



*Hold me in that timeless place
that only love allows.
Turn me into fast-falling water.*

Waterfalls

I went young to the mountain not really destination-bound,
getting lost in the waterfalls, Lord, I was tumbling to the ground.
The taste of you was in my soul. There was dirt upon my dress.
Getting back to work was not important, I confess.
I just wanted that fast-falling water, fast-falling water.

I went later to the mountain really striving for the sights,
climbing with my friends, seeking to attain a certain height.
I talked about my days with you, my hope, my joy and pain.
Getting back to work cause there was so much to be gained,
but I miss that fast-falling water, fast-falling water.

Someday I hope you'll be me at the bottom of the hill
and we will climb or tumble freely, based upon our whim or will.
But, baby, when the sun goes down, come on and kiss me now.
Hold me in that timeless place that only love allows.
Turn me into that fast-falling water,
fast-falling water. Turn me into water.

Beginning: early springs, leaving home at 16 for the wild waterfalls on Rattlesnake Mountain.

Come Over

I was hanging out the towels. *We were trying to save the world.*
I was pickin' up the house. *Why don't you put it down?*
Come over.

I was sweeping up a poem. I was driving toward a song.
Got an hour before they're home. You wanna hear it?
Come over.

You were careful with my heart, when he took off with the car. You're a star in my memoir. Someday I'll finish it.
Come over.

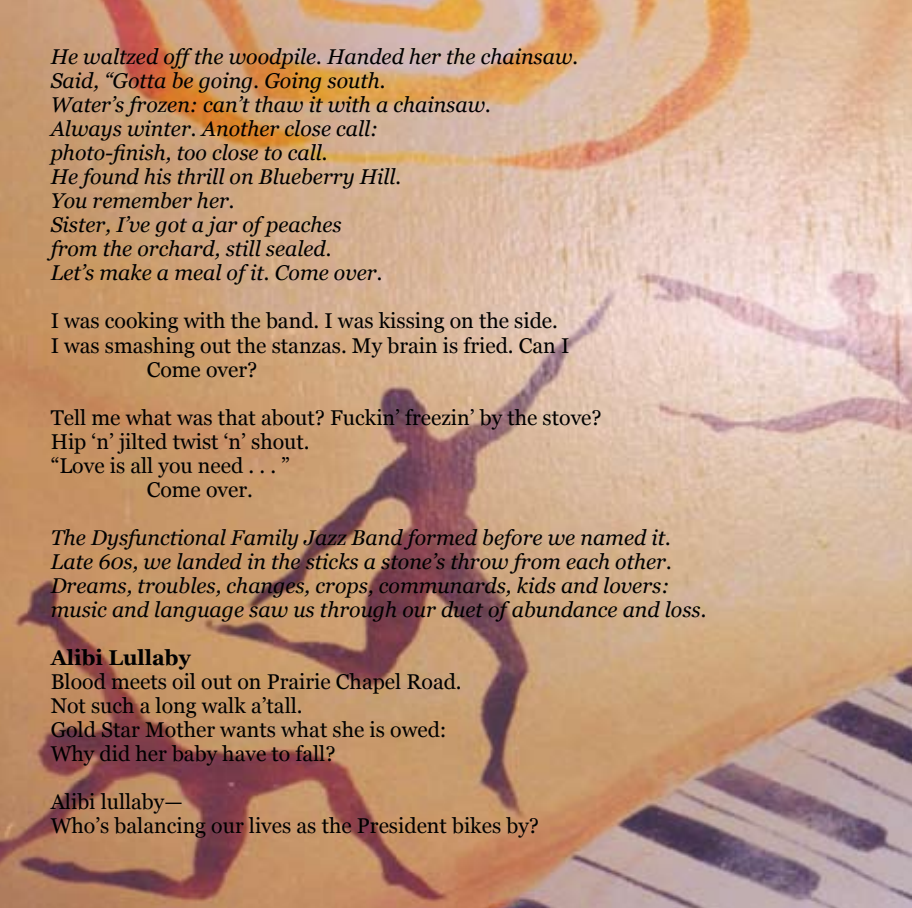


Patty, Scott, Melissa

Windstorms and lovers blow through and unwind.
Choose your buzz, sister, Diet Coke or drip grind.
So, we're over the hill. So-o-o-o-o over it.

*Stuck in the mud up to the wheel wells: Rock it, rock it,
get a little traction with the spatter*

*Back in the shack little kids pinchin' insulation,
lethal cotton candy, from the walls:
"Apply this vapor barrier side toward living space."
Spaced-out living. Life's not stapled down;
it's all over the place.*



*He waltzed off the woodpile. Handed her the chainsaw.
Said, "Gotta be going. Going south.
Water's frozen: can't thaw it with a chainsaw.
Always winter. Another close call:
photo-finish, too close to call.
He found his thrill on Blueberry Hill.
You remember her.
Sister, I've got a jar of peaches
from the orchard, still sealed.
Let's make a meal of it. Come over.*

I was cooking with the band. I was kissing on the side.
I was smashing out the stanzas. My brain is fried. Can I
Come over?

Tell me what was that about? Fuckin' freezin' by the stove?
Hip 'n' jilted twist 'n' shout.
"Love is all you need . . ."
Come over.

*The Dysfunctional Family Jazz Band formed before we named it.
Late 60s, we landed in the sticks a stone's throw from each other.
Dreams, troubles, changes, crops, communards, kids and lovers:
music and language saw us through our duet of abundance and loss.*

Alibi Lullaby

Blood meets oil out on Prairie Chapel Road.
Not such a long walk a'tall.
Gold Star Mother wants what she is owed:
Why did her baby have to fall?

Alibi lullaby—
Who's balancing our lives as the President bikes by?

Piety Street is one block over from Desire.
Not such a long walk a'tall.
Oil and bayou water flood and catch on fire.
See profits writing on the wall.

Alibi lullaby—
If you are somewhere else you won't have to die.

Alibi lullaby—
Float off to dread on a river of lies.

That way, that way madness lies.
Love lies bleeding in the garden
Lie down with the dogs; rise up with the fleas.
Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.

Over there the market carries guns and seeds.
Not such a long walk a'tall.
Soul and bullet hook up: Death stampedes
wailing a wake-up call.

Alibi lullaby—
Take me to the river. Let me cry.

Alibi lullaby—
Will the old river ever stop rollin' and run dry?

*"We were trying to save the world."
Cindy Sheehan camping by the Bush ranch
raised our hackles and pushed our keys.
Katrina leveled the Gulf Coast.
Her breaching water revealed more than we could bear.
And don't forget Iraq.*

To see a video of this song, go to youtube and search for "alibi/lullaby"



My Baby

My baby's going away. And I hope it will be okay.
Such a young girl hurrying out the door.
I can hold her when she needs my touch.
I can help her, but not too much.
I can't, I can't control her world.

Why do I find it so hard? I can't read what's in the cards.
Someday I know that she'll go away.
But I will stay close to her heart.
Yes, I will stay close to her heart.
It's late and she hasn't called. Staring at these four walls,
worried, dug in those deep mama blues.
Later, she says, "I love you I'm sorry."
I never thought you would worry."
Sometimes that girl doesn't think at all.

Why do I find it so hard? Searching for cues in the cards.
Someday I know that she'll go away.
But I will stay close to her heart.
Yes, I will stay close to her heart.

I want to see her do well. I hate when she won't tell
me her secrets. Do I really want to know?
Repeat the same old line: Babies grow up in time.
Somehow now it don't mean a thing.

Why do I find it so hard? Can't shuffle luck in the cards.
Someday I know that she'll go away.
But I will stay close to her heart.
Yes, I will stay close to her heart.
I'll never close my heart.

Chaz quips, "We should call our project 'Songs about my fucking children and dead people'." This is one for the record.



Solace

Send me some solace tonight.
I'm out on the edge, no will left to fight.
Send me some solace tonight.
Cause I'm lost in the darkness and I can't find the light.

It seems so crazy to be torn and tossed this way.
I say, look at what you're given,
and pray it's not all swept away.
But sometimes when the one you love
has slipped beyond your grasp,
it's hard to "keep on keepin' on," to stay on track.

Won't you send me some solace tonight.
I'm out on the edge, no will left to fight.
Send me some solace tonight.
I'm lost in the darkness and I can't find the light.

Hypocrites abound and, man, their judgment is so cold,
especially hard to take, although I know the story's old.
And that feeling like a failure comes by nippin' at my heels.
I wish I could take a potion, and the magic could be real.

I try to keep believing through these long and wasted days,
to get up and "face the music" that my troubles like to play,
and I just want to run away. I long to disappear.
Regret is my companion in the company of tears.

Won't you please send me some solace tonight.
I'm out on the edge, no will left to fight.
Send me some, send me some solace tonight,
cause I'm lost in the darkness and I can't find the light.

*Born of that universal desperation, and beautifully sung
by "My Baby" girl, Melissa.*

Love Bound

Emerald isle lad was born to roam. Other sons keep close to home.
Barefoot baby diva, she followed the songs. Music was a place to belong.

They were island bound, tossed in waves of sound.
Lost and found. Lost and found.

His luck of the Irish a wing and a prayer: Piano riffs and dreams of Fred Astaire.
Her wintergreen treasures left behind, wanderlust and neon in mind.

They were Manhattan bound, tossed in waves of sound.
Lost and found. Lost and found.

Long nights at the bar she sat in with the band. Love was like a flash in the pan.
Bewitched by her song he lingered on, dreaming of a liaison.

They were Red Hook bound . . . (line and sinker)
Tossed in waves of sound. Lost and found. Lost and found.

Maybe love can shine like polish on his shoe. Maybe turns to "Yeah, I do."
Gather the tribe, winter's refugees. Vow to be true as salt to sea.

They were Jamaica-bound . . . hmmm . . . one love.
Tossed in waves of sound.
Lost and found. Ting and rum, Kingdom come.
Silver Sands, she took her man. Out on the jetty,
steel drum, Solomon Gundy, no problem.
You've got saints and sinner dancing in a downpour,
Warm as a shower through bougainvillea flowers.
Saxophone second line. Snare keeps time.
Mama still singin', feeling fine. One love.

*We cooked up this song to celebrate the the first anniversary of Melissa and Alan.
Their wedding in Jamaica required a reggae saga. You had to be there. Now you
are. Thanks to the emergency horns.*

Nancy

I cried, I cleaned and I wandered around,
Stared stunned into space as my tears hit the ground.
I'm making my bed and singing the blues.
It won't bring you back but it helps see me through.

O babe, why did you do it?
No one to see you through it
and the night must have loomed so long . . .
So long. Well, so long.

There's nothing left to hold you as the threads unwind.
We sit here spinning platitudes, "Was your soul in such a bind?"
I see you in a vision: costumed mermaid with a train,
some sequins, salty water, and I'm cryin' again.

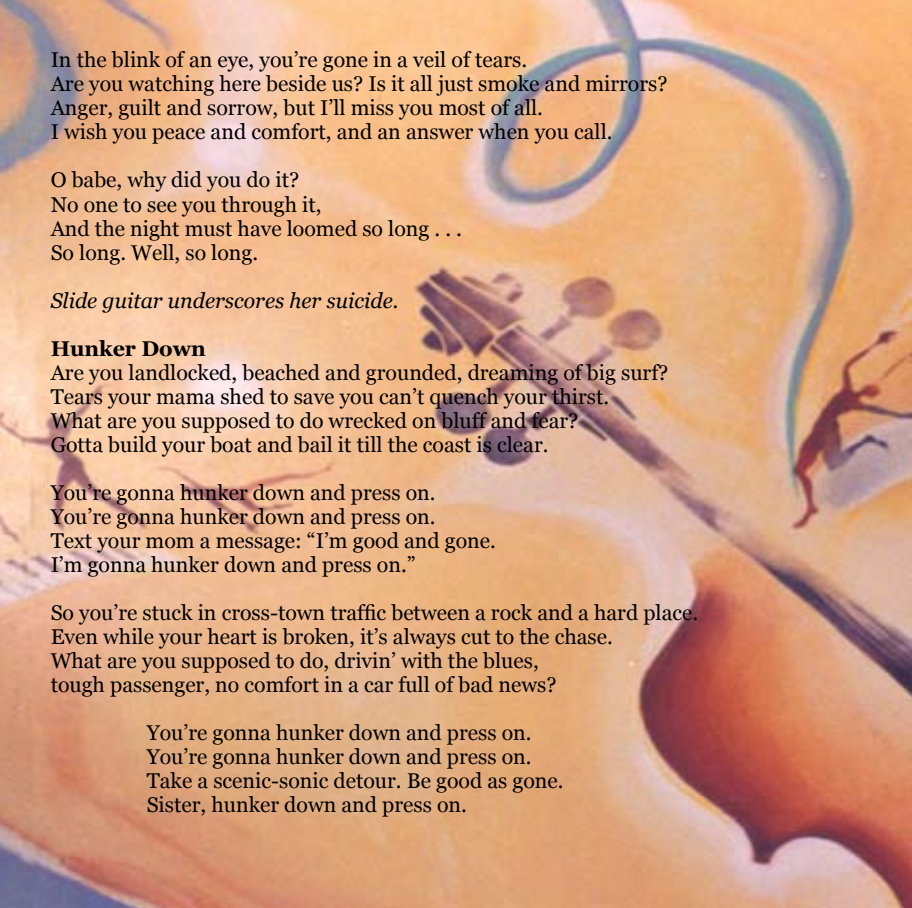
O babe, why did you do it?
No way to see you through it
And the night must have loomed so long . . .
So long. Well, so long.

You held court in the ocean laughing in the water
playing with my son before the wedding of my daughter.
What about the past couldn't let you breathe?
What about the future couldn't set you free?

O babe, why did you do it?
No hope to see you through it
And the night must have loomed so long . . .
So long. Well, so long.



Verandah



In the blink of an eye, you're gone in a veil of tears.
Are you watching here beside us? Is it all just smoke and mirrors?
Anger, guilt and sorrow, but I'll miss you most of all.
I wish you peace and comfort, and an answer when you call.

O babe, why did you do it?
No one to see you through it,
And the night must have loomed so long . . .
So long. Well, so long.

Slide guitar underscores her suicide.

Hunker Down

Are you landlocked, beached and grounded, dreaming of big surf?
Tears your mama shed to save you can't quench your thirst.
What are you supposed to do wrecked on bluff and fear?
Gotta build your boat and bail it till the coast is clear.

You're gonna hunker down and press on.
You're gonna hunker down and press on.
Text your mom a message: "I'm good and gone."
I'm gonna hunker down and press on."

So you're stuck in cross-town traffic between a rock and a hard place.
Even while your heart is broken, it's always cut to the chase.
What are you supposed to do, drivin' with the blues,
tough passenger, no comfort in a car full of bad news?

You're gonna hunker down and press on.
You're gonna hunker down and press on.
Take a scenic-sonic detour. Be good as gone.
Sister, hunker down and press on.

Now life unreels in mist and shadow, flickers of the past:
Kissin' close, rockin' babies, throwin' parties: silver screen with your all-star cast.
What are you supposed to do? The theater has shut down
And no one's there to notice when home left town?

You're gonna hunker down and press on.
You're gonna hunker down and press on.
Digitize your memories: "I'm good and gone."
Go, mama, hunker down and press on.

Pondering our quandaries, and inspired by advice from June Carter Cash, we came up with this tune. Tempo changes fast as life.

Summer Love

I dive into the river, in the current again.
As I lie down beside you water beads my skin.
The corn silky tassels are luring me in.

So come take my breath away like you did yesterday.
Summer sands in my hourglass.
Soon the moment will go streaming past.

Sweet summer kisses when there's fruit on the vine
the rhythm of cicada, surf and meteors flyin'
You touch me so tender it's suspending time.

So tonight I watch fireflies, momentarily mystified.
Summer sands in my hourglass.
Come on, baby, roll me in the grass.

It's a riddle of nature what seasons mean:
mortality be damned; love can intervene,
turn the glass, we're transported to a world unseen.



So come take my breath away, no tomorrow or yesterday.
Shake the sands in my hourglass.
Light on the water, lover, make it last.

Carpe diem, honey!

Mixed Message

Oh, no, it's a machine—
Technological Hermes, the American Dream
Phone tag, okay, is it your turn or mine?
Shall we play *69?

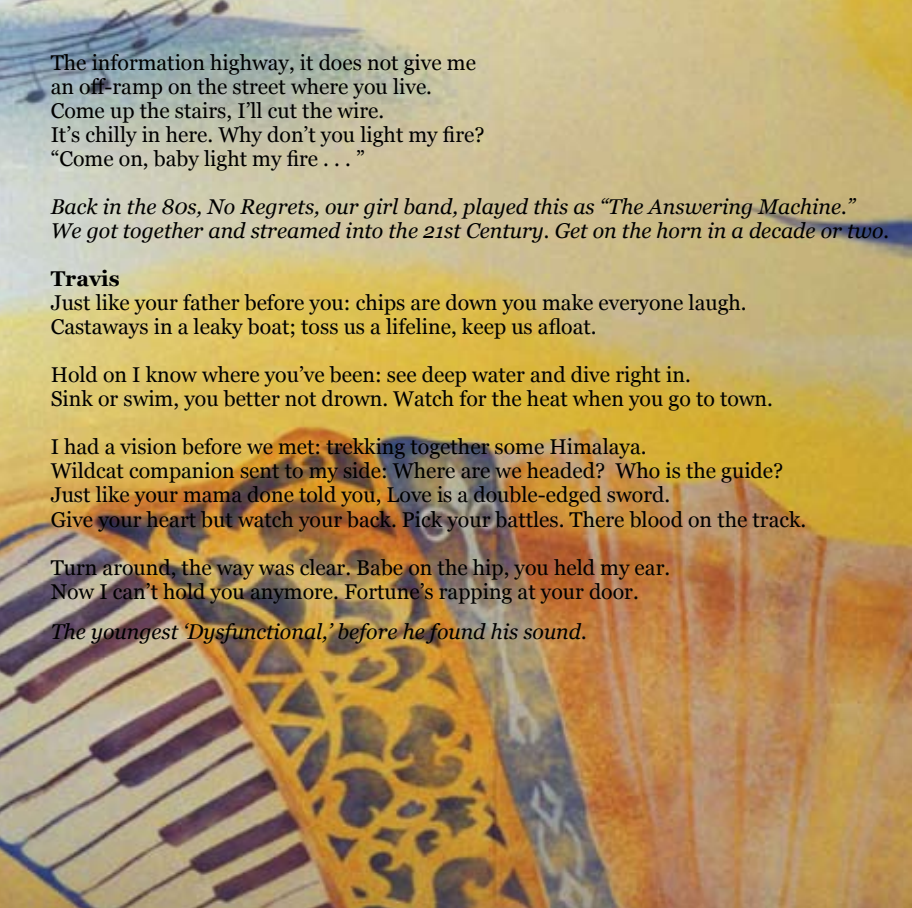
Leave a message, leave a message.
At the tone think fast, what should you say?
If I wanna reach out and touch someone
How much will Cellular make me pay?

O, shit, gotta punch in the code,
Dialing for dollars to lighten my load.
Leave kibble for the dog cause the gig's in Hell,
play for the patrons at some no-tell hotel.

Young and wild and out on the town,
My kid's disconnected. Should I track him down?
Options included, no charge for roaming.
He may be a pigeon, but he ain't homin'.

I've got somebody; like to make the scene.
When I call him I just get a machine.
Tap me a text, drop me a line.
It's your eyes that send shivers up and down my spine.





The information highway, it does not give me
an off-ramp on the street where you live.
Come up the stairs, I'll cut the wire.
It's chilly in here. Why don't you light my fire?
"Come on, baby light my fire . . ."

*Back in the 80s, No Regrets, our girl band, played this as "The Answering Machine."
We got together and streamed into the 21st Century. Get on the horn in a decade or two.*

Travis

Just like your father before you: chips are down you make everyone laugh.
Castaways in a leaky boat; toss us a lifeline, keep us afloat.

Hold on I know where you've been: see deep water and dive right in.
Sink or swim, you better not drown. Watch for the heat when you go to town.

I had a vision before we met: trekking together some Himalaya.
Wildcat companion sent to my side: Where are we headed? Who is the guide?
Just like your mama done told you, Love is a double-edged sword.
Give your heart but watch your back. Pick your battles. There blood on the track.

Turn around, the way was clear. Babe on the hip, you held my ear.
Now I can't hold you anymore. Fortune's rapping at your door.

The youngest 'Dysfunctional,' before he found his sound.

May Day

Winter's done for, back-to-the-landers. First blush of May
is peeking through. Loosen the guy wires. Come and meander.
Climb up to our cosmic view.

Tie a torn sheet to the maypole. No need to know
what stories they tell. Lovers in transit spin out of control
so dance till you're dizzy: Hello, fare-thee-well.

Don't look down till you reach the top. Don't look back
at what's left behind. Flying barefoot over the brambles,
years are streamers intertwined.

Do you remember the banner years? Kids split our lap,
Death showed his face. Love may return or disappear
Like peaches from the orchard and "Amazing Grace."

Don't look down till you reach the top. Don't look back
at what's left behind. Flying barefoot over the brambles,
years are streamers intertwined.

Sing into wind, come what may. Let tomorrow be yesterday . . .
Like peaches from the orchard and amazing grace.

*We took a guitar, the kids, and a pencil with an eraser down to the river.
'May Day' is 'Come Over' for those of us who survived yet another
discontented winter.*



Waterfalls © 2005

words and music by Patty Carpenter

Come Over © 2005

words and music by Patty Carpenter &
Verandah Porche

Alibi/Lullaby © 2005

words and music by Patty Carpenter &
Verandah Porche

My Baby © 1987

words and music by Patty Carpenter

Solace © 2005

words and music by Patty Carpenter

Love Bound © 2005

words by Patty Carpenter & Verandah Porche
music by Patty Carpenter

Nancy © 2005

words by Patty Carpenter & Verandah Porche
music by Patty Carpenter

Hunker Down © 2006

words and music by Patty Carpenter &
Verandah Porche

Summer Love © 2007

words by Patty Carpenter, Emily Coutant, &
Verandah Porche, music by Patty Carpenter

Mixed Message © 2005

words by Patty Carpenter & Verandah Porche
music by Patty Carpenter

Travis © 2007

words by Patty Carpenter & Verandah Porche
music by Patty Carpenter

May Day © 2006

words and music by Patty Carpenter &
Verandah Porche



Dysfunctional Family Loss Fund

*He waltzed off the woodpile.
Handed her the chainsaw.
Said, "Gotta be going. Going south.
Water's frozen: can't thaw it with a chainsaw.
It's always winter.*

