10 The Terrible Tour of 85 - lyrics & music Paul Stowe

I was new in Europe in Eighty-Five,  
Trying to pay the bills, trying to stay alive.  
Catching the trains from town to town,  
Busking the streets and working on my sound.  
When I got an offer I couldn't refuse,  
Ten nights playing pubs, how could I lose?  
A lovely apartment just up the stairs,  
A hundred a night seemed pretty fair.

It was the terrible tour Eighty-Five,  
Paying my dues trying to keep my pride.  
Lost my voice as my innocence died,  
On the terrible tour of Eighty-Five.

As I passed my hat to get some tips,  
Said a fat old boy with a stiff upper lip,  
"Something wrong with ya, can't put my finger on it",  
The tip he gave me on the floor was vomit.  
In the lovely apartment in the middle of the night,  
drunk bar man busts in giving me a fright.  
You're American aren't you, do you want to fight?  
Don't know how I made it through that awful night.

Thirty years later thought I'd seen it all,  
Ups and downs and taking the falls,  
Gigs and people and trips and bars,  
Traveling the planet near and far.  
It's a lot more comfy than it used to be  
In the early years almost playing nearly for free,  
But nothing will compare to the spiritual dive  
Of the terrible tour of Eighty-Five.

#### 11 How Dear to Me (Planxty Irwin) Sí Beag, Sí Mór - Trad. / poem by Thomas Moore

How dear to me the hour when  
Daylight dies, and sunbeams melt .  
Along the silent sea, for then  
Sweet dreams of other days arise.  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh  
To thee, and as I watch the line  
Of light, that plays along the smooth  
Wave toward the burning west.

I long to tread that golden path  
Of rays, And think ,twould lead to some  
Bright isle of rest. Along the smooth  
Wave toward the burning west.

#### 13 Gunshot Thunder - lyrics and music by Paul Stowe

Teenage boys drivin' home after school  
The egghead, me and the farmer boy fool.  
Farm boy leans out of the car to say  
Some words that'd make us all have a price to pay.

The pistol came out of the car.  
Shot bounced off the road went ding on the bumper.  
America has gone too far,  
An angry storm of gunshot thunder.

After two years in Europe flew back to New York,  
Port Authority station catch a bus in the dark.  
Blood soaked man comes out of the John,  
Cryin' killed my brother in there, I ran, I was gone.

Stumblin home drunk at night at the drag race camp  
Between a camper and daughters in a tent in the back.  
Door flies open, shotgun fires in the sand.  
Don't do it, wife screams to her insane man.

The worst of all was a boy named Chubby  
At the age of eight me and him were cubbies  
At the age of sixteen he got him a gun  
Shot a man in the parking lot just for fun.

14 Galway Girl - Steve Earle

Well, I took a stroll on the old long walk of a day-I-ay-I-ay.  
I met a little girl and we stopped to talk on a fine soft day-I-ay.

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do?  
.Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue.  
And I knew right then I'd be takin' a whirl,  
.Round the Salthill Prom with a Galway girl.

We were halfway there when the rain came down  
Of a day -I-ay-I-ay.  
And she asked me up to her flat downtown  
On a fine soft day -I-ay-I-ay.

And I ask you, friend, what's a fella to do?  
.Cause her hair was black and her eyes were blue.  
So I took her hand and I gave her a twirl,  
And I lost my heart to a Galway girl.

When I woke up I was all alone,  
With a broken heart and a ticket home.

And I ask you now, tell me what would you do  
If her hair was black and her eyes were blue?  
I've traveled around, I've been all over this world.  
Boys I ain't seen nothin' like a Galway girl.  
15 Brown Sugar - Mick Jagger / Keith Richards

Gold Coast slave ship bound for cotton fields.  
Sold in a market down in New Orleans.  
Scarred slaver knows he's doin' all right.  
Hear him whip the women just around midnight.

Brown Sugar, how come you taste so good  
Brown Sugar, Just like a young girl should.

Drums beatin' cold English blood runs hot.  
Lady of the house wonderin' when it's gonna stop.  
House boy knows that he's doin' all right  
You should have heard him just around midnight.

I bet your mama was a tent show queen,  
And all of her boyfriends were sweet sixteen.  
I ain't no boy, but I know what I like.  
You should have heard me just around midnight.

I said, yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!  
Just like a black girl should.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!  
Just like a young girl should.

16 Boys Of Bedlam – trad. arranged Paul Stowe

For to see mad Tom of Bedlam  
Ten thousand miles I'd travel  
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes  
For to save her shoes from gravel

For well I sing bonnie mad boys,  
Bedlam boys are bonnie,  
For they all go bare and they live by the air  
And they want no drink nor money

I went down to Satan's kitchen  
For to get me food one morning  
And there I got souls piping hot  
All on the spit a-turning

My staff has murdered giants  
And my bag a long knife carries  
For to cut mince pies from children's thighs  
With which to feed the fairies

This spirit's white as lightning  
Would on my travels guide me  
The moon would shake and the stars would quake  
Whenever they espied me

And when that I have murdered  
The man in the moon to a powder  
His staff I'll break and his dog I'll shake  
And there'll howl no demon louder

17 Wexford Lullaby - trad., lyrics John Renbourn

Lulay lulay, my tiny child,  
Too soon you'll know the world so wild.  
Yes all too soon you will be grown,  
And I'll bide here alone, alone.  
The rushing bellows you shall ride,  
And the light of the North Star will be your guide,  
But yet awhile, I'll have you stay  
Lulay my tiny child, lulay.

For you shall run in meadows green,  
And sport with otters all in the stream,  
And you shall chase the dapple deer,  
And swim with salmon in the waters clear.  
To pluck the small birds from the sky,  
On the tail of the South wind, you shall fly,  
And take the high hills for your home,  
Blood of my blood, bone of my bone.

The moon must sleep beyond the tree,  
So weep sweet maid of Galilee.  
The sun must rise before the cross,  
To dry your tears and share your loss.  
The darkest hour of the starless night  
Must bow to the power of the Eastern light  
That heals the earth and makes us whole  
Heart of my heart, soul of my soul.

And when at last your course is run,  
Joy of my joy, my little son,  
Beneath the sky you'll stand alone,  
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.  
Yes you shall stand on the coal-black sands  
To cross o'er the waters of the Western lands,  
But now I have you at my breast  
Lulay my sweet one, gently rest.

Paul Stowe  
Kirchenweg 6a  
83104 Schönau / Germany  
Tel. +49 (0)8065 909156  
e-Mail: info@paulstowe.com  
www.paulstowe.com