



HATS ON THE FIVE

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Molly Hansen: Cello, Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Bass, Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

Out the house to the bus again
Did I turn the heat down and the radio off
& blow out the candle I burn for good luck?

Poor driver's gone crazy til it makes you wonder
Hammer that gas pound that horn
Push that bus like a nut in the Indie 500

Have I got everything I meant to have on me –
Papers, magazines, books, ID?
You never know if today's the day
Someone say who I was
Call my brother

Things you carry old habits
Stupid shut up, pratice! Practice!
If you got nothing to show then so what
You got a rabbit in your hat
You got a rabbit in your hat
And alive on the bus

Georgia Avenue gents & Maxwell Street women
On and off people rolling and bumping and
Look now who rides the 5
Like a Maxwell Street Woman?

Memory lit like a match in the dark
Tricky tunes break out of a Rock-ola box
See how the birds fly
The boardwalk Rehobeth, a girl in blue shorts
She's got long brown summer legs, that's right
She's got long summer legs, that's right

Every hat on the bus has got some kind of rabbit
They know all about it now
Everyone of em's got it
Everyone of em's got it
Everyone of em's got it
Everyone of em's got it
Everyone of em's got it

IN SOME OTHER LIFE

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

In some other life here's what I would like
Just to take you for a ride in my green canoe
In my green canoe I got a blue ukulele
And a worried song for you

In some other life here's what else I would like
Just to take a little walk down around Sligo Creek
With you and do nothing but walk around talking
All about this and that and next to nothing

In some other life I'd be a better person than I am
I'd be more together and carefreer
And try to make an impression with my brilliant ideas
And baby be more like your kind of man

In some other life you can bet I'd be quick
To take advantage of the back of your neck
Why, why now do I shiver and shake
I cannot explain why
Oh lord! The back of your neck!

Then I'd probably dream about you
Nearly every other night
Wake up thinking all the things about you that I like
First thing in the morning some other life
First thing in the morning some other life

And hoping to fall
Like I never been hurt
I was born into trouble and the sparks fly up
Into trouble everybody
Into trouble everybody
Oh oh, and the sparks fly up

Got so light in the head
Sweet old green life
Slow down I said now
Not enough, not enough

Got so light in the head
Sweet old green life
Slow down I said now
Not enough, not enough
Oh, not enough, not enough
Oh, not enough, not enough
Oh, not enough, not enough

BOTTOM OF MY HEART

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Cello, Vocals

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

Sometimes I get mad and say things in the moment
I'd be glad to take back first thing in the morning
I mean 'em when I say 'em or who knows what
Is it too late to forgive me or is it not?

Words out of my mouth too loud and stupid
I got carried away and I'm sorry I did
What gets me upset is I love you too much
Or you love me too little
No, but something like that
No, or something like that

I think it's probably true your love is truer than mine
And I run too damn hot too much of the time
You think I talk too much while you're the quieter type
There I was again talking too much last night
There I was again talking too much last night

Things that shouldn't be said
Seemed true at the time

Second thoughts on me now
I feel about like crying
I feel about like crying

If someone else hurt you I'd shake 'em all around
But when I'm who it is
Like to fall through the ground
I admire you so for your gentle ways
Then I get like I got
Just a dumb angry haze
Then I get like I got
Just a dumb angry haze

I'm gonna start keeping cool
I hate feeling apart
I'm your apologizing fool
From the bottom of my heart
From the bottom of my heart
Oh, my heart
Oh, my heart
Oh, my heart

SWEET MISS MCGILlicuddy

(J. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

Sweet Miss McGillicuddy, close your eyes and go to sleep
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy, close your eyes and go to sleep
The stars are in the sky & the moon goes sailing by
Give this day one last good bye
Babe you should be sleeping

Sweet Miss McGillicuddy don't you know the day is done
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy don't you know the race is run
The sun is long gone
The crickets sing their song
Your heart still beats a gong
Oh babe you should be sleeping

Sweet Miss McGillicuddy I can't stay awake
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy I can't stay awake
I feel the book hit my chin
I feel the room begin to spin
And you tell me to begin again

Oh babe you should be sleeping

When the sun comes up I will wake with you
When the sun comes up I will dance with you
When the sun comes up you know that I will do
Anything you want me to

Sweet Miss McGillicuddy this time I really mean it
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy I really mean it
Don't make me get you a drink
I'm so tired I can barely think
Stub my toe walking to the sink
Oh babe you should be sleeping

Sweet Miss McGillicuddy close your eyes and go to sleep
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy close your eyes and go to sleep
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy close your eyes and go to sleep
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy I'm down on my knees
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy I'm begging you please
Sweet Miss McGillicuddy go to sleep

SAINT MONICA

(J. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

Eight years ago

The first time that we met

Walked right down to the water line

And my feet got soaking wet

I could not believe

That hot December sun

Read a book out on the sand

And I knew you were the one

Whoa-whoa St. Monica

Won't you lend me a hand

Whoa-whoa St. Monica

Won't you help me understand

Living down on 4th Street

Walking down on 3rd

Sitting out on my front stoop

I loved that neighborhood

Another easy moment

Another easy day

Never would have crossed my mind

That it could slip away

Hanging out at the Sovereign Hotel

Palm fronds in the street

Get up on that big blue bus

And find a vacant seat

A handful of worries

Nothing too complex

Hindsight being what it is

Maybe we should have guessed

Whoa-whoa St. Monica

Won't you lend me a hand

Whoa-whoa St. Monica

Won't you help me understand

Now it's eight years later
And I'm standing here again
Feeling less than certain
Of what to do or when

Walk down to the water line
As the sun is coming up
I count myself as lucky still
With an extra coffee cup

Whoa-whoa St. Monica
Won't you lend me a hand
Whoa-whoa St. Monica
Won't you help me understand

I never thought I'd be
Back inside your house
Never been big on having words
Forced into my mouth

A baptized pagan in the back
Slip out before the end
Say hello shake some hands
Then walk down on the sand

Whoa-whoa St. Monica
Won't you lend me a hand
Whoa-whoa St. Monica
Won't you help me understand

HANG WITH YOU

(J. Welsh)

Samuel Dowe-Sandes: Handclaps

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Percussion, Handclaps

Rupert Sandes: Guitar, Handclaps

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar, Handclaps

I know something's up with you
What it is I haven't got a clue
It's been so long yeah since we hung out
I guess I don't know now what you're talking about

But if I was in your town
We could hang around
We could do anything you wanted to
I'd hang with you
I'd hang with you

The guy you're seeing now
Doesn't have much class
Time was you would have kicked his ass
I guess you've got reasons yeah for staying with him
From where I'm sitting
Sounds like misery again

But if I was in your town
We could hang around
We could do anything you wanted to
I'd hang with you
I'd hang with you

Dancing in your living room at 3 a.m.
Don't touch the record, play Prince again
I never felt better, yeah, the sun's coming up
Better empty out the beer right now from our coffee cups

But if I was in your town
We could dance it around
We could do anything you wanted to
I'd hang with you
I'd hang with you
I'd hang with you
I'd hang with you

LET IT BE ME

(Kurtz, Manny (Eng Tr); Becaud, Gilbert; Delanoe, Pierre)

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

I bless the day I found you
I want to stay around you
And so I beg you, let it be me

Don't take this heaven from one
If you must cling to someone
Now and forever
Let it be me

Each time we meet love
I find complete love
Without your sweet love
What life be

So never leave me lonely
Tell me you'll love me only
And that you'll always
Let it be me

Each time we meet love
I find complete love
Without your sweet love
What life be

So never leave me lonely
Tell me you'll love me only
And that you'll always
Let it be me
Let it be me
Let it be me

BETTER THAN NOTHING

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

I don't think of you often
But then I get weak
I call you up lying
I can talk so sweet
You pretend you're believing
About half what I say
And act like you like me at least half way

Best friends, that's a laugh
Maybe sometimes enough
To hold tight somebody who don't think of you much
Oh no

Not every love is the truthful kind
Not every love lasts forever
Here we are if you want it now
To feel any better
How many nicer people than we might be
Make their own funny deals
Anyone gets lonely

They say who you love
Is who you worry about
True I don't always worry
About you enough

Rain down hard
That's our kind of weather
Cuz we ain't nothing but birds with the blues forever

Here's what – you're better than nothing
And me the same for you
Us lost in the better than old nothing blues
Sugar let's us get lost tonight here in the blues
Sugar lets us get lost tonight in the blues.

I LIKE YOU GOOD

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass, Harmonica

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar, Mandolin

I dreamed last night I was in love again
What a nightmare fright it was my friend
Why would anybody dream they was in love again?

There was a pretty girl and she had dark hair
And she was laughing and she was there
Never loved nobody like I loved her
Never loved nobody like I loved her

We were up in the sky, see the world below
She was like somebody I used to know
Cows eating grass in the fields below

And there were farms and towns and neighbors galore
And everybody living like they don't no more
Milkman driving door to door
Milkman driving door to door

She was like you a lot but different completely
She didn't notice my faults and she kissed like crazy
Pretty much about like the way you used to be
Pretty much about like the way you used to be

I never had a dream lover who ever stayed
Every dream I ever had soon got dreamed away
But it felt so real and went away
It felt so real and went away

Sometimes there is pleasure sneaking up on you, joy
And sometimes you remind me of Myrna Loy
Back in real life baby
Back in real life baby
Gonna be your boy

If I should dream tomorrow night that I'm in love again
Wont you get me up quick, get me out of that dream
Honey I like you good
Honey I like you good
Honey I like you good
Why would I be in love again?

GOING DOWN KITTYHAWK

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Martin Garner: Bass, Harmonica

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Brian Reeves: Percussion

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

Going down Kittyhawk

And tell no one I know

Going down Kittyhawk

Tell no one I know

Got sand and mosquitoes

Got how the wind blows

Every man every woman

Must have some place like that

Every woman and man

Must have some place like that

Some are hoping to fly

Maybe some lose their hats

Some things best behind you and better with time

Can look so pretty later you don't pay any mind

To the fact that way back

Somebody woke crying

The cool green Atlantic turns a rock into sand

The smooth steady waves turn a rock into sand

You can brush it away with the back of your hand

Now I'm going down Kittyhawk

Telling nobody too

Rolling down down Kittyhawk

Maybe I'll tell you

Ride the 5 bus along

The same way I once flew

Ride the 5 bus along

The same way I once flew

DAVENPORT STREET

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Molly Hansen: Vocals, Cello

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

2 a.m. and slightly strange
Outside a silent snow is falling
Now I'm down to nothing
Air all around me

How did this happen
Tell me, tell me
No lips, no voice, if and s or buts
No smooth warm sweetie
Arms and hands, oh no none,
Oh no none

Fool I am
No brown eyed slim with crazy hair
And the laugh so silly
And her so sure she knows
Which ok let's say she knows me

Drift away to ancient tunes
And ghost music
Every night I can hear it
I swear to God I'm not alone
I know someone

This ain't no blues
Wake up and count thank yous like spoonfuls of coffee
Davenport Street
And I wonder
Where is she

This ain't no blues
Wake up and count thank yous like spoonfuls of coffee
Davenport Street
And I wonder
Where is she

DAVENPORT STREET

(Stephen Foster)

Molly Hansen: Vocals

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears
Hard times come again no more

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times
Come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door
Hard times come again no more

While we seek mirth and beauty
And music light and gay
There are frail forms feinting at the door
Though their voices are silent, their pleading eyes will say
Hard times come again no more

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times
Come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door
Hard times come again no more

There's a pale droopy maiden who toils her life away
With a worm heart whose better days are over
Though her voice would be merry
Tis sighing all the the day
Oh hard times come again no more

Tis the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times
Come again no more
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door
Hard times come again no more
Hard times come again no more

GOT A RIVER

(J. Welsh/P. Welsh)

Josh Welsh: Vocals, Guitar

If the river was whiskey I'd kick my feet
And swim all the way down West 30th Street
The women round there drink their whiskey neat

And if you were a river sure by now I'd have drowned
Twice came up waving
Third time stayed down
Oh baby, baby, ain't got no river now

Easy living turned hard and it stayed hard since
Caught myself sinking like a lead pipe cinch
Easy man, take it easy
Like a son of a bitch

Everyone's got a river
Gonna come to them
Whether if they do or don't know how to swim
Sooner later time'll come
Everybody goes in

I wouldn't mind the drowning
And I hope Jesus saves
Got three ducks for the headstones
On my watery grave
Leaving my last breath for the ducks on my grave

Well the river's not whisky
But I took a dive
West 30th women leave you hep to the jive
They got a crazy rhythm make you hope to survive

River when you receive me as you're bound to do
Don't forget I'm a sinner with a love that's true
Nothing but another sinner 'bout to throw off my shoes

Everybody's got a river
Everybody's got a river
Everybody in the river say goodbye to the blues.

MEATYARD 2010

Josh Welsh: Guitar, Vocals, Mandolin, Lyrics

Philp Welsh: Lyrics

Martin Garner: Bass, Harmonica

Molly Hansen: Vocals, Cello

Kevin Jarvis: Drums

Rupert Sandes: Guitar

Brian Reeves: Percussion, Harmonium, Bass on #1

Samuel Dowe-Sandes: Handclaps

Produced by Brian Reeves and Josh Welsh.

All songs recorded, mixed and mastered by Brian Reeves, assisted by Dan Viafore, at the Jungle Room, Glendale, CA (www.jungleroom.net), with the exception of the drums which were recorded by Kevin Jarvis at Sonic Boom, Venice CA.

Jungle Room Studio interns - Laurie Williams and Aaron Kretzmann.

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Dedicated to Sweet Miss McGillicuddy.

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