



footfall

WHISKEY
SOAKED
HEART



TEAR STAINED EYE

Words and music: Jay Farrar

Walkin' down Main Street, getting to know
the concrete | Lookin' for a purpose from a
neon sign | I would meet you anywhere the
western sun fills the air | Hit the road never
lookin' behind

CHORUS >> Can you deny, there's nothing
greater | Nothing more than the travelling
hands of time | St. Genevieve can hold back
the water | Saints don't bother with a tear
stained eye

Seen' traces of the scars that came before |
Hitting the pavement, still asking for more |
When the hours don't move along, worn out
wood and familiar song | To hear your voice
is not enough, is more than a shame

CHORUS

Like a man said, rode hard and put away
wet | Throw away the bad news and put it
to rest | If learnin' is livin', and the truth is a
state of mind | You'll find it's better at the
end of the line

CHORUS

ANNAROSE

*Words: Cushman | Music: Cushman and
Christiansen*

I'm cold in the morning and late at night,
not hearing my name | The things I lost hold
of, well, I'd take them back if only they was
headed my way

CHORUS >> Annarose, carry me, carry me
home | Let me know when you get there, let
me know how it goes

I heard it was better to speak your mind to
get where you need to go | The things I lost
hold of, well, I'd have them still if only I'd
known what to know

CHORUS

There's light in the morning and peace at
night when you're watching the stars | The
things I lost hold of might still be there if
only I knew where you are

CHORUS

I'm cold in the morning and late at night, not
hearing your name

DIRTY OLD TOWN

Words and music: Evan MacColl

I met my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
I kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town



Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl from the streets at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the dock
Saw a train set the night on fire
I smelled the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to make me a big sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
I'll chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

TEN DEGREES AND GETTING COLDER

Words and music: Gordon Lightfoot

He was standing by the highway, with a sign
that just said Mother | When he heard a
driver comin' about a half a mile away | So
he held that sign up higher where no decent
soul could miss it | It was ten degrees or
colder down by Boulder Dam that day

He was raised up in Milwaukee though he
never was that famous | He was just a road
musician, to the taverns he would go |
Singin' songs about the ramblin', the lovin'
girls and gamblin' | How the world fell on his
shoulders back in Boulder I don't know

CHORUS >> And she told him she would
take him for a ride in the mornin' sun | Back

in Boulder he had told her, I don't know
when I've had a better friend

It was out in Arizona that he heard the lady
listenin' | To each word that he was sayin'
to each line that he would write | So he sat
down at her table and they talked about the
weather | Ninety-eight point six and risin'
down by Boulder Dam that night

CHORUS

Well he's traded off his Martin though his
troubles are not over | For his feet are
almost frozen and the sun is sinkin' low | So
won't you listen to me brother if you ever
loved your mother | Won't you pull off on
the shoulder if you're goin' Milwaukee way |
It's ten degrees and getting colder down by
Boulder Dam today



WHISKEY SOAKED HEART

Words: Cushman | Music: Cushman and Christiansen

Been awhile since you been gone, ain't no way to ask about the dog | If you thought to call I could tell you how many of these songs

Hold your whiskey soaked heart
Hold your whiskey soaked heart

Yesterday I sat down and wrote but the ink disappeared on its own | You took off without a note, How many, how many of these roads

Hold your whiskey soaked heart
Hold your whiskey soaked heart

Well those demons set sail a long time ago, leaving a wake of troubles turned to hope | And if the gods were kind and smiled then somebody else's arms know how to

Hold your whiskey soaked heart
Hold your whiskey soaked heart

MIRACLE

Words: Christiansen | Music: Christiansen and Cushman

Ain't no miracle gonna save me now | Read Bible, Torah, Rumi and Tao | It all comes 'round to I and Thou | Ain't no miracle gonna save me now

My broken dreams don't ever die | I sent them away up to blue sky | Now years later they land by my side | My broken dreams don't ever die

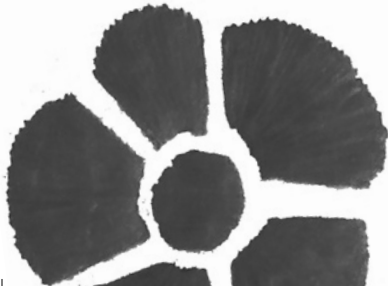
My brother says, Don't let go
My brother says, So it goes
My brother says, Don't let go

This old world ain't really fair | Know my girls I am always there | For you my son I will always care | But this old world ain't really fair

Ain't no miracle gonna save this day | Nurture, choices and DNA | Wish there was more that I could say | Ain't no miracle gonna save this day

Father says, Keep the faith
Father says, Lose the hate
Father says, Keep the faith

Ain't no miracle gonna save me now
Ain't no miracle gonna save me now
Ain't no miracle gonna save this day
And still I get down on my knees and pray





PRESENT

*Dedicated to Martin K. Christiansen,
1922 - 1982*

*Words: Cushman | Music: Cushman and
Christiansen*

If you ever wonder if I am thinking of you
Watch the rain fall on our hearts | It makes
its mark to wash the darkness away

And if I ever wonder if you are here beside
me | Watch the tears fall on our souls
Where we hold hope and light all our days

And if we ever wonder if we can walk the
long road | Watch the sun give us this gift of
the day | As we make our way through the
here and now

GRAM

*Words: Cushman | Music: Cushman and
Christiansen*

We made a deal in the middle of the night
To take away them lines around your eyes
No affection, were the words that she said
You surely know how to write a line

CHORUS >> And your life was just the finest
bloom, like the desert after rain

You couldn't hear the
angel's voice on the phone
Her softer words saying please come home
We rode it out to be beneath those trees
You surely know how to live alone

CHORUS

SNOW

For Lila

*Words: Cushman | Music: Cushman and
Christiansen*

Wrapping my heart with millions of ribbons
of gold | You said the funniest things that I
ever heard

When did you enter into every thought in
my mind | Why didn't I miss you before you
were here with that smile | Without you I
didn't know laughing and running like fools
through the snow | With heartaches all
melting and somehow you already know

Where did you come from
Where will you go
How will we remember
Will you ever know
how truly I love you?

When did you enter into every thought in
my mind | Why didn't I miss you before you
were here with that smile | Without you I
didn't know laughing and running like fools
through the snow | With heartaches all
melting and somehow you already know

Where did you come from
Where will you go
How will we remember
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Wrapping my heart with millions of ribbons
of gold | You said the funniest things that I
ever heard

MOONFLOWER BLUES

Music: Christiansen and Cushman



BORN WITH A BROKEN HEART

Words: Christiansen | Music: Christiansen and Cushman

I was born with a broken heart, a restless
spirit from the start | Mom and Dad gave me
all they had, I was born with a broken heart
| Nothing in me nor outside me has ever
seemed to set me free | Now I'm singing not
metaphorically, I was born with a broken
heart

CHORUS >> And still every night I'm callin'
out your name | I walk these lonely streets
filled with pain | I'm rakin', rakin' on my
brain | Dear God, please let it rain

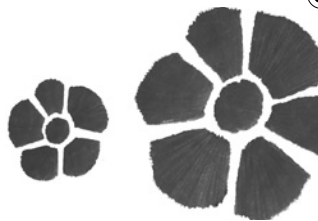
Tasted love, sweet as a dove, descended
from above | So fine and fair, a grace so rare,
she freed me from despair | Then she left
me high, she left me dry without so much
as a goodbye | A love most true has left me
blue, I was born with a broken heart

CHORUS

Who put these words up in my head | I wish
I'd quit wishing to be dead | So many better
things to be said

One more time, on down the line, let these
engines unwind | One more climb, on up Big
Hoss, give the coin of fate one more toss | If
I find my love, if I find my joy, perhaps we'll
have a little girl or boy | Keep them safe,
keep them warm, and love them with my
broken heart

CHORUS



DIRT ROAD BLUES

Words and music: Bob Dylan

Walk down that dirt road 'til someone
lets me ride | Walk down that dirt road 'til
someone lets me ride | If I can't find my
baby I'm gonna run away and hide

I've been pacin' 'round the room, hopin'
maybe you'll come back | Pacin' 'round the
room, hopin' maybe you'll come back | I've
been prayin' for salvation, laying 'round in a
one-room country shack

Walk down that dirt road until my eyes
begin to bleed | Walk down that dirt road
until my eyes begin to bleed | Until there's
nothing left to see, chains have been
shattered and I've been freed

I've been lookin' at my shadow, watchin'
colors up above | Lookin' at my shadow,
watchin' colors up above | I've been runnin'
through the rain and hail lookin' for the
sunny side of love

Walk down that dirt road until everything
becomes the same | Walk down that dirt
road until everything becomes the same |
I'll keep on walkin' 'til I hear you holler out
my name



Gratitude

Our musical village makes our hearts sing. Thank you to everyone who had a part, large or small, in making this second album happen. Thanks to the musicians who have come before. Thanks to every listener who buys music and comes out for a show - you fuel the fire. And, of course, a huge heartfelt thanks to family and friends who humor rehearsals, drive young people where they need to go, cheerfully eat leftovers and always remember to walk the dogs.

Guests

Elizabeth Giffin: harmonica on tracks 2, 5

Cierra Hill: fiddle on track 11

Dik Shopteau: bass on tracks 5, 6, 8, 11, 12



DEBBIE CUSHMAN
acoustic guitar and vocals

JIM CHRISTIANSEN
acoustic, slide and electric guitar,
mandolin and vocals