

Wild Carrot – Between the Darkness & the Light

Track Listing

1. (the Power of a) Pancake Breakfast
2. Stones & Feathers
3. Blue Bottle Tree
4. A Case of You*
5. Red Dirt Girl*
6. Flycatcher Jack & the Whippoorwill's Song*
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9. Now I Fly (Esme's Song)
10. The Robin's Song
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* Lyrics not included in this file

Lyrics

(the power of a) Pancake Breakfast

My name is Ivy
Mornin's you'll find me
Behind the counter at this ol' diner
Waitin' on the regulars & nine-to-fivers

At first it was a job, you know
Just a little steppin' stone
Till I got my feet back on the ground
Never thought it'd turn a life around

He was at a table in the back
Nursin' coffee, black
How much is just one breakfast taco
I'd never served just one, said, "Don't know"

His dirty clothes and empty eyes
Broke me up and so I lied,
"I messed up this order, gonna throw it away
Unless you want it. No charge today. No charge"

Chorus:

I believe, I believe, I believe in the power
of a pancake breakfast

Guess it was a-bout three weeks
When he came back to see me
and he said, "I know what you did for me, honey
Wanna pay you back. This time it's on me."

"I found a job and place to stay
I almost ended it that day
But you gave me hope when I was down
I'm gonna spread that love around. You can make book on me."

Chorus

Sausage link. Time to think.
Orange juice. Folks say, how ya doin'?
Peace spreads like butter on warm bread
Like syrup sticky sweet served by a person just like me

In this age of online chat
It's all e-this and e-that
Between Nowhere and Goodbye
We forget to look folks in the eye

But inside these steamy checked walls
Time don't matter much at all
Folks'll talk for hours and tip me a quarter
Lookin' for somethin' they can't short order

Chorus

My name is Ivy
Mornin's you'll find me
Behind the counter at this ol' diner
Waitin' on the regulars & nine-to-fivers

Stones and Feathers

I had a dream last night, words upon words
stones and feathers and rumors on the wind
Gotta give up this fight, fears upon fears
facts and reasons won't let me begin

Chorus: But I can see the other side in the pink light of morning
through the veil between the darkness and the light
I won't reach out, I won't hold on
I won't be enough at the breaking of the dawn

She passes me a stone or maybe a feather
I want to take it but cannot reach out my hand
I lay on the ground alone behind my defenses
skin and bone and my life upon the sand

Chorus: But I can see the other side in the pink light of morning
through the veil between the darkness and the light
I can't reach out, I can't hold on
I can't be enough at the breaking of the dawn

I had a dream last night, waves upon water
wonder and longing and a stone held out to me

I can't speak and so I write words upon pages
Stones become feathers that carry me to sea

Chorus: But I can see the other side in the pink light of morning
through the veil between the darkness and the light
I will reach out, I will hold on
I will be enough at the breaking of the dawn

I'm reaching out, I'm holding on
I am enough at the breaking of the dawn

Blue Bottle Tree

I can't stop the rain from fallin'

can't stop your soul from callin' me

I made a blue bottle tree
To keep your soul from haunting me
I grease the necks up true and thin
And hope your spirit slides right in

The glass is bright, the glass is blue
And sparkles like your eyes used to
You always swore you'd set things right
Then disappeared into the night

Chorus 1: (and now) I can't stop the rain from fallin'
I can't stop your soul from callin' me
And can't stop the slow and steady path of sorrow

I used to think that I had endless time
So I took the blame, made your troubles mine
Now for every little song left unsung
There's been another blue bottle hung

I see 'em shinin' in the sun
And think of all the wrongs you done
But it's past time for church and second thoughts
I tried to forgive, and you just forgot

Chorus 2: Now I can't stop the stars from shinin'
Can't stop the truth from findin' me
And can't stop the slow and steady path of sorrow

As the night sings up the moon
I hang another bottle, hum a tune
And pray your spirit sees the light
And sealed by the sun gets trapped in tight

Chorus 3: Cuz I can't stop the world from turnin'
Can't stop this love from burnin' me
Can't stop the slow and steady path of sorrow

I made a blue bottle tree
To keep your soul from haunting me
Talking with Ghosts

what would I say if I knew it were the last time
could I persuade you to read between the lines
could I have saved you from the demons inside again

what would I say? what could I do?

Chorus: I'm talking with ghosts again
the ones I miss the most but then
they're gone like ether in the night
(I thought/maybe/I wish) talking with ghosts could make it right

what would I say if I thought that you might really hear
what could I take from you to hold and keep you near
all for the sake of love and time in the clear with you
what would I say? what could I do?

Chorus

Bridge: it's the space between breaths that holds the secret
like a ruby in your pocket, a faded photo in a locket
got to first know it's there
before you can care, and you know I care

now what can I say to make it hurt a little less
I'd walk away but for the harsh taste of regret
I store hope away cuz hope is for fancy dress
and I put on my faith. faith's more for every day

Chorus

Objects of Virtue

"When we change the way we look at things, the things we look at change."
– Dr. Wayne Dyer

found it in the garden just the other day
tangled in the roots and buried in the clay
so I dug it up, shined it up
it caught the light and made a game for the cats to play

I wondered who had held it, where it might have been
'stead of throwing it out, why did I bring it in
then without a second thought for what I've got
it's tucked away with the others till I need it again

Just a spoon...

I like to think it traveled with a little girl
sewn into her dress with coins and a strand of pearls

how many mouths might it have fed as her family fled
across the ocean to a brand-new world

or maybe in a wagon train it ventured west
in a set of 12, some woman's Sunday best
hungry, cold and lost, it was the cost
the travelers paid for a warm, safe place to rest

Bridge: objects of virtue – utility and grace
 how do these things define us in this temporary place
 sand and water, mineral and bone
 in the end it's just the memories we own

through all these years it has been here with me
my thumb now so familiar with its filigree
it started many conversations, gave ministrations
and every day sweetened my morning tea

now I am old, it's time I moved away
I've decided I won't take it, I think it should stay
for it was never really mine, a lucky find
it is tomorrow held by yesterday

Just a spoon...

Now I Fly (Esme's Song)

This morning I was just a girl
A bright young flame in this world
My heart exploded in dark
Embedding each soul with an ember, a spark

Chorus: Now I fly
 Over this night of a thousand tears
 And I fly
 Away from this night of a thousand tears
 I have hollowed you out in this night
 Fill yourself up with my light

Now I'm the frayed edge of your heart
Living takes less will than art
My life will flow as part of yours
From the Ohio banks to the Myanmar shores

Chorus: Now I fly

Over this night of a thousand tears
And I fly
Away from this night of a thousand tears
I promise and this much I know
I'm with you wherever you go

So, hold my memory near
Don't live from sadness or fear
Good work will be done still and yet
And anger's just hope that has turned to regret

Chorus: Now I fly
 Over this night of a thousand tears
 And I fly
 Away from this night of a thousand tears
 More love in this will be found
 Now I'm sweet somewhere bound

I have hollowed you out in this night
Fill yourself up, fill yourself up, fill yourself up with my light

The Robin's Song

I cut my daughter's hair today
And left it on the lawn
A robin picked it up just now
And wove it with her song

The nest's outside my window
In that tree I used to climb
My girl's hair holds four blue eggs
Something new and borne by time

Only three eggs hatched today
One fell from the nest
A mother's trust and dedication
So soon put to the test

And in a week or so she'll let 'em go
Into an unforgiving land
It's a strength in every mother's soul

Maybe she's stronger than I am

Chorus:

(So) Fly little one fly
Stretch your wings, find your life
Go on and fly, my baby, fly
The hardest thing to do
Is to cover them in truth
Then let 'em fall or rise to meet the sky

My daughter's wedding was today
A simple, sweet affair
I can't believe it – she's my little girl
I used to cut her hair

She'll be movin' to the city now
Five hundred miles away
May she go with tender mercies
It's a prayer all mothers pray

Chorus

Spring came on the wind today
Life's lessons whispered there
Sixty trips around the sun
Now I cut my grandchild's hair

And when I'm gone that robin's song
Will still be sung for me
And for my daughter's daughters
From that hundred-year-old tree

Chorus

Train to Babylon

Bad poetry, No melody
Just prayers, promises and vows
Strongest desire That once lit a fire

Just a pebble in my mouth

Chorus: On the train to Babylon
A tower to the sun
Where hopes and fears are one
I'm on the train to Babylon

Deepest dark, No single spark
Will tell truth from lies
Brick and bone, Ash and stone
Are all you give to me tonight

Chorus: On the train to Babylon
A tower to the sun
Are we innocent or are we wrong
I'm on the train to Babylon

Bridge: Words I wish I'd had
will make no difference in the end
Won't change what we leave behind

Magnet to metal we ride
toward the time in our lives
When the little dream lives but the big dream dies

Chorus: On the train to Babylon
A ride to oblivion
Something's lost but is it gone
I'm on the train to Babylon
I'm on the train to Babylon
I'm on the train to Babylon

