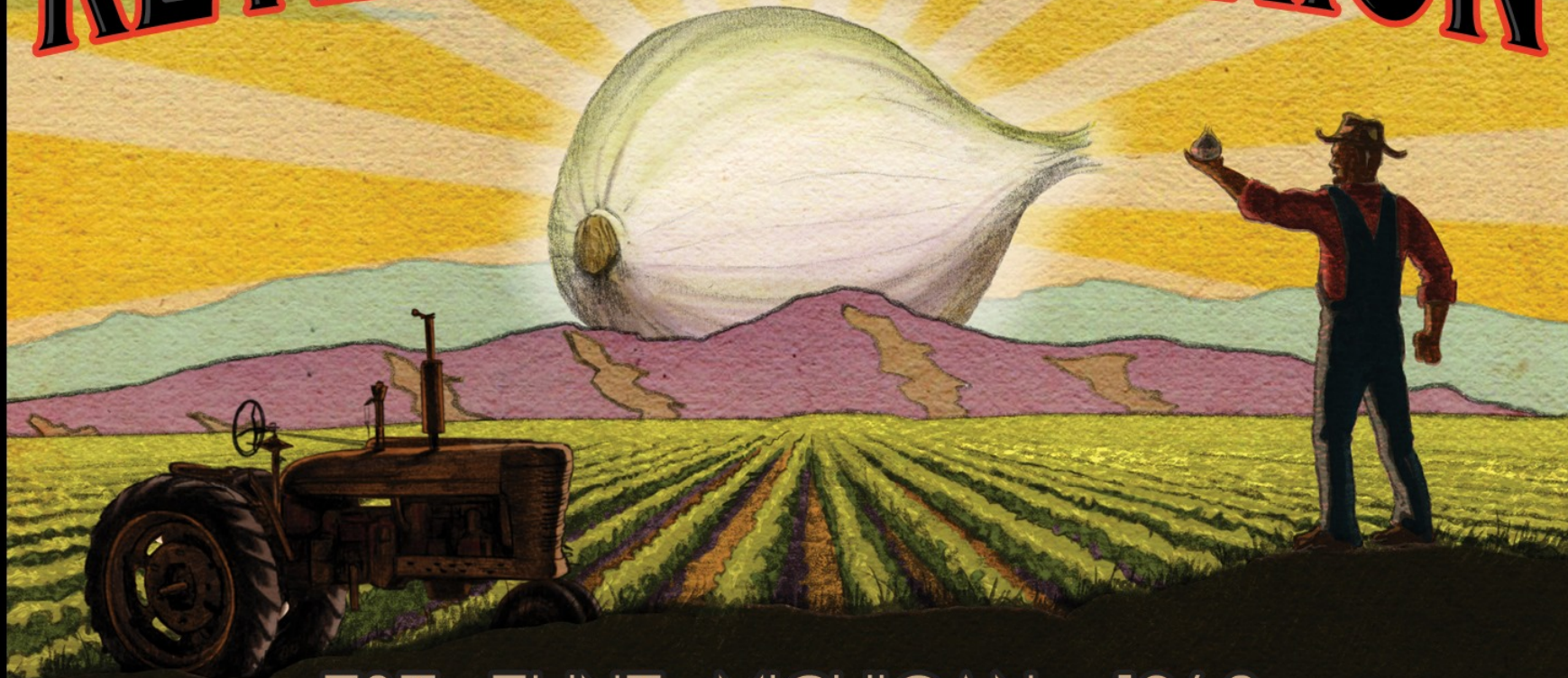


# KEVIN SMITH'S ONION



EST. FLINT, MICHIGAN - 1963



# *Start to peel the onion.*

*I used the onion as a metaphor to explain my layers and how the songs are parts of those layers. Sure, everyone has layers when it comes to their life- layers of ideas, thoughts, personalities, experiences, viewpoints....I'll leave it at that. It's a gray area that constantly changes, yet retains the core traits that make up me or you. Music allows me to share my layers with friends, family, and anyone else who is interested.*

*I've always written ideas for songs, but never followed thru in telling the stories like the ones that gathered in my head over the past 12 months. These new songs demanded to be written, and I have loved being the conduit in which they emerged to see the light of day, and into the air to your ears.*

Written and recorded in 2020/21 @  
Sound Wave Sound Studio in Mt. Juliet,  
Tennessee.

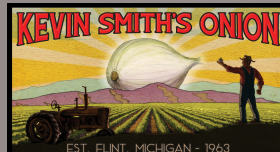
All instruments, vocals, and drum programming  
by Kevin M. Smith  
Other contributing musicians include:  
B.K. Bartnick- harmonica  
Hobo Johnny- violin

Kevin Smith's Onion label artwork by Bob Kimball  
Searchin' artwork by B.K. Bartnick  
Taken Under the Wing of the Small Magellanic  
Cloud image courtesy of NASA Free Images

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So It Begins  
I Love All The Wrong Things  
Searchin'  
God Fearing Man (pt.1)  
Still Drinkin' Beer  
Ella Mae and the King of Western Swing  
Mom's Key  
God Fearing Man (pt.2)  
To Be Continued...

All music/lyrics property of Kevin M. Smith





## *So It Begins*

*An introduction, an opening, a way for a guitarist to start the peeling process in a language that is comfortable. No words, just sounds.*



*Safety is not what I need  
Happiness, never guaranteed  
Perfection is overrated,  
Darker skies keep me sedated  
Tradition falls by the wayside  
Feel the freedom of a solo ride  
Lust and loneliness keep me strong  
I'm at my best when I don't belong*

*I Love all the wrong things  
Guilty pleasure makes my heart sing  
I don't want to be the status quo  
Fly high above by sinking deep below  
I love all the wrong things*

*In my veins, or in my ears  
In goes the poison, what I need to hear  
Forget everything you ever learned  
Light it up, let it burn*

# I Love All The Wrong Things

A philosopher once wrote "find something you love and let it kill you". Strong words, I know, but one's addiction or strong dependence on taboo things is a powerful motivator. Another point of this song is to disagree with social convention to traditions and trends that seem to be a homogenized way of life. I'm cursed with seeing so many other options to these conventions, and personally know how the variations are good for me. No matter how unconventional for others. Yes, it's all subjective.....



*All my life, I've been searchin'  
For a love, that don't leave me hurtin'  
May be lost, may be found  
Rising up, falling down*

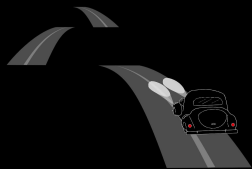
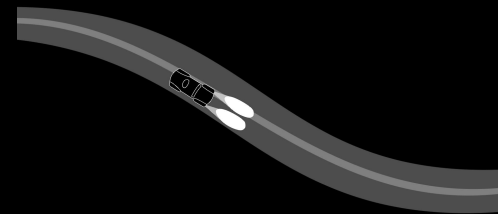
No narrative required. The lyrics explain....



*Maybe someday before I get dead  
I'll shut out the demons inside my head  
Not all that wander are really lost  
The destination ain't the key, the journey is inside of me  
I've been searchin'*



*Take a look, what do you see?  
An untraveled road in front of me  
Lookin' for markers, lookin' for signs  
there are no rest stops, travelin' blind*



*Maybe someday before I get dead  
I'll shut out the demons inside my head  
Not all that wander are really lost  
The destination ain't the key, the journey is inside of me*



*Searchin'*

*-In the beginning, a child is born  
a life of wonder, a mind unformed  
Sundays come, chants begun, sacred words are loosely spun  
-The teenage boy wonders and prays  
A teenage boy who hopes and waits  
Sunday school, golden rule, follow or become a fool  
It's hard to-*

*Understand a world, with lost boys and girls  
A world where men claim to know divine words  
Claim to know the end is heaven or hell  
Just throw your coins in his wishing well*

*-The grown man questions and prays  
This grown man, waits day by day  
A God fearing man, waiting for the day that he-*

*Understands a world, with lost boys and girls  
A world where men claim to know divine words  
Claim to know the end, is heaven or hell  
Just throw your coins in his wishing well*

*Why is it said, a better place is not here on earth?  
Why not question, why not stand?  
I have no evidence for a higher power for penitence  
Why not question, why not stand?  
Why be a God fearing man?*

I've had this title and concept for a few years, and one night was "divinely" inspired and wrote lyrics in about an hour while watching a Foo Fighters concert online. Funny thing is, while looking for the current lyrics, I found another version that I had written years ago using this title. I tried to incorporate what I had previously written into this song, but there was so much material there so I decided to write the song in 2 parts (lucky for you!!!).

To me it feels like mankind has been programmed by indoctrination, generation to generation, and the fail safes and catches in holy books lock the believer into not questioning, not veering off its dogmatic path, and not listening to contradicting information that may let reality change their mind. My contrary opinion is not here to harm. I only wish to help mankind onto a secular path. A path that allows open thoughts to prosper.

*God  
Fearing Man  
pt. 1*





# Still Drinkin' Beer!

*Lots of things have changed in the last 30 years  
World flies 'round, plenty of laughs and tears  
Time has come, time has gone, youth has disappeared  
One thing that I can say, is that i'm Still Drinkin' Beer*

*Still Drinkin' Beer- The fun never ends  
Still Drinkin' Beer- and a shot for my friends  
Still Drinkin' Beer- bring another round  
Still Drinkin' Beer, drink-a-cold-one-down*

*Yes I wrote a song about my drinkin' days  
It's really so cliché, redundant in every way  
Days have come, nights have gone,  
but some things I still hold dear  
It's that I love my friends, and I still love drinkin' beer*

*Still Drinkin' Beer- The fun never ends  
Still Drinkin' Beer- and a shot for my friends  
Still Drinkin' Beer- bring another round  
Still Drinkin' Beer, drink-that-bad-boy-down*

A friend shared a 30 year old video snippet of a more youthful me talking to the camera at the Genesee Co. fair in Michigan from 1990 and in part of the segment I mentioned that I had been drinking beer. My girlfriend saw the snippet and commented that not much had changed(referring to the beer drinking) and that it might make a good song. Soooo...

This song is dedicated to my musician and my dock families, all with whom I've shared libations and fun-loving times that have made me a rich man. Rich in life experiences.



I was on a social media website, scrolling through on my tedious, zombie-like daily routine to find something interesting to dive into. A friend's post mentioned fiddle player, Spode Cooley as a joke to an answer, knowing it was an objectionable answer. I had no idea who this fiddle player was, so I researched it. I was shocked by my discovery. I will not go into details of the story, but I implore you to.

This song covers key points from all of the research I did, and hopefully outlines the tragic story on its own.

I am dedicating this song to victims of domestic violence. It's a man's world, and sometimes men are huge pieces of shit. Ok, back to my normal, happy puppies and rainbows.....

# Ella Mae and the King of Western Swing

*A fiddle under his arm, and a nickle in his pocket  
A beautiful young girl with his photo in her locket  
Amateur boxer, and the lovely female singer  
That Oklahoma boy slipped his ring around her finger*

*Ella Mae and the King of Western Swing*

*Happy life, children, and another "King"  
Career winding down, alcohol and Thorazine  
Wild accusations, lighters and cigarettes  
Fits of jealous rage, slipped his hands around her neck*

*Ella Mae and the King of Western Swing*

*Desert ranch, dark clouds, infidelity?  
Nervous breakdown, "please don't let him take me"  
Blood spattered clothes, haunting Melody  
Shame on the King as Ella Mae slipped away*

*Goodbye, goodbye Ella Mae  
Goodbye, goodbye Ella Mae*

*Ella Mae and the King of Western Swing  
Ella Mae and the King of Western Swing*

*Grabbed my keyring, started the Chevy  
When I saw a reminder, my heart grew heavy  
Mom's key on the ring, still there  
She's been gone for years but I still have the spare*

*Mom's Key on my keyring still waits  
Her love made a small boy feel safe  
Mom's Key opened so many locks  
Her memory, is never lost*

*The house has been sold, photos in a box  
A key no longer needed to open front door lock  
The possessions I still have live inside of me  
The gift she gave doesn't require a key*

*I still have  
Mom's Key for the front door  
It opened a home but she left so much more  
Mom's Key, I'll leave it on the ring  
As a reminder of her love everlasting (never-ending)*



I was at the post office opening a package from my sister, using a key to cut the tape, when I saw my mom's house key on my keyring. I'd wanted to write a song dedicated to Mom and needed it to be special, so the moment I saw that key and thought of her, that was the inspiration for the song.

In loving memory of Marianna Lorraine Pendleton 1941-2018

# God Fearing Man pt. 2

*This is a tale of a God fearing man, unknowingly born into sin  
Submit, follow, let go and fit in, It's the only path to salvation  
A book, a building, an ideology, drink from the cup, it's the only way to see  
Faith, a guided train of thought, no way to derail and no logical way off*

*Am I from fire, am I from stars?  
Am I from wind, am I from sand, or am I a God Fearing Man?*

*Why do I fear, why can't I stand, against illusion authored by primitive man  
Why do I fear, why do I follow? Mother and Father taught me how  
Shouldn't a God fear us? Shouldn't it Bow? Isn't God really just a sacred cow?  
A work of fiction, a myth of epic size, God fearing mans questions, open-your-eyes!*

*Am I from fire, am I from stars?  
Am I from wind, am I from sand? Why be a God Fearing Man?*

*Untouchable layers of written rule, indestructible misogynistic tool  
Plagiarized ideas, thought to be unique, No one really knows, and the ark is full of leaks*

*Am I from fire, am I from stars?  
Am I from wind, am I from sand, was God created by man?*



God

Fearing

Man pt. 2

(continued)

*I am from fire, I am from the stars  
I am from wind, I am from sand, but God was created by man  
Yeah God was created by man*

*I am from my mother, I'm not born in sin  
Locked in this prison if I remain, remain a God Fearing Man*

*Escape the inherent darkness, illuminate where life began  
You're not a prisoner and there is no plan*

*Shouldn't it be God?*

*Shouldn't it be God?*

*Shouldn't it be God.....fearing man?*

Where do we, humans come from? Were we divinely created, or have we evolved from the primordial ooze? The majority seems to feel that we were created in a "Gods" image. Which God you ask? Any God. I am in the minority. This topic has been debated, studied, fought, and killed over. Religion has been around way before the Bible was written by mortals, so I wonder where the true authority should lie. Sure the Bible is a centerpiece for one of the world's greatest stories but don't get me wrong, I question every group claiming to know the one true creator.

When I speak of fire, wind, stars, and sand, I am hinting at a natural elemental beginning to our existence. Nothing from nothing? Well according to theoretical physicist and cosmologist Lawrence Krauss, nothing is really not nothing. There has always been something. In an infinite universe, are we really the focal point or are we just a random speck of dust? I just choose to think that this is not a planned existence. Anybody that claims to know the answer should really admit that it is their opinion, and not really "knowing".

I cannot prove that God does not exist.

I cannot prove that God exists.

-Kevin Smith

# *To Be Continued*

*As the Universe expands we fall in to dust  
Worlds collide, stars explode, and mankind rusts*

*Odds are, Graham only knew  
The chances of me meeting you*

*Time never ends, love is endless too  
Till we meet again, I was better because of you*

*To be continued...*

Life's infinite existence transcends our earthly plane. Where or in what way does life exist out there? I can't answer that question, nor will I claim to have answers to that in which I have no knowledge. To quote a famous American astrophysicist, "we are made of star stuff". My love of friends and family can seem obscure, but exists all the same. I can feel its power, and it seems endless. Ominous. I wanted to write a small piece to close the album that maybe captured that feeling. The odds of me meeting you, the friend, the listener, the reader are a 1 with 100 zeros to 1. I am grateful.

(Taken Under the Wing of the Small Magellanic Cloud image courtesy of NASA)



# Ginormous Onion thank yous-

Rhonda Marie Smith Lovelace (sister)  
Charlie and Lucy Smith (Dad and Stepmom)  
Amanda Wakefield Owen (Miss Sunshine  
and Rainbows)  
Krista Krefeld Freier (cousin)  
Shawn Mundy  
B.K. Bartnick  
Marty Campbell  
Jon Stirling  
Glen Wagner  
Kristy McClellan  
Dan Tracy  
Adam Bailey  
Robert Wright

All of the amazing singers and musicians that  
I have worked with in Tennessee and Michigan  
My dock D family at CCM, Mt. Juliet, TN.

This music is dedicated to Marianna L. Pendleton (my Mom), who put up with me noodling on a guitar, scratching records when I was learning guitar parts, and making noise in my room with band buddies playing louder than we had any business playing. Those things, and the small task of giving me life back in 1963. And the most important thing she did- making sure a small boy knew that he was loved.















