



LON AUSTIN
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Andy's Song

(It's the Little Things)

This is a song I wrote for Andy. I sang it for her every night while she was in the group home.

If your road is rough and rocky
There are things that you should know
Life is always changing
The wise men say it's so
Yesterday's a memory
And tomorrow never comes
All we have is now my friend
To have ourselves some fun

It's the little things
That will get you through the night
It's the little things
That will brighten up your life
It's the little things
For which your soul does cry
It's the little things
That will get you through the night

You are part of something
That is glorious and grand
You are the sun and moon and stars
And every grain of sand
You are the baby duckling
As it waddles down the road
And you are the great tree of life
And everything that grows

We have loved each other
Many times you know
From the plains of South Dakota
To the deserts of Mexico
The Great Spirit does give guidance
To those who walk this road
And we shall always meet again
Wherever we do go

Angel of the West

Andy, Bob Frank, and I wrote this at Barbara's barn....never made up a melody. 3/24/2015

You've heard about the outlaws,
Jesse James and all the rest
But have you heard the legend
Of the Angel of the West?
Down in the canyons
There's a restless wind that blows
And they still light candles for her
At the shrines along the road

All over Arizona, and out in the
borderlands
Vaqueros tell the stories of her healing
hands
From Clifton to Jalisco she is still the one
they love the best
The Lady of Sonora, the Angel of the
West

She learned which plants could heal the sick
And to pray for spirit's flight
She was just a girl whose destiny
Was bigger than the sky
And the miracles that she performed
Some said were by her grace
But the curanderas tell us
They were simple acts of faith

All over Arizona, and out in the
borderlands
Vaqueros tell the stories of her healing
hands
From Clifton to Jalisco she is still the one
they love the best
The Lady of Sonora, the Angel of the
West

Daughter of a hummingbird
A feather in the wind
You can see her in the candle
smoke
Y el cielo también

And the light that shone within her
Healed those who nearly died
And the lost and broken ones
Who came from far and wide
When she laid her hands upon them
They swore they saw an angel's face
And when they looked again
A hummingbird was in her place

All over Arizona, and out in the
borderlands
Vaqueros tell the stories of her healing
hands
From Clifton to Jalisco she is still the one
they love the best
The Lady of Sonora, the Angel of the
West

Arizona Dreaming

I don't remember when I wrote this song. I remember the third verse came out of a comment by Hannes Karan. The third verse was inspired by an old man in a cowboy hat riding his bicycle in Peoria. The fifth verse was inspired by a waitress in a Smitty's Grocery Store restaurant.

Somewhere in Arizona up near the four corners
There's a Navajo a sitting in the snow
and in the dirt
He's got his sheep and canyons and a sky
blue turquoise ring
And he's discovered in his dreaming
He's the maker of all things

So dream all you dreamers who dream the
American dream
Fast cars and pretty women and all those fancy
things
Of houses in the suburbs with air conditioning
And of flying to Hawaii on a big old silver plane

Oh yes, this world is changing, just look at all
our dreams
Star Wars and cowboy bars and playmate sex
machines
Oh yes, this world is changing just look at all our
dreams
Acid rains and damaged brains and grass that
sure ain't green

His name is Handsome Harry and he's looking
sideways through his eyes
And he sees the world's reflection in a golden
butterfly
His girlfriend's name is Lucy and she's a high
school beauty queen
From southern Arizona and the Tucson music
scene

His name is Bronco Billy and he's eighty-six
years old
And he used to be the hero of the Payson Rodeo
His name is Bronco Billy and he's eighty six
years old
And he's riding his bicycle down some Arizona
road

She's tired and she's angry and she's only fifty-
eight
And she's working as a waitress in your
hometown cafe
She's tired and she's lonely and she's only fifty-
eight
And she's discovered the secret of the American
way

Art Gallery Cowboy

This is a song about a singer busking on a street playing his banjo and trying to get people to throw a few dollars into his banjo case. I always imagined it might be Arizona folksinger, Joe Bethancourt and included his Banjo Salve Poem as a verse.

He's an art gallery cowboy
That I met in Old Tucson
Ran into him the other day
At Roosevelt and Third
He still had that ponytail
And too much turquoise on
He was picking on his banjo
And singing all his songs

It's Wild Bill's Big Ass Ranch
And Kokopelli a doing a dance
And Gila monsters and Red Eyed Rattlesnakes
It's Hopi tales of the next world
And all those pretty Tucson girls
And Heather Rae and her moonshine ways

It's first Fridays right downtown
With all those people a running around
And fire spinners and belly dancers too
I saw this gal I used to know
She was tattooed from nose to toe
And had herself a mohawk haircut too

It's urban sprawl wherever you go
From Prescott down to Mexico
And another Denny's setting by the side of the road
It's so long to the Bean Tree Barn
No more stories and no more songs
Cause Young's Farm really has been sold

It's those colorful Sisters on the Fly
They'll keep firing til the day they die
And wear the fanciest cowboy boots I've ever seen
Nineteen-fifty or fifty-five
They've got the best trailers still alive
And smoke cigars on the rivers when it rains

It's the Screaming Banshees in Bisbeetown
Buy some pizza and look around
There's a bathroom there you've really got to see
The walls they are painted red
Buddha and butterflies overhead
And two eagle feathers hanging in the hall

It's Bethancourt's Banjo Salve
Snake oil tonic and bubble bath
It'll cure everything Joe does say
Measles, weasels and geazels too
Mumps and bumps and little lumps
And tightens loose women everyday

Black Mexican Moon

This is a little tune that Andy Hurlbut and I wrote after a trip down to Tucson, Arizona. Andy added the Spanish chorus and it became her song and I stopped singing it.

(Chorus)

It's a black Mexican moon
And it hangs over Tucson
And the blue Catalinas
Are a'callin me home

(Spanish Chorus)

La Mexicana luna negra
Fija sobre Tucson
Las Catalinas azules
Me Mandan volver

I loved a girl down in Tucson
And she sang cowboy songs
With a band called the Drifters
And they played all night long

She's the rose of the desert
In her boots and blue jeans
And she rides on the dark winds
On the nights when it rains

Oh, there's pretty girls in Paris
In their black lingerie
But they don't hold a candle
To my wild cowgirl's ways



Blue Coyote

I wrote this song at a Tucson Folk Festival after hearing coyotes howling one night. I had walked around a little Tucson neighborhood of dusty streets and inserted this cowboy story into my impressions of Tucson, Arizona.

If you ever get to Tucson in the
springtime
Be sure and hear that blue coyote howl
Find that dusty little road that goes to
nowhere
Past his old adobe house and horse
corral

Oh I had me an uncle who was a cowboy
He liked cold beer and little country bars
Well he died one night down in Tucson
With his saddle and a pocket full of stars

Some men, they say, are made to wander
Some men, they say, are made to roam
If you ever get to Tucson in the springtime
You'll know why the folks that live there call it
home

If you ever get to Tucson in the
springtime
Be sure and hear that blue coyote howl
Find that dusty little road that goes to
nowhere
Past his old adobe house and horse
corral

If you ever get to Tucson in the
springtime
Be sure and hear that blue coyote howl
Find that dusty little road that goes to
nowhere
Past his old adobe house and horse
corral

He said that he would live there forever
On that land where his dad and grandad died
On that dusty little street down in Tucson
Where the blue coyote howls most every night

If you ever get to Tucson in the
springtime
Be sure and hear that blue coyote howl
Find that dusty little road that goes to
nowhere
Past his old adobe house and horse
corral

Blue River

This is a tune I wrote one time at the Wickenburg Bluegrass Festival. I had run into a guy named Rollie Cosper and he was telling me the story of his grandad up on the Blue River and I kinda worked his story and my grandad's story together even though my grandad never really cowboy'd over here in Arizona.

There was a ranch on Blue River I
want you to know
When my grandpa was a young man
from New Mexico
Well he worked for ol' Cosper where
the blue waters flow
Way out in old Arizona a long time
ago

Well he told me his stories of how it was
then
Of wild eyed cattle and men who were men
Of a drink'n blue water til your teeth almost
froze
And how he met Grandma down in El Paso

There was a ranch on Blue River I
want you to know
When my grandpa was a young man
from New Mexico
Well he worked for ol' Cosper where
the blue waters flow
Way out in old Arizona a long time
ago

Well when Grandpa married Grandma, his
cowboy'n was through
Cause she said little darlin' this just won't do
Well now that you're married you need
steady pay
Grandpa worked for the railroad for the rest
of his days

There was a ranch on Blue River I
want you to know
When my grandpa was a young man
from New Mexico
Well he worked for ol' Cosper where
the blue waters flow
Way out in old Arizona a long time
ago

Well I got the old six gun that Grandpa used
then
I've hiked the Blue River, now and again
I've looked for the ol' ranch house found
nothin' at all
Only bright metal signs that say,
"Government Owned"

There was a ranch on Blue River I
want you to know
When my grandpa was a young man
from New Mexico
Well he worked for ol' Cosper where
the blue waters flow
Way out in old Arizona a long time
ago

Blue Toenails

Andy and I wrote this after seeing a lady with blue toenails from Nashville playing at the Tucson Folk Festival. Andy never liked the last verse and neither one of us ever developed the melody. 5/5/2013

She's painted her toenails blue and
moved back to Tucson
There ain't no hippie stores in Nashville
Tennessee
Now she's living on the Santa Cruz
watchin' the ocotillo bloom
'cause country music just ain't what it
used to be

She buys her clothes in the second hand stores
(down) on 4th Avenue
The ruffled Mexican blouses she wears with her
scruffy cowboy boots
She roams the dusty streets and writes
sagebrush border songs
And dances with tequila drinking rounders all
night long

Her granddad played the fiddle in a pearl button
cowboy way
At the Barrio Blue Moon ballroom back in the
early days
Folk singers on the sidewalk played banjos and
guitars
And crooning mariachis played beneath the
stars

She's painted her toenails blue and
moved back to Tucson
There ain't no hippie stores in Nashville
Tennessee
Now she's living on the Santa Cruz
watchin' the ocotillo bloom
'cause country music just ain't what it
used to be

Something out in Nashville broke her heart it
seems
And the only thing she brought back home was
the guitar of her dreams
She bought it on the day she heard (old) Guy
Clark play
There are songs and magic in it still and she
plays it every day

She's painted her toenails blue and
moved back to Tucson
There ain't no hippie stores in Nashville
Tennessee
Now she's living on the Santa Cruz
watchin' the ocotillo bloom
'cause country music just ain't what it
used to be

Now she's singing in the courtyard on the La
Cocina stage
At the old Presidio where planet Tucson plays
And the greater truth she's come to see after
chasin' all those dreams
(Is that) the place you came from might just be
the place you're supposed to be

She's painted her toenails blue and
moved back to Tucson
There ain't no hippie stores in Nashville
Tennessee
Now she's living on the Santa Cruz
watchin' the ocotillo bloom
'cause country music just ain't what it
used to be

Bob Frank's Song

Well, it's almost Christmas morning
And another year is drawing to a close
As I think about old friends
And I think about lost hope

And somewhere up in heaven
Or in Buddha's dreaming hand
Bob Frank is writing another song
With a pencil in his hand

I can see him out in California
Walking by the bay
Wearing a handmade t-shirt
Saying Buddha is the way

So here's a song for little kids
Wherever they may roam
For mad men and for dreamers
Out there on that holy road

Saying life it is a circle
Which goes around and round
Once you were a seeker
A leader or a clown

So drink your morning coffee
Look out your window if you can
Cause you too may be dreaming
As you sit in Buddha's hand

The Boss

An Adaptation of Gypsy Dave by Woody Guthrie

It was late last night
When the boss got home
Asking about his lady
The only answer that he got
Is she's gone with the Gypsy Davy
She's gone with the Gypsy Dave

Go saddle for me my buckskin horse
And my hundred dollar saddle
Point out to me their wagon tracks
And after them I'll follow
And after them I'll ride

He had not rode to the ;midnight moon
When he saw that campfire gleaming
He heard the notes of the big guitar
And the voice of the Gypsies singing
That song of the Gypsy Dave

He rode right in to the camping fire
And he saw his long haired lady
He rode right into the camping fire
And he saw his blue eyed baby
His blue eyed baby boy

Take off, take off these buckskin gloves
They're made of Spanish leather
Give to me your lily white hand
And we'll ride home together
And we'll ride home again

No I won't take off these buckskin gloves
They're made of Spanish leather
I'll go my way from day to day
And sing with the Gypsy Davy
That song of the Gypsy Dave

Well the Boss pulled out his old six gun
And sh shot that long haired lady
And she feel down in a pool of blood
And dropped the blue eyed baby
The blue eyed baby boy

Well the Gypsy Dave he grabbed his gun
When he saw the fallen lady
So the boss he calmly shot him down
And he picked up the blue baby
The blue-eyed baby boy

He put him up on the buckskin horse
And away they did travel
Until they came to his big old ranch
The boss and his baby
The boss and his boy

It was late last night
When the boss got home
Asking about his lady
The only answer that he got
Is she's gone with the Gypsy Davy
She's gone with the Gypsy Dave

Bringer of Dreams

Lon Austin, Tony Norris, Andy Hurlbut - July 24, 2013 ...Andy, Tony and I wrote this for Bill Burke, Flagstaff luthier and musician. Andy sang this but I don't know the melody.

I've played music with the man for thirty long years
He's built guitars and fine mandolins
Each time he brings me a new one to play
It sings sweet as the wild mountain wind

Sing him the songs that live in your heart
He'll build you your own set of wings
Here 's to the master and the light in his hands
For he is the bringer of dreams

The luthier's art is one part magic
And so many hours of feeling the way
With the muse on his shoulder he births tender babies
The raw is wood made into grace

Some artists are painters, some work in clay
Some carve sculpture from stone
(But) he shapes the wood, and strings it with steel
Gives each one a voice of its own

Sing him the songs that live in your heart
He'll build you your own set of wings
Here 's to the master and the light in his hands
For he is the bringer of dreams

He walks through the woods, feet crunching the snow
Looking for just the right tree
Till he finally can feel how the ley lines go
And can sense the creation to be

Sing him the songs that live in your heart
He'll build you your own set of wings
Here 's to the master and the light in his hands
For he is the bringer of dreams

I've played music with the man for thirty long years
He's built guitars and fine mandolins
Each time he brings me a new one to play
It sings sweet as the wild mountain wind

Sing him the songs that live in your heart
He'll build you your own set of wings
Here 's to the master and the light in his hands
For he is the bringer of dreams

Buffalo Bill

In 1965, Lon had settled in a town near Stockton, California where he was enrolled in a local junior college. As the year drew to a close, he was compelled to change course and pursue his studies in San Francisco. Before embarking on this new chapter, he embraced the summer by traversing the landscapes of the United States and Canada via hitchhiking. Along this journey, he chanced upon an intriguing drama student, who adeptly crafted costumes and was bound for the University of Montana in Helena on scholarship. Their camaraderie blossomed quickly, and before venturing further, Lon promised to reconnect with her, should his travels loop back.

His wanderlust led him to Canadian terrains and the imposing Grand Coulee Dam, with many a night spent in makeshift dormitories on strangers' floors. Guided by adventure, he ventured toward Montana, with a serendipitous layover in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, where a generous individual granted him refuge in a trailer park.

En route to Helena, a vintage 1953 Chevrolet, helmed by two indigenous youths, became his chariot into their world. The conversation unveiled their association with a unique Buffalo Bill "University" nestled in the mountains; a sanctuary dedicated to preserving ancestral craftsmanship—teepees, leather garments—and a Native American spiritual wisdom. They extended an invitation to join and Lon, intrigued, paused his journey to immerse himself in their culture for a week.

Eventually, he resumed passage and hitched a ride with a New Yorker to Wisconsin, where he visited his grandparents. Reflecting upon these meandering paths years later, a melodic tribute to those times spontaneously emerged within him.

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill
Buffalo, Buffalo, Buffalo Bill

Second verse is the same as the first

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill
Buffalo, Buffalo, Buffalo Bill

Third verse is the same as the first

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill
Buffalo, Buffalo, Buffalo Bill

Hundredth verse is the same as the first!

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill
Buffalo, Buffalo, Buffalo Bill

Cashews, Clementines and Chamomile Tea

Written by Anne James, Lon Austin, Andy Hurlbut and Jim Eichberger

Cashews, clementines and chamomile tea
True love in the springtime will bring you sweet dreams

Passion in the summer is like a glass of red wine
It will get you through the autumn and winter's hard times

Life is a journey of shadow and light
Wake up in the morning and go to bed at night
Live in the magic as long as you can
Cause Jesus and heaven wait for no man

The face in the mirror changes each day
But the spirit grows stronger as you live every day

We spin through the seasons together in life
Hold off the shadows and reach for the light
As you grow older shadows reach into the night
And your spirit grows younger as it fills with the light

Christmas Time Down in Old Sonora

This is a song I wrote, inspired by a gardener down at Encanto Park, name of Eddie Trujillo. When I knew him, he was a groundskeeper and a Catholic but he'd gather clothes and toys together for a little Baptist Church out here on the west side of town and would make periodic trips down into Sonora, Mexico. I wrote this little song for him.

When it's Christmas time down in Old Sonora
We're gonna load up our old pickup and some friends
And we'll head on down across that old border
And give the toys to the children once again

We'll unpack old Santa's outfit from the mothballs
We'll wrap the toys late one night by hand
And we'll buy a crate of oranges from some farmers
We'll head on down to old Sonora land

When it's Christmas time down in Old Sonora
We're gonna load up our old pickup and some friends
And we'll head on down across that old border
And give the toys to the children once again

Have you ever crossed that Mexican border
Where the winter winds they blow across the land
And driven through the villages and small towns
And talked to the family of man

When it's Christmas time down in Old Sonora
We're gonna load up our old pickup and some friends
And we'll head on down across that old border
And give the toys to the children once again

Well this little girl she likes the doll I gave her
As she hides there behind her mama's skirt
And her mama says her name it is Maria
And it makes me think of Jesus and his work

When it's Christmas time down in Old Sonora
We'll load up our old pickup and some friends
We'll head on down across that old border
Give the toys to the children once again

Well this old man, he stands there just a grinnin'
And he puts a green tamale in my hand
He says, "Muchas gracias, hombre"
And I say, "Vaya con dios, my friend"

When it's Christmas time down in Old Sonora
We're gonna load up our old pickup and some friends
And we'll head on down across that old border
And give the toys to the children once again



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Clear Fork of the Brazos

Written by Lon Austin in July, 1994

Bought a photograph at a flea market of 1940s -a cowboy talking to a pretty girl; a sign in the photo read, "Clear Fork Brazos River"

I was down in El Paso down on the border
Where the Rio Grande flows muddy and brown
I found a wood truck with some pictures and
letters
About a true love down in Texas where the
rivers run clear

On the Clear Fork of the Brazos
The Brazos, the Brazos
On the Clear Fork of the Brazos
He courted his dear

I remembered this song about the rivers down
in Texas
The Pecos, the Nueces, and the Guadalupe too
The crooked Colorado and the Mighty Red River
But it was down on the Brazos that he courted
his dear

On the Clear Fork of the Brazos
The Brazos, the Brazos
On the Clear Fork of the Brazos
He courted his dear

I bought his brown hat and his boots and his
saddle
From this young woman who had got them
somewhere
She said that she'd heard he'd been a cowboy
down in Texas
And that out on the Brazos he had courted his
dear

On the Clear Fork of the Brazos
The Brazos, the Brazos
On the Clear Fork of the Brazos
He courted his dear

Clifton Town

*Miner's strike and they put the National Guard in
to break-up the strike...in the tune of Shady
Grove.*

It's a hard old road to Clifton Town
It's a hard old road I know
It's a hard old road in Clifton Town
When you're striking in the road

So go to school my little son
And my little daughter too
And learn those things of right and wrong
Like your daddy used to do

My daddy died to save this land
Said freedom was his stand
So hand me down that baseball bat
So I can shake his hand

And pledge allegiance to your flag
And say your prayers too
And think of me once in a while
In everything you do

Me and Juan and Old Bill Brown
Who stands there with no clothes
Those soldier boys won't get us down
Cause we'll die here in the road

The rich man's got a Cadillac
But my old car won't run
So put a flower on my grave
Up in Clifton Town

Corn in the Cornfield

*Written years ago after reading Swan's Song by
Robert McCameron*

There's corn in the cornfield
And apples for pie
Songs that need singing
Til the day that we die

You walk down your road
I'll walk down mine
We are all different
But we're all human kind

Don't push that round button
For nuclear war
Just help out your brother
And your sister some more

New York and St. Louis
And Old Santa Fe
Big cities and small towns
All blown away

Coyote Annie

This is a little tune called Coyote Annie. I wrote it one night at a science fiction convention. I had seen a performance art piece by a lady whose name I believe was Amy Bethward and part of the little performance art piece there was a band called Jackalope with Carlos Nikai playin' and I went up to my hotel room and this song just kinda came into existence. I'd been readin' a book on women Buddhist teachers in the United States.

Coyote Annie now she was a singer
I met her out on some west Texas road
And of all of those songs that I ever heard her
sing
Well this is the one that I know

Just do what you are doin'
Whatever should happen along
Just do what you are doin'
As your life it rolls along

Coyote Annie now she was a singer
She played with some Coyote band
Down through the mountains and out through
the deserts
Of this big ol' southwestern old land

Just do what you are doin'
Whatever should happen along
Just do what you are doin'
As your life it rolls along

Coyote Annie she had her a teacher
He fixed those old wash'n machines
And the one little thing that he taught her
Are these simple words that I sing

Just do what you are doin'
Whatever should happen along
Just do what you are doin'
As your life it rolls along

Coyote Annie she said she was an artist
Out paint'n those pictures of life
Well I sure don't know much about paint'n
But I recognize words that are wise

Just do what you are doin'
Whatever should happen along
Just do what you are doin'
As your life it rolls along

Coyote Mind

Written by Bob Frank, Andy Hurlbut and Lon Austin. Bob had a tune he was messing around with but I can't remember what it was.

Once I was a Hindu god, I had a thousand names
Once I sailed from Africa, bound in rusted
chains
Once I lived in a cliff house high above the
desert floor
Once I had shrunken heads hanging 'round my
door
I've lived so many different lives and walked so
many roads
I think I was always looking for the Mother Lode
And now at last I've found it, I was on it all the
time
The only thing that held me back was Coyote
Mind

Coyote Mind
Will get you every time
Trick you into thinking
You can be defined

Once I was a trapper in another life
Pennsylvania rifle and a Bowie knife
In the Wind River mountains I found plenty of
sign
So I pitched my camp and set my traplines
All around the mountains with my Blackfoot
squaw
From the wild Popo Agie to the Arkansas
She got the fever on the Taos trail
That's how I lost my little nightingale

Coyote Mind
Will get you every time
Trick you into thinking
You can be defined

Several years later, I came back through
With a pack and a burro and a pickaxe too
I was looking for color all over these hills
From Deadwood to Cripple Creek, I couldn't sit
still

In the Chiricahuas, I was striking gold
When I got caught by Geronimo
He tied my ass to a wagon wheel
I don't like to think about that terrible ordeal

Coyote Mind
Will get you every time
Trick you into thinking
You can be defined

The very last time I came through here
I was smoking dope and drinking beer
A long-haired hippie on the Twilight Trail
I found the secret to the Holy Grail
Coyote's got me thinking I'm all these different
faces
All these different times, all these different
places
But was I ever really any of 'em? Did I ever go
anywhere?
Look in the rear-view mirror, Coyote's standing
there

Coyote Mind
Will get you every time
Trick you into thinking
You can be defined



Daughter of the Northland

Tony Norris, Lon Austin, Andy Hurlbut 6/28/2011

She works downtown at Rainbow's End
Her hair is wild and free
They used to call her Jennifer
Corn woman now she be
When the nights are cold, and she's feelin'
old
And the Southern Cross is callin'
She drives on up to old Mars Hill
To watch the full moon rising

Her roots are in the mountain
And the mountain knows her name
And her feet are always movin'
But nothin' ever stays the same
She remembers how it used to be
And the sad old midnight train
But the trains they don't whistle any
more
Flagstaff trains don't whistle anymore

She was born in December
When the winter winds they blow
She learned the ancient stories
Of Shell Woman, corn and (crow)
Way out on the mesas
They danced with snakes for rain
Then the ranchers and miners
And the lumbermen they came

Her roots are in the mountain
And the mountain knows her name
And her feet are always movin'
Nothin' ever stays the same
She remembers how it used to be
And the sad old midnight train
But the trains they don't whistle any
more
Flagstaff trains don't whistle anymore

From Bandolier to Casa Grande
From Chicago to LA
The traders and the tourists
Find peace in the mountain's shade
She sleeps out in her garden
Weaves magic on her loom
She's the Daughter of the Northland
And she sings the siren's tune

Her roots are in the mountain
And the mountain knows her name
And her feet are always movin'
Nothin' ever stays the same
She remembers how it used to be
And the sad old midnight train
But the trains they don't whistle any
more
Flagstaff trains don't whistle anymore

And those downtown trains don't whistle
anymore (2x)

Those Flagstaff trains don't whistle
anymore (2x)

Denver

I wrote this song many years ago after reading a science fiction novel by John Brunner, titled, "The Sheep Look Up." It is a typical Lon Austin song with three for four verses and the chorus and verses having the same tune.

Oh they're eating little babies
Down in Denver tonight
And my old uncle wears a gas mask
As he goes to fly his kite
But the winds no longer blow
And the rains no longer rain
And a lion grabbed somebody
Off some California train

Oh I'm sitting in this graveyard
Just a writing poetry
With a shotgun on my shoulders
And a forty-five you see
Cause the gangs they are a roaming
And they say they'll take your life
If they catch you down in Denver
In the middle of the night

Oh I've got this dog named Woofers
And he's crawling by my seat
But folks all say he's funny
Cause he has no legs or feet
Well electric cars go gliding now
Through quiet city streets
And there's martial law in Denver
And they'll shoot you in your sleep

Well my darling got some strange disease
And passed it on to me
But everybody's got it
So that ain't no sin you see
They're catching octopuses from
The bottom of the sea
Cause they've poisoned all our fishes
Just to save their industry

Oh the sheep are looking upward
For some answer from above
But all they see's pollution
And a dirty turtle dove
Well the trees are dead or dying
And deformed children cry
And it's starting to leak sewage
From a gray and leaden sky

Don Juan's Daughter

A song for Andy

Don Juan's daughter she sits down by the river
The River that flows down to the sea
She's taken off her clothes and she's got her
sage and cedar
And she says let that great mystery be

Let it be, let it be
You've got to that that great mystery be
You can cross the River Jordan
Or meet old Mescalito
But you got to let the great mystery be

She's got her yarn and feathers
And her sticks and stones together
And she's sitting underneath some great big
tree
And she will make you a God's eye of red and
blue and yellow
If you just let the great mystery be

Don Juan's daughter she stands just a laughing
Just grinning at everything she sees
And says I will take you with me
If you just let that great mystery be
And says I will take you with me
If you just let that great mystery be

Let it be, let it be
You've got to that that great mystery be
You can cross the River Jordan
Or meet old Mescalito
But you got to let the great mystery be

Don't Be A Half-Assed Jangler

*Written for Bob Frank and Brandy Alameda
(Andy Hurlbut's niece)...Brandy sent Andy a
Christmas tea towel with a jackass wearing a
Santa Claus hat and a verse saying, "Don't be a
half-assed jangler, jingle all the way."*

Jingle every day
Jingle all the way
Jingle jingle jingle jingle
Jingle every day

Nobody likes a half-assed jangler
That's what (old Bob Frank) would say
Now they're up in heaven
Writing songs every day

I saw a zen lunatic
Arranging flowers in a vase
He spent five hours doing it
He was jingling all the way

Some folks like a fast horse
Others a stubborn mule
Some folks ride that jackass
Just a'jingling like a fool

From Arizona to Alabam
She jingles every day
Now she has two little ones
To teach the jingling ways

Whether walking or a riding
Each and every day
No one likes a half-assed jangler
So jingle all the way

Whatever way you jingle
As you go along your way
Jingle with all you heart
Each and every day

Eddie was a high flyer
He jingle-jangled on the drum
He sang about silent movie stars
Toe suckers and old bums

I know a performing poet
Harryzona is his name
He jingles his own style
As he plays the poetry game

The two Rix are folk singers
They sing those good old songs
The way they sing those jingles
You know they can't be wrong

Tom Boyer is a jangler
He jangles all the way
He eats that five piece bacon breakfast
Down at Ronnie's every day

Andy helped me write this song
There is wisdom in every verse
Some folks are born knowing things
Right from their day of birth

If you don't have a story to tell
Or have a song to sing
You are a half-assed jangler
And some kind of ding-a-ling

This song is almost over
I have no more to say
If you ever meet a half-assed jangler
Be sure to run away

Down Those Roads and Down Those Highways

*For Paul and June and Sterling and Ann...Written
at the Bean Tree Bar, October of 2000, after
waking from a dream that I was writing this
song, hurrying to the kitchen, turning on the
light, finding something to write on and
scribbling down words.*

Down those roads and down those highways
Of our many lives before
I have loved you forever
And we'll meet again once more

We got married in the springtime
When the leaves were on the vine
I wore my new best Levis
And your eyes looked like the sky?

Twenty years we were married and I woke up
one day and you were gone
You didn't even leave a note for me
Or even say, "so long"

Now life is like a cold December
When the snow is on the ground
And sometimes I think about you
As I go rambling round

Dr. Fudley's Funny Farm

Oh they herded us alone
Like a little herd of cattle
Down at Dr. Fudley's Funny Funny Farm
So we would stand behind the bars
With our tongues on our elbows
And we would whistle like some
Cock-a-doodle-doo

There was Egbert the blue rabbit
And Herbert the purple bear
And Willie Pete
The dancing prancing whore
There was Zelda the Quezelda
From Saturn's seventh moon
And Dr. Fudley himself and
I was there

They all called me Billy
For the six guns that I wore
In that dirty low down Lincoln County war
I'm still wearing my old sombrero
That I bought down in Chihuahua
Now how could an outlaw
Ask for more

We were eating breakfast
Some bacon and some eggs
When the spaceship
It landed that day
And Zelda the Quezelda
From Saturn's seventh moon
Climbed in and the spaceship
Flew away

Well old Dr. Fudley
He must have gone crazy
Because they hauled him away that same day
Well I'm still wearing my old sombrero
That I bought down in Chihuahua
And singing this little song
Every day

Drinking Green Chinese Tea

For Andy

Drinking green Chinese tea
Eating cheap Raman noodles
From old cracked cups
That were made by some potter

As the sun comes up
You can see the Superstitions
And it sets in the evening
Over White Tank Mountains

And down by South Mountain
That Odom Call Holy
Your spirit sings sweetly
And rocks there tell stories

And coyote still wanders
Through the cactus and the canyons
And the lights of Phoenix
Glow on the horizon

Dust Bowl Refugees

Written by Lon Austin in May of 1995

This song was completed at the Tucson Folk Festival in the spring of 1995. I think the melody I sing this to is Irene Goodnight and it is still kind of a work in progress.

Oh they remind me of Oklahoma
And the dustbowl refugees
Out in California
In 1933

And they do not know where they are
going
And they do not know where they are
bound
They're just pushing a rusty grocery cart
Down through the middle of town

And they might have been your brother
Or maybe your sister, Kate
An aunt or an uncle or cousin
Or some teacher you met on the street

And they do not know where they are
going
And they do not know where they are
bound
They're just pushing a rusty grocery cart
Down through the middle of town

No one knows how it happened
And why they live this way
But they've lost their jobs and families
Somewhere along the way

And they do not know where they are
going
And they do not know where they are
bound
They're just pushing a rusty grocery cart
Down through the middle of town

And they don't buy their clothes at Walmart
Or eat at the restaurants downtown
They're just standing out on the corner
Begging in your hometown

And they do not know where they are
going
And they do not know where they are
bound
They're just pushing a rusty grocery cart
Down through the middle of town

Oh they remind me of Oklahoma
And the dust bowl refugees
Out in California
In 1933

Esmeralda

This is a little tune that Andy and I wrote.

Coyote was driving crazy on the highway
When he picked me up in his grey and rusty
truck
Said I haven't seen you in a long time
And you look like you're kinda down there on
your luck

I told him I was lost out in the mystery
In the darkness and I did not have a key
I told him I was headed for the border
And he set there just a' grinnin' back at me

He said you're looking for your Esmeralda
She's the one you walk with in every life, you
see
Said sometimes when you find her
She won't always be exactly what you dreamed

Have you ever been to a whorehouse in
Nogales?
It's not the kind of place you want to be
Well the lights there are dim and kind of
shady
You see things there you never want to
see

Was there that I found my Esmeralda
The one I'd walked with in every life, you see
But after I had paid her my money
She didn't seem to mean that much to me

Ever been to a whorehouse in Nogales?
It's not the kind of place you want to be
Well the lights there are dim and kind of
shady
You see things there you never want to
see
Well the lights there are dim and kind of
shady
Esmeralda, she cries there in her sleep

Coyote said it's not about the money
Said it's not about the past lives anyway
Coyote said it's all about the livin'
And the sacred path we walk on every day

Have you ever been to a whorehouse in
Nogales?
It's not the kind of place you want to be
Well the lights there are dim and kind of
shady
Esmeralda, she cries there in her sleep

I was standing out there on that highway
I was drenched in a cold desert rain
Finally found the answer to the mystery
As Coyote slowly drove away

Have you ever been to a whorehouse in
Nogales?
It's not the kind of place you want to be
Well the lights there are dim and kind of
shady
You see things there you never want to
see

Well the lights there are dim and kind of
shady
Esmeralda, she cries there in her sleep

Fairbanks

*Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut
Andy sang this song.*

Comin' into Fairbanks with a dollar in her hand
She's been all around Alaska doin' the best she
can
Springtime down in Juneau, well, he didn't give
a damn
Now she's drivin' into Fairbanks to make her
final stand
Love comes in its own way

Love comes chasin' down the rain
The ice melts slowly when the winter
turns to spring
When love turns to a river let it flow
And go its own way

She's got a beat-up Martin guitar that she plays
in bluegrass bands
She named her big dog Willie 'cause she likes
those Texas men
She's way to proud to ask someone to lend a
helping hand
Drivin' into Fairbanks to make her final stand

Love comes chasin' down the rain
The ice melts slowly when the winter
turns to spring
When love turns to a river let it flow
And go its own way

She's chased love just like a
freight train
Hell bent to have her way
But real love comes easy
Like the gentle summer rain

She gets up early to go out and chop the wood
If she can make it through the winter it will do
her heart some good
Playin' at a roadhouse in some little country
band
Livin' up in Fairbanks and makin' her best stand,
knowing

Love comes chasin' down the rain
The ice melts slowly when the winter
turns to spring
When love turns to a river let it flow
And go its own way

First Time Ever I Saw Denver

A song Andy and I wrote about the history of Denver.

The first time that ever I saw Denver
Townes Van Zandt was playing on that
radio
It looked just like any other city
Except for those ghosts there by the road

Poets and mystics and dreamers
All who chase the white buffalo
Mountain men and dirty, grubbing miners
And this girl named Magdalena who danced
naked
In the winter at first snow

Railroad men and fancy English dandies
Vaqueros up from Old Mexico
Buckskin boys and vermilion beaded ladies
And Texas rounders out to see the elephant
And take off the Queen City's under clothes

Well all that gold and silver pesos
They paved the streets and built houses in a row
They say the queens now a high tech beauty
And those computer cowboys
Well they've all got tattoos and wear diamonds
in their nose

The Flower of Las Cruces

For the author, Denise Chavez/Las Cruces, New Mexico. Andy Hurlbut & Lon Austin 4/3/2011

If you're ever in Mesilla
If the border calls to you
Take a walk along the back streets
Get the dust upon your shoes

You'll find a special place there
If you're a seeker of the truth
Where the daughter of New México
Opens up her arms to you

She's the flower of Las Cruces
A beauty of the borderlands
The Río Grande running in her veins
The heart of Mesilla in her hands

And the coffee that she gives you
Takes you somewhere out of time
When you sit down at her table
The curandero soothes your mind

She's the flower of Las Cruces
A beauty of the borderlands
The Río Grande running in her veins
The heart of Mesilla in her hands

For all who enter at her doorway
The teacher opens up the way
To the dreams and the mystery
The magic of the everyday

She's the flower of Las Cruces
A beauty of the borderlands
The Río Grande running in her veins
The heart of Mesilla in her hands

She's the flower of Las Cruces
A beauty of the borderlands
The Río Grande running in her veins
The heart of Mesilla in her hands

Forty More Miles to Mexico

Written by Lon Austin and Robert T. Gibney

I'm Tom Sisson, a hired hand
A name you may not know
I was there when the Power Boys made their
stand
When three Lawmen died out in the snow

Old Jeff Power was the first to die
Then Tom and John joined the fight
Only the Marshall knows the reason why
Why four Lawmen rode to our cabin that night

Me and the Power Boys went on the run
On the trail to Mexico
Down Kielberg Canyon to Redington
I led those boys on the river called the San
Pedro

Forty more miles to Mexico
Forty more miles to go
Forty more miles to Mexico
Forty more miles to go

We moved by night in the winter's cold
In the steps of Geronimo
From Apache Pass to the Great Stronghold
Just forty more miles south to Mexico

A thousand member posse was on our trail
A price was on our heads
Wanted posters told the tale
They wanted us alive, but they'd like to take us
dead

We crossed the border into Mexico
Our running days were done
We surrendered to a U.S. Army patrol
We were saved from starving and from the
posse's guns

Forty more miles to Mexico
Forty more miles to go
Forty more miles to Mexico
Forty more miles to go

Fruit Loops and Wine

*Written in 2002 by Chuck and Barbara Giamalvo,
Lon and Sandra Austin*

I like fruit loops and wine
I like fruit loops and wine
There's orange and there's cherry and
great big blueberries
Strawberries, they all taste just fine
Yes I like fruit loops and wine

Everyone's looking at me
I wonder what they think that they see
Why all the clatter, what does it matter?
That I like fruit loops and wine

You've got your bacon and eggs
And that's the choice that you made
It's all up to you, it's your choice, that's true
But I'll take fruit loops and wine

They tell me that out in the west
Everyone's preference turns left
Breakfast they feel is croissants and oatmeal
But I'll take fruit loops and wine

I've got to have wine everyday
Thunderbird or Chardonnay
Cork or screw top, who cares, just don't stop
Cause I like fruit loops and wine

Full Moon Over Ajo

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut

Andy and I ate at a Mexican restaurant in Tucson. I think it was called, "Maria's." We drove across the Papago (Toronto Odom) Reservation to Ajo to a fiddle contest that Chuck and Barbara Giamalvo were at with their R.V. By the time we got there, the festival was almost over. Someone else was staying with them in their R.V. We sat in their R.V. and talked late into the morning. We headed back to Phoenix and got to my house just as the sun was coming up.

When I see the lights of Tucson
It always brings a tear to my eye
'Cause I remember sweet Maria
And the night that she told me goodbye

There's a full moon over Ajo
And they're dancin' in some honky-tonk
tonight
You can hear the fiddles playin'
As they hold each other close and so
tight

There's an old man down in Sells
And all he'll ever see is endless night
But he remembers all the good times
And dancin' with his wife before she died

There's a full moon over Ajo
Maria's with the angels tonight
There's a full moon over Ajo
Maria's dancing with the angels tonight

When the church bells ring tomorrow
They'll lay sweet Maria in the ground
Two old men will stand there weeping
All about love lost and love found

There's a full moon over Ajo
And they're dancin' in some honky-tonk
tonight
You can hear the fiddles playin'
As they hold each other close and so
tight

There's a full moon over Ajo
Maria's with the angels tonight
There's a full moon over Ajo
Maria's dancing with the angels tonight
Sweet Maria's with the angels tonight

Fundy Bay

*Andy and I met a lady selling stones at Quartzsite
and wrote this song on the way home after
talking to her.*

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 1/2007

I met a Quebec lady
Down from Fundy Bay
She brought her art and healing stones
Where the desert winds they play

Somehow she spoke right to me
When she talked to me that day
And showed me all those water stones
She found in Fundy Bay

So here's to all you ladies
Who live up in Fundy Bay
I sure would like to meet you
I you're ever out this way

There among the water stones
Was an old, beat-up guitar
She said she played it every night
Out among the stars

So here's to all you ladies
Who live up in Fundy Bay
I sure would like to meet you
I you're ever out this way

She is a magic gypsy
In her silver painted bus
Drivin' down the highway
With a message just for us

So here's to all you ladies
Who live up in Fundy Bay
I sure would like to meet you
I you're ever out this way

If the road is dark and narrow
And you cannot find your way
Shine the light of who you are
Like they do in Fundy Bay

So here's to all you ladies
Who live up in Fundy Bay
I sure would like to meet you
I you're ever out this way

The Gates of Heaven

This is a song I wrote for Locopelli, not Kokopelli, a local flute player in Phoenix. After I had my heart attack, he was telling me about his horses. The verse about China came from a comment by Steve Decker. The verse about Jesus came from an irate Sun City white guy frustrated by a Hispanic lady trying to get coffee at the Peoria Nissan Dealer while getting oil changed on my truck. The third verse I wrote after an eagle flew right in front of me while driving on Peoria Avenue, just west of 99th Avenue and landed in the grass in the median in Sun City.

When I reach the gates of heaven
All the horses I've ever owned
Will come a running
My dogs will be there barking
And I will be standing
On the green green grass of home

Somewhere south of China
The Dali Lama sits there
Just a dreaming
He says this world is Maya
And illusion that will
Keep you all alone and hurting

Jesus died one morning
Just hanging on a cross in all his glory
And if you go to church on Sunday
You'll meet lots of lonely souls
And angry bodies

Somewhere out near Spearfish
This holy man
Is having himself a vision
And as the eagle flies around him
It turns into his coyote
Trickster cousin

Geronimo's Moccasins

by Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut

Geronimo walked a thousand miles
When he left that Florida train
He wore holes in both his moccasins
Heading west again
He longed to see his children
And the Arizona skies
But they never let him go back home
And every night the soldiers say he cried

And down along the border
Where coyotes bones bleach white
You might see the ghost of Geronimo
As he walks there through the night

His grandchildren no longer live like
wildflowers
In the Chiricahua hills
But ranchers say you can hear his voice -
His spirit lives there still
When the mist rises from the Sierra Madres
México dreams uneasy at night
As the breath of the land he loved
Rises to the sky

And down along the border
Where coyotes bones bleach white
You might see the ghost of Geronimo
As he walks there through the night

Now somewhere in a trading post
In some godforsaken place
There's a picture of the warrior
With hard lines upon his face
Those worn-out moccasins
That sit there under glass
Tell more about the chief he was
Than any book about the past

And down along the border
Where coyotes bones bleach white
You might see the ghost of Geronimo
As he walks there through the night

Get Um Dog Get Um

Story told by Lon Austin in Peoria, AZ, on July 20th, 2023

I don't know exactly but back in 1975, 1976, 77? Somewhere in there...down when I was working in the park, one of the tennis players come in and said, hey there's this big dog out here that's stealing all the tennis balls...can you do something about it? And he's chasing all over the courts and bothering all the players. So I went out to the tennis court and got some water and made friends with it and got him into the recreation building there at the park, locked him in there and then tried to figure out who to call ... police department, well no, you can't call the pound at night and that kinda thing but I wasn't really sure what to do that night so I kinda had him just locked up inside this building and I'd got him some water and stuff but I wasn't real sure exactly what to do with him so I got ready to go home and this dog just ran out and jumped in my car so I ended up takin' this dog home with me. I called the pound the next day and said I'd keep him here but that if anybody come in and claimed him, we'd get him back to the owners, you know he didn't have any collar on or anything like that. No one ever came to claim this dog so I was never able to figure out who owned it. At the time, I was married and this dog kinda ended up just moving into the bedroom, sleeping on my wife's side of the bed on the floor. He just moved in over there and she started calling it, "dog." Next thing I know, its a year later and that dog is still living over there at my house.

One time, I was out backpacking in the Superstition Mountains and I had taken this dog with me and we had gone over to LaBarge Box Springs and out there hiking around and stopped for lunch there at Bluff Springs Mountain.

Some of the people out there are looking for the Lost Dutchman's gold and they believe it is actually out there on top of Bluff Springs Mountain, anyway, there's a spring there where you can get water and everything there so like a lot of people will stop there.

I think there's a little spigot where you can get water out of it. I'd stopped there to get a sandwich or have something to eat and got some dog food out there for that dog that'd gone with me and he was settin' there eating this dog food. Anyway, there's a dry stream bed there that's real close to where you can kinda set over there. All of the sudden, as I'm looking out over that stream bed and I saw this flying saucer, like a teacup thing turned upside down on a saucer and it just set down there on the other side of that little stream bed. There was this little hatch doorway kinda thing with this uh, well not a ladder, but it just kinda set down like this and then all of the sudden I saw these two things, they looked like these vacuum cleaners on tall wheels they had there. They came rollin' down this little ramp, that's what this thing was...so they come rolling down this ramp, these two...I don't really know if I can describe em, they looked like these big kinda vacuum cleaner things on these wheels and they come rolling down this uh, deal.

After them, came walking these rambling, mambling mounds of spaghetti about eight feet tall...there was two of em just come wandering down after these two rolling, walking vacuum cleaner things. This is a true story. If you go to the historical, back in the Phoenix paper, you'll find that this was true. They'd been finding all these skinned dogs all over the valley here around Phoenix. They were reporting this in the newspaper they'd been finding all these skinned dogs. Right away, this little lightbulb went on in my head that, Oh, I see what's going on here, so I started hollering at that dog, "Get em, dog, get um!" So then I made up this little song that goes like this....

Get em dog, get em

Get em if you can

They just climbed out of that old space ship

And they'll suck your hide if they can

Get Um Dog Get Um (continued)

So I started singing that little song a time or two. These things just kinda rolled on across this dry stream bed and these things walking spaghetti mound things about eight feet tall kinda like a pink white color, they follow em over and jumped on my dog and the dadgum'dest fight you ever did see and this vacuum cleaner parts and this mamspaghetti parts and dog fur flying all over the place and this big fight goes on over there for about twenty minutes. Pretty soon, these alien things saw that they weren't really getting anywhere so they decided, I don't know how they communicated it, but they stopped that little fight that was going on there, and they walked back up and rolled back up, what was left of em... their parts all over the place. They just went back up that ramp to the spaceship flying saucer kinda thing and all of the sudden it just went SHOOP and whooshed up the floor like that and my old dog, all beat up laying there. If you go over to my house, that old dog still lays around that house. The only thing I really have to remember that little incident over there is that old dog that lays around my house.

Ghost Train of Sonora

Andy Hurlbut & Lon Austin 3/11/2012

In a dark cantina
In a lonely border town
I thought I heard some old train whistle blowin'
When I asked the old bartender
If he had heard that sound
He crossed himself and said "the ghost train of
Sonora" (el tren fantasma de Sonora)
The ghost train holds the legends and the devils
of this land
God only knows what it might bring
(Solo Diós sabe quienes serán los pasajeros)

It's the ghost train of Sonora
Filled with Pancho Villa's whores,
Cattle rustlers and thieves that haunt the border
Gunslingers from old Tombstone town
Earp and Ringo too,
Geronimo and all his braves aboard her
Ridin' the ghostly rails across the moonless sky
With an eerie cry into the restless wind

Ghost train of Sonora, Ooooooh, oooooh,
oooooh, oooooh
Ghost train of Sonora, dark legends of the
west are passin' through
(El tren fantasma de Sonora, las leyendas
tristes atravezando el oeste)

It's the ghost train of Sonora
They bought their tickets with their lives
Trappers, miners, and soldiers of Fort Lowell
In the dusty streets of Tucson
There were shootings every night
Nameless, faceless sons of the (Río) Santa Cruz
They slept up on the rooftops where
rattlesnakes don't climb
And the scorpions couldn't find their boots to
hide in

Ghost train of Sonora, Ooooooh, oooooh,
oooooh, oooooh
Ghost train of Sonora, dark legends of the
west are passin' through
(El tren fantasma de Sonora, las leyendas
tristes atravezando el oeste)

On the ghost train of Sonora
Olive Oatman sits there staring
As lost demons up from hell scream all around
her
And the settlers from Sonoita that were scalped
in their beds
Cryin' out in vain but we are not Apaches
The scalp hunters sit here laughing as the train
it rushes on
And the silver pesos jingle in their hands

Ghost train of Sonora, Ooooooh, oooooh,
oooooh, oooooh
Ghost train of Sonora, dark legends of the
west are passin' through

Ghost train of Sonora, Ooooooh, oooooh,
oooooh, oooooh
Ghost train of Sonora, dark legends of the
west are passin' through
(El tren fantasma de Sonora, las leyendas
tristes atravezando el oeste)

Ooooooh, oooooh, ooooooh, oooooh...

Going Back to Bisbee

This is a song I wrote after reading the book, "Going Back to Bisbee." I wrote it for Mason Coggin who was born in Bisbee and for Hippie Steve and Sue, antique wheeler dealers. As a kid, I lived a year in a boxcar with one of my uncles and aunts in southern Arizona.

I'm goin' back to Bisbee next summer
Where I know some old time hippies
And my friend he was a miner
And the houses look like a waterfall
In the Mule mountains

I'm drivin' down through Tucson to
southeastern Arizona
Where the mountains run all the way down to
Mexico
You might see a lonely graveyard
Or meet some wild young cowboys
And drink the magic waters of the San Pedro
rose

I'm goin' back to Bisbee next summer
Where I know some old time hippies
And my friend he was a miner
And the houses look like a waterfall
In the Mule mountains

Oh I'm drivin' cross the desert, the great
Sonoran desert
With it's greasewood and it's paloverde trees
You might see old man Coyote
With his trinkets and his treasures
Or a herd of jackalopes on the evenin' breeze

I'm goin' back to Bisbee next summer
Where I know some old time hippies
And my friend he was a miner
And the houses look like a waterfall
In the Mule mountains

When I was a kid I lived in southern Arizona
In a boxcar on the Southern Pacific line
And just like those faces in some faded family
picture
Well it's memory still lingers in my mind

I'm goin' back to Bisbee next summer
Where I know some old time hippies
And my friend he was a miner
And the houses look like a waterfall
In the Mule mountains

Grandma Came From Texas

Grandma came from Texas, a place called
Jefferson
Where she learned to play the guitar when she
was very, very young
She sang these songs about cowboys, hobos and
rodeos
But her favorite song was Faded Love that Bob
Wills wrote

Her guitar it was a Martin built in eighteen-
ninety-eight
That her daddy traded horses for one year on
her birthday
He got it from a neighbor whose son had died
one spring
And grandma always said that kid helped her
play the strings

I grew up in New Jersey on some downtown city
street
And I told myself when I was young I'd never
live back east
So I hitchhiked out to Texas with grandma's old
guitar
In the back of a rusty pickup truck and played in
little bars

Well I've been out to Kerrville where the
songwriters meet
And chased the pretty girls of Texas on the
Austin music scene
I know some good old boys in Dallas and seen
the dance halls of Fort Worth
Know some hippies out in Alpine and I've kissed
El Paso dirt

I never did find Jefferson, maybe it was all a
dream
That grandma would play those cowboy songs
and she would start to sing
One old timer told me it was out in the big bend
But all you would find out there now was dirty
dust and wind

Grandma's By the Sea

This is one of my early science fiction songs.

When flowers are yellow in the springtime
And when days are as grey as grey can be
When there's desert where once was rocky
mountain
I'll come back down to Grandma's by the sea

It was there oh there that I met you
And you were only eighty-three
I was walking out past Grandma's barnyard
When I walked into the nudist colony

You were standing there with no pajammers
And your skin it was as brown as brown can be
You said you are me and I said, "howdy"
And that has always been our melody

We lay there but for just a moment
Wrapped up into a lover's knot
For passion lasts but just a second
And love goes on where not it's sought

Well I guess that it's goodbye now my darlin
Til all of the world holds our key
When it's raining green rain here on Venus
I'll come back down to Grandma's by the sea

Grandpa'd Always Cut a Pine Tree for Christmas

When I was a kid growing up over in El Paso in southern New Mexico, I used to spend a lot of time with my grandparents, Buck and Hally Lindsay. My grandad worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad and one of the little railroad whistle stops that we stayed at that time and spent a lot of time at, was a place called Luna New Mexico that was down there north of El Paso and north of Carrizozo, New Mexico. This is a little tune I wrote for my grandma and my grandpa.

Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas
And us kids would tag along as he would look at every one
'Cause Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas

Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas
And us kids would tag along as he would look at every one
'Cause Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas

And then we'd haul it back, down beside the railroad track
And we'd pull it in the house and show to Grandma
She'd get out the popcorn, the cranberries and tin foil
And we'd decorate that tree for baby Jesus

One Christmas I went back, down beside the railroad track
But Grandpa's house was gone and the place was lonely
The ranch house across the road was boarded up and growin' old
So I set and watched a stinkbug in God's glory

Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas
And us kids would tag along as he would look at every one
'Cause Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas

Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas
And us kids would tag along as he would look at every one
'Cause Grandpa'd always cut a pine tree for Christmas

When Christmas Day would come we'd go to church and sing some songs
And then we'd go to Grandma's and eat fried chicken
And us kids would run around, up the hills and then down
And listen to my uncles tellin' stories

The Great Star Nation

Written by Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 2007

When you were Grandfather Sky
And I was Grandmother Moon
We walked across the Milky Way
With our flutes and leather shoes
Our wolf-dog made of stardust
Trailed along behind
And as we walked we looked for baby stars
That fell out of the sky

We put them in a Medicine bag
And when the bag was full
We'd scoop them out and sing to them
til they became a world
These children out of stardust
We placed out in the sky
Where they'd spin and sing and hum
And they became the light

And the Great Star Nation
That we breathed into the sky
Shines out there still
Along the edge of night
The Great Star Nation
We dreamed from dark to light
Shines out there still along the edge of
night

Swept up in the mystery
We were lost among the stars
I met Mary Magdalene
And you sang in Texas bars
We forgot our medicine bags
Our flutes and leather shoes
I forgot Grandfather Sky
And you forgot Grandmother Moon

And the Great Star Nation
That we breathed into the sky
Shines out there still
Along the edge of night
The Great Star Nation
We dreamed from dark to light
Shines out there still along the edge of
night

When the smell of sage and cedar
Drifts outside of space and time
In the Great Sonoran Desert
We built in another lifetime
It was there that I remembered
Our walk across the Milky Way
As the sun came up a' shinin'
On a bright summer day

And the Great Star Nation
That we breathed into the sky
Shines out there still
Along the edge of night
The Great Star Nation
We dreamed from dark to light
Shines out there still along the edge of
night

And then you came to me right out of the
blue
Grandfather Sky remembered Grandmother
Moon
You held the missing pieces
That I'd looked for for so long
Standing here before me
You'd been there all along

And the Great Star Nation
That we breathed into the sky
Shines out there still
Along the edge of night
The Great Star Nation
We dreamed from dark to light
Shines out there still along the edge of
night
Shines out there still along the edge of
night

Gypsies, Drifters and Grifters

Going to junior college in Stockton, California, a songwriter's challenge titled, "Tipping the Kitty."

© Lon Austin 1964/1965

Gypsies, drifters and grifters,
Politicians and even my sister
When we come to the end of our road
Well, we've all tipped the kitty you
know



I bought an old guitar from some gypsies
On the streets of Stockton's skid row
Saw Chinaman play dominoes for quarters
Met braceros from Old Mexico

Gypsies, drifters and grifters,
Politicians and even my sister
When we come to the end of our road
Well, we've all tipped the kitty you
know

Gypsies, drifters and grifters,
Politicians and even my sister
When we come to the end of our road
Well, we've all tipped the kitty you
know

You could buy enchiladas for a dollar
Old Okies lay drunk in the gutter
And wherever it is I would go
I would think I was Woody Guthrie you
know

There was a woman they called Crazy Flo
She wore six pair of glasses on her nose
Sometimes I would see her around
Last time I was Oregon bound

Gypsies, drifters and grifters,
Politicians and even my sister
When we come to the end of our road
Well, we've all tipped the kitty you
know

Gypsies, drifters and grifters,
Politicians and even my sister
When we come to the end of our road
Well, we've all tipped the kitty you
know

Green Paper would get drunk on cheap wine
He would holler and scream all the time
Then he'd reach down for those green dollar
bills
And throw them wherever they'd go

I've been 'round the world since then
Hitchhiked all over the land
Met cowboys and hippies and Buddhist
monks too
But I never saw Stockton again

The Hassayampa Line

The Jim Cook song.

**Jim Cook is an Arizona author and historian who moved to Wickenburg and appointed himself the Arizona State Liar. Joe Bethancourt made a series of business cards about the mysterious southwest featuring the Hassayampa Line. Tom Whitlock suggested changing the word "bag" to "sack." According to Eleanore Hartz Cook, Jim actually had biscuits and gravy. The restaurant is still in downtown Wickenburg but may have a different name.*

I saw Jim Cook the other day
At the Twin Wheel's Cafe
He was eating eggs and bacon
And had his banjo on his knee

I said Jim tell me true
Did John Hance dig that hole
Did he have this horse named Thundercloud
And drink lizard whiskey too

He said John he was a liar
And that it is a fact
He said he trapped the devil
And kept him in a sack

Well what about Wyatt and old Geronimo
How about the Apache kid and Bill in New Mexico
These are all the legends, Lon, tall tales don't
you know
And you'll meet a lot of liars as you walk on
down your road

So if you're ever out in Wickenburg to catch the
Hassayampa Line
And you see a guy with a banjo just standing
there in line
And he starts to tell this story about
rattlesnakes that fly
You'll know it's just Jim Cook telling another lie

I saw Jim Cook the other day
At the Twin Wheel's Cafe
He was eating eggs and bacon
And had his banjo on his knee

He Said Do Unto Others

I met him in this cafe
In some Arizona town
Down there where coyotes
Smuggle people underground
He said his name was Jesus
And this was his second time around
And asked for a cup of coffee
And a ride to the next town

His hair was long and greasy
And his clothes had been around
He was wearing Merrill hiking boots
And his guitar case was brown
He said he'd been out here singing
For the last two thousand years
Wearing different faces
But telling the same tale

And he said do unto others
As you'd have them do to you
Watch out for the little children
And make sure the sky stays blue
Help old folks when you find them
And give a nickel to the passing bum
And pray each morning to mother earth
And to the rising sun

Well I dropped him off in Benson
He said he was headed for Tombstone
And then on across the border
And down through Mexico
He said he was headed for Guatemala
To see some Mayas he did know
He said he was a legend there
And told me to walk the good red road

Hospital #2

This song was written following a nuclear incident in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Whatever happened in Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania
Whatever happened to a girl named Emmy Lou
They've got her locked up in a grey institution
They've got her locked up in Hospital #2

We went together since that time in the
mountains
We went together through Harrisburg High
School
Then I went to college out in California
Drifted away from a girl named Emmy Lou

I came home after ten long years of roaming
I'd like to find a woman by the name of Emmy
Lou
But her family had moved to Fargo North
Dakota
Said they never had a daughter by the name of
Emmy Lou

So I hired me a man he was a detective
Found out they had some people out at Hospital
#2
So I got the forty-five that my daddy used in
Korea
Bought some wire cutters for a dollar eighty-
two

I stood there in the moonlight with that
moonlight just a shining
And cut into the chain link fence out at Hospital
#2
The sentries and the guard dogs must have seen
me coming
For soon they were a chasing me through
Hospital #2

Running down hallways of effervescent lighting
Stared at by funny people from their never
ending rooms
Well I got lost in the maze of corridors
And finally found Emmy Lou with her snake
child by the door

She said his name was Lenny which had been
her husband's name
And he'd worked at three mile Island and he
played the nuclear game
I told her I had come to take her form this
prison
I told her I had come to take her out the door

She said she couldn't leave her child as a tear
came to her eye
And I stood there with a foolish grin as it
slithered to her side
Well I drew that forty-five and I shot that snake
child being
And stood there just a crying and gave Emmy
Lou the same

Well I must have gone crazy just a running
down these hallways
For I shot a two headed baby and a kid with
twenty legs
Now they've got me locked up in this gray
institution
They've got me locked up out at Hospital #2

I'm Lookin' for my Kind of People

Andy and I wrote this after the Tucson Folk Festival. We stayed in a hotel across the street from the festival. There was some kind of ballroom dancing convention going on and a large number of bikers were also staying at the hotel. Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 5/5/2007

I'm looking for my kind of people
You can look for your people too
You'll find them don't you know,
They're everywhere you go
They're the ones who look exactly like
you
I'm looking for my kind of people

They must have at least three tattoos
They must be wearing black
Drink Jolt colas back to back
Have piercings in their lips and eyebrows
too

I'm looking for my kind of people
You can look for your people too
You'll find them don't you know,
They're everywhere you go
They're the ones who look exactly like
you
I'm looking for my kind of people

They must have a Harley or two
Those baby-boomer fools
Ridin' bikes because they're cool
Wearin' black leather that's brand new

I'm looking for my kind of people
You can look for your people too
You ll find them don't you know,
They're everywhere you go
They're the ones who look exactly like
you
I'm looking for my kind of people

They have mandolins of every shape and
Banjos on the walls,
Guitars in the halls
And ukuleles for the bathroom late at night

I'm looking for my kind of people
You can look for your people too
You'll find them don't you know
They're everywhere you go,
They're the ones who look exactly like
you
I'm looking for my kind of people

If You Ever See Me Partner

If you ever see me partner
Well you better say hello
We'll go chasing outlaws
Or catch a cowboy picture show
Cause I'm a western hero
And Gene Autry is my name

If you ever get to Reno
Well you better look me up
I'll be sleeping in some alley
Or riding in a pickup truck
Cause I'm a western hero
And Gene Autry is my name

Well I used to make those movies
Down in Hollywood
But now I'm fixing Volkswagen's
Over at my brother Bud's
Cause I'm a western hero
And Gene Autry is my name

I used to sing those cowboy songs
And sing to Old Champion
But now I'm singing love songs
At a place called The Green Machine
I'm a western hero
And Gene Autry is my name

Indigo Child

*Wrote this after experiencing the kids working at
Dutch Brothers Coffee in Peoria.
Andy Hurlbut & Lon Austin 2/9/2015*

Her name is Kaitlin, and she is a beauty
Works the drive thru window up on 83rd
Avenue
She serves the coffee, and a (little) bit of
sunshine
To everyone who looks into those eyes of baby
blue

There's magic on the corner, shining like
the stars
The old souls are returning, they're out
there in their cars
Hearts of bluest indigo or brightest
crystal white
There is magic all around them on the
avenue tonight

Her faded blue jeans are the raiment of the holy
The secret to the mystery lies within her hands
In her pocket are lifetimes of knowing
She already knows what we'll never understand

There's magic on the corner, shining like
the stars
The old souls are returning, they're out
there in their cars
Hearts of bluest indigo or brightest
crystal white
There is magic all around them on the
avenue tonight

We drink coffee on Sunday afternoon
Waiting for the sunset and the rising of the
moon
It's a sacred vigil in that city parking lot
We've come to know the riches in this world
cannot be bought

There's magic on the corner, shining like
the stars
The old souls are returning, they're out
there in their cars
Hearts of bluest indigo or brightest
crystal white
There is magic all around them on the
avenue tonight

Her name is Kaitlin, and she is a beauty
Works the drive thru window up on 83d avenue

It Was You, Billy

Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 4/1 8/2010

It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have made that trip to Mexico
It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have kissed those pretty girls in
Mexico

It was raining in Mesilla when I rode into town
The church bell rang in the little square and the
rain kept falling down

It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have made that trip to Mexico
It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have kissed those pretty girls in
Mexico

I know you were thinkin' you couldn't leave the
promised land
But the evil wind that came a'blowin' came from
your very hand

Ridin' out from old Fort Sumner where Pat
Garret shot you down
I was cursing all the crazy things that made you
stay around

It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have made that trip to Mexico
It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have kissed those pretty girls in
Mexico

Border towns they come and go, but all that I
can hear
Is the echo of that final shot ringin' in my ear

It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have made that trip to Mexico
It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have kissed those pretty girls in
Mexico

From Sombrero Jack to the final act, cattle
rustlin', even more
A good man name of Tunstall died in the Lincoln
County war

The story's told from White Oaks all the way to
New York town
Who knows if twenty-one men were killed?
Truth and legend are forever bound

It wasn't me, it was you, Billy
Should have made that trip to Mexico
It wasn't me, it was you, Billy turnaround
Should have kissed those pretty girls in
Mexico

It's Late Again

This was a songwriter's challenge. It's a song about First Fridays on Grand Avenue and my impression of the Paisley Violin Coffeehouse/Cafe and what I saw going on. Andy Hurlbut wrote the verse about chicken shawarma.

It's late again and here I am
On Grand Avenue
At the Paisley Violin and I'm looking
For a girl that looks like you

I think I saw you yesterday
You had a flower in your hair
You were playing a ukulele
And wearing purple tennis shoes
You were singing love songs
With this band called Uncle Ned's
Down on Grand Avenue at the Paisley Violin

They'll feed you chicken shawarma
Or pork green chili stew
Food that's good for your soul
And for your body too
You might even fall in love
Before the night's through
At the Paisley Violin
Down on Grand Avenue

I know an old time cowboy
Lives on 8th Avenue
Right across from the Baptist church
That was grand when it was new
Now he rides a wheelchair
Instead of a pinto horse
And he tries to rope the neighbors cat
As it runs across his porch

I know a pretty artist
She's got a gallery of her own
But only likes one color
And that is red you see
Well all of her paintings
They look the same to me
But down on Grand Avenue
Well life ain't what it seems

There's a homemade bodega
And a panderia too
Where Juan and Maria
They can get a bite or two
They snuck across the border
Just before daylight
And they're looking for their savior
On Grand Avenue tonight

Joe Love

*This is a little tune called Joe Love.
On a backpacking trip into the Superstition
Mountains one weekend in November, I ran
into a Canadian feller...
Said he was an outfitter and had a bet with an
Arizona guy that he couldn't spend the night
at the Weaver's Needle
He appeared out of the mist...we were camped
there, he was...dressed all in black
He reminded me of Bela Lugosi...all those
vampire movies I saw when I was a kid.
So I wrote this little thing...*



We were camped in the Superstitions
Late one November night
When we met old Dracula's cousin
He was quite a sight
We were camped at Weaver's Needle
Over near Piper's spring
When this tall, skinny feller wandered
In and began to sing

Well the tellin' of his story
He was down from Canada
To win five thousand dollars
In a bet with old Joe Love
Well he said he'd win his money
If he stayed there just one night
Camped at Weaver's Needle
In the old bright moonlight

He told us all his stories
Of Canada's North land
When the sun come up next mornin'
Well we could not find that man
One of our party
Was dead there on the ground
Her name was Beverly Garland
From down in Tucson town

Her face it was all lifeless
Cause the blood it was all gone
We found two little puncture marks
Up near her old throat bone
The sheriff never found
This man from Canada
So there's a vampire on the desert
Who has a bet with old Joe Love

Jose's by the Store

Lon wrote this song in May of 1995 while attending the Tucson Folk Festival. He and his wife drove to Tubac and were supposed to meet Mary Bianco who never showed up.

I told my true love I would meet her
In Tubac at Jose's by the store
And I sat there and waited and waited
But she never walked through the front door

So I drive back to Tubac each summer
Leave the wife and the kids I adore
Cause part of my heart it still waits there
In Tubac at Jose's by the store

Now my hair it is long and it's silver
And my grandkids say I'm getting old
And Tucson it's growing and changing
But at Tubac there's still Jose's by the store

I told my true love I would meet her
In Tubac at Jose's by the store
And I sat there and waited and waited
But she never walked through the front door

Just Old Bill

I'm just Old Bill from the nursing home
Folks say I talk and I like to roam
Well I used to ride on the frothy foam
Now I'm just Old Bill from the nursing
home

Us old men we sit around
In our cowboy hats with things we've found
We tell our lies a time or two
Of where we've been or are going to

Colorado River rare
I used to run whitewater there
Now I sit and I just stare
I'm all alone but I don't care

Can't you hear those rapids roar
See the ducks and blackbirds soar
Now I'm cancerous to my core
I'm all alone and I'm eighty-four

I had a love but she left me
Cause I would not love on some city street
Well now she's gone and she's in her grave
And I'm all alone with her memory

Katie Rose Song

Well I bought this old Navajo Rug
Up north the other day
It was worn out and burnt
And red and blue and grey
It reminded me of Tom Russell
And that song about the Navajo rug
'Cause the photograph that was with it
Was signed Katie Rose

Drinking coffee in the morning
And thinking of Katie Rose
No one knows where their life will lead
Or where their trail will go
Drinking coffee in the morning
And thinking of Katie Rose
No one knows where their life will lead
Or where their trail will go

The girl that I bought it from
She didn't know a thing
Her mom rented rooms
And this lady had moved last spring
She said she'd been a waitress
In some downtown cafe
And she left the rug and some of her clothes
And a sky blue turquoise ring

Well I hung that old Navajo rug
Up there on the wall
Right next to a deer head
And a Hopi Kachina Doll
I took that sky-blue turquoise ring
And I put it in a medicine bag
And with a fetish from New Mexico
I hung it around my neck

Drinking coffee in the morning
And thinking of Katie Rose
No one knows where their life will lead
Or where their trail will go
Drinking coffee in the morning
And thinking of Katie Rose
No one knows where their life will lead
Or where their trail will go

Well I bought this old Navajo Rug
Up north the other day
It was worn out and burnt
And red and blue and grey
It reminded me of Tom Russell
And that song about the Navajo rug
Cause the photograph that was with it
Was signed Katie Rose



Keep Those Home Fires Burning

The tune to this is to Woody Guthrie's, "Philadelphia Lawyer." It's a tune that my friend Dan Hoimy wrote the chorus to, one time over at the Norco Bluegrass Festival and I wrote the verses on my way home, about one of my uncle's. I kinda moved historically back in the West a little bit, from the time my uncle lived in. The tune pretty much tells some of his story.

Oh keep those home fires a burnin
And keep them a burnin' bright
Cause I'll be home in a fortnight or so
So keep them burnin' bright

I left your arms to wander
I left your arms to roam
I headed on West out of Denver
But honey I'm comin' back home

I got me a job as a miner
On up in the Cripple Creek Mine
But I didn't like drivin' those horses
So I headed on down the line

Oh keep those home fires a burnin
And keep them a burnin' bright
Cause I'll be home in a fortnight or so
So keep them burnin' bright

I got me a job with a rancher
On over in New Mexico
But I didn't like cuttin' and brandin'
So down the road I'd go

Sayin, keep those home fires a burnin
And keep them a burnin' bright
Cause I'll be home in a fortnight or so
So keep them burnin' bright



Well I bet that our children are growin'
I bet that they're gettin' tall
Well tonight I am ridin' the freight train
On out through old Idaho

Sayin, keep those home fires a burnin
And keep them a burnin' bright
Cause I'll be home in a fortnight or so
So keep them burnin' bright

I've seen all of your great cities
I've met all of your great men
Well tonight I am drunk on this sidewalk
Just holdin' this bottle again

Sayin, keep those home fires a burnin
And keep them a burnin' bright
Cause I'll be home in a fortnight or so
So keep them burnin' bright

Kiss a Cowboy

Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 8/11/2012

They gather up in Prescott about this time of
year
The cowboy poets and western singers that
come from far and near
The poems and the stories, and the songs they
love the best
Are all about cow punchin' out here in the west

Kiss a cowboy for me, I won't make it
back this year
And tell all my old friends my time is
drawing near
I've told all my stories and my songs have
all been sung

I gave them to the wind, and to the setting (of
the) sun
And when the stars shine on the rivers and the
prairie grasses blow
They'll still sing the songs of the west that I
loved so

Kiss a cowboy for me, I won't make it
back this year
And tell all my old friends my time is
drawing near
I've told all my stories and my songs have
all been sung

I can see them waiting in the wings when the
jigger boss he calls,
Stage lights glint off pearly snaps when they
step into the hall.
That fancy rounder from New Mexico with his
braided horsehair Bola Tie,
The sunburned rancher from the valley with his
wrinkled face and squinty eyes

The storyteller with his derby hat and Navajo
beaded band
Who says "stand back, I've got a fiddle in my
hands!"
And that poet bull rider of oh, so long ago
His ranchette is in the city but he still
remembers the rodeo

Kiss a cowboy for me, I won't make it
back this year
And tell all my old friends my time is
drawing near
I've told all my stories and my songs have
all been sung

They can push a four lane highway across that
dusty track
And tell us that the cowboys are never coming
back
Subdivide the ranches and build houses on the
land
But the free spirit of the buckaroos live on in
every woman, child and man

Kiss a cowboy for me, I won't make it
back this year
And tell all my old friends my time is
drawing near
I've told all my stories and my songs have
all been sung

Land of the Midnight Sun

Lon and Andy's photo journal

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 7/2007

I went to Alaska with dreams of Denali
And the legend of old Sitka Rose
Wild, frozen rivers and big fur-lined parkas
They wear when it's fifty below

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

Up in Vancouver near our Hastings Street hotel
We played at the old Laughing Bean
Followed Pat McInnis as he played his ukulele
On every street corner it seems

Northbound on a cruise ship out of Vancouver
Saw Juneau and Ketchikan too
Saw Sitka and Skagway
And played in the living room
Of a lady who was just ninety-two

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

Down in Talkeetna we stayed at a roadhouse
Called Latitude Sixty-two
Ate blueberry pancakes bigger than the tin plate
Saw a picture of Tom Russell too

Slept in a room there where Ramblin' Jack
Elliott
Stayed in the winter one time
Heard all those stories, most of them lies
That they tell just to pass their sweet time

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

At the old Coghill Grocery store down in Nenana
Bought a lynx hid and beaded key chain
Stood on the banks of the Tanana River
Where the ice it unfreezes each spring

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

Twenty-two miles from the cold Arctic Circle
We swam in the Chena hot springs
Drivin' back down we crossed over that river
Stuck our toes in the freezing cold stream

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

Went up to Fairbanks and back down to
Anchorage
Saw everything in between
Wasilla and Palmer and the big Matsu valley
Where the farmers can grow anything

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

Land of the Midnight Sun (continued)

Never made it to Homer and the Kenai
Peninsula
But I heard old Hobo Jim sing
About fishing and Soldotna and all of the wild
things
I'll see if I go back again

There's room for everyone
In the land of the midnight sun
Wild are the rivers
Wide is the sky
In the land of the midnight sun

Carol Paluso's verse:

If Alaska were bigger this song would be longer
And there would be another verse
Lucky for you it's as small as it is
And you're saved from the songwriter's curse

Jim Loomis' verse:

After we played there
The state of Alaska has voted to end the
nonsense
And made the possession of a ukulele
A serious offense

Laveen Ain't Laveen Anymore

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 2/2007

Laveen ain't Laveen any more
They're gonna build another Walmart
store
My uncles's farm is gone forevermore
And Laveen ain't Laveen anymore

Hawks used to fly up in the sky
Now you just see houses side by side
The houses are eatin' up the land
And you can never go back home again

Laveen ain't Laveen any more
They're gonna build another Walmart
store
My uncles's farm is gone forevermore
And Laveen ain't Laveen anymore

There was a cowboy there named
Captain Jack
Time passed him by a long time back
He's still standing on the right side of the dirt
In his cowboy hat and western shirt

Laveen ain't Laveen any more
They're gonna build another Walmart
store
My uncles's farm is gone forevermore
And Laveen ain't Laveen anymore

Laveen use to have a country store
And a lady at the counter named Lenore
She used to talk to me most every day
Now the store is gone and she moved away

Laveen ain't Laveen any more
They're gonna build another Walmart
store
My uncles's farm is gone forevermore
And Laveen ain't Laveen anymore

Hawks used to fly up in the sky
Now you just see houses side by side
The houses are eatin' up the land
And you can never go back home again

Laveen ain't Laveen any more
They're gonna build another Walmart
store
My uncles's farm is gone forevermore
And Laveen ain't Laveen anymore

Let's All Move to Prescott

*Completed at Young's Farm Pumpkin Festival
on 10/24/1999*

And let's all move to Prescott
With the folks from San Jose
If we don't get there tomorrow
It'll all be gone they say
It's goodbye cows and horses
And hello East LA
Cause the folks from California
Are all moving in to stay

A four armed lady rides a tiger
In what used to be Siam
And I'm out here in Arizona
Just doing the best I can
But the times they are a changing
As Bob Dylan used to say
And it sure is strange a living here
In this brand new USA

I saw four old ladies sitting
At the Young's Farm Cafe
I could see the girls they used to be
As they walked my way
But now they're on a journey
That they've never been before
They'll be going up to heaven
But they're coming back for more

She's a Mexican Apache
Who was born in Japan
But now she is an artist
In her native land
She's said goodbye to bureaucracy
And good bye to IBM
And now she is a painter
Using Buddhas's eye and hand

Her name it is Loretta
She sang country western songs
One night she got Alzheimers
And now the words won't come
Her guitar it is setting
Right here by her bed
But she's forgotten how to play it
And forgot her husband, Fred

Little Egypt

Lon Austin & Andy Hurlbut 8/2007

Andy Hurlbut wrote: *This was another one of those song writing challenges from Chris Frazier. We were supposed to write a song titled, "The First Time," and we had just gone to the Cowboy Poet's Reunion or Gathering up in Prescott and in one of those little Prescott magazines we found a picture of this lady named, "Little Egypt" who danced at the Palace Bar in 1910 and she is holding her veil out like this (Andy raising her spread arms) and wearin' these what we'd consider to be a short set today but was risqué back then. So, we wrote our "first time" song about "Little Egypt." Later, Andy wrote the bridge.*

The first time I saw Little Egypt dance
I was up on Whiskey Row and not by
chance
She was wearin' those embroidered
underpants
Oh the first time I saw Little Egypt dance

She's never seen the pyramids or fished the
River Nile
Never been to Paris, France or seen the Eiffel
tower
She'd been to San Francisco, New York and
Buffalo
But how she got to Prescott, the good Lord only
knows

The first time I saw Little Egypt dance
I was up on Whiskey Row and not by
chance
She was wearin' those embroidered
underpants
The first time I saw Little Egypt dance

She danced around the Palace Bar and waved
her veils so high
Sittin' in the cowboys laps, she looked 'em in the
eye
The gamblers and the good-time girls had
always been around
But no one like Little Egypt had ever come to
town

The first time I saw Little Egypt dance
I was up on Whiskey Row and not by
chance
She was wearin' those embroidered
underpants
The first time I saw Little Egypt dance

Now, she was something for my
young eyes to see
The night I saw Little Egypt
The night I turned eighteen

Out with the cows and horses saw the beauty of
the land
I thought that I'd seen everything that's
beautiful to see
Underneath the starry sky, the magic of God's
hand
Till I saw Little Egypt dancin' just for me

The first time I saw Little Egypt dance
I was up on Whiskey Row and not by
chance
She was wearin' those embroidered
underpants
The first time I saw Little Egypt dance
The first time I saw Little Egypt dance

Lon (by Bob Frank)

If you're ever down around Phoenix
There's a guy you'll wanna meet
His name is Lon Austin
And he lives on Pinball Street

Lon is a mystical cowboy
He rides an invisible horse
And everybody knows that knows him
He's plugged right into the source

It's hard to keep track of a guy like that
You never know what he's done
He throws an invisible lasso
And ropes a maverick tune
Then he breaks it in and sings it
'Neath the coyote moon

His tribe is the Beaded Lizard
And whenever he gets on stage
They all get up there with him
And play whatever he plays

He meets every ramblin' drifter
That ever comes passing through
He rounds 'em up and sits 'em down
To sing a little song or two

So if you've ever down around Phoenix
You better stop and say hello
And swap a song and a yarn or two
With a guy you'll wanna know

'Cause Lon is a mystical cowboy
He rides an invisible horse
And everybody knows that knows him
He's plugged right into the source

Looking for Tony Norris

Looking for Tony Norris
All over Flagstaff town
Searching everywhere
Up the streets and down
We looked at all his favorite haunts
But he was nowhere to be found
Looking for Tony Morris
All over Flagstaff town

At the Weatherford Hotel
We went up and down the stairs
To see if he was playing music
But he wasn't there
So we ate down at the restaurant
Hamburgers and grilled cheese
Looked at pictures in the bar of Tom Russell
And other cowboy celebrities

We drove out to Williams
To see if he was working
On the Grand Canyon trains
And bought our tickets to go up and back again
Smoke was blow'n from the stacks
And cowboys robbed the cars
An accordion player sang a song
As we reached the station at El Tovar

We went for beer (we stopped)
At Beaver Street Brewery
Got t-shirts and pizza too
Drove by the dorms at NAU
And talked to the pretty girls
Covered in tattoos

Went down to the Saddle Shop
On Old Route 66
Bought sixteen Pendleton blankets
Sage bundles and baby chicks
We went to the arts and crafts fair
Happening in the park
Bought handmade goat's milk soap
Made with cherry bark

Bought three tie-dyed t-shirts
And turquoise from a pair of Navajo twins
The gypsy fortune teller just grinned and said
You're on the wrong trail my friend
Went in to Bookman's later in the day
Found books on Flagstaff history and the
cowboy way
Bought bamboo flutes, prayer beads and magic
stones from Fundy Bay
Even bought a real paining by Shouto Begay

Lost Loves

*Written for Science Fiction Writers,
Leigh Brackett and M. A. Foster*

And I've walked a lot of highways
As I've sailed among the stars
But Earth, I'll come on home again someday
Oh Earth, I'll come on home again someday

I remember old Jakara on some high north
martian plain
And this dancing girl who fell in love with me
Whose silver bells they jingled just for me
Whose silver bells they jingled just for me

On the sea of mourning opals just as black as it
can be
With this wild eyed Venus beauty there by me
And her silver hair just blowing in the breeze
And her silver hair just blowing in the breeze

At a tea house in Plenlikhander beneath some
mighty redwood tree
Saying goodbye to a love that just can't be
And her crying as she gave these beads to me
And her crying as she gave these beads to me

Visions of a teenage love
In those long lost Bradshaw hills
As I sail up the river of lost dreams
With those wild green dragons flying over me
With those wild green dragons flying over me

Lucky Stars

*We wrote this for Mark and Ranelle Fogelson
after staying at their cabin in Minnesota.
© Andy Hurlbut & Lon Austin 6/2013*

He used to be a farmer and still has a farmer's
ways
He can feel the rhythms of the land
He steps outside to see the stars before he goes
to bed
He likes to say goodnight to the Milky Way
He thanks his lucky stars for all that he 's been
given
He thanks his lucky stars for the love within his
hands
With the whole sky up above him shining down
on where he stands

He bows his head and thanks his lucky stars
She used to be a teacher and still has a teacher's
ways
She can see your soul right through your eyes
She bakes her bread at night when the moon is
on the lake
And listens for the calling of the loon
She thanks her lucky stars for all that she 's
been given
She thanks her lucky stars for the love within
her hands
With the whole sky up above her shining down
on where she stands
She bows her head and thanks her lucky stars

Somewhere up on White Earth, east of the rising
sun
The eagle is a special friend that greets them
when they come
Flowers on the front porch and songs from an
old guitar
And they say come on in, kick off your shoes,
and thank your lucky stars...
They used to live where it was cold and the
winter dead and still
Now they make their way down south before it
snows
Out there in the desert they've found the magic
in the skies
And spirit all around them in the wind

They thank their lucky stars for all that they've
been given
They thank their lucky stars for the love within
their hands
With the whole sky up above them shining
down on where they stand
They bow their heads and thank their lucky
stars
They bow their heads and thank their lucky
stars

The Male Basher's Lament

(Laura's Song)

This is a little tune that was inspired by Mary Bianco of the Arizona Cultural Police as are a number of songs that Dean and I do...it's called the Male Basher's Lament or Laura's Song

Male bashers, male bashers, male
bashers we 'ere
We can find some men to bash we will
drive anywhere
Up north to Prescott or down to Tucson
Gonna smash those cajones and have us
some fun

Liberated, liberated, liberated we are
We left our husbands at home and are out in
some bar
We've worked all day, for money and a pay
But damned well we'll spend it in our very own
way

Male bashers, male bashers, male
bashers we 'ere
If we can find some men to bash we will
drive anywhere
Up north to Prescott or down to Tucson
Gonna smash those cajones and have us
some fun

We think that men are pigs and we think that
they stink
We'll put that in writin', and we'll put it in ink
We'll train us a lizard to bite off their little heads
And they'll scream and they'll scream and they'll
wish they were dead

Male bashers, male bashers, male
bashers we 'ere
If we can find some men to bash we will
drive anywhere
Up north to Prescott or down to Tucson
Gonna smash those cajones and have us
some fun

Well my favorite gun's a snub nose 38
And I like break'n arms and I like break'n legs
I've taken Karate, Aikido and Tai Chi
So if you treasure your huevos then don't mess
with me

Male bashers, male bashers, male
bashers we 'ere
We can find some men to bash we will
drive anywhere
Up north to Prescott or down to Tucson
Gonna smash those cajones and have us
some fun

Well we burned all our bras and we cut off our
hair
We can find some men to bash we will drive
anywhere
I've gone with the girls to the woods and the
trees
And learned all I own at Wild Woman retreats

Male bashers, male bashers, male
bashers we 'ere
We can find some men to bash we will
drive anywhere
Up north to Prescott or down to Tucson
Gonna smash those cajones and have us
some fun

Well I guess that I'm having the time of my life
Just got back from Walmart with a big skinnin'
knife

Now me and the girls will have fun tonight
Singin' this song and a usin' our knife
Male bashers, male bashers, male
bashers we 'ere
We can find some men to bash we will
drive anywhere
Up north to Prescott or down to Tucson
Gonna smash those cajones and have us
some fun

More Pretty Girls Than One (Last Man on Earth)

There were more pretty girls than one oh Lordy
There were more pretty girls than one
For every old town that I'd wander around
There were more pretty girls than one

There's storms out on the ocean, Lord
There's winds out on the sea
Now all of cities are dead and gone
And there is only me

The mountains are gone and the sky sure ain't
blue
And the trees have all blowed away
They told us the world wouldn't end like this
But they told us a lie you see

I don't know just what happened Lord
It beats all that I can see
For once there were people all around
But now there's only me

Murietta

*Written by Lon Austin, Chuck and Barbara
Giamalvo and Sandra Austin*

Muretta, Muretta, what have they done?
They've buried your body but now your
head's gone
Ol' Horace Lowe, he done the deed
I want to know why you didn't heed
The words of your mother when to you
she said
My Juan Muretta, don't lose your head!

They came to your ranch while you were away
All of your hopes were shattered that day
They pillaged your land and murdered your
wife
Taking revenge became your way of life

Muretta, Muretta, what have they done?
They've buried your body but now your
head's gone
Ol' Horace Lowe, he done the deed
I want to know why you didn't heed
The words of your mother when to you
she said
My Juan Muretta, don't lose your head!

It's known she was murdered by some forty-
niners
But you can't take it out on all of the miners
You made so many mad that our president
Was looking for help and Horace was sent

Muretta, Muretta, what have they done?
They've buried your body but now your
head's gone
Ol' Horace Lowe, he done the deed
I want to know why you didn't heed
The words of your mother when to you
she said
My Juan Muretta, don't lose your head!

You fell to the ground from a dose of Lowe's lead
As proof of the deed he cut off your head
Pickled and jarred for a circus sideshow
Now you are a star thanks to old Horace Lowe

Muretta, Muretta, what have they done?
They've buried your body but now your
head's gone
Ol' Horace Lowe, he done the deed
I want to know why you didn't heed
The words of your mother when to you
she said
My Juan Muretta, don't lose your head!

My Grandpa Was a Railroad Man

This is a song I wrote for my grandpa Lindsay and my memories of him and a time and places around Carrizozo, New Mexico in the 1950's. Like many of my songs, it is not exactly true.

My grandpa was a railroad man
Worked for the old SP
Over in New Mexico in 1953
We used to stay with him
My brother and me
And guess I'll always use those things
That Grandpa said to me

He said,
Smile when you are happy
Cry when you are sad
Always do the best you can
Don't crawl for no damn man

I remember his old pickup
With that gearshift on the floor
There for miles
With my grandma by the door
We'd wile away the miles
Eatin' apples to the core
I'd dream of Carrizozo
And the Carrizozo store

Smile when you are happy
Cry when you are sad
Always do the best you can
But don't crawl for no damn man

Well he taught us about huntin'
And he told us of outlaws
He bought us our first pocket knife
He bought us cowboy clothes
Told us about livin'
And how to die like men
And we thought he was the greatest man
Cause he was our old grandad

He said,
Smile when you are happy
Cry when you are sad
Always do the best you can
But don't crawl for no damn man

My brother went to Vietnam
And died for Uncle Sam
Grandpa stood there cryin'
When they buried him in the land
Used to follow him around
When he was a kid
He said he'd be a railroad man
Just like his old grandad

He said,
Smile when you are happy
Cry when you are sad
Always do the best you can
Don't crawl for no damn man

Well I'm livin' in the city now
Far from New Mexico
Grandpa's gone to heaven
Where those railroad men all go
My little boy, he's growin' up
And he's growin' up real fast
And I wish he knew a railroad man
Just like my old grandad

He said,
Smile when you are happy
Cry when you are sad
Always do the best you can
Don't crawl for no damn man

My Sister Married a Crystal

Oh my sister married this crystal
Down beside some singing sea
She told me that she loved it
Which was good enough for me
But my daddy did not like it and
My mamma went insane
When my sister married this crystal
Down beside this singing sea

Procreation's not the issue
These words she said to me
It's just finding your own true love
Wherever that may be
I've walked on a thousand planets
Seen a million different things
And I finally found my own true love
Down beside this singing sea

Oh my sister married this crystal
Down beside some singing sea
She told me that she loved it
Which was good enough for me
But my daddy did not like it and
My mamma went insane
When my sister married this crystal
Down beside this singing sea

Well I guess she sets there weaving
Down beside this singing sea
And as I sit here milking cows
It's hard for me to see
Cause I never left this old earth
Or our ranch in New Mexico
And I've got two kids that wait for me
As I walk through the door

Oh my sister married this crystal
Down beside some singing sea
She told me that she loved it
Which was good enough for me
But my daddy did not like it and
My mamma went insane
When my sister married this crystal
Down beside this singing sea

My Uncle Leon

This song came into being out of some lyrics that Dale Gibson gave me about Uncle Leon. Those lyrics were science fiction directed and I never did anything with them. This song surfaced instead.

My uncle Leon, folks called him a peon
When he hitchhiked up from Guaymas, Mexico
Swam cross the border down near Laredo
And he married my momma's sister, Flo

And he works on old cars out in his backyard
And he taught me everything that I know
About doing what's right and living your life
In a way that God knows that you know

Aunt Flo came from Poland a ship cross the
ocean
One day when she was a girl
Now she makes the best tacos down in South
Texas
Of most anybody I know

Aunt Flo and Uncle Leon sit out on their front
porch
In some street down in San Antonio
A laughing and talking and singing and drinking
In the shade of the Old Alamo

My uncle Leon, folks called him a peon
When eh hitchhiked up from Guaymas, Mexico
Swam cross the border down near Laredo
And he married my momma's sister, Flo

Old Guadalupe

This is a little tune that I wrote that takes place in the time about now and it's a story about a young man that goes out into space and I don't know if he joins the space navy or the space merchant marine but when he's an old man he decides to come back to Arizona to die. When he gets back there's been a few changes that have taken place.

Oh the Grand Canyon's gone
It got sold to somebody
And I saw a dog
In the San Diego Zoo
There's junk yards a settin' there
With rusty cars, rustin'
But now there are space ships
Just rustin' there too

And what ever happened
To old Guadalupe
What ever happened
To me and to you
And what ever happened
To our love on the desert
Cause you took to hookin'
When I went to the moon

Now young men go to space
Right out of their dreamin'
Old men like to die
In the place of their youth
But wars of mankind
Don't wait for nobody
Now there aint' nothin'
Where I first made love to you

Big holes in the desert
Are presents from China
My nephew sells body parts
As he works his way through school
There's Martian politicians
Just livin' in Prescott
And shiploads of oil
Come back from some moon

And what ever happened
To old Guadalupe
What ever happened
To me and to you
And what ever happened
To our love on the desert
Cause you took to hookin'
When I went to the moon

There's row to row houses
From Phoenix to Tucson
And Camelback Mountain
Is a big restaurant
Got relatives a living
Down in Agua Prieta
Cause the United States
Bought Mexico up



And what ever happened
To old Guadalupe
What ever happened
To me and to you
And what ever happened
To our love on the desert
Cause you took to hookin'
When I went to the moon

Old Guadalupe (continued)

Oh South Mountain's gone
It got traded to Walt Disney
For some land north of Flagstaff
And a dollar or two
He's now makin' fun
For all of you kiddies
With six thousand acres
Of Disney desert for you

And what ever happened
To old Guadalupe
What ever happened
To me and to you
And what ever happened
To our love on the desert
Cause you took to hookin'
When I went to the moon

Well I went to a rodeo
On up in Payton
Robots were doin'
What cowboys used to do
But there was that sign
Still hangin' there blowin'
Saying, World's Oldest
And Best Rodeo

Oh the Grand Canyon's gone
It got sold to somebody
And I saw a dog
In the San Diego Zoo
Well there's junkyards a settin' there
With rusty cars rustin'
Now there are space ships
Just rustin' there too

The Old Spanish Trail

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 3/12/3016

"The Old Spanish Trail transcontinental highway was one of the most prominent and persistent American auto trails. It connects the old Spanish colonial towns of St. Augustine, Florida on the Atlantic coast and San Diego, California on the Pacific. The OST highway is not to be confused with the 19th century cattle trail of the same name that wound from Santa Fe to Los Angeles."

The Old Spanish Trail came through Tucson
Bringing motels and Hollywood stars
Moon-glow and stardust still cling to the walls
And the neon still shines in the dark

The ghosts of old lovers haunt the no tell motel
A band plays at the Monterey Court
And the strains of the fiddles drift on down the road
And Miracle Mile is alive once more

So buy another round and raise up your glass
To the ones who have travelled this road
One more song for the beggars and dreamers
And we ll sing all the lost souls back home

A cowboy is singing that old love song
Mi amor, mi corazón
As if playing that song could heal broken hearts
And right all the wrongs

She must have come from some east coast town
Stumbling and singing too loud
She's panhandling for her bar tab
Like a lost child dancing alone

So buy another round and raise up your glass
To the ones who have travelled this road
One more song for the beggars and dreamers
And we ll sing all the lost souls back home

The Miracle Mile wasn't just a highway
Back then it was a river of dreams
Sometimes still you can see broken pieces of wishes
Washing up on the street like moonbeams

Boutiques and galleries, restaurants and cafés
All with a southwestern flair
(And the dancers take a turn round the floor)
The Old Spanish Trail makes a comeback again
(The heart of the Spanish Trail is beating again)
There are winds of change in the air
(on the stage at the Monterey Court)

So buy another round and raise up your glass
To the ones who have travelled this road
One more song for the beggars and dreamers
And we ll sing all the lost souls back home

The Pancho Villa Song

In a curio shop in Deming setting on a marble stand
Was an old-time pickle jar containing Pancho Villa's head
That's what the lady told me with a twinkle in her eye
And it's always fun to see a legend or hear a woman lie

She said she bought it from this farmer whose name it was Ortiz
And he lived down in Palomas amidst the dirt and weeds
He got it from his daddy or from his great grandad
Who rode with Pancho Villa just to save their Mexican land

And his grandad rode with Pancho throughout the Mexican wars
He was an hombre Muy Malo and he rode a big white horse
He had himself a true love who was a Juarez whore
And she's buried in Palomas out behind Ortiz's store

Well I bought that old pickle jar and Pancho Villa's head
And I mailed it up to Washington to the Alligator Man
So up there in Long Beach where they have that free museum
You can see Old Pancho Villa and Jake the Alligator Man

Some say Jake he was a bouncer in some New York City bar
Others say they saw him down at the Mardi Gras
Some say he was a singer in some traveling western show
Always singing cowboys songs like Diamond Joe, you know

(Optional Verse)

There is a man you'll hear about most every place you go and his holdings are in Texas and his name is Diamond Joe
Well he carries all his money in his diamond studded jaw
And he never was much bothered by the process of the law

If you are ever up in Long Beach and stop at that free museum
You can see Old Pancho Villa and Jake the Alligator Man

If you are ever up in Long Beach and stop at that free museum
You can see Old Pancho Villa and Jake the Alligator Man

Pete Eynose

*Wrote this for a program Tom Augustino invited
Andy and me to at Prescott Performing Arts
Center, doing songs, poems, and stories about
"The Twelve Days of Christmas."*

Pete Eynose played the fiddle
And he played the fiddle well
He said he'd been a Calvary scout
For old Geronimo
He always had two doves
Sitting on his shoulder bones
One he called Christmas Time
And the other The Holy Ghost

He drove into the town each Saturday
In his rusty pickup truck
With a buffalo skull painted on the hood
That he said was just for luck
He'd get out his red Navajo rug
And his oak rocking chair
And he would set them on the courthouse
square
And he would fiddle there

He was kind of thin and stringy
And his hair was white and grey
He wore a brown cowboy hat
And buckskins every day
I was just a kid then
And used to follow him around
And I thought he walked on water
Just like the scriptures say

He told me all of his stories
Of when the west was young
Of outlaws and Indians
And riding to the setting sun
He said he'd been to Canada
And down through Mexico
He even said he played the fiddle once
In Cody's Wild West Show

One day I asked him
What about those two doves
The one you call Christmas Time
And the other, The Holy Spirit
He said boy life it is a road
From birth onto death
And each of us has to find a way
To walk it the best he can

To some he gives the holy book
And they read it every day
Others he puts upon the mountain top
To get on their knees and pray
And gives to them a vision
Of what is to come
And what it is that they will
Have to pass a long

Then he handed me the fiddle
And he handed me the bow
And he said so long boy
You know I've really got to go
And he got into his rusty truck
And slowly drove away
And Christmas Time and The Holy Ghost
They flew away that day

I've still got the fiddle
And I play it all the time
And I know I'll get to pass it on
When it comes my time (somewhere down the
line)
Cause I got my own vision
From Pete Eynose, don't you know
Because every day is Christmas Time
and I think of The Holy Ghost

The Peyote Sisters Do the Prickly Pear Waltz

Written for Andy Hurlbut and Sue Harris in October of 2007.

Oh the Peyote Sisters with their Navajo blanket
Drink that sweet prickly pear wine
In their old cowboy hats out on the desert
Each morning just after sunrise

And they are dreaming all the night to
that coyote music
Where the dreamtime it wakes up the
dawn
And the Peyote Sisters do the prickly
pear waltz
Each morning just after sunrise

Out on the desert with snake and coyote
And sahuaros that reach to the sky
And their Prickly Pear Sisters share of their
bounty
For jelly and soaps and bright dyes

If you happen to meet them out on the desert
You might look at the joy in their eyes
And remember a time when you were a child
And each morning was just a surprise

And they are dreaming all the night to
that coyote music
Where the dreamtime it wakes up the
dawn
And the Peyote Sisters do the prickly
pear waltz
Each morning just after sunrise

Phantom Ranch Beer Hall Brew

Working at the park, a guy jogging through the park went to the Grand Canyon South to North Rim and back. He invites me to go. When I got into his car, he had burlap bags for catching rattlesnakes. We spent the night at Phantom Ranch Campground. Hang sign in window at cafe (Beer Hall Open). Spent the night a campground headed up to North Rim. Couldn't get to top. Stopped at a campground and spent the night.

It's nine miles down and nine miles up
For a Phantom Ranch Brew
With the hikers and the packers and the
river rats
And a maybe some dude or two

Well the feller that I went with
Kissed rattlesnakes for fun
But after he caught him ten of those things
Well I began to run

It didn't do me no good my friends
For he was an athlete
He passed me going sixty
And he wore off both of my feet

I'm sitting here a sweating
At a hundred ten degrees
And some ole boy just off the rim
Says there's snow there three foot deep

(Spoken):
These verses take place at Phantom Ranch Beer
Hall

I got blisters on my blisters
Got bandaids on my toes
My ankles feel like jellyfish
And my knees are starting to go

There's a packer at our table
Who's a chasing some pretty young thing
She just came in on one of these mules
And she thinks he's a cowboy king

I met myself a princess
From over in Norway
She said she liked my story
And I told her I'd call her someday

There's a fellow at our table
Who's a member of a motorcycle gang
He just bought a beer for a bank president
Who's talking to the Governor of Maine

Set up another row
Of that good old Coors beer
And we'll set here just a drinking
Till our eyes fill up with tears

It's nine miles down and nine miles up
To the bottom of that great big hole
That the folks here in Arizona call
The Grand Canyon of Colorado

Well we camped up on the North Rim
With some kids from a boy scout troop
But when they pushed me over in the old
outhouse
Well I let out a whoop

You should have seen me hollering
And trying to pull up my pants
Cause it sure gets cold in the canyon
When the sun stops doing its dance

The Pistolero Trail

Chuck and I started writing this one night at Herb's jam. Andy and I finished it, quite a bit on down the trail.

© Lon Austin, Chuck Giamalvo, Andy Hurlbut

Big Al and Little Bill hit the Pistolero Trail
After drinking twenty beers they were headed
straight for hell
They tried to rob this taco stand down on the
interstate
But it had closed at ten o'clock and they were a
little late

Runnin' from José in the Tubac City jail
I'll never ride with you again on the
Pistolero Trail

Standin' in the parking lot with their masks and
little toy guns
Big Al said to Little Bill, "this sure ain't been
much fun."
Someone saw them standing there and dialed
911
And when the sheriff's car drove up they were
outlaws on the run

Runnin' from José in the Tubac City jail
I'll never ride with you again on the
Pistolero Trail

Big Al and Little Bill on the Pistolero trail
Money fame and fortune, and lots of pretty girls,
But not one peso did they see and only one ugly
girl
His name was Josefina in the Tubac City jail

Runnin' from José in the Tubac City jail
I'll never ride with you again on the
Pistolero Trail

Josefina in his rad dress leaned up against the
wall
Said "I really like you outlaw boys, rubber
masks and all"
Big Al and Little Bill stared right back at him
And said "we'll never, ever ride the Pistolero
Trail again"

Runnin' from José in the Tubac City jail
I'll never ride with you again on the
Pistolero Trail

Big Al and Little Bill are back to pushing brooms
Down there at the Dollar Store on Congress
Avenue
So here's to all you outlaws on the Pistolero
Trail
Beware of Josefina in the Tubac City jail

Runnin' from José in the Tubac City jail
I'll never ride with you again on the
Pistolero Trail

Postcard from Harry

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 4/22/2007

Flagstaff in the summer
Prescott in the fall
If I can't have the girl I love
I don't want love at all
Gone to Tucson, Love, Harry

Met you at the powwow
Where we saw those Hopi clowns
We made love on the sacred peaks outside of
Flagstaff town
You'd gone to Sedona to look for your lost soul
I found you on my way along the Shaman's road

Flagstaff in the summer
Prescott in the fall
If I can't have the girl I love
I don't want love at all

We fell in love in Prescott
Beside the courthouse square
And all around the autumn leaves were the
color of your hair
Little shops and cowboy bars
And history in the air
It was a time outside of time and we didn't have
a care

Flagstaff in the summer
Prescott in the fall
If I can't have the girl I love
I don't want love at all

The Princess of the Rock Springs Cafe

After hearing Dean Cook sing the Rock Springs Song one night at The Back Door Coffeehouse, a woman approached me and told me about dancing at the Rock Springs Bar and Cafe. The next time we got together to write, we wrote this song.

Written by Dean Cook, Tony Norris, Lon Austin and Virgil Cole

In a dusty cantina in Puerto Penasco
I met a silver haired lady one day
She was smoking her camels and drinking
tequila
As the afternoon faded away

She said, I used to live out in old Arizona
We had fun on a Saturday night
Do the wild young cowboys still feed the
jukebox
And dance at the Rock Springs Cafe

And the bright moon is shining
On the desert tonight
And the band it is starting to play
And the cowboys are dancing
Midst the stars and the cactus
With the Princess of the Rock Springs
Cafe
With the Princess of the Rock Springs
Cafe

I'd waltz to the music with the cowboys and
miners
And we'd waltz the night away
She smiled and said, They used to call me
The Princess of the Rock Springs Cafe

The gambler he told me that he'd always love
me
But then he drifted away
And I ended up down in Mexico City
Far from the Rock Springs Cafe

And the bright moon is shining
On the desert tonight
And the band it is starting to play
And the cowboys are dancing
Midst the stars and the cactus
With the Princess of the Rock Springs
Cafe
With the Princess of the Rock Springs
Cafe

The barkeep was closing as she finished her
tequila
And I could see a lone teardrop on her face
And I could see the young girl from old Arizona
Who used to dance at the Rock Springs Cafe

I gave my last peso to the old mariachi
And I told him what song to play
And I danced one last dance to that sweet guitar
With the Princess of the Rock Springs Cafe

Put a Dollar in Your Old Ice Box

Written after reading a Philip K. Dick short story.

Put a dollar in your old ice box
If you want a pop put five dollars in the slot
Because the future is here
And pop's five dollars a bottle

All the dogs are dead and the cats are gone
They all died in some atomic bomb
So I guess I'll kiss my kangaroo
On Sunday morning

I went fishing the other day
And caught me a catfish as big as a tank
And some scientist said
It was because of polluted water

My boy got drafted the other day
And died in a war three light years away
And his momma she ran off
With some cult leader

So I'm sitting here in my living room
Oiling my gun and packing my spoon
Cause the Chinese people
Have invaded our U.S. Border

I went to see my doctor
Name of THX
Now he's a robot but he's mighty quick
And he says he's gonna be the next president

I don't want to live
Near no nuclear reactor
Whether up in Pennsylvania or out in Arizona
I guess I'll get me a space ship ticket now

Queen of the Frontier Fiddlers

Andy and I wrote this for a Tucson fiddler. Andy sang it. Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 10/6/2008

She's the queen of the frontier fiddlers
I saw her on some stage in Tucson,
Arizona
She was fiddlin' the night away
Playing Purple Flowers and The Bobtail
Mule
Singin' about the Ways of the World
Underneath a cowboy moon

She came to Arizona from someplace far away
How her heart was broken she would never say
But when she plays that fiddle boys, there's
magic up her sleeves
And she leaves a trail of stardust on the evening
breeze

She's the queen of the frontier fiddlers
I saw her on some stage in Tucson,
Arizona
She was fiddlin' the night away
Playing Purple Flowers and The Bobtail
Mule
Singin' about the Ways of the World
Underneath a cowboy moon

She's played in all the little towns in this big
southwestern land
From the muddy Colorado to the shores of the
Rio Grande
They say she loved a rounder once up in old
Cheyenne
Lost him to the rodeo and the cold Wyoming
wind

She's the queen of the frontier fiddlers
I saw her on some stage in Tucson,
Arizona
She was fiddlin' the night away
Playing Purple Flowers and The Bobtail
Mule
Singin' about the Ways of the World
Underneath a cowboy moon

If you're down in Tucson and there's magic in
the wind
It's the queen of the Frontier Fiddlers playing
those songs again
And when she plays the fiddle boys, there's
magic up her sleeves
And she leaves a trail of stardust on the evening
breeze

She's the queen of the frontier fiddlers
I saw her on some stage in Tucson,
Arizona
She was fiddlin' the night away
Playing Purple Flowers and The Bobtail
Mule
Singin' about the Ways of the World
Underneath a cowboy moon

Ranger Texas 1921

*The tune of this song is Little Joe the Wrangler-an
adaptation of a Tony Norris poem*

In a little tall grass prairie out near Ranger years
ago
I paused to catch my breath upon a hill
The new wine smell of roses led me round it's
brow to find
A postage size grave yard overgrown

By sweet honeysuckle and wild
mountain rose
And stunted cedars broken by the wind
She lays there a sleeping for all eternity
Someone's little Texas darling and my
friend

Purple broken bottles glistening in the sun
Were hand placed like a blanket on a bed
And on a headboard of rough sandstone
scratched with a nail
It read Emma, 1921

By sweet honeysuckle and wild
mountain rose
And stunted cedars broken by the wind
She lays there a sleeping for all eternity
Someone's little Texas darling and my
friend

I've often thought of Emma as the years they've
rolled by
And I've walked down a pathway of my own
And sometimes I hear her calling me on an
evening breeze
Oh friend I'm glad you came along

By sweet honeysuckle and wild
mountain rose
And stunted cedars broken by the wind
She lays there a sleeping for all eternity
Someone's little Texas darling and my
friend

Rattlesnake Dreamin'

This is a little tune that I wrote for Stan Young. Stan's a cowboy poet, philosopher, farmer and a genuine cowboy...had a horse up there at Dewey, Arizona at the intersection of Highway 69 and 169. He currently lives in Tennessee.

And let's all go rattlesnake dreamin'
Up where the stars touch the sky
We'll stop at Young's farm
For a story or a song
And maybe some good pumpkin pie

Oh life it's like the river
That flows down to the sea
You don't always get just what you want
But always what will be

And let's all go rattlesnake dreamin'
Up where the stars touch the sky
We'll stop at Young's farm
For a story or a song
And maybe some good pumpkin pie

Now little boys grow into young men
Who one day discover they're old
Might have them a cane or an oxygen tank
And maybe some old woman to hold

And let's all go rattlesnake dreamin'
Up where the stars touch the sky
We'll stop at Young's farm
For a story or a song
And maybe some good pumpkin pie

Now little girls grow into mothers
They have them a baby or two
And somewhere in time, on down the line
We'll be a comin' back too

And let's all go rattlesnake dreamin'
Up where the stars touch the sky
We'll stop at Young's farm
For a story or a song
And maybe some good pumpkin pie

Oh life it's just a journey
From sunrise to sunset
You can't drive your U-Haul to heaven
So let's set with the poets my friend

And let's all go rattlesnake dreamin'
Up where the stars touch the sky
We'll stop at Young's farm
For a story or a song
And maybe some good pumpkin pie

Riding the Wire for Mr. Lopez

This is a little tune that I wrote. It's a science fiction type song that takes place in a time about now...that I wrote after reading a short novel by Lucius Shepherd, called On the Border.

She's riding the wire down in old Tijuana
And her name its Maria Rosita Juarez
She's just sixteen but her daddy he sold
her
Cause he needed the money from Mr.
Lopez

She's riding the wire down in old Tijuana
And her name its Maria Rosita Juarez
She's just sixteen but her daddy he sold
her
Cause he needed the money from Mr.
Lopez

She's a browned skinned beauty just in from the
country
With slver electrodes plugged into her brain
Well her brain it's a frying but it gives her such
pleasure
To dance on the bar floor for Mr. Lopez

She's riding the wire down in old Tijuana
And her name its Maria Rosita Juarez
She's just sixteen but her daddy he sold
her
Cause he needed the money from Mr.
Lopez

Now later they'll take her up to the bedroom
And the men they will use her for fast little rides
And Maria Rosita will whisper, "I love you"
And her body, it'll shiver with a lover's delight

She's riding the wire down in old Tijuana
And her name its Maria Rosita Juarez
She's just sixteen but her daddy he sold
her
Cause he needed the money from Mr.
Lopez

Now later they'll dump her out in some trash
can
Pull the silver electrodes from out of her brain
Cause Maria Rosita's been ridin' the wire
And death it's a part of life's little game

Rock Springs Song

Written by Dean Cook, Tony Norris and Lon Austin based on Dean Cook's memory of stopping at Rock Springs in the 1950's while driving from Flagstaff to Phoenix at Christmas time to see his grandparents.

It was snowing up in Flagstaff
But we knew that the desert would be hot
So we would crawl beneath the blankets
But the dog always got the warmest spot
It was two days til Christmas
When we climbed into the back of dad's old truck
Cause it's eight hours down to Phoenix
If we don't run out of water, tires or luck

And we'll stop down at Old Rock Springs
Where the water does run clean
Cause cool water on the desert
That's a thirsty traveler's dream
And we'll stop down at Old Rock Springs
Where the water does run clean
Cause cool water on the desert
That's a thirsty traveler's dream

From the shade of Oak Creek Canyon
Up past the Cleopatra Mine
Second breakfast down in Mayer
On old Highway 69
It's a dusty road to Cordes and another
On down to Bumble Bee
Cause we're going down to grandma's
And we brought Grandma a big green Christmas tree

And we'll stop down at Old Rock Springs
Where the water does run clean
Cause cool water on the desert
That's a thirsty traveler's dream
And we'll stop down at Old Rock Springs
Where the water does run clean
Cause cool water on the desert
That's a thirsty traveler's dream

Oh I'm driving down to Phoenix
Down Black Canyon I do drive
Like we did back in the old days
When Grandma was alive
When December winds are blowing
And these trees are turning white with snow
I'll be driving down to Phoenix for Christmas at
Grandma's long ago

And we'll stop down at Old Rock Springs
Where the water does run clean
Cause cool water on the desert
That's a thirsty traveler's dream
And we'll stop down at Old Rock Springs
Where the water does run clean
Cause cool water on the desert
That's a thirsty traveler's dream

Rosa's

Written by Rik Palieri, Rick Nestler, Lon Austin, and Andy Hurlbut 3/2007. This is a song about a Mexican Restaurant in Tucson, Arizona that the four of us wrote one time when both Rick and Rik were here for the folk festival. Andy sang it.

If you ever get down Tucson
To the Folk Shop on Campbell Avenue
Meet me down there at Rosa's
For carne asada for two

The walls they are painted in orange
Yellow, red, green and blue
The colors reflect lovely Rosa
A passionate beauty like you

She wears an apron covered with roses
For every heart she once knew
And the wisdom hard-won in each story
Is her message of hope just for you

Everyone's welcome at Rosa's
Buddhists, Hindus and Jews
Minstrels, poets, and singers
And dreamers in the old Rose Tattoo

She wears an apron covered with roses
For every heart she once knew
And the wisdom hard-won in each story
Is her message of hope just for you

For Rosa has had her heart broken
And she knows just how it feels
Magic is dreamed in her kitchen
That renders the love that heals

She wears an apron covered with roses
For every heart she once knew
And the wisdom hard-won in each story
Is her message of hope just for you

For if your heart ever gets broken
And you're lost in sorrow and pain
Rosa the wise curandera
Knows how to soften the rain

She wears an apron covered with roses
For every heart she once knew
And the wisdom hard-won in each story
Is her message of hope just for you

If you ever get down Tucson
To the Folk Shop on Campbell Avenue
Meet me down there at Rosa's
For carne asada for two

Rosarita's

*A short story by Joe Lansdale, Texas writer,
introduced me to his version of Rosarita's that I
reimagined and put into a different world.*

Oh a cowboy come riding
Cross the red painted desert
Past the ghost towns of Flagstaff
Prescott and Phoenix
Well he stopped at our ranch
On the Mexican border
And he talked to old granddad
And drank some cold water

Well he said he was looking
For a place called Rosarita's
That was down on the border
Amidst the tall cactus
He said that he'd heard
That his wife was there dancin'
And he'd come for to kill her
With a big silver bullet

Oh the undead are dancin'
At Rosarita's tonight
And they've pulled out their teeth so
They can't take your life
They're singing and swayin'
To some Hank Williams love song
And they might've been your girlfriend
Or your pretty little wife

Now Rosarita's is a bad place
Down near Nogales
With it's outlaws and horse thieves
And undead women
Well I looked at Granddad
He looked at me
We thought of my mama
Used to dance there each night

Well early next mornin'
Granddad saddled the horses
And I loaded up our guns with
The big silver bullets
We'd follow that cowboy
Right out of the front gate
Headed for a cantina
That was called Rosarita's

Well we road through Nogales
In the dusk of the evening
Got out to Rosarita's
With its candlelight gleamin'
Well a giant of a man
Well he stood there at the door and
Said me and old Granddad
Couldn't go in Rosarita's

So I pulled out my pistol
And I shot him in the belly
He fell down a screamin'
In the blood and the gore
And we rode our horses
Right into that hell hole
Right into that hell hole
That was called Rosarita's

Oh the outlaws were cursin'
And grabbin' their six guns
Bullets were a flyin'
Through the smoke and the haze
Old Hector the barkeep
Was goin' for his shotgun
Fat Rosarita hollered
Gringo in the face

Rosarita's(continued)

There was a big steel cage
In the middle of the dance floor
And the cowboy rode through it
As he come through the door
And there in its middle
Was his own little true love
There in its middle
Was the one he adored

Oh Johnny, oh Johnny
I knew you'd come get me
Johnny oh Johnny
You're the one I adore
Oh Johnny Oh Johnny Oh
Please take me with ya
Or I'll dance here forever
On this cold barroom floor

Well the cowboy shot his true love
With a big silver bullet
And she fell down on the cold floor
So cold and so dead
And fat Rosarita
She stood there a laughin'
When Hector shot the cowboy
And blowed off his head

Old Grandad shot Hector
While I started the fire
That burned Rosarita's
Right down to the ground
But I've heard that somewhere
She's got another cantina
Where the undead are dancin'
Around and around

Oh the undead are dancin'
At Rosarita's tonight
And they've pulled out their teeth so
They can't take your life
They're singing and swayin'
To some Hank Williams love song
And they might've been your girlfriend
Or your pretty little wife

Rosie Florez

This is a song we wrote about the kids that you see each summer, singing and hanging around the streets of Flagstaff. Andy sang it. © Tony Norris, Lon Austin, Andy Hurlbut 6/29/2011

She blew into Flagstaff
In a reservation truck
Her nose was kind of crooked
And her songs were a little rough
Her jeans were tight, her blouse was silk
And her teeth were fixed in Juarez
She played (a) squeezebox on the square -
Said her name was Rosie Florez

And it's three songs for a five spot
Tell your fortune for a ten
A kiss for twenty dollars
And you'll be a lucky man

Her daddy walked the tightrope
Her mama swallowed fire
It didn't take her long to learn
That every clown's a liar
She wears rings of hammered silver
With stones of Bisbee blue
Boots she got in Texas
That match her rose tattoo

And it's three songs for a five spot
Tell your fortune for a ten
A kiss for twenty dollars
And you'll be a lucky man

Time will tell how it will go
Because you never know
Time will tell you when to stay
Or when it's time to move along

There's a pueblo in old Mexico
Kids play down by the sea
She hears abuela calling
Smells tamales on the breeze
So many years and miles have passed
But the dice weren't always kind
So she plays the songs of yesterday
(Sings them) one more time

And it's three songs for a five spot
Tell your fortune for a ten
A kiss for twenty dollars
And you'll be a lucky man

The Rose of Jerome

*This is a little tune that I wrote for a program
that Dean Cook put together one time called Gold
Dust.*

In the hills of Old Jerome
In 18 and 83
She made her livin' by sellin' her body
To the miners who were searchin' for gold

Now no-one knows where she come from
Just drifted in one day all alone
But she knew all the cowboys
And all of the rounders
And the miners who were searchin' for gold

Well she wandered all over the West
But she always come back to Jerome
Where she knew all the cowboys
And all of the rounders
And the miners who were searchin' for gold

Well they called her the Rose of Jerome
For the flower that she wore in her hair
But she never had a true love
Just all of the miners
Who were there just a searchin' for gold

Well they say she still lives in Jerome
It's the place that her spirit calls home
And they say she still walks
On those crooked broken sidewalks
Where the miners are still searchin' for gold

Well they called her the Rose of Jerome
For the flower that she wore in her hair
And she knew all the cowboys
And all of the rounders
And the miners who were searchin' for
gold

Santa Fé in the Wintertime

Never made up a melody to these words.

Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut

Santa Fé in the wintertime
The smell of sage and piñon pine
Drinking Chinese tea as the sacred heart is
burning
Hallowed ground meets endless sky
And the shaman learns to fly
While turquoise time is turning

Spirit shifts the shape of love
You're running wild with the wolves
The piercing of the heart creates the flame
When the snow begins to fall
The light burns bright and small
Whispering, the wise ones call your name

To look within is death defying
A circus feat of no denying
Opening to all your heart can hold
Juggling orbs of grand design
Turning sorrow into wine
Until, at last, the final act unfolds

Santa Fé in the wintertime
The smell of sage and piñon pine
Drinking Chinese tea as the sacred heart is
burning
Hallowed ground meets endless sky
And the shaman learns to fly
While turquoise time is turning

Says His Name is Sparky

What happens to me when I play this ukulele
Is I get tickly and wickly inside
He says his name is sparky and that ain't no
malarky
Because these ukuleles will tell you their true
names

It's Bedsread Bob and the Chevrolet man
And Chester the Molester, the ice cream man
And a three-hundred year old shaman
In my neighborhood

I went to ? the other day
And this punk grass band was a cussing away
And I had to hustle my granny
Right out the back door

I went there on another night
And I'm telling you boys it was quite a sight
This gal was playing
A Tibetan singing bowl

I've never had a b headed daughter
With three fishes tattooed there
Just singing in a language
That I don't know

Pat McInnis is a ukulele man
He plays his ukulele wherever he can
Up and down the streets
Of Scottsdale, Arizona

Some folks like a Martin
And others like a given
But I like playing
These little Kamaka babies

She Should Have Been Somebody's Grandma

This is a little tune that I wrote one day after I saw a woman layin' in the gutter down at 15th Avenue and McDowell next to the Winchell's Donut Shop in Phoenix, Arizona. As I looked at that lady layin' there, I thought what a great tragic waste it was, of the possibility of being a human being. And so the little chorus just kinda came into being there as I set there and watched that lady layin' in the gutter. The verses about my grandma and grandpa are remembrances of a time growing up in New Mexico in the 1950s

She should have been somebody's
grandma
Not just a bum on the street
Should have had her a true love
To hold in her old age
And to kiss her each night in her sleep

She should have been somebody's
grandma
Not just a bum on the street
Should have had her a true love
To hold in her old age
And to kiss her each night in her sleep

I remember my grandma
In New Mexico
Each evening she'd sew
As we'd play the radio
She'd take us to camp meetings
And the methodist church
And read the Bible each mornin'
Before Grandpa went to work

Now Grandma and Grandpa
For sixty-some years
Were the best of friends
And partners so dear
Well they raised six children
And many grandkids
And I guess that I'll love them
Til the day that I'm dead

She should have been somebody's
grandma
Not just a bum on the street
Should have had her a true love
To hold in her old age
And to kiss her each night in her sleep

She should have been somebody's
grandma
Not just a bum on the street
Should have had her a true love
To hold in her old age
And to kiss her each night in her sleep

Well she always took care of
My cousins and me
And she'd cook up fried chicken
On Thanksgiving day
She'd bake lemon pies
And listen to our dreams
And was the best old grandma
That we had ever seen

She should have been somebody's
grandma
Not just a bum on the street
Should have had her a true love
To hold in her old age
And to kiss her each night in her sleep

She's a Pretty Girl

I asked Suzanne of, "Jim and Suzanne" if she played the banjo like Jim and she said, "Yes, but I've got an ugly banjo." When I think of fancy banjo necks, I always think of Fred Coon's banjo.

She's a pretty girl
And she plays a fancy banjo
She bought it at a flea market
On Tanque Verde Road
She's a pretty girl
But she plays this ugly banjo
And her mama was a stripper
From some town in Ohio

The tattoo on her neck says, "Made in Heaven"
She likes drinkin' beer on the Gulf of Mexico
But ever-where she goes she takes that banjo
The one she bought on Tanque Verde Row

She's a pretty girl
And she plays a fancy banjo
She bought it at a flea market
On Tanque Verde Road
She's a pretty girl
But she plays this ugly banjo
And her mama was a stripper
From some town in Ohio

She'll sing you a song of a drifter
Or maybe some railroad bum
Or the kid down on the corner
Who's the Dalai Lama's son

She's been to San Francisco
And onto New York town
And the folks down there in Tucson
They say she gets around

She's a pretty girl
And she plays a fancy banjo
She bought it at a flea market
On Tanque Verde Road
She's a pretty girl
But she plays this ugly banjo
And her mama was a stripper
From some town in Ohio

She sings of Blue Bead Mountain
And the stories of the Navajo
Of the prospectors and gamblers
And painted ladies of Tombstone

Knows a song about Blackjack Ketchum
And his story she does know
Of how they left him hanging there
Dead by the side of the road

She's a pretty girl
And she plays a fancy banjo
She bought it at a flea market
On Tanque Verde Road
She's a pretty girl
But she plays this ugly banjo
And her mama was a stripper
From some town in Ohio

So Come Early Every Morning

So come early every morning
I will celebrate the dawn
For all that I've been given
And all that is to come

I'll have a cup of coffee
With some chocolate and some cream
And watch the pale green lizards
As they dream

I'll take the blessed pollen
That some Navajo gave to me
And I'll pray to the four directions
And the beauty of the day

I'll wake up and I will marvel
And write another song
About some setting sunset
Or an Arizona Dawn

Stacey Lee

*Written by Lon Austin 9/27/83 following a
concert by Karmann Powell*

And it's so long Pancho Villa
And hello El Paso
Carmen was my beauty
Down in northern Mexico

And it's so long Pancho Villa
And hello El Paso
Carmen was my beauty
Down in northern Mexico

Carmen was a lady
That I knew long ago
Down near Nogales
In some dirty, dusty war

But money was my passion
Both silver and gold
And I left Carmen standing there
By the side of the Tucson road

And it's so long Pancho Villa
And hello El Paso
Carmen was my beauty
Down in northern Mexico

And it's so long Pancho Villa
And hello El Paso
Carmen was my beauty
Down in northern Mexico

As from town to town I wander
And from town to town I roam
I often think of Carmen
Just standing there alone

Well now I've got another
And her name it's Stacy Lee
And she calls me Darling
When I cry Carmen in my sleep

And it's so long Pancho Villa
And hello El Paso
Carmen was my beauty
Down in northern Mexico

And it's so long Pancho Villa
And hello El Paso
Carmen was my beauty
Down in northern Mexico

The Storyteller's Ball

*Wrote this at Tony and Sue's house in Flagstaff
© Tony Norris, Lon Austin, Sue Norris, Andy
Hurlbut November 2012*

Intro (spoken):

*A face leans forward in the fire's last glow,
And another timeless tale unfolds...*

Did you ever hear tell of the Storyteller's
Ball?

They all get together sometime in the fall
(Somehow) they know the time is right
When Orion the Hunter, stalks the night

The O'odham say in the beginning the sky was
black as a raven's wing
Piled high on a blanket was the harvest of bone-
white beans
With a mighty snap, sly coyote threw the beans
up so high
They became the Milky Way across the desert
sky.

Did you ever hear tell of the Storyteller's
Ball?

They all get together sometime in the fall
(Somehow) they know the time is right
When Orion the Hunter, stalks the night

Tonight the wind is sighing, (La) Llorona calls
your name
Walk down by the river, the story's still the same
Her mournful cry mis hijos" hanging in the
wind
"¿Dónde están mis hijos?" again and again

Did you ever hear tell of the Storyteller's
Ball?

They all get together sometime in the fall
(Somehow) they know the time is right
When Orion the Hunter, stalks the night

All God's children got a story, can lift you up or
put you down

Listen deep inside you for that joyful sound
Tell the never-ending stories, the ones that give
you life

You can't take them with you, set them free and
let them fly

Did you ever hear tell of the Storyteller's
Ball?

They all get together sometime in the fall
(Somehow) they know the time is right
When Orion the Hunter, stalks the night

Streets of New York

I wrote this science fiction song after reading a story where the science of mask making was highly developed and a musician came to a concert and stunned the whole audience with facts exactly like this.

Momma don't you cry there
Down in the dark
Just hold little sister
With all of your heart
I know you weren't born
On the streets of New York
You're just a poor Chinese lady
That lives in the park

When I was a child
Momma would take us
Down to Port Entry
To look through the bars
We'd look for my daddy
Who was a spacer
But all we would find
Would be red painted whores

Well I bought me a new face
One day last fall
Looked just like Hitler
Little mustache and all
We'll the guys in my gang
We all bought the same
Cause killing's our business
And dragons our name

Now New York City's
Got a roof over it
And once you get out
Well you can't get back in
There's bad men a living
On the west Texas plains
And talking Chimpanzees
With three or four brains

The Superstition Mountains Are a Big Old City Park

I had a vision of an escalator running up the Peralta Trail. Fremont's Saddle is a great place to see Weaver's Needle.

Oh the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park
Kids from greater Phoenix
Hug and kiss there in the dark
There's concrete sidewalks runnin'
About halfway to the stars
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

There's an escalator running
Up the old Peralta Trail
At the Fremont Saddle Burger King
You can set there for awhile
And watch those pigeons soaring as
They circle in the sky
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

You can rent yourself a park bench
If you've got three hundred bucks
Or watch the caged coyote
If you're way down on your luck
You can buy yourself a ticket
To those brand new swimmin' pools
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

Oh the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park
Kids from greater Phoenix
Hug and kiss there in the dark
There's concrete sidewalks runnin'
About halfway to the stars
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

They're givin' climbin' lessons
Up on Weaver's Needles Peak
Over at Ed Piper's camp
There's a snack bar there for treats
You can drive your old car right up
To the Reavis Ranch front door
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

Oh the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park
Kids from greater Phoenix
Hug and kiss there in the dark
There's concrete sidewalks runnin'
About halfway to the stars
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

Oh there's grass and flowers growin'
Along La Barge's Canyon bones
Highways runnin' everywhere and
They've even got pay phones
That old lost Dutchman
He'd turn over in his grave
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park

Oh the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park
Kids from greater Phoenix
Hug and kiss there in the dark
There's concrete sidewalks runnin'
About halfway to the stars
Cause the Superstition Mountains
Are a big old city park



Superstition Sam

Also known as, "The Ghost of California"

Written while backpacking in LaBarge Canyon in the Superstitions. As he was walking, he saw a steamboat with it's smoke stacks just a billowing and he wrote this song on the way back.

Oh he's Superstition Sam
from La Barge Arizona
And he's paddling up that canyon on
The Ghost of California
He's standing at the helm
Of that old paddle wheeler
With her smoke stacks just a billowing
You and I can really see her

Oh he's Superstition Sam
from La Barge Arizona
And he's paddling up that canyon on
The Ghost of California
He's standing at the helm
Of that old paddle wheeler
With her smoke stacks just a billowing
You and I can really see her

They say he was a pilot
On the lower Colorado
And wherever that old current flowed
He was sure to follow
He captained many men
But just one ship in his time
And the folks down there in Yuma
Called her The Ghost of California

He bought himself a good pick
And He bought himself a pan
And he went to see the mountains
And the deserts of this land
He bought himself a burro
So he would have a little friend
And he moved to the Superstitions
And he changed his name to Sam

Oh he's Superstition Sam
from La Barge Arizona
And he's paddling up that canyon on
The Ghost of California
He's standing at the helm
Of that old paddle wheeler
With her smoke stacks just a billowing
You and I can really see her

Oh he's Superstition Sam
from La Barge Arizona
And he's paddling up that canyon on
The Ghost of California
He's standing at the helm
Of that old paddle wheeler
With her smoke stacks just a billowing
You and I can really see her

But the paddle wheelers died
In nineteen hundred and six
And Captain Sam he cried and cried
And he got might sick
Then he took all his savings
And he bought that old ship
And he burned her to the waterline
By the banks of the Colorado

No one knows exactly
Just where Sam calls his home
Cause he wanders up and down
Old La Barge's canyon bones
And they say he makes his living
With his gold pick and his pan
And the folks here in the mountains
Call him Superstition Sam

Sweet Madeline

Written by Lon Austin; Lon does not recall what inspired him to write this song but he always liked the line that Gene Hackman said in Bite the Bullet, "The people that some people marry..."

What happened Sweet Madeline
You lovely virgin queen
For you're growing a mustache
And you're getting yourself so
Old and fat and bitter
When you and I were tough
We walked in the green corn
And you smiled
When I told you that I loved you
As the apple tree
Slowly turned yellow

You said that you'd be mine
Through that sweet old summertime
And then you made love to my brother
That wild horse rodeo rider

Many cowboys they did come
And you went to everyone
With your hair hanging long
On somebody's front porch
Or the back of some Chevy or Ford

With makeup on your face
And a girdle around your waist
You keep your hemen on the chain
In some backroom out behind
Some Coors and Budweiser bar

Well the years now they have past
And girl they'll have to last
But my dear Madeline I'm glad
That you married me instead of my brother
That wild horse Rodeo Rider

The Sweetwater Line

A man told me a story about his grandad, an engineer in Texas.

He was just an old railroad man, an engineer
And he drove that old train for fifty-five years
They replaced him one day with a younger man
So he walked out the door and he never looked back

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

He moved into his sister's house
On down the block
And he could see that old roundhouse
As he looked at the clock
But he never went back to those old railroad cars
He just worked in the garden
In his sister's big yard

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

The folks they did say as he walked down the street
How are you doing Smoky
How you doing today
I thought I might ride that old Sweetwater Line
But only if you are a driving that train

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

Well he died one night in bed in his sleep
He'd never been sick a day in the week
And I guess that somewhere he's a driving that train
Out through the stars on the Sweetwater Line

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

Ninety and nine on the Sweetwater Line
Ninety and nine is a mighty good life

Tale of Chloride

Bob Frank had a friend in Chloride, North of Kingman. So one day coming back from Henderson, Nevada, Andy drove through Chloride and wrote this little song.

Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 10/4/2014

I'm goin' up to Chloride
To put its stories down in song
Bout the miners and the Indians
When the railroad came along
To tell of Miss May Krider
And the silver spike she drove
And all about the Rock House -
That was the home of the Soiled Doves

That mining camp's still up there
In those brown and barren hills
The ghosts of hungry miners
Still tell their golden tales
When the wind blows you can hear the
sound
Of the train along the rails
Though the trains are gone
And the gold is too
It's just a sigh and then all is still

Louis L'Amour was travelin' around
When he came in 1928
And saw the west's wild history
That he would later celebrate
And they say he helped with the bucket
brigade
The day he was in town
But nothin' could stop the raging fire
That burned Chloride almost to the ground

That mining camp's still up there
In those brown and barren hills
The ghosts of hungry miners
Still tell their golden tales
When the wind blows you can hear the
Sound
Of the train along the rails -
Though the trains are gone
And the gold is too
It's just a sigh and then all is still

If you're out there on the highway
And you see the lonesome sign
For the dusty town of Old Chloride
Take a little time
Stop in at Digger Dave's
For a burger and some fries
Get to know the mavericks
That will live there till they die

That mining camp's still up there
In those brown and barren hills
The ghosts of hungry miners
Still tell their golden tales
When the wind blows you can hear the
sound
Of the train along the rails -
Though the trains are gone
And the gold is too
It's just a sigh and then all is still

Talking Lizard Noosing

This is a tune that I wrote one time after I'd been on a backpacking trip into the Superstition Mountains. There was a science teacher name of Ron Rheume with us and he taught everybody how to noose lizards.

Here in Arizona there's a brand new sport
It's called Lizard Noosing and it's done out of doors
You get yourself a stick and you get some twine
If you can tie a slip knot you'll do just fine
Out there on the desert, yeah
Out there stalking those big'ns

If you wanna catch a lizard
Let me tell ya what to do
Gotta get yourself a guide
And lizard book too
Leave your fishin' pole and your gun at home
And get your lizard nooser
And you won't go wrong
Don't use your hands though man or
You may well eat a hamburger
With somebody's aunt

There's all kind of lizards just runnin' round
Some are green and some are brown
Some are big and some are small
Met one old boy bout eight feet tall
I was out there in the Superstitions
Yeah, I was out there, lizard noosing

Well the Chuckwalla's the king of lizards
Black in color and he has nine gizzards
They say he's rough and they say he's tough
But I've caught nine million so I know my stuff
I'm a big game hunter
An Arizona safari man

Well the gecko he's a little feller
His eyes are green and his skin is yellor
He'll run up and down your old pants leg
You'll beg and beg and begin to beg
There ain't nothin' like a little old gecko lizard
Runnin' up and down inside your old Levis

Well a Gila monster will bite your hand
And you'll think you're headed for the promised land
Yank real hard and he'll set his teeth
You'll keel over into permanent sleep
It's a dangerous business
But did you ever try rattlesnake collectin'

Well I've never seen a dragon or a flyin' horse
But I've seen lots of lizards running back and forth
I've been in every state from sea to sea
But the Arizona lizard, he can't be beat
Drinkin' milkshakes or doin' pushups
Out there on those rocks

Well here in Arizona there's a brand new sport
It's called Lizard Noosing and it's done out of doors
Get yourself a stick and get some twine and
If you can tie a slip knot you'll do just fine

Taste of Black Coffee

This is a tune I wrote for JB Allen; a rancher and poet at the Prescott Cowboy Gathering, but it's really a song about my granddad.

And I like the taste of black coffee
And horses runnin' around
But I never got back to west Texas
Where my grandpa lies dead in the
ground

I remember a ranch on the Pecos
And the tall man that I called grandad
Out on the plains of west Texas
Summers when I was a lad

Guess I'll head up to Prescott next summer
When the cowboys, they gather at Sharlot Hall
Cause they sure do remind me of Grandpa
And the stories that he used to tell

And I like the taste of black coffee
And horses runnin' around
But I never got back to west Texas
Where my grandpa lies dead in the
ground

Now Grandpa's punchin' cows up in heaven
Ridin' his horse through that sweet summer
land
But I can sure hear him there singing
With the ghosts down on old Whiskey Road

And I like the taste of black coffee
And horses runnin' around
But I never got back to west Texas
Where my grandpa lies dead in the
ground

And I like the taste of black coffee
And horses runnin' around
But I never got back to west Texas
Where my grandpa lies dead in the
ground

The Texas Grey

A bad man came a riding
Down from Santa Fe
Riding on a big old horse
Folks called the Texas Grey

He didn't say how come
He'd had some trouble with the law
He just asked my old daddy
If he'd like a fast outlaw

My daddy was a bad man
On the Arizona plains
Robbing and a' Killing
They were his middle names

From Flagstaff to Tucson
With Phoenix in between
There never was a wanted man
Who had my daddy's fame

My daddy kind of liked
This man from Santa Fe
He said he liked his style
And he said he liked his ways

Soon they were a hitting banks
And holding up trains
My Daddy and his outlaw band
And the main on the Texas Grey

I was just a pretty thing
I was young and just eighteen
When I fell in love you see
With the man on the Texas Grey

We got married
In the springtime of the year
And my daddy gave the bride away
With a flower in her hair

Our marriage bed was a field of stone
Out near some rocky hill
And there I gave my love away
For the first time in my years

Our baby boy was born next year
At some cow camp on the trail
And that little kid didn't have too much
Cause that's the outlaw's tale

One day I decided
I would have to quit these outlaw ways
And I went and told that to the man
Who rode the Texas Grey

Just one more job he said to me
And then we'd ride away
Down to old Honduras
With a castle by the sea

There we would live like millionaires
And our boy he would run free
And we'd look across that grassy plain
And see the Texas Grey

We hit that bank in Prescott
On a Friday afternoon
But those citizens were waiting
With their guns and knives and spoons

Before we left that mountain town
The streets ran bloody red
And all of my daddy's friends
Were dying or were dead

We took those hills a running
With the gold in our hands
And there was only three of us
In my daddy's outlaw band

Me and my little boy
We followed him all day
And there a bringing up the drag
Was the man on the Texas Grey

We camped there at Charlebois
In the Superstition Mountain Range
I knew it was an evil place
I knew it in my brain

The Texas Grey (continued)

I knew before we left this place
That someone would be dead
And I know it would be my husband
With a bullet in his head

Then my husband and my daddy
Began to argue some
About who would have what gold
And where were we to run

But when my daddy drew his pistol
I knew the deed was done
Cause then he shot my husband down
Before he could draw his gun

Then I grabbed my rifle
And I shot my daddy down
And left him just a dying
On that green and muddy ground

Then I grabbed my little boy
And roped the Texas Grey
And loaded up the yellow gold
And slowly rode away

I loaded up the yellow gold
And slowly rode away

Thanksgiving In Old Casa Grande

Andy and I wrote this for Nancy Caywood at one of her Annual Pre-Thanksgiving weekend jams in downtown Casa Grande, Arizona.

Lon Austin & Andy Hurlbut 1 1/2007

Thanksgiving in Old Casa Grande
And the freight trains roll by all night
long
Morning is dawning on another blue sky
Christmas will be here fore long

The cotton is ready for ginnin'
Bailed by the fields up so high
Donna's in curlers at the Se tay motel
They'll be jammin' at Nancy's tonight

Thanksgiving in Old Casa Grande
And the freight trains roll by all night
long
Morning is dawning on another blue sky
Christmas will be here fore long

It's a musical family tradition
Green chile and good pinto beans
Food for the pickers from all over the world
It's the magic that everyone dreams

Thanksgiving in Old Casa Grande
And the freight trains roll by all night
long
Morning is dawning on another blue sky
Christmas will be here fore long

Everywhere fiddles are playing
Someone's singing the Tennessee Waltz
Banjos and guitars play into the night
And Kibbles is chasin' her ball

Thanksgiving in Old Casa Grande
And the freight trains roll by all night
long
Morning is dawning on another blue sky
Christmas will be here fore long

The Train It Don't Stop in Old Ancho Anymore

Oh the train it don't stop in Old Ancho
anymore
Kids they went to school there in 1954
But they've closed up the school and
they've boarded up the store
Cause spaceships don't land on Old Earth
anymore

Well I sung my songs for nickels and dimes
On moon based shuttle ships
I branded them old devilopes
With an old cowboy named Crips
I've traded minds with martian folks
In the game that they call, "A Chance"
But my heart it's in New Mexico
With Billy's lonely grave

Oh the train it don't stop in Old Ancho
anymore
Kids they went to school there in 1954
But they've closed up the school and they
boarded up the store
Cause spaceships don't land on Old Earth
anymore

Well I've hunted ancient artifacts out beyond the
stars
Made love to eight-armed harlots behind dusty
off world bars
Walked the unknown highways of unknown
galaxies
But my heart it's in New Mexico
With Billy's lonely grave

Oh the train it don't stop in Old Ancho
anymore
Kids they went to school there in 1954
But they've closed up the school and they
boarded up the store
Cause spaceships don't land on Old Earth
anymore

Well I've driven Greyhound transport ships out
by Saturns rings
Got stranded on some asteroid for thirty or
forty weeks
Lost my wife to some vampire lover on a planet
with no name
But my heart it's in New Mexico with some
Billy's lonely grave

Oh the train it don't stop in Old Ancho
anymore
Kids they went to school there in 1954
But they've closed up the school and they
boarded up the store
Cause spaceships don't land on Old Earth
anymore

Three Red Chairs

Written by Lon Austin in February 2007

I saw my nephew the other day
Hadn't seen him in a thousand years
The Coyote Kid was on the loose
And he was haulin' three red chairs

Always sit in the one in the middle
Always walk the middle way
That's what the Buddha told us
When we walked with him that day

If you walk the path of darkness
And you walk it all the way
You will meet the devil
With him you will stay

Always sit in the one in the middle
Always walk the middle way
That's what the Buddha told us
When we walked with him that day

If you walk the path of lightness
And you walk it every day
They you will meet the angels
When you're on your knees and pray

Always sit in the one in the middle
Always walk the middle way
That's what the Buddha told us
When we walked with him that day

If you walk the path of lightness
And you never see the dark
You will miss the journey
That will take you to your heart

Always sit in the one in the middle
Always walk the middle way
That's what the Buddha told us
When we walked with him that day

I saw my nephew the other day
Hadn't seen him in a thousand years
The Coyote Kid was on the loos
And he was haulin' three red chairs

Tierra Vieja

This is a little tune I wrote after reading a fantasy short story by a Canadian author, name of Charles de Lint...a little story called Tallulah and it's a little story about the personification of place and this little song takes place down in Hachita, NM which is a ghost town on the old southern line, which used to run between El Paso, Texas and Bisbee, AZ.

And they call her Tierra Vieja
Along the borders of old Mexico
Where her mountains rise up from
the deserts
And the valleys that are far down
below

Well I think that I met her one summer
Near Hachita, down in New Mexico
When my car, it broke down on the highway
And I had no place else I could go

And they call her Tierra Vieja
Along the borders of old Mexico
Where mountains rise up from the
deserts
And the valleys that are far down
below

Well the bar there, it closed around
midnight
And the house lights had twinkled away
When I heard this tap on my window
And there stood this fair Mexican maid

And they call her Tierra Vieja
Along the borders of old Mexico
Where her mountains rise up from
the deserts
And the valleys that are far down
below

She might have been eighteen or eighty
Well I guess that I never will know
But she gave me her heart and her body
That night down in New Mexico

And they call her Tierra Vieja
Along the borders of old Mexico
Where her mountains rise up from
the deserts
And the valleys that are far down
below

I was alone when I woke up next morning
And I thought it had all been a dream
But layin' there in the backseat
Was a sarape two hundred years old

And they call her Tierra Vieja
Along the borders of old Mexico
Where her mountains rise up from
the deserts
And the valleys that are far down
below

Tom Mix's Last Ride

*Lon Austin, Rik Palieri, Andy Hurlbut
Andy, Rik and I wrote this one time when Rik was
out here. We drove to Florence, Arizona to see
the Tom Mix Museum and drove to the spot where
Tom Mix died. We drove all around that part of
the country. Neither Andy or I ever sang it or
made up a melody. I don't know about Rik.*

The road was straight and narrow where Tom
Mix took his last ride
Out in Arizona on highway seventy-nine
Down there south of Florence where tall cactus
touch the sky
The movies lost a hero when Tom Mix took his
last ride

He was born in Pennsylvania but his heart was
in the west
He learned to rope and wrangle and always did
his best
They say he chased desperados, we'll never
really know
But the old timers tell you he put on one hell of
a show

Sorting through the legends you find
both truth and lies
But one thing is for certain, his spirit will
never die
All the children loved him, so did his five
wives
Everyone was crying on the day that Tom
Mix died

Shot by cattle rustlers in Texas, in Cuba they
shot him in the jaw
Did he go to China, or fight the bad outlaws?
He rode with the Texas Rangers till Hollywood
called his name
He broke every bone in his body learning the
tricks of the trade

Sorting through the legends you find
both truth and lies
But one thing is for certain, his spirit will
never die
All the children loved him, so did his five
wives
Everyone was crying on the day that Tom
Mix died

With his wonder horse named Tony he hit the
silver screen
In three hundred silent movies he became the
cowboy king
He loved fast cars and women, and wore a big,
white Stetson hat
A suitcase filled with silver dollars stopped him
in his tracks

Sorting through the legends you find
both truth and lies
But one thing is for certain, his spirit will
never die
All the children loved him, so did his five
wives
Everyone was crying on the day that Tom
Mix died

The movies lost a hero when Tom Mix took his
last ride
Yes, everyone was crying on the day that Tom
Mix died

Tucson Rodeo

Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut, October 2009
I stopped at a yard sale and looked at a heart shaped buckle for sale. The man selling it told me this story.

And the buckle that I bought her
matched the tattoo on her breast
She was hurricanes and tumbleweeds
and wild as the west
But I knew I could not keep her and I had
to let her go
But I still have this buckle from that
Tucson rodeo

I met her down in Tucson she was standing at
this bar
She said her name was Dory, you might be my
lucky star
She was a Texas twister from east of El Paso
Many a cowboy tried to rope her but her heart
could not be owned

And the buckle that I bought her
matched the tattoo on her breast
She was hurricanes and tumbleweeds
and wild as the west
But I knew I could not keep her and I had
to let her go
But I still have this buckle from that
Tucson rodeo

Later that night she was everything I'd dreamed
Just as free as wild horses in some Rocky
Mountain stream
Went out and bought this buckle and came back
to an empty motel
But I knew I could not keep her so I guess it's
just as well

And the buckle that I bought her
matched the tattoo on her breast
She was hurricanes and tumbleweeds
and wild as the west
But I knew I could not keep her and I had
to let her go
But I still have this buckle from that
Tucson rodeo

Two Lane Road to Holbrook

© Andy Hurlbut and Lon Austin

Andy and I wrote this while taking a cross country trip from Phoenix, through Nebraska, up to Vermont, then down to Alabama, and back to Phoenix, stopping at the Flagstaff Folk Festival before we got home.

It's a two lane road to Holbrook, not a crooked trail at all
Looking for a four-lane to take me to St. Paul
We drove that turquoise highway to Gallup, New Mexico
Across the Rio Puerco, saw a dead crow by the road
Curio shops still stand along the Mother Road
Down in Dalhart, Texas saw the ghost of old Tom Joad

And the tires keep on rollin', we keep movin' on
Like some rushing river singing her endless song
We'll never see this water (here) again

Dark clouds over Kansas, a New Jersey tourist in a country store
Said there ain't no more wild west in Dodge City any more
That old horse trader up in Lincoln, they haven't got him yet
He's still does his trading out on the internet
Followed the Missouri River up to the old home place
I think of all my uncles and still see my Granddad's face

And the tires keep on rollin', we keep movin' on
Like some rushing river singing her endless song
We'll never see this water (here) again

In Minnesota the Maker cried a thousand tears and made ten thousand lakes
And placed the loons upon them for the magic that they make
My Daddy left Wisconsin and sailed out upon the sea
But family ties connect us all through history, time and dreams
Out into the heartland through farms and small towns
Hearts of people are the same no matter where they're found

And the tires keep on rollin', we keep movin' on
Like some rushing river singing her endless song
We'll never see this water (here) again

Tornadoes on the water battered Great Lakes Shores
Semi truck a-rolling bringing China to our doors
And the motorcycle riders scatter like ants upon the sand
Looking for their lost youth and adventures on the land
They sing "the Erie is rising and sun is getting low,
And we scarcely think we'll get a little drink 'til we get to Buffalo"

And the tires keep on rollin', we keep movin' on
Like some rushing river singing her endless song
We'll never see this water (here) again

Uncle Bill's Boots

I wrote this for Ken Clemmer. An uncle had given him a pair of cowboy boots (not the boots in this song.) I had been reading about cowboy boot makers in El Paso, Texas. I wove this along with stories and impressions of Ken.

Uncle Bill he was a rounder
Wore handmade Texas boots
They were made by Juan Pedero
Up from Juarez, Mexico

They were made from red and black leather
With Rattlesnakes on their sides
With their forked tongues and their coiled tails
If they bit ya you would die

Well they sat there in the closet
After Uncle Bill he died
Til late one night I tried them on
And they were just my size

So now I am a rounder
And a growly rounder too
I've kissed the girls and seen the world
And had me a drink or two

Uncle Bill he was a rounder
Wore handmade Texas boots
They were made by Juan Pedero
Up from Juarez, Mexico

Well they sat there in the closet
After Uncle Billy died
Til late one night I tried em on
And they were just my size

I was born in the state of Texas
In Arizona I grew tall
My daddy worked in the copper mines
You know I worked there too

When push it comes to shove my friend
Well no one pushes me
Cause I know that deep within my heart
That all men must be free

Uncle Bill he was a rounder
Wore handmade Texas boots
They were made by Juan Pedero
Up from Juarez, Mexico

When it comes my time to go
Please open up the door
I'll wear these old cowboy boots
As I dance across the floor

And whether it is up above
Or maybe down below
I'm sure I'll meet my uncle Bill
Where all you rounders go

Uncle Bill he was a rounder
Wore handmade Texas boots
They were made by Juan Pedero
Up from Juarez, Mexico

They were made from red and black leather
With Rattlesnakes on their sides
With their forked tongues and their coiled tails
If they bit ya you would die



Uncle Bob

Andy and I write story songs so we fall right in line with the Storytellers and according to some, a story has to have a beginning, a middle and an end. And so I just want to let everybody know that the seat that you're sitting in, you're sitting in the middle of your life-it's very important that you know these things. I don't usually know exactly what I'm gonna do up here so we're gonna see what happens. My grandmother, her name was Hallie Moore Lindsay, she was from Pecos, Texas and Grandma and her brothers, she had three brothers...one was Uncle Jim and when I was a kid, I actually went to his house when he was still alive and he lived in a big two story red wood house. Her brother, Ben, took care of the graveyard down there in Pecos, Texas, and her brother Bob, well, I never met Bob, but my aunt said he lived in a little covered wagon out there in the chicken coop. She said that when she was a kid, her name was Inez Lindsay Waldrot, she said that kids would go out and ask Uncle Bob questions and Uncle Bob'd answer 'em but mainly liked to play his fiddle out there so I wrote this little deal, here. Remember you can't get there from here. Some people can get here, some can't.

Did you ever leave old Texas
Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob
Did you ever leave old Texas
Uncle Bob
No I never left old Texas
I just live out with these chickens
I just play this old fiddle
And just sing, and just sing

Now this little kid, my aunt Inez Lindsay Waldrot, she would ask Uncle Bob all kinds of questions. You like this song, you wanna sing it, you make up your own questions that you wanna ask Uncle Bob.

Did you ever go to Dallas
Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob
Did you ever go to Dallas

Uncle Bob
No I never went to Dallas
I just live out with these Chickens
I just play this old fiddle
And just sing, and just sing
We just play this old fiddle
And just sing

Did you ever have a true love
Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob
Did you ever have a true love
Uncle Bob
No I never had a true love
I just live out with these Chickens
I just play this old fiddle
And just sing, and just sing

Did you ever get married
Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob
Did you ever get married
Uncle Bob
No I never got married
I just live out with these Chickens
I just play this old fiddle
And just sing, and just sing
Just play this old fiddle
And just sing

Now there's all kinds of questions you can ask Uncle Bob. You have to make up your own if you want to sing this little song but if you decide to sing it and ask Uncle Bob questions, you always have to finish with the verse that goes like this...

Did you ever eat fried chicken
Uncle Bob, Uncle Bob
Did you ever eat fried chicken
Uncle Bob
No I never ate fried chicken
I just live out with these Chickens
I just play this old fiddle
And just sing, and just sing
Just play this old fiddle
And just sing

Uncle Buck

I always liked the cowboy song, "My Love is a Rider"...me and my uncle.

Oh my uncle Buck was a Texas man
And he rode the Chisholm Trail
He had two guns and a Stetson hat
And he loved those Mexican girls

He said, "Young Willy, come along and
Ride this trail with me
We'll steal some cows in Mexico
And sell 'em in Abilene

Well I left home one drizzly night
In the winter of my youth
We crossed the border in old Juarez
And I learned a thing or two

Oh my uncle Buck was a Texas man
And he rode the Chisholm Trail
He had two guns and a Stetson hat
And he loved those Mexican girls

Well late one night when the moon was down
We stole those Mexican cows
And drove them just a ballin'
Down through Juarez town

Well bullets they was flyin' here
Bullets flyin' there
And my uncle Buck he caught him one
In the dust near old Juarez

Well uncle Buck he died that night
Just north of El Paso
So I took his gun and his Stetson hat
And I rode on down the road



Oh my uncle Buck was a Texas man
And he rode the Chisholm Trail
He had two guns and a Stetson hat
And he loved those Mexican girls

Oh my uncle Buck was a Texas man
And he rode the Chisholm Trail
He had two guns and a Stetson hat
And he loved those Mexican girls

Wabi Sabi Cowboy

Faded Wrangler shirts from the Salvation
Army
A beaded belt buckle that was made by
some Sioux
An old cowboy hat that I found up in
Payson
I'm a Wabi Sabi fella, a new age buckaroo

There's a place out in heaven
Where the stars are all shining
You can drink the clear water and breathe the
pure air
Little small children lie down with the lion
And old Mother Earth is a laughing out there

Lots of folks say there are changes a coming
You can read it in the books or talk to a Hopi
man too
The Mayans all say that their calendar is ending
And the land's full of grace at the end of days too

It's a time for the cleansing so pray for all
people
Purify yourself however you can
Watch out for the devils who are dancing among
you
This may be your last chance in the judgement
of man

When I Closed My Eyes

© Lon Austin & Andy Hurlbut - January 20 14
Andy and I wrote this one morning after eating at
Bitzee Mama's restaurant in downtown Glendale.
Ronnie Hazelett may have been singing country
western songs that morning.

Down at Bitzee Mama's in Glendale on
the square
There are crazy sēnoritas with flowers in
their hair
Their short skirts are at the danger zone,
and their glances seem so kind
But the stories that my father told keep
playing in my mind

He could see coyote running through his dream
Raven was laughing in his eye
He could taste the dust that swirled around him
as he ran
Smell the flower petals scattered on the wind
When he closed his eyes, he could see coyote
running through his dreams

Down at Bitzee Mama's in Glendale on
the square
There are crazy sēnoritas with flowers in
their hair
Their short skirts are at the danger zone,
and their glances seem so kind
But the stories that my father told keep
playing in my mind

In the stories that the shamans tell the trickster
knows his business well
When he's looking for lost souls the tales
foretell
He could be a singing cowboy with one boot
against the wall
If you see him you're already taken in
When he closed his eyes, he could see coyote
running through his dreams

Those crazy coyote sisters have Marty Robbin's
picture on the wall
And the way my father told it, they never seem
to age at all

Once there was a dreamer and a singer on the
square
Who could see that crazy trickster everywhere
We'll never know - just where his songs came
from
The dreamer and coyote haunt those places still
When he closed his eyes, he could see coyote
running through his dreams

Down at Bitzee Mama's in Glendale on
the square
There are crazy senoritas with flowers in
their hair
Their short skirts are at the danger zone,
and their glances seem so kind
But the stories that my father told keep
playing in my mind

When I close my eyes, I can see coyote running
through my dreams,
I can see coyote running through my dreams

When My Momma Was a Little Girl

Memories of New Mexico in song...

When my momma was a little girl
She rode the Deming train
Got help up west of Lordsburg
By some bandits in the rain

Well I stopped over in Lordsburg
Just the other day
Had me a cup of coffee
And watched a ghost town fade away

So long honey babe I've got to go
New Mexico is calling me home
So long honey babe I've got to go
New Mexico is calling me home

I've been to Albuquerque
And on to Santa Fe
Spent a night in Taos
Somewhere along the way

I bought a turquoise bracelet
From some Navajo name Begay
And wear an old cowboy hat
That grandpa bought one day

I've got an uncle living
In Carrizozo
He used to be a railroad man
But now he's growing old

I used to spend my summers
Down along the Rio Grande
And watched old Almagordo
A sleeping in white sand

I knew a rancher's daughter
Down near Rodeo
She moved up to Wisconsin
And died there in the snow

Down there in the Foothill
There's a ranch they call The Grey
Old Solomon the Vaquero
Will live there all his days

Here's to Silver City
With its worn out mining ground
To its hot springs and it's college kids
And Pinos Altos Town

Grandpa took us to Lincoln
And said he knew Billy the Kid
And then he would slowly wink at us
And say Hi there grand kid

Grandma was a Methodist
She taught us about God
And took us to camp meetings
Up above old Cloud Croft

Where the Sterling Waters Flow

*Written by Lon Austin and Rik Palieri
For Sterling and Ann- Peoria, AZ March 19, 1999
* "Sterling, after some discussion, we
decided we could not describe how great
you are, so we decided to write you a song
instead! ~Rik and Lon"*

Sometime in my elder years
When my shaman days are done
I'll go up to Minnesota
Where the sparkling waters run

I'll take my turquoise bracelet
The one from New Mexico
And drop it in some deep blue lake
Where the great spirit goes

Youth is but a journey
A place to come and go
You will have to find your home
Where the sterling waters flow
You will have to find your home
Where the sterling waters flow

America I love you
But your dreams have gone astray
So I'm walking down this highway
Just trying to find my way

The waters run before me
As my youth it slips away
And the questions that I once had
Are gone with yesterday

Youth is but a journey
A place to come and go
You will have to find your home
Where the sterling waters flow
You will have to find your home
Where the sterling waters flow

And I might talk to some of the
people
And look up into the sky
And maybe if I'm lucky
My soul will start to fly

Sometime in my elder years
When my shaman days are done
I'll go up to Minnesota
Where the sparkling waters run

Youth is but a journey
A place to come and go
You will have to find your home
Where the sterling waters flow
You will have to find your home
Where the sterling waters flow

Will God Ever Forgive Us?

© Lon Austin and Andy Hurlbut 7/2007

When the wars are all won
And the battles are over
Will God ever forgive us
For what we've done to each other

When the child soldiers
Are the grandpas of man
Will we ever find mercy
In a fight for the land

When the wars are all won
And the battles are over
Will God ever forgive us
For what we've done to each other

Your land and my land
Are really the same
And all of the fighting
They've done in God's name

When the wars are all won
And the battles are over
Will God ever forgive us
For what we've done to each other

From the time of Adam
To early today
We've been killing each other
To get our own way

When the wars are all won
And the battles are over
Will God ever forgive us
For what we've done to each other

The Wine Is On the Table

These are songs we wrote together out there on the road and in cafes, motels, diners, and at kitchen tables.

Sandra Austin, Lon Austin, Becky Grubbs, Rik Palieri, Andy Hurlbut March 19, 1999

Folk Festival 1999 at Lon and Sandra's house

I want to take you to a place
I know you've been before
Where Pookie-man's a win
And Rags is at the door
The wine is on the table
And the singer sings his song
You are welcome too my friend
To come and sing along

The wine is on the table
And the singer sings his song
And we'll keep on dreamin'
Til the morning comes along

Friends come from near and far
We haven't seen them in so long
We get together once a year
To share a love so strong
The wine is on the table
And the singer sings his song
You are welcome too my friend
To come and sing along

The wine is on the table
And the singer sings his song
And we'll keep on dreamin'
Til the morning comes along

The bread is in the oven
The beans are in the pot
The pies are on the table
And they are steaming hot
It's the Annual Folk Festival
In Phoenix at the park
It will lift your spirits up
From morning until dark

The wine is on the table
And the singer sings his song
You are welcome too my friend
To come and sing along

The wine is on the table
And the singer sings his song
And we'll keep on dreamin'
Till the morning comes along