

"This will be our reply to violence: to make music
more intensely, more beautifully, more devotedly
than before."

Leonard Bernstein

produced by David Roth
recorded and mastered by Mark Dann
at Mark Dann Studios ~ Woodstock, NY

additional piano tracks recorded by Chris Anderson
at Nevessa Studios ~ Saugerties, NY and David Lange
at David Lange Studios ~ Puyallup, WA
vocal arrangements by Penny Nichols (2,6,11,12)

photography by Tricia Duffy-Roth and DR
design by DR/Ric Allendorf & Cheryl Hughes

think twice

david roth

disk one

Round and Round

author unknown

David Roth, Cindy Mangsen,
Sloan Wainwright – vocals

Rosa and the Three K's

© 2001 David Roth

*Missouri State Senator Bill Clay, Jr.
sponsored the bill to rename a stretch
of highway I-55 near St. Louis
after it had been "adopted".*

Rosa Parks from Tuskegee
Made her mark in history
A bus ride in Montgomery
Began the turning of a tide
She wouldn't give her seat up
To a white man in the front, you see
She'd had enough and took a stand
While sitting on a bus that day

While sitting on a bus that day
She must have bugged the KKK
"You'd have to sit in back" they'd say,
But Rosa Lee would not be swayed
She sat her ground and there she stayed
Until the sheriff came and said
"I'll take you to your jail bed,
Who do you think you are?"

I'm Rosa Parks, that's who I am
Won't give my seat up to that man
I worked all day, I'm tired and
I'm Rosa Parks, that's who I am

Kripalu, Kari Miller, David Broida, Paul Channic, Ginny Weissman, Rich Warren, Ed Townley, Ed Tossing, Ana Arias, Susan Howell & Niels Anderson, Lisa Timmons, Marianne & Kevin Ort, Molly Linton, Robby Greenberg, Eileen Baker, Russ & Leddy Hammock, Sue Kroupa, Polly O'Brien, Pitney Bowes, Points of Light Foundation, Erika Rogers, Carol Numrich & Eric Cooper, Kim Kaplan, David Eisner, Pam Burns, Rob & Marlene Lieb, Steve & Kay Coccia, Elizabeth Lesser, the Omega Institute, Richard & Maureen Levy, George Keeney & Lauri Taylor, Gerrie Wilson, Karen Ciabattoni, Milt & Joy Keiles, Nancy Slonim Aronie, Pamela Polland & Bill Ernst, Paul Harrison, Barrett Wolf, Steve Carty-Cordry, Ahre Maros, Nina Gibson, Phyllis Barney, John Robison, Luke Seaward, Fran Stone, Janet & Frank, Kathy Pinkham, Chad O'Shea & Lytingale, Helen Spielman, Jack Graf, Joel & Margie Goodman, Kenny & Ingrid Einstein, Rebecca & Barry Rosenstein, Gunter Pauler & Stockfisch Records, Chris Jones, Mark Moss, Anne Hills, Steve Gillette & Cindy Mangsen, Karen Haas, Margaret Graham, Michele Baker-Pickett, Stephanie Mitchell, Robert Brown, Claudia, Linder & Mahtee, Beryl, Sam, & Joe Levinger, Renee Bodie, Russ & Julie Paris, Rod Kennedy, Dalis Allen & the Kerrville Folk Festival family, Joe & Bev Angel, Bruce & Liz Rouse, Dan Hazlett, Dave Siglin & the Ark, Lui Collins, Jon Stein, Joyce & Tony Sica, Steve & Sherry Panzer, Ric Allendorf & Cheryl Hughes, all the other Allendorfs, Pete Farrell & family, Linda Chapin, the National Wellness Institute, Craig Washington, Priscilla Johnson, the National Association of Unity Churches, UU Fellowships, Science of Mind, Bill Raines, Robert MacPhee & family, Cathy Kanter, Joe Henry, Vic Fleming, Sandy Queen, Joe DeLucia, Jim Sulzer, Frank & Nancy Winkler, John Lamb, Elixir Strings, Martin Guitars, and...

Also by David Roth on Wind River
(www.folkera.com/windriver)

Rising In Love
Digging Through My Closet
Nights at the Chez
If You Can't Fly
Another Side of David Roth
Irreconcilable Similarities

on Stockfisch Records
(www.stockfisch-records.de)

Pearl Diver

for correspondence,
booking, and appearances
visit www.davidrothmusic.com
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David uses:
Elixir Strings
(www.goremusic.com)
and Martin Guitars
(www.martinguitar.com)

It's time to play
We slapped our boots on, grabbed the dog
We bought him in some cat-alogue
That's what they send this time of year
How did they get our address here?

We took a stroll around the pond
Of Tricia I am very fond
Last summer she made me a blond
I looked a bit like Eminem

Our nieces' very favorite rapper
Swears a lot, that whippersnapper
Strikes some kind of chord it seems
With certain disaffected teens...

Here's my little Christmas song
Might play it wrong, it's kinda newish
Don't expect too much when Christmas songs
Are sung by someone Jewish

Except for maybe Adam Sandler
Nightly lights Menorah candles
Merry Christmas, Hanukkah
Solstice, Ramadan, and Kwanzaa

I know I left some holidays out
So choose that to which you're devout
That's what the Dali Lama does,
When asked what his religion was

Replies with just one single word
"Kindness" is what he prefers
And so do I, so now I ask
Is humankind up to the task?

DR ~ vocal, piano

Dance for the Nations

© 1995 John Krumm
Sloan Wainwright, Steve Gillette,
David Roth ~ vocals

bonus/penalty

DDCC

*live at the Humor Project
Saratoga Springs, NY
4/6/03 ~ recorded by Mark Waters*

Whew, it's good to get this one out there.
Been a long time coming and just little less time making. Immeasurable thanks to those who inspired these songs, offered friendship, support, assistance, passed along stories, shared musical knowledge, were patient, and in one way or another somehow got my Piscean attention in this busy, complicated, and distracting world... Tricia, Gloria Roth, Deborah & Ralph Mero, Marcia Minot, Mark Tucker, Penny & Kathy Duffy, Tom Duffy & Terry Calamito, Ian, Rose, & Sophie Hatch, Mark Dann, Pam Rivers, Penny & Rory Nichols, Mark Rothe, Sloan Wainwright, the Summersongs family, Chip, Sue, Liz and Julia Kramer, Kim & Reggie Harris, Greg Tamblyn, Jana Stanfield, Karen Taylor-Good, David Lange, Benjamin, & Patrice O'Neill, Larry & Karla Pattis, Cosy Sheridan & TR Ritchie, Allan Shaw, Karen Rumaner and all at Wind River, Lisa Klotz, Vito (21) Jr. & Sarah, Michael Moore, Tim Robbins, Greg & Audrey Greenway, Artie Traum, Tom Prasada-Rao, Jim Harrington, Kathi Tighe, Jeff Levin, Wanda Fisher, Sonny Ochs, Sonia, Terry Irons, Magpie, Pat Humphreys & Sandy O, Bob Franke, Jason Blume, John Platt, Barbara Shiller, Joyce & Copi Saltman, the H.E.L.P. Institute, Freebo, Severin Browne, Carl & Annie Lukens, Stephanie Campbell,

This was back in '55
And times have changed, she's still alive
But so are those in ignorance
Who'd still keep others in their place
But that's a risky p.r. plan
The image-makers told the Klan
You'll have to clean your act up
And start moving with the times

So very quietly one day
An application with three K's
Was filed with Missouri's
Department of Transportation
The Klux's joined a civic plan
Adopt-A-Highway Program and
They'd get their name up on a sign
Proclaiming their damn nation

But modern folks in Missouri
Especially at the D.O.T.
Denied that application
So the K-boys had to make a plan
They lawyered up and with a snort
They won a judgment in the court
Who said the state could not
Discriminate against the Klan

So there it stands, that awful sign
For one cursed mile of highway line
But the people of Missouri-i-ay
They drew their own and had their say
Now the joke is on the KKK
They're cleaning up the newly christened
"Rosa Parks Freeway"



I'm Rosa Parks, that's who I am
Won't give my seat up to that man
The time has come to take a stand
I'm Rosa Parks, that's who I am

DR ~ vocals, guitars
David Lange ~ piano
Mark Dann, bass
Brian Melick ~ drums
Reggie Harris, Sloan Wainwright,
Penny Nichols ~ vocals

Elijah

© 2001 David Roth
*written for our young Oregon friend
to celebrate his story of conflict resolution*

Elijah, starting the first grade
Hit some trouble right away
Really, trouble hit him first
A bully's elbow, nasty words

Elijah told his parents he was scared
They told him not to be afraid
"Elijah, stand up for yourself
Tell that bully that you've had enough."

Next day first grade much the same
Elijah came home cross again
It didn't work, the same effect
Elijah wondered what was next

This is where Elijah's mom stepped in
She said "I have a thought" to him
Suppose we ask his family here
It's up to you Elijah dear

Elijah took that thought to bed
Wednesday gave the go-ahead
The weekend came, and so did they
Away from school, the two boys played

Eddie's mom expressed regret
She felt her son didn't mean the threats
But no one ever looked beyond
A bully and his anger til now

Elijah's grooving on first grade
Because of the new pal he made
And Eddie's even having fun
And much more kind to everyone

All because a little man
Embraced his fear and made a friend
With arms of love, not retribution
So begins ... a revolution

DR ~ vocal, guitar, Yamaha PSR-280 (harp)
Mark Dann ~ guitar, bass
Brian Melick ~ cymbal

Halloween

© 1999 David Roth

Halloween
Was my favorite holiday as a kid
I got to dress up
Like many people that I wanted to be
I was a pirate one year
And my big sister was a princess
We were poor
So next year we switched



Just kidding

Then I was Paladin
He was played on TV by Richard Boone
I got my costume
At the Walgreens in a cardboard box

Mom and Dad, or Mom and Mom
Or Aunt along with Uncle
Soup and sandwich, Will and Grace
Simon...and Garfunkel
But other words might not as ably
Coexist in tandem
Thus care should be applied
That they're not coalesced at random
Jumbo shrimp, computer jock
Good riddance, plastic glasses
Airline food, same difference
Synthetic...natural gases

Living dead
Found missing
In a sanitary landfill
Pretty ugly
Business ethics
Twelve ounce pound cake
Tiny mouthful

But of all the words in English
That should never go together
Soft rock butt head small crowd tight slacks...

"Governor Schwarznegger"

*live at Good Folk Concerts, Fayetteville, AR
9/14/03 ~ recorded by Mike Shirkey*



Little Christmas Song

© 2002 David Roth

Here's my little Christmas song
It's new so I might play it wrong
But that's okay, it's not like I could say
Or sing one single thing

That's never been expressed before
Like "peace on earth" and "no more war"
That's easier to say than do,
Just read the paper, watch the news

Don't read the paper, walk in nature
That's what we did last Thursday
When six or seven inches fall
Down from the sky

I pop the bag, it's full of stuff
I never quite unload enough
But I'll make room, I'll get a grip
I'm packing for my ego trip



CHORUS

I'm packing for my ego trip
I've got a lifetime membership
I'm well rehearsed and well-equipped
I'm packing for my ego trip

I'll start with pride and self-esteem
Eternal youth and fading genes
I always stuff some extra socks
Right underneath my writer's blocks
My shaving kit is six feet tall
It holds the mirror on the wall
Reflecting me, myself and I
My three most favorite passersby

CHORUS

Today I'll start by ending world hunger
Take a break for lunch and win Olympic Gold
Just before my nap at three
I'll sell a coupla million CDs
My wing at the Smithsonian
Is something to behold

Sometimes I walk, sometimes I drive
Sometimes I crawl, sometimes I fly
My travel agent loves me
Cuz I'm tripping every minute
And when I'm not in my right mind
My left one's overflowing
Then I know I've gone way past
My psyche's legal baggage limit

CHORUS

DR ~ vocal, guitar
David Lange, piano
Brian Melick ~ drums
Me, Myself, and I ~ background vocals
(with help, unnecessary tho it may have been,
from Reggie Harris, Sloan Wainwright,
and Penny Nichols)

Never Go Together

© 2003 David Roth

There are lots of words in English
That go well with one another
Like Abbott and Costello, salt and pepper
Bread and butter

It was a one-piece suit
With a pistol and a holster drawn in glitter
For a dollar ninety-eight you had to use
Your imagination

I had a crush on Amy Auerbach
And Suzie Gomberg in the second grade
The most popular girls in school
I didn't have a chance with them
Big feet, crooked teeth
And two-tone glasses
I had a built in costume for Halloween
Every day in second grade

End of October
My big revelry had rolled around fast
And Doctor Kildaire
Was a popular show on TV that year
So my mom went out and bought
A little doctor's shirt
And I decided that I'd wear it to school
I'd be Ben Casey
Cuz he's the one who had the dark hair

When I showed up at school that day
All the girls were giggling
And I couldn't figure out what for
Til I saw Amy Auerbach
She was all dressed up like a nurse
And me like a doctor
We were instantly romantically linked
And everyone was tittering

I was embarrassed
I wanted to run outside and dig a big hole
And jump to China

Or even further if I possibly could
Then Amy smiled
I think it was at Joey Romanelli

So I tossed that doctor's shirt
Traded it in for a cape
Next year I began my career as
The Man of Steel

DR ~ vocal, guitar
Vito Petroccitto Jr. ~ guitar
Mark Dann ~ Bass
Brian Melick ~ drums

Playing Catch

© 2001 David Roth

I used to play catch
Every chance that I could
I'd find Craig Casteel
Every day after school
He'd stand on his front lawn
And I'd stand on mine
Flinging clotheslines and rainbows
And grounders

I'd toss my knuckler
And he threw it hard
We spent half our time
Searching other folks yards
But the feeling of hearing
That pop in my glove
Was my introduction to love

CHORUS

I love to play catch
Throw a ball, see what happens
The curves and rotations
The caroms and rolls
The whole thing depends on
The way that you hold it
And the way that you let it go

Then I played catch
Where the stakes were much higher
On top of my game
In my prime, at my peak
When she held her hand out
And she gave me that target
I laid it all down at her feet

But this was when I became
Prone to more blunders
In judging the distance
And getting the calls
The harder I tried
To eliminate errors
The more that I bobbled the balls

CHORUS

Put a big "E" on the scoreboard for Davie
The once curly hair that was dark
Is now graying
Did I stop playing because I grew older
Or have I grown older
Because I stopped playing

Here we are, you and me
Deep in the season
You know that I love you
The best that I can

Some days you make it so easy
It's crazy
Other days I make it hard
Please forgive me

A man who loves catch
Throw a ball, see what happens
The curves and rotations
The caroms and rolls
The whole thing depends on
The way that you hold it
And the way

That you let it go

DR ~ vocal, piano
Cindy Mangsen ~ accordion

Seven Wonders

© 2002 David Roth and Severin Browne

Monday morning history
Sixth grade buzzing around
One shy girl in the back of the room
Hardly making a sound
In runs teacher carrying books
Latte in one hand
Okay, here's the plan for today

Got a little pop quiz
Got a question for you
Take out a pencil and paper
That's all you gotta do
Number down the left hand side of the page
One through seven, all right
Here we go, let's see what you know

One Day at the Gates

© 2000 David Roth

St. Peter perusing the old Pearly Gates
He was working the swing shift, 2008
It was slow for a Monday, five minutes to nine
There were only two spirits in line

The first began knocking, St. Peter said
"Come, tell me what did you do
Down on Earth there, my son?"
"Well I was a preacher
My word was the Lord's
And for decades I lectured how God I adored"

"Come on right in friend,
You're most welcome here
We've built you a cabin just off to the rear
And when you've settled in
Here's a coupon that's good
For a nice cotton robe
And a staff made of wood."

So then came the second
A short balding man
With an old blue beret
And two wrinkled old hands
St. Peter began with his questions again
"Tell me, what did you do
In the world of men...and women?"

"For the last thirty years sir, I drove a big cab
On the streets of Manhattan
I'd zoom and I'd gab"
St. Peter said "Sir you need say nothing more"
And quite quickly relinquished
The keys to the door

He said "Come on right in friend
You don't have to wait
We've built you a palace
Right by the front the gate
With a big fireplace so you'll never get cold
And a set of silk suits
And a staff made of gold"

But the preacher who'd gone in before him
Caught word of this opulent dwelling
And then when he heard
Of the difference in garments and staves
He was furious, perplexed and bewildered
And partially curious

"Tell me why does a chauffeur
Get all these fine gifts here
When I served the Lord
And all he did was shift gears?"

And this was the reply that St. Peter made
"When you preached, people slept
When he drove, people prayed!"

DR ~ vocal, guitar, piano

Ego Trip

© 2001 David Roth

I drag my suitcase down the hall
Another day, another ball
Straight outta bed and off I go
My very favorite travel show

Uncle Dave

live at the uNi Coffeehouse, Springfield, MA
1/11/03



Hank and Hymie

© 2002 David Roth and Greg Tamblyn

Hank and Hymie, unemployed
Laid off in LaVerkin
Stood in line to get the dole
Because they were not workin'

Hank was first up to the desk
The clerk began his query
"What was your last job" he asked
"And why d'you look so weary?"

You'd look weary too my friend
And both your hands be hurtin'
If elastic into women's drawers
You'd spent your life insertin'

The clerk began to check his list
Insertion of elastic
Two hundred bucks a week you'll get
Hank said "that's fantastic!"

Now Hymie's turn, he stepped right up
A mild case of jitters
When asked about his last employ
With pride said "diesel fitter"

Diesel fitter, here we go
It says four hundred dollars
Hymie blushed, his face aglow
But Hank began to holler

This isn't fair, for forty years
I stood right there beside him
So why should he get twice as much
For doing much what I did

The clerk said I thought you put rubber bands
Inside the undies
And he fit diesels all that time
How's that the same, I'm wondering?

True, I'd insert those stretchy straps
Hard work, but I'm no quitter
Then I'd hand the shorts to Hymie, he'd say

"Dese'll fit her"

DR ~ vocal, piano



CHORUS

Can you name
The Seven Wonders of the world
Can you show me on our shiny globe
The greatest tricks we've twirled
Can you name
The Seven Wonders of the world

The students started scribbling
Time was tripping by
Fifteen minutes later
Pens were dripping dry
"Who can tell us what they wrote"
Hands began to wave

CHORUS

Dave said "Egypt's Pyramids"
Tom said "Taj Mahal"
Severin added Everest
Bob, Niagara Falls
Cindy put Grand Canyon
Vito, the Great Wall
Steve and Sloan, the Barrier Reef
And Panama Canal

Everyone responded
But the one girl in the back
She was still quite busy writing
Trying to get on track
The teacher ambled back to her desk
"Penny, what have you got?"

CHORUS

This was kinda hard for me
I did the best I could
I think I've got it narrowed down
From what I've understood
When I think of wonders
And all of humankind
Here are just some of the things
That came into my mind...

To touch and taste and feel
To hear, to smell, and see
To breathe and laugh and love someone
Are all wonders to me

The class fell silent as she spoke
Then they heard the teacher say
"A...you got an A"

CHORUS

DR ~ vocal, Yamaha PSR-280 (piano, organ,
sitar, water, shamisen, electric piano)
Mark Dann ~ bass
Brian Melick ~ drums, congas, bongos,
triangle
Penny Nichols, Sloan Wainwright ~ vocals
Lisa Klotz, Sara and Alyssa Dann,
Sarah and Vito Petrocetto Jr., and Sam ~ class

Another Day at Moses Brown

© 2003 David Roth and Bill Harley
Bill, Debbie, their two sons and I were sitting around the dinner table one night when Dylan told us about something that had happened at his school.

Another day at Moses Brown
A high school in Rhode Island
Announcements every Tuesday
And a forum for the kids
To have a chance to stand and speak
To share their feelings once a week
Never had that kind of thing
When I was back in school

So here was Tuesday, 10 AM
Right in the school gymnasium
Silently some 40 students
Rose up from their seats
Walked down to the front
And formed a line to face their classmates
Each held a paper sign
With one big letter on each sheet

This was a day of silence
For many 'round the country
To lower their voice in union
With all people who are gay
The 40 kids who held their ground
Were spelling out a question
"What will you do to end the silence?"
Is what they didn't say

A roaring stillness filled the air
The hush eventually provoked

A couple other students muttering
"This is what we'll do..."
We want to form our own group
It's called the DFD"
Different silence followed
With a stifled laugh or two

But those three letters caused a stir
That ripped right through the school that day
Emotions had been triggered
That could no longer be denied
Notes on the opinion board
Opened up the floodgates
Soon everybody knew those letters stood
For "die fag die"

Next morning came, the word was out
A nerve had been exposed
A special meeting in the gym
And everyone was there
Furious, the principal
Declared her disappointment
That such a thing could happen
In the halls that they all shared

"We've always prided Moses
As a place where all are safe" she said
"Regardless of our differences
Beliefs, and what we do
These words that we heard yesterday
Diminish human dignity
I thought our school a haven
Now I know it isn't true"

One by one now others rose
Both faculty and students

Come on, I would never use a word like that
When there are children present
Though the words they hear and use at school
May not be all that pleasant ... either

Right here on nature's sandy arm
The Fleming family did commence
The preparation of this treat
For which they rose to prominence
With elbows jostling torsos every morning
Booties shaking
Where the local crowd would gather
To partake of their fine baking

Boston cremes and honey dipped
Coconut and chocolate covered
And the ones all stuffed with jelly
Or with shiny icing smothered
Don't forget the muffins
Or the Maxwell House's coffee
This is probably not the place
To ask you waitress for a latte

All was going smooth for years
Until one rueful day
When the world's largest donut nation
Sailed into the bay
They thought they'd sneak right into town
Out by the cemetery
With those wash-a-shores down from Vermont
Whose names were Ben and Jerry

But Cape Codders are a wily lot
They saw the frosting on the wall
And mounted up a protest
To curtail this corporate sprawl

"We don't need your You-Know-Who-nuts
Here in town amongst our neighbors
We've got Donut Shacks and Hole in One's
To do our pastry labors

So take your franchise somewhere else
To make your big dinero
If I gotta have a croissant
I'll just hit the Chocolate Sparrow
Yet in spite of all the protest
You-Know-Who-nuts got their store
First in Chatham, then in Eastham
And by now there's several more

Don't deny it, I have seen you there
In line with all the tourists
Where they claim the world's finest coffee
That's a joke to purists
But if you pause to ponder
Then this song will have succeeded
Right here at home you never know
How much your dough is kneaded

So if you gotta have a sweet
There's something you can do
Consider local merchants
And the years that they've been here for you
They're the ones who've earned your business
So make sure that they don't go nuts
Go spend more money at their stores

And less at You-Know-Who-nuts!

DR ~ vocal, guitar
Mark Dann ~ bass
Brian Melick ~ cardboard boxes

Neither

That's the truth
No matter who you chose to win
There's just about precisely one more person
Who had picked some other way
Not exactly what I'd call
A mandate from the people
We had a really hard Election Day

I love this country yes I do
There's freedom in red white and blue
But colleges that don't exist
I do not get a kick from
With all the brilliant minds we've got
It doesn't really say a lot
When these two are what's left
For us to pick from

How 'bout a teacher or a chef
Asocial worker, someone deaf
A farmer or some clergy
Or an actor
No, we tried that
A secretary or a nurse
It's no so bad, it could be worse
A songwriter for president,
Would (your state here) certify that?

Just anyone with common sense
Not straddling some middle fence
With courage and conviction
Some compassion and some solace
Maybe all those absentees in Florida
Will count them please

Or maybe we'll ask Mickey Mouse
Or Elian Gonzalez

We had a really hard election
Strong and stiff, with no protection
Lawyers paratrooping into every Florida city
It's clear we can't find one we like
Would both of you please take a hike
We'll run our own darn country by committee

Another thought, perhaps the best thing

Inaugurate the cast of West Wing

*live at the Linda Norris Auditorium
WAMC studios, Albany NY 9/28/02
emcee ~ Sonny Ochs
recorded by Sarah Briggs*

Makin' Dough

© 2002 David Roth

There appears to be a movement
In this culture we call ours
For some quickness and convenience
When it comes to eating flour
There are many transmutations
Many shapes that wheat is sized in
And as many folks who eat it
As are things it is disguised in

One such kind, the doughnut
Is a favorite of the masses
Who flock to local doughnut shops
To fatten up their

Some defensive, others outraged
All would have their say
But as each person stood and spoke
A wall was slowly building
Brick by brick, a wall of pain
Was rising there that day

The meeting nearly over now
The room on razors edges
No one knew just how to bridge this gap
Or what to say
Then Corey Clinton stood
And cleared his throat, the gym fell silent
Everyone at Moses Brown
Knew Corey Clinton was gay

Corey Clinton, gay, they knew,
He'd never tried to hide it
His notes on the opinion board
Were there for all to see
He raised his voice and looked around
And spoke to all assembled
"All I've got is love for you
What do you have for me?"

"What do you have for me?" he said
And simply sat back down again
Instead of adding to that wall
He'd opened up a door
And afterwards a bunch of kids
Came up to Corey crying
Including some who'd hassled him
So many times before

Another day at Moses Brown
A high school in Rhode Island

Announcements every Tuesday
Never know what they might be
Tho Corey's off to college now
His words still echo through those halls
All I've got is love for you

What do you have for me?

DR ~ vocal, guitar
Mark Dann ~ bass

Woodstock Wind

© 2003 David Roth
DR ~ triple chambered ocarina

Someone Standing There

© 2000 David Roth

At this club I noticed someone standing there
In a t-shirt and a pair of faded jeans
With stringy brownish shiny longish hair
I recognized him immediately

I used to play his songs
When I was back in college
Back when LPs spun
My whole wide world around
Back when I wasn't smart enough to know
I'd be traveling down that road one day
And here he was in the flesh in a club in LA

All my attempts at acting cool
Went down the toilet
As I fumbled for a way to say hello
It looked like he was leaving and I panicked

I didn't want to let this moment go

And so I stopped him
And put his hand in mine
I looked him straight into those deep sad eyes

"You inspired me a long long time ago..."

He said thanks and he was gone
My seven-second moment there in LA town
I never even said my name
The night that I shook hands...

DR ~ vocal, piano



Catherine and Georgia

© 2000 David Roth

Francis and Joseph Cardullo had children
Enough for a basketball team out in Yonkers
A son and four daughters
The light of their lives
Little did they imagine
The future they harbored

Catherine and Georgia, MaryEllen and Nicky
And Nancy the youngest
They moved to Cape Cod
More suited to raising of kids than a city
The sand and the breakers
The old promenades

Catherine, the eldest
Gave birth eight times over
Georgia had two of her own along the way
Catherine and Georgia
Both stricken with cancer
Survived by their parents
Were Catherine and Georgia

Nancy the baby, now fast turning forty
A picture of health, diminutive body
A call from the clinic
It's still in the family
The world upside down,
The world topsy turvy

Her doctor said
"Nancy, I'll be here to help you...
We'll use every option, we'll do all we can"
Alternative treatments

Across the aisle Marines are talking
I turn my head
They're flashing documents of service
Words like purple by their names
The movie screen's a video
Of Elvis Presley's daughter
Singing something about Memphis
While some car goes up in flames

I'm curious to know
What Leslie's take is on the war
But all she talks about is going home
She's going home
She's looking forward

I'm looking sideways

Just spent a week in Germany
Had to change my diet
There were many late night conversations
Cigarettes, and beer
Playing music, foreign films, Iraq
And what the Germans thought about
The U.S. going over there

I look around
Leslie's got some headphones and a CD
Her head is swaying side to side
The cover's in her lap
"Moonlight Piano Favorites"
She starts to snap her fingers
And I just stop and take a look at that...

Can you picture Leslie
As her thumb and fingers snap
If these "Moonlight Piano Favorites"
Turn a soldier into that

Then I'm sending off some headphones
To leaders everywhere
With some "Moonlight Piano Favorites"
And a prayer

DR ~ vocal, guitar
Mark Dann ~ electric guitar, bass

Gush or Bore

© 2000 David Roth

I won't say who I voted for
Or even if 'twas Gush or Bore
Nader or Buchanan
Or that natural party person
But I knew things were boding badly
When they beat my boy Bill Bradley
And now we've gone from worse
To even worsen...

On one hand we've a whiner
Who was prone to groan and grunt, it's true
While disagreeing in debate
This practice did perplex us
And then we got the other one
A good ol' boy, his father's son
We can't expect too much
When he had trouble running...

Americans from coast to coast
Have chosen whom they like the most
The voting has all come and gone
And now we need a breather
The count is in, the tally's done
At least the sixty and seventh one
The clear cut winner of that day was:

So a Caravan became my new companion
I was feeling proud and proletarian
Til I found it was assembled near Toronto
And the engine 'neath the hood
Was from Japan

So much for buying local, I'd been thwarted
And to top it off, my wife could not believe
I would opt for such a middle-classy chassis
Instead of something with a bit more
"Joie-de-vivre"

But that mini van endured my rigorous paces
Couple hundred thousand miles, eleven years
Til this spring when it no longer
Passed inspection
Time again to face those roadster racketeers

If you've ever bought a buggy from a dealer
There are several things I know
Would hurt you less
Like a root canal, an avalanche
A plague or two
Or an audit from your local IRS

Did some surfing on the web
Compiling research
I would not be fooled again by pedigree
Til I chanced on something perfect
For my purpose
Neither minivan, sedan or SUV

It's an auto like no other, I assure you
Defying all description, heretofore
It's the bane of some
The pure delight of others
An American original I adore

Friends, I'm standing here
To testify and witness
That I chose a chariot that I'm really fonda
And the whole darn thing from head to toe
Was made right here in Ohio

I'm finally in my Element...a Honda!

DR ~ vocal, guitar



Moonlight Piano Favorites

© 2003 David Roth

I am flying home from Frankfurt
I am sitting next to Leslie
In the Air Force stationed overseas for 57 days
Fueling US airplanes
That had stopped off in Bulgaria
Now she's headed home to see her babies

The strength of your spirit
We'll find our way through this...

My name is Katherine"

The winter was whipping the snow
Round the cottage
Where Nancy was shedding
The shell of her soul
Katherine the doctor
Turned Nancy's care over
To a registered nurse
From the local hospice

Who entered the bedroom
And took Nancy's hand
Looked in her eyes and said
"You're not alone..."
With five of your loved ones
And me here to help you
We'll find our way through this...

My name is Georgia"

DR ~ vocal, guitar, keyboard
Mark Dann ~ electric guitar

Fateful Intersection

© 2002 David Roth

A seven year old named Gavin
On a sidewalk with his cousin
In the Crown Heights part of Brooklyn
August 1991
A few blocks down a motorcade

Would head in their direction
And a fateful intersection had begun

The motorcade was carrying
The Rabbi of a Jewish Sect
The neighborhood had many Jews
And also many blacks
Uneasy tensions simmered
Just because of who seemed different
Now a car and two young children
Were on track

A limo in the entourage lost control
And hopped the curb
It struck the playing cousins
Killing one and nearly two
The neighborhood electrified
The tension proved unbearable
The victim was a black kid
And the driver was a Jew

A private Jewish ambulance
Was first to find the mayhem
It's crew began to help the child
Pinned beneath the car
While angry blacks began to beat
The driver of the limo
As frustration and offense became a blur

A New York City ambulance came
It's crew chief saw the escalation of the scene
And got that beaten driver whisked away
While two young children still lay bleeding
On that Brooklyn sidewalk
It wasn't fair, that's what some would say
It meant another Jew would have to pay

That same night not far away
A young man in a yarmulke
Was walking in the neighborhood
Like many times before
But now this night is different
From all other nights, on this night
Yankel Rosenbaum was walking into war

A mob of angry men observed his clothing
And came running toward him
Gaining speed and getting crazed
With cries of "Get the Jew"
And get the Jew they did that night
They crushed a total stranger's life
A mob of angry men had come unglued
A Holocaust in Brooklyn now renewed

Tempers strong, deep and wrong
Talk is cheap, families weeping
No one loving, pushing shoving
Anger growing...blood is flowing

Fast forward to the present time
Eleven years and counting
That part of town has never quite
Recovered From that day
Will bigotry and blindnesses
That run through every culture
Ever go away

A black hand and a white one
Reach through time and touch the present
It's the father of the little boy
The brother of the Jew
Today they've come together
To find meaning in two madnesses

Embracing one another in plain view
This is what the father had to say

"We are strong, we are loving
We will keep that loving going..."

DR ~ vocals, guitar
David Lange ~ piano
Mark Dann ~ electric guitar, bass
Brian Melick ~ drums, kenjira, doumbek
Reggie Harris, Penny Nichols ~ vocals



Rise We Will

© 2001 David Roth

I walked our dog down to the pond
The day they crashed the flying bombs
Destroying buildings great and tall
And rise we will, above it all

I'll frame your deck
I will sheetrock your walls
As long as it's prepaid

Go tell my bigger sister
Not to do what I have done
I laid the tile, Tricia changed her mind
We've only just begun

My mother was a singer,
She sang with the big bands
My sweetheart teaches yoga
Has a Masters Degree in counseling
And is a massage therapist
And I work with my hands

I used to play the folk guitar
Now I hammer and I screw
Don't let your twisted minds go there
I'm talkin' nails and glue

There is a new house in Orleans
Way back of Bakers Pond
It's been the project of many a grown person
And God, I know I'm one

Dear Lord, we're still not done

DR ~ vocal, guitar
Vito Petroccitto, Jr. ~ electric guitar
Mark Dann ~ bass
Brian Melick ~ drums
Jim Harrington ~ tools
Lisa Klotz, Mark Dann,
Vito and Sarah Petroccitto ~ choir

American Car

© 2003 David Roth

Back in '89 I bought a little Escort
Though I should have known a Ford
Would flop and bend
Ever since my mom's convertible Torino
Lemon yellow, no coincidence, my friend

But I drove that pre-owned pushcart
With abandon
Til the moment when her engine gasket blew
At which point I could no longer Dodge
The obvious
Tho the gods of indecision blurred my view

In the shadow of the door at Jimmy's ga-rage
Going back and forth, to fix or not to fix
When conspicuous consumption
Seized my psyche
Had a hot flash, kinda like the Dixie Chicks

I said Jimmy
"Don't repair that faithless wagon"
There's a brand new auto dealer
'Cross the street
Thus I marched into that showroom
With my checkbook
And drove outta there
In brand new bucket seats

In the purchase of this rig I was determined
That America would be where it was made
Thus supporting auto workers in our country
Who were union men and women, fairly paid

Cape Cod, love hate, Route 6, be late
Shopping, Oh God, Summer, Cape Cod

Seafood, whale watch, sailboat, sun block
Dolphins, drag queens, ice cream, caffeine
No beach sticker, too much liquor
Lighthouse, windmill, eat out, big bill

If you get to the tip of the arm
That's where Provincetown calls
Just a little bit different from Chatham
All in all
And you haven't hit the spot
If Hyannis is as far as you got
You can't watch a sunset
In a movie or a mall

Cape Cod, love hate, Route 6, be late
P-Town, oh God, Summer, Cape Cod

This parcel of sand
That's where my sweetie is from
So we picked up and moved from a place
Where my heart was at home
But I guess that we'll give it a try
The Friday night Elks Lodge Fish Fry
There's a charm in a small town
That you just can't deny

Cape Cod, love hate, Route 6, be late
Fish Fry, Oh God, Summer, Cape Cod

DR ~ vocal, guitar
David Lange ~ piano
Mark Dann ~ bass
Greg Greenway ~ harmony
Brian Melick ~ congas, caxixi, clave,
guiro, triangle, chimes, silverware

General Contractor

*live at the uNi Coffeehouse, Springfield, MA
1/11/03*



New House in Orleans

traditional
new lyrics © 2000 David Roth

There is a new house in Orleans
Way back of Baker's Pond
And it's been the project
Of many a grown man
And God I know I'm one

If I hadn't listened to what Tricia had said
I'd have a home today
Way out yonder, way out west
Seattle, WA

Instead we build and build and build
I've learned a whole new trade

As I filled the feeders for the birds
My neighbor brought the shocking words
The air was clear with autumn sun
Unlike the smoking Pentagon

Where plans are hatched and blueprints made
Of consequences - unafraid
Until today, in urban pall
And rise we will, above it all

CHORUS

Rise we will, rise we will
From these ashes steadfast still
Revive, restore, renew, rebuild
Rise we will, oh rise we will

Now we know how others feel
Assaulted with such mindless zeal
With senseless loss of life and spirit
Staggered, stunned, and brought to fear it

But what no bomb can e'er destroy
Nor any of those who deploy
Resilience, faith, and reconnection
Hope, resolve, and resurrection

CHORUS

Consumed with hate, they hit and run
Some think we are the evil one
The poison stains so many hands
America...Afghanistan...

I walk our dog down to the pond
The birds still eat the seeds we've hung
I pray that we may break this fall

And rise somehow above this all

CHORUS

DR ~ vocal, piano
Sloan Wainwright, Penny Nichols ~ vocals



What Can I Do

© 2003 David Roth

I heard somebody had a hard day out there
I had a hard one too
We could count 'em all up and see who wins
Who do you think would have more
Me or you?

Feeling sorry might work, but not for long
We don't have that luxury of time
Got an idea, might help us both
And it starts with a question of mine



CHORUS

Such a noisy and crazy earth out there
We are neighbors in crisis everywhere
Just in case you were thinking no one cares
Someone may prove you wrong

People all over this world need love
Some won't be lucky to get enough
That's why I'm hoping that you'll understand
How we'll both get ahead if I give you a hand

CHORUS

DR ~ vocal, guitar
Cosy Sheridan, Siobahn Quinn ~ vocals

Beautiful World

© 2000 Rory and Penny Nichols
2000 Smiles (BMI)

How green the trees are,
So green they grow to the sky
The leaves and birds that live there
Are just learning to fly

CHORUS

There's so much life around here
It makes you feel so good
Now I know why God made
Such a beautiful world

There's water all around us
Let's swim with the fish in the pond
The pier goes down to the bottom
The bridge goes swinging beyond

CHORUS

What can I do for you today
How can I help in some small way
It would be such a gift to me, it's true
If you'd let me do one little thing for you
What can I do

There's a whole lotta things that I can't make
I can't build a house or meditate
But I know there's one thing I can create
I can make some time

Tho the older I get, the faster it flies
I spend it like crazy, no surprise
But when my pockets are empty
And my credit's declined
I'll know that at least I gave you some time

CHORUS

We can cross the bridge together
When the bell starts to ring
Find shelter from the weather
Until the birds can sing

Canoes are by the water
Let's take one out and have fun
Watch out for mosquitos
And wear your hat in the sun

CHORUS

DR ~ vocal, piano



disk two

Cape Cod

© 2000 David Roth

You're sitting at work
And you dream of the beach and the dunes
You hop in your car on Friday
At the crack of noon
Approaching the bridge
You're reduced to a crawl and a prayer
And it's anyone's guess
How long until you get there

You get to your room or your cottage
It's dark and the sounds
Of the city are long now behind you
Instead you're surrounded
With the crickets and breeze
And the moon in a cloudy disguise
And tomorrow you'll wake with a longing
For lobster and fries

Cape Cod, love hate, Route 6, be late
One lane, Oh God, Summer, Cape Cod

Saturday morning
It's coffee and doughnuts first thing
Then you start to remember the belongings
You forgot to bring
So it's t-shirts and sunglasses
Belly-packs, blankets, flip flops
That you bought for a buck ninety nine
At the Christmas Tree Shops