

HEIRLOOM

Lots of Beginnings

Welcome to world, dear / There's
an awful lot to show you / There's
so much that I hold dear / That
now includes you / We gave you
your name / 'Cause it means that
you can do hard things / We gave
you your name / 'Cause we don't
say it the same way

There's lots of beginnings

I don't mind if you cuss / Kinda
mind if you fight / If it's one of
them shittalkin boys / Go punch
out the lights / Wish I could show
you the farm / Your mom's farm is
Florida / We lost folks we loved /
If this goes right, one day you'll
feel the same about the two of us

There's lots of beginnings

I'm scared that you won't get an
accent / Honey, we live in the city /
But you gotta talk how you talk /
I just miss how my grandma did
it / I like to grow things / It's
good to experiment / But gotdang
you scare me / Good God, you're
different / Lord ain't it a blessing

There's lots of beginnings

LITTLE BIT of SHINE

I'm a truck stop off of where I'm from / Pulling over on half full / To get me a
fresh smell of gasoline / And head on home to you

My friends are driving that broke down bus / Down to my hometown soon /
To stand in the light that was always mine / And do the things I ought to do

More than a dollar short and a few days late / Only worked down the interest on
the dues I paid / All that crying and cussin' it's gone to waste / When I'm scared
by the little bit of shine I make

All this city slicking has got me missing / Fields in the morning light / If I could
live forever in Tennessee / I'd rather die in a Carolina night

I could stay forever til I'm wearing holes in my mind / Hitch my star to whatever
gleam falls out from the sky / I could stay here aching, a hot blue flame /
Burning down my line / Working straight, feeling strange, running out my time

RACECAR

I just wanna drive a race car really damn fast / Choose
when I brake, never let off the gas / Run round in
circles til it all comes back / Or breaks down for good

Cain't go back to where I was born / Sure as shit ain't
bout to die / On this side of where the mountains all
run / Out past the Tennessee line / Ain't gonna bow my
knee / Kiss no one's ring / Step back or fall in line / Ain't
a boot I'd lick / Or flag I'd pick / Worth the goddamn time

My boots'll be bought / My accent taught / And poached
for cheap / By a man in suit / And a brand new truck /
Costs two years salary / You're only as good as the
hand you hold / As the snake that you hang in the tree /
Honey, it rains on us all but, darling, that cause /
Of the hand that makes the shovel swing

I just wanna drive a race car really damn fast / Choose
when I brake, never let off the gas / Run round in
circles till it all comes back / Or breaks down for good /
Hold the pedal down til I freak out / Get spun around,
or take a wall out / I'll get loose any day now / Or in the
next life to come

Everywhere I'm looking, / There's somebody cooking some
poison they gonna feed / The same ones complaining
'bout the government / Crying for the cops on the TV /
I read my books and all they teach / Is what my grandma
taught to me: / There's a seat at the table / Don't matter
where you're from / Everybody got a right to eat

SEVINDUST

I could write you a Bible with these
messages / That been boiling my blood /
I been leaving on read / Ain't no goddamn
name gonna make me beg / Whatever we
share's whatever I can regret

I ain't much for carrying water so
I been putting you down / Whatever
got a hold of you ain't got its teeth in
me now / At least I ain't wasting my
days like / Sevindust

Ain't nothing you can put upon me
gonna make me bow / My tongue cain't
find no taste for the prayers you let
out / Who's going to cover you when it
all freaks out? / Who's gonna tell you
honest the why and how?

I ain't much for carrying water so I been
putting you down / Whatever got a hold
of you ain't got its teeth in me now / Your
love's a bad drug / It hurts something
awful to sober up / At least I ain't wasting
my days like / Sevindust

I'm sure I'm foolish for never giving in /
To twist my grain to some inherited wind /
It ain't all gotta add up / Just is what it is /
At least I ain't wasting my days

LANDLORDS, BILL LEE, ETC.

I hope your tenants make
meth and chainsmoke /
Got a herd of cats ain't
ever get trained / I hope
all your children grow up /
To call you by your first
name / It'd be mighty
nice to see you get right /
But you chose the row
you'd hoe / So I hope
trouble come and find you
til you lose your mind /
You get lost or finally
come home

Imma wishing you a hard
life, hard times / That you
get what you give / This
whole world is rubber,
and you are glue / The hell

you been making puts a
hurting on you / A little bit
of hillbilly karma, down
home dharma / Gives you
a good talking to / But til
then, bless your heart /
You are what you are / I
hope this life of meanness
don't come easy / And a
hard heart's hard on you

I hope your dog don't
ever love you / Don't
ever wanna come home /
Takes up at the neighbors
/ Barks at your window
all night long / I hope
your AC's hot, your heat
is cold / There's only Pepsi
when you want Coke /

Whatever sad soul's there
when you are old / Don't
ever wanna watch your
TV shows

I hope there ain't no bait
when you go fishing /
'Cept the worms in your
brain / I hope you sit out
in the sun all day / And
don't ever catch a thing /
I hope your records all
skip / Gotta swallow when
you dip / And the mailman
only brings bills / I hope
you get everything you
want but nothing you
need / Except for pity
from all of your friends

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Phone in my pocket / Bills on my mind / Eyes
to the ground, looking for signs / I work for
rich men / Biding our time / Til Jubilee comes

Where I come from's just a song that I sing / A
good patch of earth sold off for cheap / Fugitive
minds wanting relief / An unbroken chain of /
Second-hand misery / Lord if there's forgiveness /
I'll need convincing / There's any for me

A daughter in tow's / Better than staring at rope /
There's plenty to show her 'bout all that an
heirloom can grow / If you're doing your work /
In your roots and your dirt / She's welcome to
reap / All that I sowed first / After all of these
years / I hope there's a taste of its sweetness

Family's sure family / Friends are sure friends /
Life's sure the place where death seems to live /

Negative Space

This week I've been staring at my daughter / Thinking she
must look something like you had

It's got me dreaming up words I'd tell your father / If he
were still alive and half the fucking man

I finally sent that message to your brother / He's the worst
parts of you, I wish you never had / Spent that last hour
seeking his approval / Goddamn, he looks just like your dad

Oh, this negative space

Mom and I were crying in the living room / We put the dog
down the week we laid you to rest / This feeling's been
wearing a patina / In the place where I learned to help you sit

I came home half drunk last night and slept on the sofa /
Hoping we could go wandering again / In the backwoods
of my consciousness / If I could just close my eyes and
dream a little bit

And I'm sure content / Skin-to-skin / To show you the whole
of it / The fires on the ridges / The floods on the plains /
What's it mean to be born at the end of most things / To love
something tender / And the fears it brings?

This phone's in my pocket / For whoever's got the time /
I'm waiting for news / And I'm looking for signs / While
we work for rich men / Biding our time / 'Til Jubilee comes

MEANNESS

I ain't long for the gods I was born to /
Theirs were never my secrets to keep /
I've been losing my mind the longer
that I / Make sense out of Tennessee /
The cops and the cowboys, they dream
like the suburbs / Everything bought
with a price and a deed / So I been
learning to love as strange as the
tongues / My god first taught to me

So tell me where do I keep catching
these feelings / Mapping my exits and
detouring off deep-ends / I know the
last things that I'll name are all of my
reasons / Until then I'm content with
the meanness of a meaning

I've been tossing my money in the
circles I'm spinning / Round these
root-bound ways that I grow / It's
a malignant kindness, this willingful
blindness / To the ways my strangeness
has shown / Is the only light that I
cast from my kin / From a heat that
can't choose its glow? / What are these
goddamn ties that keep us together /
With no god at the controls?

I know better / I know better than /
I know better

Hillbilly Hymn (Okra & Cigarettes)

When the Lord comes back ain't gonna be no cops/ You can
cook your own, you can smoke your crops / All the boys gonna
wear the purty things / When the lord comes back ain't gotta
prove a thing

When the Lord comes back I'm gonna drive real slow / Gonna
go wherever the spirit goes / Gonna dawdle and piddle and talk
and cuss / Ain't no boss gonna make a fuss / When the Lord
comes back I'm going to drive real slow / Every high place
gonna be brought low / Every high place gonna be brought low

When Kingdom come we'll want for nothing / Just a long
table, a mess of beans and honey buns / The trucks are small,
the trains are late / The men pick up their dinner plates /
Nobody sees that the debts are paid / The guns are all for
shooting clays / The guns are all for shooting clays / The guns
are all for shooting clays

When the Lord comes back the rich get scared / Ain't gotta act
mean to be treated fair / All the living's honest and dying too /
Our bodies return as heirlooms

Coulda already come a time or two / And they killed him like
they tend to do / So I'm praying for the mighty fall / Else ain't
no use in prayer at all

When the Lord comes back I'll do my best / To share my okra
and cigarettes / Break every law I can't respect / Leave some
tall grass for all the critters' rest / When the Lord comes back
I'll do my best / To share my okra and cigarettes / To share my
okra and cigarettes

THINKING ABOUT QUITTING

No. 5

I'd do anything for a ride in a cop car
if it would bring me home / I been
wanting drugs that I ain't ever done /
Lord knows Imma get me some / Ain't
no sacred name that could ever change
the way things come apart / I ain't
lonesome, my eyes are just getting dark

I ain't crazy, just strange / Lost the plot
but still sane / For now / Somehow /
Things change / Cain't fix what ain't
broke / So I'm fine, no joke / Cain't sleep
/ Ain't no dreams / To let die

I'd drink til I drown if it'd make me lay
down, shut my eyes for an hour or two /
Complain and I'd holler at my momma
or a doctor if it had any use / Ain't
no prayers, ain't no pills / That could
make what's stopped restart / I ain't
lonesome, my eyes are just getting dark

If a mind wanders long enough / Does
it remember / It's still got a home? /
Darlin, where's home? / ...anyway...

JESUS AND THE BUCK

Well the difference ain't much
between Jesus and the buck/
That both hang on the wall /
They're good for telling tall
stories, reminiscing on glory /
And can't interrupt

They're more use as trophies for
the clout you can get / Somebody
threw out the carcass, somebody

remade the head / The tales get
taller, and the facts more grand /
Til Jesus complains 'bout taxes and
waves a big flag / When Jesus and
the big bucks go hand in hand

There's plenty big fish / Plenty
more that got away / You'd wait on
forever to come back some day /
Whether standing on Calvary / Or
sitting in the hairs / Salvation's a
cross you make somebody bear

I ain't too big for praying or
believing some things / Just the
way it's told to me's got a familiar

ring / There's plenty can be done
with a story like that / You can
buy more guns, you can hunt more
land / When Jesus and the big
bucks go hand in hand

Call in the big one / Make the boys
proud / You can strut, you can cuss
like you worked something out /
But, sooner or later, you realize you
just amount / To the things you like
dead and the bait you left out

When Jesus and the big bucks /
When Jesus and the big bucks /
When Jesus and the big bucks...

I KNOW THE END

If it don't ever get right again / If it don't ever come
easy / If it ain't ever the way that it was or it ought
to be / If you don't ever know the name / If you don't
ever hear it plainly / If you don't ever know the
reason why / Then listen to me

When I close my eyes they're lining up / The ones who're
gonna call and come / So she got their family name /
I know who'll bother showing to the side of his grave /
I know the end of things / I know the end of things

The week my daddy died / I saw him hiding in her
smile / And I swore I'd repay to him in her the love /
He was owed as a child / Everything she's made up
of / Is the history of all I've fought and loved / So the
demons of power must be exorcized / All that war
and work came home every time

I'll be the end of things / I'll be the end of things /
'Cause there's lots of beginnings, babe

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May this album continue to be an
exorcism until Jubilee comes.