

# Tyler Grossman

i'm innocent

## I'M INNOCENT (Judd Grossman)

I'm not guilty. I didn't do it. That's my story and I'm stickin' to it. I'm innocent. I'm an angel. I'm no villain. I don't care what they say. I'm not the guy who stole your heart away. I am innocent of any crime. The face that made you fall in love - It wasn't mine. I'm an angel from up above, and we don't know nothin' about human love. I've got an alibi. I've got a witness. Any judge would say, "This case is dismissed." I'm not responsible. I am blameless. I'm unindictable. You are shameless. I could apologize for your confusion, but that might lead you to the wrong conclusion. I am innocent and that's no lie. It must have been somebody else that made you cry. I'm an angel. Do you understand? Sometimes it's hard to figure out just where we'll land. I'm not the guy to take the stand... not just another wanted man. I'm innocent. I'm an angel.

Christian Teele: drums and percussion; Mel Brown: bass;  
Judd Grossman: electric guitar and vocal

## MIGHTY LOVE (Judd Grossman)

Gonna build a house. Gonna build it tall. I'm gonna put my strength into every wall. Gonna build a house with some help from above. Gonna build this house on faith and a mighty love. It's a mighty love. It's a mighty love. Gonna build a song. Gonna build it fine. I'm gonna put my soul into every line. Gonna build a song with some help from above. Gonna build this song on faith and a mighty love. When your mind gets dark, you gotta find that spark that you're holding in your heart. There ain't no amount of rain can ever drown it. I ain't talkin' 'bout money, and a hit pop song ain't what I'm thinkin' of, just the rock solid power of a true and mighty love. Gonna build a world. Gonna build it round. Gonna put my friends into every town. Gonna build a world for the lion and the dove. Gonna build this world on faith and a mighty love. When your mind gets dark you gotta find that spark that you're holding in your heart. There ain't no amount of rain can ever drown it. I ain't talkin' 'bout money, and a hit pop song ain't what I'm thinkin' of, just the rock solid gift of free and true and mighty love. Gonna build a life. Gonna build it long. Gonna put my heart into every song. Gonna build a life with some help from above. Gonna build this life on faith and a mighty love. Mighty, mighty love. It's a mighty love.

Ed Damer: drums; Christian Teele: percussion; Mel Brown: bass; John Magnie: Hammond B-3; Coco Brown and Yvonne Brown: vocals; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocals

## SHE LIKES BEING A GIRL (Judd Grossman)

She can bring you peace like a turtle dove. She can knock you out with a boxing glove. She can steal your heart if you're the one that she loves. That's why she likes being a girl. She can go out in pajamas and a fake fur coat - whatever it takes to float her boat. And when she gets the last word - that's all that she wrote. She can take a lot, and she can dish it out. She can smile real sweet, and she can pout. She can make you sure, and she can make you doubt. Well, being a girl has its ups and downs. Every carnival has its share of clowns. There are burdens we bear that can set us free; if she wasn't a girl then who would she be? She can hold your hand, and she can cry, and she's still as tough as any guy; to know that's true just look in her eyes. That's why she likes being a girl.

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

## **CHRISTIAN COOKE** (Judd Grossman)

Christian Cooke has a very thin book that he preaches from on the corner. When a girl passes by and he catches her eye with these words he'll warn her: "If he or she is under sixteen years of age then he or she may not obtain a license to drive in the state of North Carolina, Amen." In Christian's house lives a boy named Mouse who works at the jump rope factory. He strings a bead a day for his meager pay, and his boss thinks that's satisfactory. Christian Cooke has the self assured look of a man led by his passion. The street where he stands is the holy land where our cars and souls come crashin'. Christian's love fits him like a glove. We all were forced to concede it. She writes all day in a feverish way, but not even she can read it. Christian's pride puts a bounce in his stride as he paces the holy sidewalk. I can't help but feel when faced with his zeal that my gospel may be just fast talk. Christian Cooke has the mystical look of a man moved by his vision, if you listen to him well you may still go to hell, but you'll probably avoid a collision.

Christian Teele: drums and percussion; Mel Brown: bass; Matt Flinner: bouzouki; Celeste Krenz: vocals; Ross Martin: electric guitar; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

## **I'VE GOT A LITTLE GIRL** (Judd Grossman)

I've got a little girl. She is the finest thing. She's the fruit of my eye. I've got to testify. Shine with the sun all day. She's got a lot to say. She makes a better world. I've got a little girl. I don't know what she just said to me. She's got her own little language. It's a mystery. Sounds a bit like French, maybe Japanese. You know it makes me gotta pick her up and give her a squeeze. I say, "Hey, little baby, I love you a lot". She said, "Blah, blah, Daddy, la di dah". I said, "Hey, hey, hey, hey." Come on little baby play. Little baby dance. When you grow a little bit you know the boys won't stand a chance. Little baby laugh. Little baby sing. When I look into your eyes I remember all the good things. I don't know how it got this way. Another little baby miracle comes everyday. She learned to walk and hug her doll. She's got a little baby phone to make her baby phone calls. She has angel baby cheeks, baby angel hair. She only has one tooth, but she doesn't seem to care. She has angel baby lips, baby angel wings. When I hold her in my arms, I remember all the good things.

Christian Teele: drums and percussion; Mel Brown: bass; Derek Banach: trumpet; John Magnie: accordion; Coco Brown and Yvonne Brown: vocals; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

## **TRUE COMPANION** (Judd Grossman)

Can you see your true companion as you hold his hand in yours? He is running where he's standing. Now the blood must take it's course. And I watch with my eyes all blind to the sun your sweet serpentine curve to the beautiful one. If I were your true companion and your breath caressed my face I'd go dizzy down the canyon that your pouting lips have traced. Lock me up, lock me out, take me far, far from here. There's a lisp in my heart, and it sounds like a tear. I am dreaming. Don't you lie to me. Right hand scheming. What will be will be. Would you tell me why you're screaming? I am trying to concentrate on this drum that I am beating between choice and love and fate. Take a rest. Get in line. I'm a hard working man. All I've got is what's mine, and it's here in my hand.

Ed Domer: drums; Christian Teele: percussion; Mel Brown: bass; Ross Martin: electric guitar; Matt Flinner: bouzouki; Celeste Krenz: vocal; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

## **SOMEONE ELSE'S TOWN** (Judd Grossman)

I don't want to move away. I don't want to leave my home. Just want to stay right here with my own. I don't want to break your heart. I don't want to make you stay. But I don't want to leave my home and go away. I don't want to leave this house where I sunk my sorry roots into the ground. No, I don't want to leave this house and wander off to someone else's town. When I was a little kid my family moved next door. It wasn't but a hundred yards, no more. But I could see my house. Somebody else lived there. And where was I? Nowhere. I'm a little bit off, you know. I'm a few cards shy. I'm a little bit touch and go, so don't ask me why.

Christian Teele: drums; Mel Brown: bass; Jeff Taylor: pedal steel; Ben Winship: mandolin; Celeste Krenz and Taylor Mesplé: vocals; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

## **CAREY** (Joni Mitchell)

The wind is in from Africa. Last night I couldn't sleep. Oh, you know it sure is hard to leave here Carey, but it's really not my home. My fingernails are filthy. I got beach tar on my feet, and I miss my clean white linen and my fancy French cologne. Oh, Carey get out your cane, and I'll put on some silver. Oh, you're a mean old Daddy, but I like you fine. Come on down to the Mermaid Café and I will buy you a bottle of wine, and we'll laugh and toast to nothing and smash our empty glasses down. Let's have a round for these freaks and these soldiers, a round for these friends of mine. Let's have another round for the bright red devil who keeps me in this tourist town. Maybe I'll go to Amsterdam or maybe I'll go to Rome and rent me a grand piano and put some flowers 'round my room, but let's not talk about fare-thee-wells now. The night is a starry dome, and they're playin' that scratchy rock'n'roll beneath the Matalla Moon. Maybe it's been too long a time since I was scramblin' down in the street. Now they got me used to that clean white linen and that fancy French cologne. Oh Carey, get out your cane. I'll put on my finest silver. We'll go to the Mermaid Cafe'. Have fun tonight. I said, Oh, you're a mean old Daddy, but you're out of sight.

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Christian Teele: drums; Mel Brown: bass; Ross Martin: electric guitar; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

## **GOD'S FACE WAS HID** (Judd Grossman)

Alarm went off at six A.M. Crashed through the morning air. I thought about the day to come. Mom knocked time to go. Dressed real quick and ran downstairs. Bag of books and uncombed hair. I Kissed my mom and grabbed my lunch. Out the door with a slam. In another town not far away people knew this would be a very special day. In this other town there would be a show, and soon the whole wide world would know. Halfway to the middle school. I turned down a gravel road. The grass was cold and wet with dew as I crossed the yard to Mitchell's house. Mitchell had a funny grin. We looked into each other's eyes. Mitchell put a pistol in my hand. It felt solid like some kind of tool. In the other town on the very same day some people talked some people prayed. In this other town in this other place tonight's the night God shows his face. God bless America home of the free. God save our children from what they may see. Mitchell waited in the woods. I was in the school. I saw a friend and waved hello, when he was gone I pulled the fire alarm. The sound crashed through the morning air. I thought about the day to come. I hurried off towards the woods. Mitchell was walking my way. In the other town at the appointed hour he will show himself from the t.v. tower. In the other town at ten 'o eight God will be on t.v., so don't be late. Mitchell was the first to shoot. He picked her out and hurt her bad. I don't know just what I did, but the gun was hot and people screamed. We made 'em run. We made 'em fall. We made 'em lose. We made 'em quit. We used the bullets... used 'em all, and then we ran and got out of there. In the other town when the time had come all the faithful saw a Monty Python rerun. In the rest of the world God's face was hid, and all the t.v. showed was what I did. God bless America, home of the brave. God bless our children... the ones we can save.

Ed Domer: drums; Christian Teele: percussion; Mel Brown: bass; Matt Flinner: mandolin and bouzouki; Mollie O'Brien: vocal; Ross Martin: electric guitar (on bridges w/Mollie); Judd Grossman: acoustic and electric guitars and vocal

## **SAY YOU WILL** (Judd Grossman)

Say you will. Say you do. Say the words that are true. Say the heart never ends. Say my love you'll defend. Say you will sing the song. Sing until we belong. Sing it loud. Sing all day. Sing until we're o.k. Though you can't always tell, I can still hear you well. All the words that you say chase the shadows away. Say you will show me how. Say the words. Say 'em now. Say you will come to me and bring me words to believe. Though you can't always tell, I can still hear you well. All the words that we share hang like jewels in the air. Say you will hold me tight as the day turns to night. Say the stars will look down on the world spinning round. Though you can't always tell, I can still hear you well. It's your words - Don't you see? - that make the world real to me.

Ed Domer: drums; Nick Johnson: bass; Matt Flinner: banjo; Celeste Krenz: vocals; Taylor Mesplé: vocals and penny whistle; Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocals

## **HEART YOU GAVE ME** (Judd Grossman)

I love you with all my heart, with all my dog heart... the dog heart you gave me. I love you with all my heart, with all my daughter heart... the daughter heart you gave me. Who you love is the sun up above. Who loves you is the sky so blue. I love you with all my heart, with all my woman heart... the woman heart you gave me. I love you with all my heart, with all my God heart... the God heart you gave me. My face is a case of rack, sack, packin'. I'm a shell in a cell of note, rote, totin'. When it's all about me I'm a' huff, puff, bluffin'. When It's you I get a clue about the love, gov', oven, When I open my heart to the who, new, you there's a hole in my soul that you fill, spill into. You make me real, feel, so much more then when I make it myself, 'cause I'm not myself! (I am not the starry turning, and I am not the river's roll. The land is large, and I'm not in charge of you.)

Christian Teele: drums; Mel Brown: wah and groove bass; Eric Thurin: tuba and bass overdub on raps; Matt Flinner: banjo; Mollie O'Brien: vocal; Judd Grossman: toy piano, acoustic and electric guitars, and vocals

Produced by Judd Grossman and Kevin Clock

Recorded, mixed and mastered at Colorado Sound -  
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Recorded and mixed by Kevin Clock

Mastered by Tom Capek

Additional engineering by Steve Avedis,  
Tom Capek and Tom Germain

Additional recording by Ben Winship at  
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Photography by David Swift

Art Direction & Design by Dana Olson & John Wright

Gaffer: Asako Tajima

Wardrobe by Tasha at Charley's of Jackson Hole

John Magnie appears courtesy of Sleeping Elephant Records

Mollie O'Brien appears courtesy of Sugar Hill Records

Matt Flinner appears courtesy of Compass Records

Taylor Mesplé appears courtesy of Innercircle Productions

Christian Teele plays Pork Pie Drums

Also available: Judd Grossman (CHCD-3)

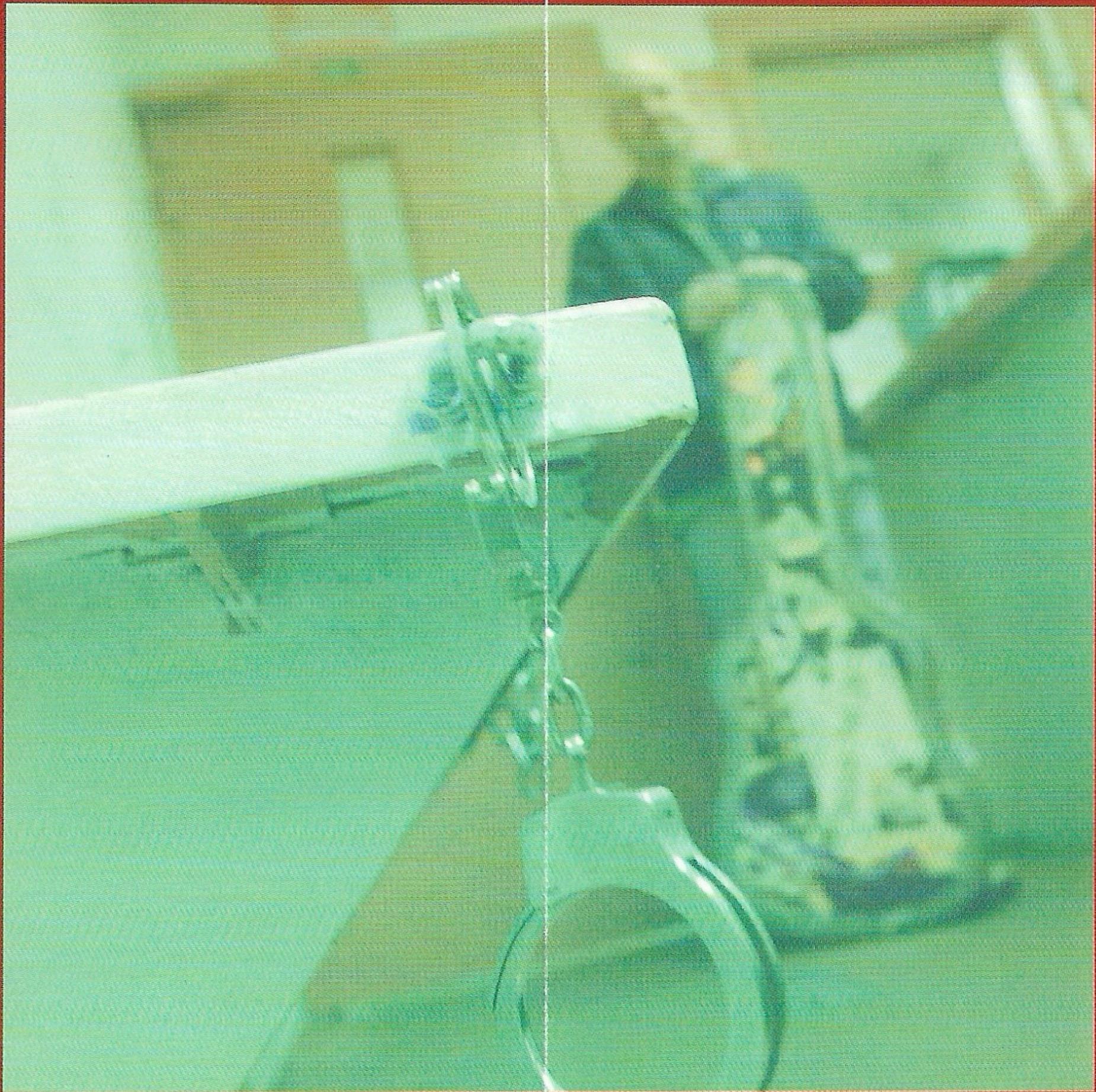
Hearts Like Mine (CHCD-2)

Reckless Love (CHCD-1)

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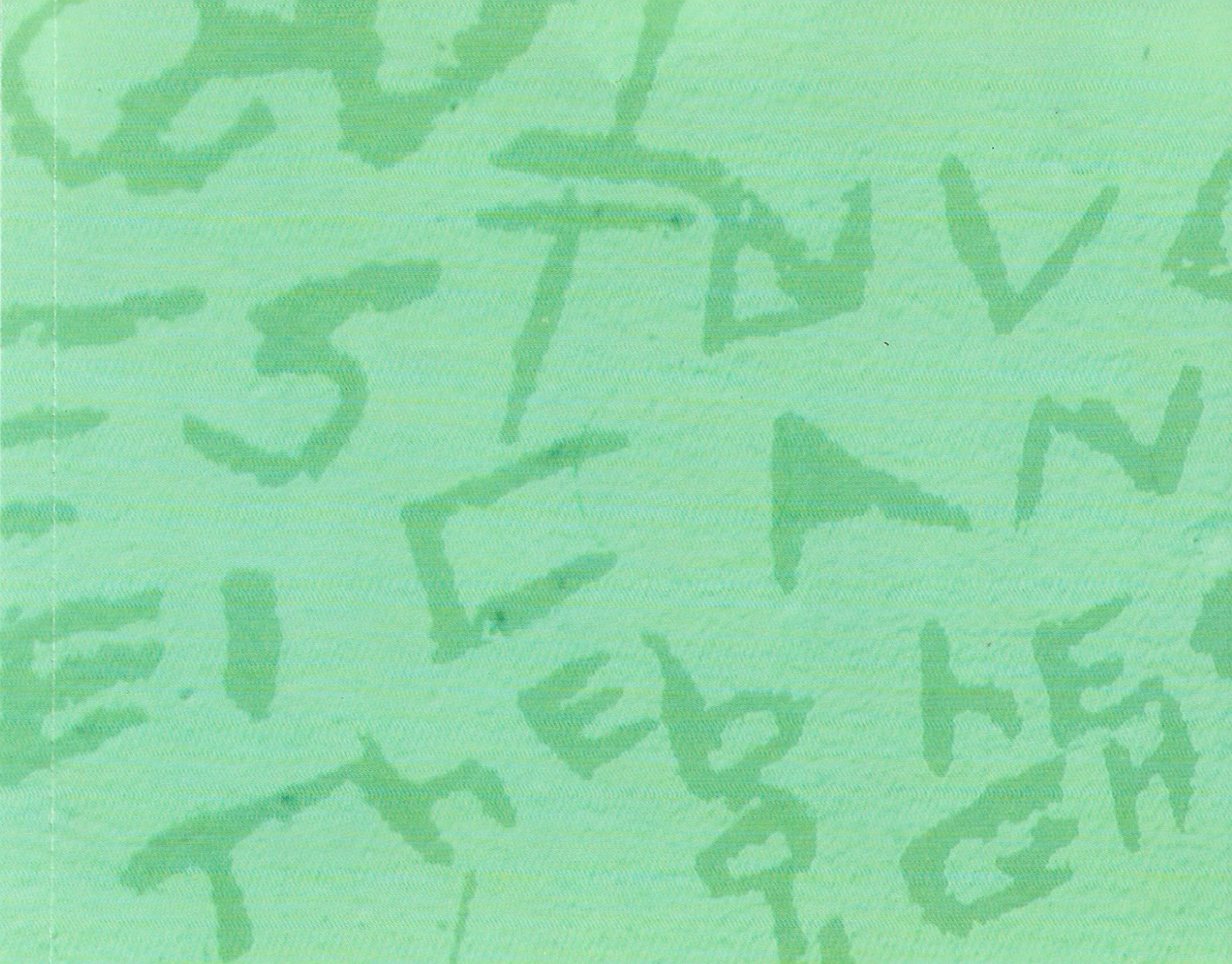
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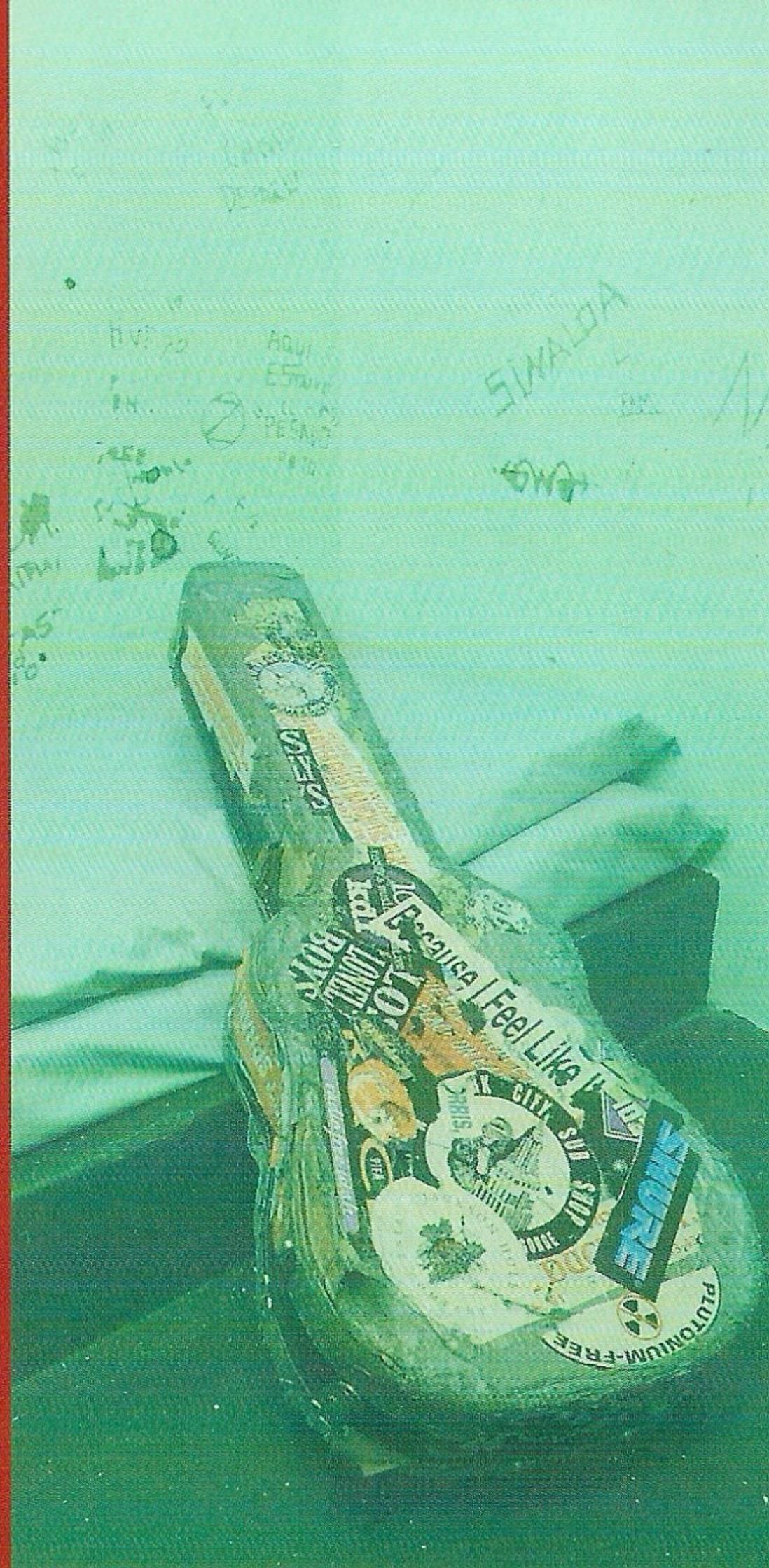
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Judd Grossman

I'm innocent

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