

Lyrics

LUMINOL The Houston Sessions by Tom Pacheco Frog's Claw 2012

WHILE WE LOOKED THE OTHER WAY

The bullies on the playground or on the facebook page
Tormenting all outsiders, sending gays to early graves
The politicians bought and paid for by the rich elite
Who live in gated compounds while whole families sleep in streets

The teabag thugs at rallies cheering racist campaigns speech
Just like Hitler's brownshirt gangs in 1933
The fabric of our flags where all our hopeful dreams were sewn
Ripped in a million pieces every thread is on its own

Chorus

While we looked the other way, we looked the other way
We whistled while the waters filled with serpents and with snakes
We didn't raise our voices or ring bells like Thomas Paine
We let the last brave candle burning blink out in the rain
While we looked the other way.

The sky, the land, the sea so sick from toxins it contained
The cable tv news addictions worse than crack cocaine
The wildlife disappearing as the strip malls all closed in
While everyone watching "Dancing With the Stars" with stupid grins

The mercenaries hired to give war profiteers a boost
The danger on our own shores when those birds come home to roost.
Militias in the woodlands with their God, grenades and game
Wait for insurrections or the orders to start one

Chorus (While we...)

Where once we had democracy at least we thought we did
Though looking at our history maybe all that was a myth
Don't ask the Indians whose land we stole and filled with slaves. The robber barons never
quite dissolved inside their graves.
The rich are getting richer with each yacht that they acquire
The poor are getting desperate with the numbers climbing higher

Wall Street should be charged with economic homicide
Milton Friedman's ghost laughs with the devil at it's side

Chorus (While we)

People stare in silent reverence at their laptop screens
Sitting in cafes where conversations used to be
Cyberspace is now the place where time and life exist
No one ever notices the world outside they've missed

And the wars we keep on fighting every soldier that is slain
The country facing bankruptcy is circling down the drain
It's not hard to believe that so many say it is "correct"
That Moses rode on top of a Tyrannussourous Rex.

Chorus (While we)
Repeat Chorus

THE CUMBERLAND ROBBERY

Cassie lit up a Camel
Mickey lit up a joint
They were staring out at the harbor lights
Out at Fisherman's Point
The beat up Ford in the background
Half hidden in the moonlit trees
They were counting the cash they'd stolen
From the Cumberland Robbery

Mickey worked eighteen hard years
At a paper mill up in Maine
When they laid off half the workforce
Mickey was one of those names
Cassie was five months pregnant
The baby died suddenly
They could pay off some of those medical bills
From the Cumberland Robbery...

He buried his coat and his Nixon mask
In the beach grass by the shore
They'd stolen that car from the Boulevard
He wore the mask when he hit the store
When you're desperate, broke and hungry
And your rent is behind 10 weeks

You'll do what you have to do to survive
Like the Cumberland Robbery

Cassie watched Mickey throwing
The toy gun into the sea
Somehow each ripple that rolled out
Made her feel a little more free
They'd never done anything like this
It seemed like a movie dream
Like taking the video camera tapes from the Cumberland Robbery

Tomorrow they'll wake in the trailer
And pray that they got away clean
When someone finds that stolen car
The fingerprints will be seen
Nobody was killed or injured
So the story won't make the TV
Maybe they can just fry some bacon and eggs
From the Cumberland Robbery.

BIG JIM'S HONEY

Donnie Boy had a big field of marijuana
Sixteen acres out in New York State
With a barbed wire fence all around the place
And guards with rifles and machete blades

Land mines planted every twenty feet
And dogs with teeth that could eat concrete, Big
Jim had a honey farm right next door. Big Jim and Donnie never met before and

Chorus:
Everyone loved Big Jim's Honey
Big Jim made a whole lot of money, you'd
See him with his bees when the day was sunny
Everyone sure loved Big Jim's honey

Now his bees would take off in the summertime
Lookin' for the best flowers they could find
To Donnie boy's plants every bee would go-and
Suck up the nectar and fly on home

And start makin' honey in the honeycomb
Till every last honeybee sure got stoned
It was Woodstock '69 in that hive, they called the

Queen Bee Janice and she buzzed with pride.

Repeat Chorus

And Donnie Boy never quite understood
Why the grass weed he sold wasn't all that good
But everyone puttin' Jim's honey in their tea
Always seemed so happy when they walked the streets

Repeat Chorus

LATE NIGHT IN A STRANGE TOWN

On a late night in a strange town I left my hotel room
And walked down a side street to a green corner bar
There was no one but a bartender and a tall woman
On a barstool singing softly with a 12 string guitar

She sang Joni Mitchell, Bessie Smith, Leonard Cohen
Then stepped off the stage for a break and a beer
I clapped all alone I would I hear my hands echo
She smiled at me sweetly and I felt her draw near

Chorus:

On a late night in a strange town
You can still make a friend
You never know where or know when
If the right stars align and a lucky moon shines
And your footsteps go round the right bend
On a late night in a strange town, angels attend

She asked me if I might be a traveling musician
The way that I looked I guess gave me away
I said "yes I was" she re-arranged her position
And asked if I'd join her up there on the stage

There was an old Stella guitar in a corner
She brought it to me and we went up to play
I backed her up best as I could on a few songs
And, sang one myself that she knew right away

Chorus

We sat down at a table till closing time closed in
We talked and we laughed by the pale music's light
She gave me her name on a rainbow guitar pick

I promised I'd use at my show the next night.

Chorus

On a late night in a strange town we'll meet again

YOUTUBE

Hold your cell phone camera then click
A video tape that will do the trick
You're Oliver Stone, you're Felini too
The whole world opens every private view
A Kangaroo acting rude
They'll love it on "You Tube"

There's somebody standing on the Brooklyn Bridge
He's gonna jump soon when the cold wind shifts
You don't try to talk to him and say
His life's worth living, don't throw it away
You wait till he makes the leap then you
Put it on "You Tube".

Chorus:
Put it on "You Tube"
Put it on "You Tube"
Nothing's sacred anymore dude
Put it on "You Tube"

Greedy politician in a bright red tie
The kind of politician money can buy
Hangs out with a lobbyist he knows well
At a blue corner table in a big hotel
Take a picture of the cash that's passed and
Put it on "You Tube".

Your Rock and Roll girlfriend she left you
You're jealous, angry, ego bruised
You find a few sex tapes that you've got
She never had a clue that the film was shot
Everybody's gonna see her silicone boobs
On "You Tube"

Chorus

ARE THE BEST YEARS OF OUR COUNTRY STILL AHEAD OR HAVE THEY GONE?

I see the homeless scuffling down the streets
The storefronts boarded up in quiet defeat
The foreclosed homes and empty factories
The food stamp cards that families use to eat.

The bridges, roads and tunnels breaking down
The crumbling dams that threaten every town
The nations who were once down on their luck
All leaving us behind like broken trucks

Chorus:

Are the best years of our country
Still ahead or have they gone?
I still don't know the ending to that song.
Are the best years of our country
Still ahead or have they gone
Is that pale light a sad sunset or the rise of a new dawn?

The jobs we had that fed our families
Shipped overseas to feed more corporate greed
The middle class who's hands built all we see
Abandoned and betrayed and on their knees

If there's to be a change to come at all
The timid grass must grown and tumble walls
Together we're a mighty hurricane,
Alone we're only single drops of rain

Chorus

BLUES IN THE KEY OF MISSISSIPPI

She works for a law firm on Wall Street
She makes multimillion dollar deals
She's envied all through New York City
She's a major success in her field

Every night she's alone in her penthouse
With a loneliness no one can see
Though there's no cotton field out her window
She's got the blues in the key of Mississippi

He flies the big jet planes for Delta

To London and Paris and Rome
He's a captain with honors and medals
But he just got bad news on the phone

His wife has decided to leave him
His youngest child she's only three
And he walks through the cold rain of Stockholm
He's got the blues in the key of Mississippi

There's a war going on somewhere always
There's a child a sniper has killed
And the family has gathered in sorrow
At a church at the top of a hill

There's a wail from an old peasant woman
The organ it plays mournfully
But no matter what hymn they have chosen
It's still the blues in the key of Mississippi
It's the blues in the key of Mississippi
It's the blues in the Key of Mississippi

TEXECUTION

We strap him to the gurney
We see his drunk attorney
Through the window drinking from his flask
And we find the perfect vein to
Send the deadly poison in thru
That will make his heart stop in it's track.

If he's really guilty
Satan's face he surely will see
And his soul will go straight down to hell
If he's innocent he will see
Jesus Christ and all his mercy
Either way we know it all ends well

Chorus:
It's a Texecution, it's a Texecution
This fine Lone Star solution we allow
Cause this Texecution, that great institution
Always makes the state of Texas proud

When everything is over
We sanitize the odor
Then we wrap the body in a body bag
There will be a fast autopsy

It might get a little sloppy
We did Karla Fay Tucker just like that

Chorus

The death penalty in these walls
Is more popular than football
We can hear the cracker crowd break into cheers
Out in the prison graveyard
We don't need a single cellguard
It's as quiet as a case of Shiner beer

SOLIDARITY

For the people who stand up and march for their rights
Solidarity, solidarity
For the ones who shine lights through the perilous nights
Solidarity, solidarity
For the souls who risk everything, strong in their stance
So their children can have a fair chance
Power in unity, fighting for what can be
Solidarity, solidarity

For the workers who strike for a real living wage
Solidarity, solidarity
In a time when the rich rule this new gilded age
Solidarity, solidarity
Where so many have nothing and a few have it all
What your grandparents fought for recalled
Hear their proud voices sing, in your memory dreams of
Solidarity, solidarity

For the crowds that have gathered and filled the town square
Solidarity, solidarity
With hope in their hearts and their hands in the air
Solidarity, solidarity
Facing down politicians and calling their bluff
When you've had enough you've, had enough
Every fear will recede in that great human sea, of
Solidarity, solidarity

ON THE RUN

Twenty bolts of lightning tear the clouds to shreds
He lies like a rabbit shivering in his bed
Looking at the motel sign in the lashing rain

Fearing every shadow at his windowpanes

Just a week ago his cover it was blown
Working for the DEA in Mexico
The Governor's office in Sonora state
He discovered feeding off the cartel plate

Chorus:

On the run, on the run, on the run,
From the cartel kings and their hired guns
On the run, on the run, you can't trust anyone
When you're on the run

He's got every numbered bank account in hand
Twenty billion dollars wired to foreign lands
And he's hiding out in Juarez in disguise
He can see El Paso on the other side

Rio Grande border is so close so far
Men in Raybans wait for him in unmarked cars
Telephones are tapped this goes straight to the top
There's no one to turn to least of all the cops

Chorus

Twenty bolts of lightning tear the clouds to shreds
He lies like a rabbit shivering in his bed

THE GIRL WITH THE BLUE GUITAR AND THE BLACK BERET

Omaha Sunday morning, out on the interstate
Billy's been driving all night long, his truck loaded with freight
Beside him there's a hitchhiker he picked up yesterday
A girl with a blue guitar and a black beret

She lies on the seat beside him, asleep with a sad sweet smile
They talked all night like old friends, for a couple of hundred miles
She spoke about the life she fled and how she found a way
The girl with the blue guitar and the black beret

If heaven is where an angel's from
They're missing one angel now
Her skin so pure in the prairie's sun
As soft as cotton clouds
Her beauty like a wildflower on
The finest summer day

The girl with the blue guitar and a black beret

He turned on the all news station, she's deep in a peaceful dream
The newsman sounds excited, his voice almost a scream
Something about a bank robber in Boise who got away
A girl with a blue guitar and a black beret

Chorus

She leaves at a lonely junction and walks into the wood
Carrying her blue guitar that weighs more than it should
He finds a thousand dollars in his Bible tucked away
The girl with a blue guitar and a black beret
The girl with a blue guitar and a black beret

THE PLASTIC BAG FROM WALMART

The plastic bag from Walmart
Ernie's carried out
Filled with a few canned peaches
And a box of frozen trout
The plastic bag from Walmart, got
Thrown in Ernie's trash

It got ripped up by tall branches
Of a skeleton winter tree
Then rose up like a scary kite
And kept on flying free
An eagle that was soaring
Got tangled in its web
That eagle tumbled to the ground
In seconds it was dead

By spring that bird was only bone
The plastic flew away
Across the fields and highways
It bounced and ricocheted
It grazed along a golf course
And the playground of a school
Then glided through a graveyard
And past a swimming pool

It floated to a garbage dump
Excited to find friends
Ten thousand other plastic bags
Ready to ascend

Together they all rose up
In a midnight screaming wind
Across the clouds, across the moon thin skinned and disciplined

They struck a jet plane landing
It's engine all caught fire
Two hundred people died that day
From that celestial choir
And over the dark ocean
Nine thousand bags remained
And settled on the swollen waves
A ghostly deadly rain

Where schools of dolphins ate them
Sea turtles ate them too
They perished from the plastic
Digested into glue
They tangled up propellers
Of small boats in the sea
And ended up as oily sludge
Polluting every beach

Somebody had a great idea
"Well gather them in trucks
and get them all re-cycled
and make a million bucks"
Cause plastic lives forever
Each filthy rag was snagged
Transformed and sold to Walmart
As brand new shiny bags

The plastic bag from Walmart
That Martha carried out
Filled with a pack of hot dogs
And jars of sauerkraut
The plastic bag from Walmart
Thrown in Martha's trash
Got lifted by a wild wind
To the sky to make a dash

A WORLD WITHOUT AMERICA

We all know the shadows that steal through this land
Divisions that darken the sun

There's no perfect country wherever you stand
The planet has not shown me one

But when someone's in trouble whose help do they seek?
The look for the red, white and blue
Where people are starving or slaughtered like sheep
There's only one place in turn to

In a world without America
Tyrants would be in control
Just a wasteland cold
With no rock and roll
In a world without America

The land that made Jefferson, Lincoln and King
Where Edison lit up the dark
Where dreams still come through from the effort you bring
You can build your own star from a spark

A nation of beauty, of hope and of fun
The home of the Yellowstone Park
Each radiant energy second to none
With an innocence still at it's heart

In A world without America
It would still be 1910
Innovations stalled
A dark age would fall
In a world without America

We pray to whoever we want
If we pray
We're free to explore any trail
We protest at rallies, all sides have their say
Without fear of a lifetime in jail

They sell coca cola in Thailand and Spain
They watch Star Trek in Camaroon
Though some nations cynically sneer and complain
Who among them has walked on the moon?

In a world without America
There would be no baseball games
Music would be bland
Polkas and marching bands
In a world without America

In a world without America
Hitler would have won the war
No Chevrolet cars, Fender guitars
In a world without America.
In a world without America.