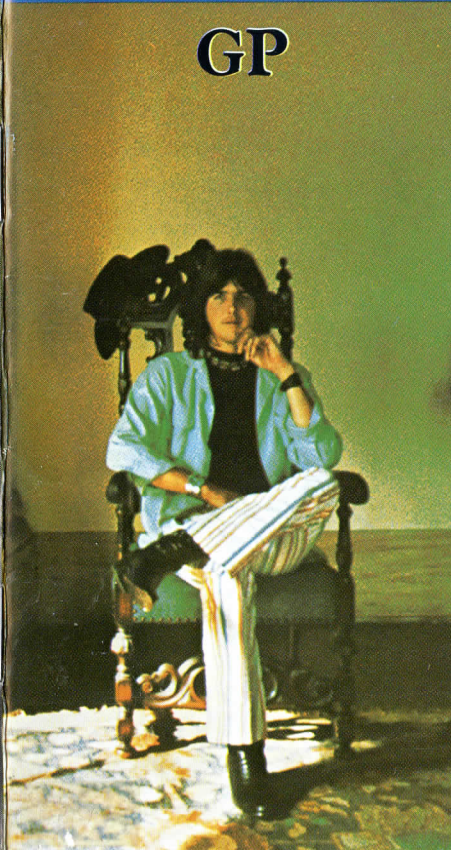




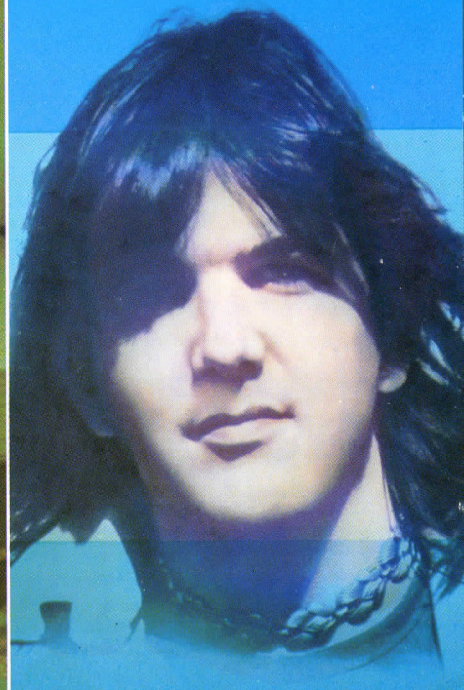
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GRAM PARSONS

GP



Grievous Angel



GP

1	Still Feeling Blue	2:38
2	We'll Sweep Out the Ashes in the Morning	3:13
3	A Song for You	4:57
4	Streets of Baltimore	2:50
5	She	4:55
6	That's All It Took	2:57
7	The New Soft Shoe	3:52
8	Kiss the Children	2:50
9	Cry One More Time	3:55
10	How Much I've Lied	2:27
11	Big Mouth Blues	3:52

Produced by Gram Parsons & Rik Grech

Recorded at Wally Heider Studio 4

Engineered by Hugh Davies & Ed Barton / Remix Engineer: Hugh Davies

Gram Parsons - Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitar / Emmylou Harris - Vocals

Barry Tashian - Vocals, Rhythm Guitar / Rik Grech, John Conrad - Bass

Ronnie Tutt, John Guerin, Sam Goldstein - Drums / Glen D. Hardin - Piano, Organ

James Burton - Electric Lead Guitar, Dobro / Al Perkins - Pedal Steel

Buddy Emmons - Pedal Steel / Byron Berline - Fiddle

Alan Munde - Banjo on "Still Feeling Blue"

Hal Battiste - Baritone Sax on "Cry One More Time"

Ron Hicklin, Tom Bahler, Mitch Gordon, Lewis Morford - Background Vocals on "Kiss the Children"

Musicians under the direction of Glen D. Hardin

Special thanks: Philip Clark Kaufman, President, Executive Nanny Service and Richard J. Cano,
whose diesel rig appeared on the inner liner of the original issue of GP

Recorded September-October, 1972 / Originally Released January, 1973

Cover Photo by Barry Feinstein

GRIEVOUS ANGEL

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|------|
| 12 | Return of the Grievous Angel | 4:19 |
| 13 | Hearts on Fire | 3:50 |
| 14 | I Can't Dance | 2:20 |
| 15 | Brass Buttons | 3:27 |
| 16 | \$1000 Wedding | 5:00 |
| 17 | Medley Live From Northern Quebec | |
| | (A) CASH ON THE BARRELHEAD | 2:12 |
| | (B) HICKORY WIND | 4:15 |
| 18 | Love Hurts | 3:40 |
| 19 | Ooh Las Vegas | 3:29 |
| 20 | In My Hour of Darkness | 3:42 |

Produced by Gram Parsons for Tickner-Dickson Productions

Recorded at Wally Heider Studio 4 & Capitol Records Studios, Hollywood, California

Mixed at Capitol Records Studios, Hollywood, California / Engineered & Mixed by Hugh Davies

Gram Parsons - Lead Vocals, Acoustic Guitar / Emmylou Harris - Vocals

Glen D. Hardin - Piano / James Burton - Electric Lead Guitar / Emory Gordy - Bass / Ronnie Tutt - Drums

Herb Pederson - Acoustic Rhythm Guitar, Electric Rhythm Guitar on "I Can't Dance"

Al Perkins - Pedal Steel / Bernie Leadon - Acoustic Rhythm Guitar on "Return of the Grievous Angel,"

Electric Lead Guitar on "Hearts on Fire," Dobro on "In My Hour of Darkness"

Byron Berline - Fiddle on "Return of the Grievous Angel" & "In My Hour of Darkness,"

Fiddle & Mandolin on "Cash on the Barrelhead"/"Hickory Wind" Medley

N.D. Smart II - Drums on "Hearts on Fire" & "In My Hour of Darkness" / Steve Snyder - Vibes on "Hearts on Fire"

Linda Ronstadt - Background Vocal on "In My Hour of Darkness"

Background blah-blah on Northern Quebec Medley by Kim Fowley, Phil Kaufman, Ed Tickner, Jane & Joe Doe

Special thanks: Philip Clark Kaufman, President, Executive Nanny Service, Kaphy, Tom, Gina, Agnes, Midnight

Recorded Summer, 1973 / Originally Released January, 1974

Byron Berline appears courtesy of United Artists Records

Linda Ronstadt and Bernie Leadon appear courtesy of Asylum Records Cover Photo by Ginny Winn

Compilation Directors: Marley Brant & John M. Delgatto

Special thanks: Charlie Springer, Kevin Laffey, Don Brown, Tracy Bader, Mark Leviton,

Hugh Davies, Kathie Montgomery, Al Perkins / Analog to Digital Mastering: Lee Herschberg

More of the music of Gram Parsons is available by direct mail order from Sierra Records, Books and Home Video:

GRAM PARSONS AND THE FALLEN ANGELS, LIVE, 1973 LP, CD & Cassette

Recorded live at radio station WLIR-FM, New York with Emmylou Harris, Jock Bartley, N.D. Smart II, Neil Flanz and Kyle Tullis. Includes the Grammy-nominated duet "Love Hurts."

GRAM PARSONS — THE EARLY YEARS LP, CD & Cassette

Folk recordings from the early 60's of Gram's group, the Shilohs. Includes an informative booklet of notes and photographs.

GRAM PARSONS — A MUSIC BIOGRAPHY A book by Sid Griffin

Contains articles and interviews with some of Gram's closest friends and associates including Emmylou Harris, Peter Fonda, Jim Stafford and Chris Hillman plus recently unearthed oral history from Gram himself. Over 150 photographs are featured, many previously unpublished, including Gram's childhood, his days with Rolling Stone Keith Richards and his final tour in 1973.

A catalog is available detailing these releases plus recorded performances by Clarence White, Gene Parsons, the Kentucky Colonels, Nashville West and others. Home Video releases are included as well as news and information regarding the annual Nashville Music Tribute to Gram Parsons and Clarence White. Please write to:

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Gram Parsons was on loan to us for a little while, but we didn't look up fast enough," wrote Mark Leviton in *Bam Magazine*. Gram's **GP** and **Grievous Angel** albums were originally released in January 1973 and January 1974: a short time-frame indeed. Although he had already made groundbreaking musical statements with the Byrds (*Sweetheart of the Rodeo*), with Chris Hillman and the Flying Burrito Brothers (*Gilded Palace of Sin* and *Burrito Deluxe*) and had influenced Keith Richards' and Mick Jagger's country music attempts ("Honky Tonk Women" etc.), it was these two solo albums that remain foremost in our memories. From 1972 until his death in September 1973, Gram Parsons created his vision of "Cosmic American Music" on his own terms. His innovations were far ahead of offerings by most of his contemporaries, especially in country music. On country radio, Donna Fargo ("Happiest Girl In The Whole USA") and Charlie Rich ("Behind Closed Doors") were popular. Heaven forbid if more than a snare drum with brushes was heard at the Grand Ole Opry. And certainly no self-respecting male country performer would dare to wear his hair below his ears! Willie, Waylon, Hank Jr. and Charlie Daniels had yet to make their "outlaw" statements. That wouldn't happen until almost two years after the release of **Grievous Angel**. Willie had not even played the Armadillo World Headquarters in Texas, although

Gram and the Fallen Angels performed there on February 21, 1973.

The pop/rock music charts of the day contained such lightweight hits as "Tie A Yellow Ribbon 'Round The Ole Oak Tree" and "Top Of The World." Elvis brought us *Aloha From Hawaii*. In the wings lurked the likes of David Bowie and the New York Dolls. This music scored the last vestiges of the Vietnam War, and the summer of 1973 was dominated by the Senate Watergate hearings. George Jones had the spirit and the songs, but was still a captive of Nashville. Merle Haggard struck hard with words and fresh musical arrangements, but still bore the image and trappings of an "Okie From Muskogee." Against this background, Gram Parsons was laying his claim to a new music heritage.

At its onset, Gram approached Haggard to produce what would become the **GP** album. But Merle thought Gram a "hippy" lacking the salt-of-the-earth mentality. Maybe Merle was not a champion of **GP**'s music but damn, he made good records. So Gram hired Merle's recording engineer and mixer, Hugh Davies. He recorded both at country music's favored West Coast studio, Capitol Records, and at rock's palace of hits, the Wally Heider Studio in Hollywood. He instructed his manager to hire Elvis' band to play on the sessions. "Gram had a real vivid impression of certain people like Elvis, Merle and others and he tried to follow in their footsteps, right down to the

musicians," commented Al Perkins. Eventually Gram was introduced to Emmylou Harris, someone he could sing harmony with in the best tradition of George Jones and Tammy Wynette.

Hugh Davies recalls that time with fond memories: "I really looked forward to each session and working with Gram." Davies remembers Gram allowing him quite a bit of freedom on the mixes for both albums, yet at the same time, "he was interested in getting it recorded with the flavor and style that *he* wanted." The musicians were guided by pianist and music director Glen D. Hardin. Al Perkins recalls Glen suggesting various parts to play on each song, with Gram seeing to it that Hardin and the band had plenty of time in the studio to construct, confer and create. "A lot of natural flow," Perkins claimed. "James (Burton) and I did twin parts like were heard on country records of the late 50's and early 60's, and that were just no longer done." "I really liked the music," said Davies. "I could enjoy myself. It was sort of funky country. Not quite rock, but beyond traditional country."

In between what were to be his only two studio albums, Gram formed a touring band. The Fallen Angels included Emmylou, Kyle Tullis, N.D. Smart II, Neil Flanz and Gerry Mule (replaced in Denver by Jock Bartley). One of the outstanding performances of that tour can be heard on **Gram Parsons and the Fallen Angels, Live**,

1973, which was recorded before a live audience at radio station WLIR-FM in Hempstead, New York. The day after that show, Gram suggested to a friend that the previous night's performance "might make one hell of a record." This was the seed for the so called "Medley Live From Northern Quebec" that appears on **Grievous Angel**. "They wanted to record a live session with an audience but it could not be worked out," said Al Perkins. "So after we laid down the music tracks and some vocals in the studio, Hugh dug up some audience tapes, added additional sounds provided by Gram and friends." To this day, people still think there are more 'live' tracks from "Northern Quebec!"

In addition to music, Gram attempted to break other stereotypes. On stage for every show date of the tour, a Confederate flag was prominently displayed behind the drummer. Can you imagine audiences walking into a club in Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia and seeing a long-haired band proudly displaying *that* flag? This was long before Hank Jr., Alabama, Lynyrd Skynyrd and a host of others unfurled their Southern banners.

After Gram participated in a "Country Rock Festival" held in June in Baltimore and Philadelphia, he began in earnest to finish the second album. Gram initially titled it **Sleepless Nights**, from a song recorded for the album. These final sessions, once again under the direction of Glen D.

Hardin, proceeded smoothly. "Every once in a while Gram would say, 'Yeah, I like that. Let's go that way,'" recalls Al Perkins. "And of course everybody in the studio would acquiesce to Gram."

Gram Parson's lasting musical statements, **GP** and **Grievous Angel** are once again safe at home, preserved for another generation to discover via the medium of digital electronics. Back in 1973, the front cover of Warner Bros. Records' in-house publication asked: "Will Gram Parsons' picture ever hang in the Hall of Fame?" Today, with his influence on both rock & roll (Tom Petty, Elvis Costello, the Rolling Stones, etc.) and country music (Dwight Yoakam, Highway 101, Rodney Crowell, etc.), it seems just a matter of time.

John M. Delgatto, 1990

Gram Parsons was an enigma. Those who knew him, and many of those who didn't, have spent considerable time contemplating his didactic verbalizations, the troubled pathways of his life, the complexity of his music -- and finally, the pure heart and simple philosophies that made his brief 27 years on this earth memorable and important. Gram could confound with his conflicting stories of background and experience. He could be hard to work with and would sometimes lose interest in the very causes he usually embraced with passion and commitment. Sometimes, he overindulged in some of the temptations he had been raised to avoid at all cost. Yet Gram Parsons based his life's work on one honest premise: he believed that all people, despite their differences, should talk, attempt to get along and always try their best to live in the peace and harmony God had intended for mankind. Out of this basic belief came the music.

Gram sought to marry his love of traditional country music and his generation's devotion to rock & roll. He felt that by affording each devoted audience the opportunity to share their love of music, maybe a move would be made toward the harmony that he believed possible. "Cosmic American Music," he called it. A oneness through song. Gram felt qualified, even appointed, to accomplish this goal. Through his solo albums, Gram excitedly introduced material he felt

represented this cross-pollination of musical styles. Sometimes, he simply changed the beat of country standards, but he was not afraid to expose his own vulnerability through original material.

Gram's signature song, "Hickory Wind," addresses his own complex emotions regarding his Southern roots while evoking the poignancy that touches each one of us who has ever felt a longing to be somewhere other than where we were. "In My Hour of Darkness" expresses his personal grief at the loss of three very close friends. His faith evident in the refrain of that song, he's as comfortable publicly requesting the grace of his God as he is discussing his Christian beliefs in "A Song for You" and the gospel-tinged "She." On the other hand, Gram could sometimes confuse his listeners. His gentle love song "Brass Buttons" actually had its creative basis in his relationship with, and the loss of, his mother. On closer examination, "The New Soft Shoe," seemingly about an automobile designer named Cord, delves into the complexity of human motivations. The song addresses the issue of outward appearances and the practice of accepting others for who we think they might be or for who they themselves believe they are. The somewhat autobiographical "Big Mouth Blues" has been said to be the New York City version of the Parsons/Chris Hillman composition "Sin City" -- a song set in L.A. and recorded by the Flying Burrito Brothers. "Return

of the Grievous Angel," a contemporary country ballad dealing with love, loneliness and longing, oddly includes Gram's disappointment over the fall of one of his former heroes, Elvis Presley. Proving he is capable of writing the country song, Gram offers "How Much I've Lied," "Kiss the Children" and "Still Feeling Blue." These two albums include excellent material from Tom T. Hall, Ira and Charlie Louvin, Boudleaux Bryant, Joyce Allsup, Tompall Glaser and Harlan Howard. Surprise entries by rockers Peter Wolf, Seth Justman, Walter Egan and Tom Guidera bring the presentations full circle, and the vocal harmonies of Emmylou Harris enhance each song on which she participates.

All in all, Gram Parsons has succeeded in delivering what he promised: a collection of songs that truly do meld, mend and incite. Gram was aware that he was blazing a trail that might someday result in the redefinition of contemporary country music. Sadly, he would not live to realize the fruition of his master plan. Seventeen years after Gram's death, his image glows even brighter; his influence and inspiration are felt even stronger. Gram Parsons' songs continue to be recorded, listened to and discussed. His music continues to confound and confuse the very audience it entertains. But his dream has come true . . . people are talkin', Gram.

Marley Brant, 1990

STILL FEELING BLUE

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

Time can pass and time can heal
But it don't ever pass the way I feel
You went away a long time ago
And why you left I never knew
The lonely days and lonely nights
Guess the world knows I ain't feelin' right
And when you're gone the hours pass so slow
And now I'm still feeling blue

And, baby
Since you've walked out of my life
I never felt so low
Can't help but wonder why you had to go

There are many girls but I can't say
They come and go but still I feel this way
And ever since the day you said goodbye
No one treats me like you used to do

12

I hope you're out and happy now
Doing up the town 'cause you know how
Every time I hear your name I want to die
And now I'm still feeling blue

All right

And, baby
Since you've walked out of my life
I never felt so low
Can't help but wonder why you had to go

There are many girls but I can't say
They come and go but still I feel this way
And ever since the day you said goodbye
No one treats me like you used to do

I hope you're out and happy now
Doing up the town 'cause you know how
Every time I hear your name I want to die
And now I'm still feeling blue

And now I'm still feeling blue

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WE'LL SWEEP OUT THE ASHES IN THE MORNING

Words and Music by Joyce Allsup

We know it's wrong to let this fire burn
between us
We've got to stop this wild desire
in you and in me
So we'll let the flame burn once again
until the thrill is gone
Then we'll sweep out the ashes in the morning

We're two people caught up in a flame
that has to die down soon
I didn't mean to start this fire and
neither did you
So tonight when you hold me tight
we'll let the fire burn on
Then we'll sweep out the ashes in the morning

Each time we meet we both agree
that it's for the last time
But out of your arms I'm out of my mind
So we'll taste the thrill of stolen love tonight
until the dawning
Then we'll sweep out the ashes in the morning

We're two people caught up in a flame
that has to die down soon
I didn't mean to start this fire and
neither did you
So tonight when you hold me tight
we'll let the fire burn on
Then we'll sweep out the ashes in the morning

Yes, we'll taste the thrill of stolen love tonight
until the dawning
Then we'll sweep out the ashes,
we'll sweep out the ashes
We'll sweep out the ashes in the morning

©1969 Sawgrass Music Pub., Inc. BMI

A SONG FOR YOU

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

Oh, my land is like a wild goose
Wanders all around everywhere
Trembles and it shakes till every tree is loose
It rolls the meadows and it rolls the nails
So take me down to your dancefloor
And I won't mind the people when they stare
Paint a different color on your front door
And tomorrow we will still be there

Jesus built a ship to sing a song to
It sails the rivers and it sails the tide
Some of my friends don't know who they
belong to
Some can't get a single thing to work inside
So take me down to your dancefloor
And I won't mind the people when they stare
Paint a different color on your front door
And tomorrow we will still be there

I loved you every day and now I'm leaving
And I can see the sorrow in your eyes
I hope you know a lot more than you're
believing

Just so the sun don't hurt you when you cry
Oh, take me down to your dancefloor
I won't mind the people when they stare
Paint a different color on your front door
And tomorrow we may still be there
And tomorrow we may still be there

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STREETS OF BALTIMORE

*Words and Music by Tompall Glaser
and Harlan Howard*

Well I sold the farm to take my woman
where she longed to be
We left our kin and all our friends back
there in Tennessee
And I bought those one way tickets she
had often begged me for
And they took us to the streets of Baltimore
Well her heart was filled with gladness

when she saw those city lights
She said the prettiest place on earth
was Baltimore at night
Well a man feels proud to give his woman
what she's longing for
And I kinda liked the streets of Baltimore

Then I got myself a factory job
I ran an old machine
And I bought a little cottage in a
neighborhood serene
And every night when I'd come home
with every muscle sore
She'd drag me through the streets of
Baltimore
Well I did my best to bring her back to
what she used to be
Then I soon learned she loved those
bright lights more than she loved me
Now I'm a-going back on that same train
that brought me here before
While my baby walks the streets of Baltimore
While my baby walks the streets of Baltimore

©1966, 1972, 1973 Ensign Music Corp. BMI

13

SHE

*Words and Music by Gram Parsons
and Chris Ethridge*

She
She came from the land of the cotton
A land that was nearly forgotten by everyone
She
She worked and she slaved so hard
A big ole field was her backyard in the Delta sun

Oh, but she sure could sing
Oh, she sure could sing

Then he
Looked down and he took a little pity
The whole town swore he decided he'd help
her some
But he
Didn't mind if she wasn't very pretty and
Deep inside his heart he knew she was
the only one

Oh, but she sure could sing
Yeah, she sure could sing

She had faith
She had believin'
She led all the people together in singin'
And she pray every night to the Lord up above
Singing hallelujah
Hallelujah

They used to walk singin' songs by the river
Even when she knew for sure she'd
have to go away
She
Never knew what her life was to give her and
Never had to worry about it for one single day

Oh my, but she sure could sing, yeah
Oh, she sure could sing

She had faith
She had believin'
She led all the people together in singin'
And she pray every night to the Lord up above
Singing hallelujah

Hallelujah

She
She came from the land of the cotton
A land that was nearly forgotten by everyone
She
She worked and she slaved so hard
Big ole field was her backyard in the Delta sun

Ah, yeah she sure could sing
My, my, my she sure could sing
Oh yeah and she sure could sing
Oh, she sure could sing

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House of Jones Music BMI

THAT'S ALL IT TOOK

*Words and Music by D. Edwards,
C. Grier and G. Jones*

That's all it took
The mention of your name
And all my love for you burst into flames
I tried so hard
To let you go but look how
I still tremble at your name
That's all it took

That's all it took
To make me know that I still care
It seems my heart just can't give up
The dreams we used to share
I tell my friends I'm happy
But they read me like a book
And when today I heard them say your name
That's all it took

That's all it took
To make me yearn for your embrace
I guess I might as well admit
No one can take your place
I fell for you completely
Sinkin', line and hook
And when today I heard them say your name
That's all it took
And when today I heard them say your name
That's all it took

©1965 Glad Music BMI

THE NEW SOFT SHOE

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

It was forty or fifty years ago
A big shot played with time
Mr. Walker held the dough
And both kept Cord in line
Watched and checked on every single day
Building his own special cars his very special way

Ooh, the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe, yeah

And then walking through a Southern mall
I saw a shoeshine stand
A man was talking to a crowd
Holding slippers in his hand
Don't you know the same thing happens
Each and every day
Did you ever hear a song that's hard
to even play?

Ooh, the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe, yeah

Then a color t.v. broadcast snuck in from
New Orleans
Showed me one more man who spoke and
wore bright blue and green
When you saw him talk his way was when
he showed his claws
And spoke to people every day
just to get applause

Ooh, the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe, yeah
Ooh, ooh the new soft shoe
Ooh, the new soft shoe, yeah

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KISS THE CHILDREN

Words and Music by Rik Grech

Well, it's said my life has been
so free and easy
But I'll tell you now the story isn't so
'Cause I've spent a lot of time down
on the corner
Tasting tears and spilling whiskey on the floor
Such a shame that it's so hard for me
to tell the truth to you
But by now you know the kind of man I am
So don't turn your pretty face away
from me, dear
'Cause there's kids in this game
don't understand

One more night like this would put me
six feet under
But my heart would still be fighting

for your love
Just remember little darlin' that I love you
And kiss the children for me please,
before you go

So don't play this crazy game with me
no longer
'Cause I won't be able to resist my rage
And the gun that's hanging on the
kitchen wall, dear
Is like a roadsign pointing straight to
Satan's cage
And the gun that's hanging on the
kitchen wall, dear
Is like a roadsign pointing straight to
Satan's cage

©1973 Casserole Music Corp. BMI

CRY ONE MORE TIME

*Words and Music by Peter Wolf
and Seth Justman*

Cry one more time for you
I really got it bad
Cry one more time for you
Lost the best I had

Everything's gone wrong
I need another beer
She's got her mind on leavin'
That's what I'm doin' here

Ain't no sense to talkin'
I don't know what I'd say
Ain't no sense to argue
She just don't wanna stay

Cry one more time for you
I really got it bad
Cry one more time for you
Lost the best I had

So sad to be alone at night
So sad it didn't work out right

Cry one more time for you
I really got it bad

Cry one more time for you
Lost the best I had

Tried to call her last night, yes I did
I knew she wasn't in
I don't want to go uptown
I know she'll be with him

So, cry one more time for you
I really got it bad
Cry one more time for you
Lost the best I had
Lost the best I had, lost the best I had
Lost the best I had, lost the best I had

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HOW MUCH I'VE LIED

*Words and Music by Gram Parsons
and Pam Riffin*

Darling, there is something I must tell you,
you must know
But it's so hard to say the words I feel
This fancy that I'm on has been
going on too long
It's time we stopped pretending things are real
'Cause I've been living deep in sin
I've been living blind
And I don't know just what's right or wrong
To take a chance on losing you was such a
silly thing to do
The chance I might wake up and find you gone
Blue, so blue
My love is turning blue
Any brighter flame would be a lie
Blue, so blue
My love still burns for you
But I know that I'll only make you cry

A thief can only steal from you
He cannot break your heart
He'll never touch the precious things inside
So, one like you should surely be
miles and miles away from me
Then you'd never care how much I've lied

So try to understand the pain
It takes so long when I explain
Please don't you forget how much
I've lied

©1973 Wait & See Music/
Irving Music, Inc. BMI

BIG MOUTH BLUES

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

Oh, well,
I was born in a little bitty tar hut
And they called me a man 'cause I couldn't
keep my big, big mouth shut
So what's the sense of me sitting here leaving
When any ole day I might be even
And Lord knows that New York City's got
a lot to do with it
I wish someday I could find the way
to get it out of my brain
This dirty old town's gonna sink right down
and I don't want to go with it
Well I wish there was a way that
I knew to get even
A way to get a lick in
A 'bobbin' and a 'weavin'
Any ole thing besides goin' and a 'leavin'
You can do on a train

Well, I once knew a man who sailed around
the world twice
He would have made it three but he took
a lot of bad advice
So you just tell me what's the sense of me
sittin' here leavin'
When any ole day I might get even
And Lord knows New York City's got
a lot to do with it
I wish someday I could find a way to get it out
of my brain
This dirty old town's gonna sink right down
and I don't want to go with it
I wish there was a way that I knew to get even,
way to get a lick in
A 'bobbin' and a 'weavin'
Any ole thing besides goin' and a 'leavin'
You can do on a train

Oh, yes!

Well, I once knew a man who sailed around
the world twice
But his motor cooled down and now he's
deliverin' ice
Tell me what's the sense of him
sittin' here leavin'
When any ole day he might get even
And Lord knows New York City's got
a lot to do with it
I wish someday he could find a way to get it out
of his brain
This dirty old town's gonna sink right down
and I don't want to go with it
I wish there was a way that I knew to get even
Way to get a lick in
A 'bobbin' and a 'weavin'
And all the things besides goin' and a 'leavin'
You can do on a train
Oh, yeah

©1973 Wait & See Music BMI

RETURN OF THE GRIEVOUS ANGEL

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

Won't you scratch my itch, sweet Annie Rich
And welcome me back to town
Come out on your porch or step into
your parlor
And I'll tell you how it all went down
Out with the truckers and the kickers
and the cowboy angels
And a good saloon in every single town
Oh, and I remembered something you
once told me
And I'll be damned if it did not come true
Twenty thousand roads I went down,
down, down
And they all led me straight back home
to you

'Cause I headed West to grow up
with the country
Across those prairies with those waves of grain

And I saw my devil
And I saw my deep blue sea
And I thought about a calico bonnet from
Cheyenne to Tennessee

We flew straight across that river bridge
last night half-past two
The switchman waved his lantern goodbye
and good-day as we went rollin' through
Billboards and truckstops pass by the
grievous angel
And now I know just what I have to do

And the man on the radio won't leave me alone
He wants to take my money for something
that I've never been shown
And I saw my devil
And I saw my deep blue sea
And I thought about a calico bonnet from
Cheyenne to Tennessee

The news I could bring, I met up with the King
On his head, an amphetamine crown
Talked about unbuckling that old
Bible belt and
Lighted out for some desert town
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the
cowboy angels
And a good saloon in every single town, Oh
But I remembered something you once told me
And I'll be damned if it did not come true
Twenty thousand roads I went down,
down, down
And they all led me straight
back home to you

Twenty thousand roads I went down,
down, down
And they all led me straight
back home to you

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HEARTS ON FIRE

*Words and Music by Tom Guidera
and Walter Egan*

Hearts on fire
My love for you brought only misery
Hearts on fire
Put out the flames and set this
cold heart free
One short year our love burned
Until at last I guess you learned
the art of being untrue and then goodbye
What could I do except to cry and moan
Lord, what have I done?
Once we were as sweet and warm as the
golden morning sun
Hearts on fire
My love for you brought only misery
Hearts on fire
Put out the flames and set this
cold heart free

18

Friends say it's just a game
and that no one is to blame
Go out, forget her lies
But she'll be there and sparks will fly
My love has turned to hatred
Sleep escapes me still
God, please take this heart of mine
'cause if you don't, the devil will
Hearts on fire
My love for you brought only misery
Hearts on fire
Put out the flames and set
this cold heart free

Hearts on fire

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I CAN'T DANCE

Words and Music by Tom T. Hall

I can't dance
I never could
I guess my feet don't match
I'd get out there on the floor but
I'm afraid of hurtin' my back
I can't dance
I guess I'm just one of the unfortunate few
So just for a little bit, Baby I'll come out
and dance with you

But I can't dance and I'm feelin' so good, yeah
Some of us can, some of us can't
Some of us wish that they could dance
I can't dance
I guess I'm just one of the unfortunate few
So just for a little bit, Baby I'll come out
and dance with you

I can't dance and I'm feelin' so good, yeah
Some of us can, some of us can't
Some of us wish that they could dance
I can't dance
I guess I'm just one of the unfortunate few
So just for a little bit, Baby I'll come out
and dance with you
Yeah, just for a little bit, Baby I'll come out
and dance with you
Yeah, just for a little bit, Baby I'll come out
and dance with you

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Morris Music, Inc. BMI

BRASS BUTTONS

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes
Warm evenings, pale mornings,
bottle of blues
And the tiny golden pins that
she wore up in her hair
Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes

My mind was young until she grew

My secret thoughts known only by a few
It was a dream much too real to be leaned
against too long
All the time I think she knew

Her words still dance inside my head
Her comb still lies beside my bed
And the sun comes up without her
It just doesn't know she's gone
Oh, but I remember everything she said

Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes
Warm evenings, pale mornings,
bottle of blues
And the tiny golden pins that
she wore up in her hair
Brass buttons, green silks and silver shoes

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Martin Bandier Music/
Jonathan Three Music Corp. BMI

\$1000 WEDDING

Words and Music by Gram Parsons

It was a \$1000 wedding supposed to be
held the other day and
With all the invitations sent,
the young bride went away
When the groom saw people passing notes
Not unusual, he might say
But where are the flowers for my baby?
I'd even like to see her mean old mama
And why ain't there a funeral, if you're
gonna act that way?

I hate to tell you how he acted when
the news arrived
He took some friends out drinking and
it's lucky they survived
Well, he told them everything there was to
tell there along the way
And he felt so bad when he saw the traces
of old lies still on their faces
So why don't someone here just spike his drink
Why don't you do him in some old way
Supposed to be a funeral
It's been a bad, bad day

The Reverend Dr. William Grace
Was talking to the crowd
All about the sweet child's holy face and
The saints who sung out loud
And he swore the fiercest beasts could all
be put to sleep the same silly way
And where are the flowers for the girl?
She only knew she loved the world
And why ain't there one lonely horn and one
sad note to play?
Supposed to be a funeral
It's been a bad, bad day
Oh, supposed to be a funeral
It's been a bad, bad day

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CASH ON THE BARRELHEAD

*Words and Music by Ira and
Charlie Louvin*

All right
Oh, yeah
Got in a little trouble
Down at the county seat
Thrown to cook in the jailhouse for
loitering on the street
When the judge heard the verdict,
I was a guilty man
Said, forty-five dollars or,
forty days in the can
Said, that'll be cash on the barrelhead, son
You can take your choice if you're twenty-one
No money down, no credit plan
No time to chase you, 'cause I'm a busy man

Forty days in the jailhouse
Four days on the road
I was feelin' mighty hungry
I feel a heavy load
Saw a Greyhound comin', stuck out my thumb
Before I got to my seat, the driver caught
my arm
Said, that'll be cash on the barrelhead, son
This old grey dog gets paid to run
When the engine starts and the wheels all roll
Give me cash on the barrelhead, I'll take

19

you down the road
Said, that'll be cash on the barrelhead, son
You can take your choice, if you're twenty-one
No money down, no credit plan
No time to chase you 'cause I'm a busy man
No time to chase you 'cause I'm a busy man
Yodel-ahoe, Yo-layhea, Yodel-ahoe

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Inc. BMI

HICKORY WIND

*Words and Music by Gram Parsons
and Bob Buchanan*

In South Carolina
There are many tall pines
I remember the oak tree
That we used to climb
But now when I'm lonesome
I always pretend
That I'm gettin' the feel of hickory wind

I started out younger
At most everything
All the riches and pleasures
What else could life bring?
But it makes me feel better
Each time it begins
Callin' me home, hickory wind

It's a hard way to find out
That trouble is real
In a far away city, with a far away feel
But it makes me feel better
Each time it begins
Callin' me home, hickory wind

Keeps callin me home, hickory wind

©1969 Tickson Music BMI

LOVE HURTS

Words and Music by Boudleaux Bryant

Love hurts
Love scars

Love wounds and mars
Any heart not tough nor strong enough
to take a lot of pain
Take a lot of pain
Love is like a cloud
Pulls a lot of rain
Love hurts
Umm, love hurts

I'm young, I know
But even so
I know a thing or two
I've learned from you
I've really learned a lot
Really learned a lot
Love is like a stove
Burns you when it's hot
Love hurts
Umm, love hurts

Some fools think of happiness
Blissfulness
Togetherness
Some fools fool themselves, I guess
But they're not fooling me
I know it isn't true
Know it isn't true
Love is just a lie made to make you blue
Love hurts
Umm, love hurts

Love hurts
Umm, love hurts
Oh, love hurts

©1960, 1988 House of Bryant
Publications BMI

OOH LAS VEGAS

*Words and Music by Gram Parsons
and Rik Grech*

Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Every time I hit your crystal city you know

you're gonna make a wreck outta me

Well, the first time I lose I drink whiskey
Second time I lose I drink gin
Third time I lose I drink anything
'cause I think I'm gonna win

Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me, no
Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Every time I hit your Crystal City you know
you're gonna make a wreck outta me

Well, the Queen of Spades is a friend of mine
The Queen of Hearts is a bitch
Someday when I clean up my mind
I'll find out which is which

Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Every time I hit your Crystal City you know
you're gonna make a wreck outta me

Well, I spend all night with the dealer
Tryin' to get ahead
Spend all day at the Holiday Inn
Tryin' to get out of bed

Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Ooh, Las Vegas
Ain't no place for a poor boy like me
Every time I hit your Crystal City you know
you're gonna make a wreck outta me

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Casserole Music Corp. BMI

IN MY HOUR OF DARKNESS

*Words and Music by Gram Parsons
and Emmylou Harris*

In my hour of darkness
In my time of need
Oh, Lord grant me vision

Oh, Lord grant me speed

Once I knew a young man
Went driving through the night
Miles and miles without a word
With just his high-beam lights
Who'd have ever thought they'd build such
a deadly Denver bend
To be so strong, to take so long as
it would till the end

In my hour of darkness
In my time of need
Oh, Lord grant me vision
Oh, Lord grant me speed

Another young man safely strummed his
silver string guitar
And he played to people everywhere
Some say he was a star
But he was just a country boy,
his simple songs confess
And the music he had in him,
so very few possess

In my hour of darkness
In my time of need
Oh, Lord grant me vision
Oh, Lord grant me speed

Then there was an old man
Kind and wise with age
And he read me just like a book and he
never missed a page
And I loved him like my father
And I loved him like my friend
And I knew his time would shortly come
but I did not know just when

In my hour of darkness
In my time of need
Oh, Lord grant me vision
Oh, Lord grant me speed
Oh, Lord grant me vision
Oh, Lord grant me speed

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