



JUDD GROSSMAN

Poor Me 1

(Judd Grossman)

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Little boy with his hand in the blue sky sun
Other hand on the trigger of a big toy gun
Fire the suction cup missile of rain on me
Wash me down to the bottom of the deep dark sea
Poor me

Pretty woman with a little girl on her knee
Sun and the wind in their hair plays a melody
Pass the crossword puzzle of rain on me
Wash me down to the bottom of the deep dark sea
Poor me

This town has a watery heart
I can see through it
Some day my sea will part
I will move through it

Little house on the banks of the river wide
Fire cook your bubblin' souls safe and warm inside
Offer the key and the lock of rain on me
Wash me down to the bottom of the deep dark sea
Poor me

This heart is a watery town
I can see through it
I pray to God that I don't drown
He can move through it

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar, vocal & bells

Matt Flinner: mandolin

Nick Johnson: bass

Eric Robnett: congas and bongos

Larry Thompson: drums

James Dean 2

(Judd Grossman)

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As the evening shadows fall
I see a picture on your wall
It's a man with a languid look
Something you tore out of a book
And I wonder, would James Dean love you like this?

As I hold your heart so close to mine
I see a handsome young man's outline
Leaning his back up against your door
Flicking his ashes on your floor
And I wonder, would James Dean love you like this?

With his heart
With his lonely heart

In the dark
In the lonely dark
With a little tremble in his outlaw hand
A grateful pilgrim in the promised land
I wonder, would James Dean love you like this?
As we drive off into the night
You hold my hand so soft and tight
There's a car as black as coal
I see his cigarette's burning glow
And I wonder, would James Dean Love you like this?
To me your love is a precious thing
Made for a husband and a diamond ring
But reflected in the window glass
I see your rebel from the past
And I wonder, would James Dean love you like this?
With a light
With a burning light
With all his might
With all his burning might
Like a baby bird falling out of a nest
With an aching deep down in his chest
I wonder, would James Dean love you like this?

Judd Grossman: acoustic & electric guitar and vocal

Nick Johnson: bass

John Magnie: accordion

Mollie O'Brien: harmony vocal

Larry Thompson: drums

Blue Heart 3

(Judd Grossman)

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Well, I left my folks after high school
In a pick-up truck with a box of tools
I found a hard job under the high smokestacks
Found a stray dog runnin' by the railroad tracks
I've got a brown dog and a blue heart
These are the colors of the world when it comes apart
My dog does anything that I ask him to
But he can't tell me why my poor heart is blue
My heart is blue

There's this bar where I'd go
I'd see a pretty girl there
I liked to lay my eyes on her yellow hair
She liked my dog and she liked me too
So we did what anybody else would do
What anyone would do

Well, I said something wrong and I did something worse
This is a trouble that I have this is a mighty curse
And now that girl is gone and she ain't comin' back
Her sweater it was red and the highway's black

The highway's black
 Violets are red and roses are blue
 She said she loved me not, said she loved me true
 When I pick a flower from the flower bed
 I remember all the lies, all the lies she said
 All the lies she said
 I read in the news about a pick-up truck
 Hit by a passenger train, gettin' all smashed up
 Like a tin can pushed for half of a mile
 Flat on the face of that train just like a lipstick smile
 Just like my tin can smile
 I've got a brown dog and a blue heart
 These are the colors of the world when I take it apart
 My dog does anything that I ask him to
 But he can't tell me why my poor heart is blue
 My heart is blue

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal
Nick Johnson: bass
Taylor Mesplé: harmony vocal
Larry Thompson: drums
Sally Van Meter: lap steel

Because I Feel like It 4

(Judd Grossman)

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You ask me why I talk this way
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 Spitting rocks and dust and little bits of clay
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 When the wind goes howling through my hollow leg
 I'm a big balloon in the fun parade
 All the children gather in my mighty shade
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 You ask me why I live this way
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 There's a smoking swamp down where I lay
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 When the night is tight and my head grows large
 And I'm towin' my dreams like a briny barge
 Make the windows shatter into tiny shards
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 Will my brain reside
 In formaldehyde
 With the other lovelies?
 You ask me why I look this way
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 With my mouth and my nose goin' all astray
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 When the years come crashin' on the neighbor's lawn
 And the girlie mags only make me yawn

I'm the dark that rages against the dawn
 'Cause I feel like it, 'cause I feel like it
 When I close my eyes
 And I rest my eyes
 There's a peaceful resting

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocals

Matt Flinner: mandola

Nick Johnson: bass

Larry Thompson: drums

Come To My Village 5

(Judd Grossman)

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Come to my village
 The war's gone on too long
 Make love to our women
 Party all night long
 We eat the bones of our ancestors in a soup made from bananas
 Bring back my sister
 I miss her like a wife
 If you bring many weapons
 I'll trade her for your life
 We eat the bones of our ancestors in a soup made from bananas
 When they're gone we keep a silence
 Because their names we do not speak
 When we move we take them with us in a pouch that doesn't leak
 When they're gone we keep their ashes
 So their souls don't go to waste
 In these times of good and plenty we give their bones a taste
 My sister has forgotten
 Her brother and her kin
 Come to my village bring her home again
 We eat the bones of our ancestors in a soup made from bananas

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocals

Matt Flinner: mandolin

Nick Johnson: bass

Eric Robnett: bongos

Larry Thompson: drums

Banana Soup Singers: back up vocals

Five Hundred Miles Away From Home 6

(B. Bare, C. Williams, H. West)

©1961 Beechwood Music Corp./ Unichappell Music Inc.

If you miss the train I'm on
 You will know that I am gone
 You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
 A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles
 You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Not the shirt on my back
Not a penny to my name
Lord, I can't go home this a-way
This a-way, this a-way, this a-way, oh, this a-way
Lord, I can't go home this a-way
Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two
Lord, I'm three, Lord, I'm four
Lord, I'm fives hundred miles away from home

Five hundred miles, five hundred miles, five hundred miles,
five hundred miles
Lord, I'm five hundred miles away from home

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar & vocal

Matt Flinner: mandolin

Nick Johnson: bass

Mollie O'Brien: harmony vocal

Eric Robnett: congas & shakers

Rita 7

(Judd Grossman)

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Rita Shelton

She sails to the show on a wind of blue patchouli

Rita

She knows our hearts like a sister in a movie

She came to the mountains from her home out by the ocean

There was a lot of bad shit, a lot of evil people hanging out out there

When she talks with her hands she sets the bells and charms in motion

They play a tuneless song as she runs her long fingers through her hair

Rita

She touches my arm as she tells me how much she loves me

Rita

Says my music takes her soul to a place of higher wisdom

With her bags and her beads the second row is her station

And when the song is over she claps real loud and slow

She has a fish tattoo that she got at her last convention

It helps hide the scars from the Haight Street rodeo

Well, I've been making my case to the lonely and the liquid

I've been singing my songs with no regard for their welfare

She offered us some floor in the midst of her pavilion

We thought for a second then we told her we had to go somewhere

She bought four records with a check that bounced to heaven

And now they're selling my music in a used bin somewhere back there

Rita Shelton

I submit to the justice of your strange and true devotion

Rita

Maybe that's what I get for playing to your emotion

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

Matt Flinner: mandola

Nick Johnson: bass

Celeste Krenz: back up vocal

Mollie O'Brien: back up vocal

Eric Robnett: tambourine

Larry Thompson: drums

Waterfalls 8

(M. Ethridge, L. Lopes, R. Wade, P. Brown, R. Murray)

©1994 EMI April Music, Inc./ Belt Star Music/ Hitco Music/

Organized Noize Music/ Tiz Biz Music/ Kay, Scholer

A lonely mother gazing out of her window

Staring at a son that she just can't touch

If at any time he's in a jam

She'll be by his side

But he doesn't realize he hurts her so much

But all that praying just ain't helping

At all 'cause he can't seem to keep

His self out of trouble

So he goes out and he makes his money

The best way he knows how

Another body laying cold in the gutter

Listen to me

Don't go chasing waterfalls

Please stick to the rivers and the lakes that

You're used to

I know that you're gonna have it your way

Or nothing at all

But I think you're moving too fast

Little precious has a natural obsession

For temptation that he just can't see

She gives him loving that his body can't handle

But all he can say is baby it's good to me

One day he goes and takes a glimpse

In the mirror

But he doesn't recognize his own face

His health is fading and he doesn't know why

3 letters took him to his final resting place

Y'all don't hear me

chorus

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

Mountain Of Trouble 9

(Judd Grossman)

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Floating high above the river in a glowing sky

With a far away look in your pretty almond eyes

You're gazing out across the river at an endless night

Well, there are lights on the horizon of the world somewhere

There are street signs in your soul, oh, but you do not care

You're just up above the river like a flag on a pole
And if somebody don't do something you just might let go
Hey, I'm coming, baby, so you grab a hold
Live your life inside a sigh just like a little girl
Throwing cuss words at the devil from your sandy curls
But in your pocket there's a life just like a milky pearl
But now the crowd has gathered
And they're watching you real close
For each mark of the highway and every mile post
As you drive on through the country that you love the most
And the rumor of your future haunts you like a ghost
Well, I'm coming, baby, and I'll hold you close

Hold you close in the middle of this wicked wrong
Hold you close in my arms right where you belong
There's a mountain of trouble in the world somewhere

With a river running by it and the wind blowing down
And a cool sun rising with a whispering sound
Well, I'll be right there baby you just look around
A bridge is made for crossing and a river to swim
And this water is a boundary where our journey begins
I know it's up there on that mountain
That you're bought and sold
And the banks of this big river, well, they're muddy and cold
I'm coming, baby, so you grab a hold

chorus

There are too many of us living with a haunted look
Just a name and some numbers in a misery book
Until some dark angel marching lets you off the hook
We've got to get down to the banks
Where we can smell the earth
Let the lines in your heart tell you what you're worth
I see those lines like an ancient story being told
And they glow like burning embers when the night gets cold
I'm coming, baby, so you grab a hold

chorus

Judd Grossman: acoustic & electric guitar and vocal
Matt Flinner: mandolin
Nick Johnson: bass
Celeste Krenz: harmony vocal
John Magnie: harmony vocal
Larry Thompson: drums

When It's Time 10

(Judd Grossman)
©1996 Judd Grossman, BMI

When it's time there will be peace
When it's time there will be Joy
We are not the ones to choose, try though we may
But there's a friend that we can't lose and he guides our way

When it's time there will be love
When it's time there will be life
There is manna from above on the desert below
We are blessed by God's love more than we know
When it's time there will be peace

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal
Matt Flinner: mandolin
Celeste Krenz: harmony vocal
Tim O'Brien: fiddle

Christmas Tree 11

(Judd Grossman)
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You lit me up like a Christmas tree
And then you pulled the plug right out on me
When a heart gets opened, honey, I have learned
That come January it can't be returned

Lift me up with your raging heart
Got my whole world inside you with the bursting flowers
Is it you, is it me that is open up?
May the words of my wonder be our skin and our blood
I drive my car across the world and back
I'm a flood across the desert; I'm a soggy heart attack
Radio plays a blast of mysterious waves
And I'm calling from an ocean full of you these days

chorus

Laying next to you I'm melting in a velvet rain
There's a savior on the hillside that can melt my pain
But you left me in the water when you went insane
And now the last hope of springtime is a ball and chain
Walking hand in hand down the cobble stones
Wild horses running through me with a will of their own
Then the world turns my way with an open hand
You adorn me with your beauty
And you knight me as your man
Then the world turns again and I'm all alone
For I've lost you in a forest full of rock and stone
With my mind full of stars and my feet in a maze
I'm crawling from an ocean full of you these days

You lit me up like a Christmas tree
And then you pulled the plug right out on me
When a heart gets broken, honey, I have learned
That come January it can't be returned

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar & vocal
Matt Flinner: mandolin
Nick Johnson: bass
Taylor Mesplé: harmony vocal
Larry Thompson: drums
Sally Van Meter: dobro

This Town 12

(Judd Grossman)

©1995 Judd Grossman, BMI

Hey, can I join you for a while?
I've got some time before I start work
Your music makes my baby smile
He's got some cheeks as big as apples
He's savin' up for winter time
You know that weather's on its way
It's getting colder in this town
It's getting colder everyday
It's nice you're playing on the street
Like all our hippie friends they used to
But aren't you cold in your bare feet
It's really nice to hear your music
I hear you on my radio
But never see you in this town
And with this little baby, oh
I don't have time to get around
Do you remember all those times?
And how our lives were an adventure?
This was a secret, magic place
Where dreams would brush you on the sidewalk
Now there's traffic in the street
All these new people think it's great
They drive their fancy motor cars
And buy their fancy real estate
Do you remember all our friends?
How we came looking for our freedom?
But now this whole new town depends
On the people and the money
The pressure's building in this town
The more wins out against the less
All the groovy people gone
Who's gonna clean up this big mess?
Something's changed in our town
I can't remember quite when
This was a place we believed in
I want to believe again
Something's changed in our lives
These battles rage in my head
Our rocket dreams have moved on
Why didn't we move instead?
I've got to go it's nursing time
Then I work until eleven
Your music is so warm and sweet
Just like a little piece of heaven



Button up your collar tight
And get some shoes on your bare feet
Play a little bit of light
For all the people that you meet

You know it took me a while
To grow out of my rage
It wasn't like an explosion
More like turning a page
I've got this child to believe in
To hold and carry around
She helps me keep up the faith
Faith in our little town

You know I saw our good friend Greg
In a dream I will remember
I hadn't seen him for a while
And now I dream him in September
He said, "The future is a lie
The past is hidden in your sleeve
There's only now and you're alive
So open up your heart and breathe"

You know I fought like a champ
Against these changes I feel
Now I'm just trying to lay back
I'm just tryin' to be real
I thank God for this town
And for you my good friend
Remember after the winter
It will be spring again

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar and vocal

Matt Flinner: mandolin

Nick Johnson: bass

John Magnie: accordion

Judd Grossman: acoustic guitar, electric guitar & vocals

Matt Flinner: mandolin & mandola

Nick Johnson: bass guitar

Celeste Krenz: back up vocals

John Magnie: accordion

Taylor Mesplé: back up vocals

Mollie O'Brien: back up vocals

Tim O'Brien: fiddle

Eric Robnett: percussion

Larry Thompson: drums

Sally Van Meter: dobro & lap steel

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for a copy of VHJ - the alternative equizine - write: VHJ, P.O. Box 665, Wilson, Wyoming 83014

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John Magnie appears courtesy of High Street Records

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1. Poor Me 3:35

2. James Dean 4:21

3. Blue Heart 4:26

4. Because I Feel Like It 3:41

5. Come To My Village 2:46

6. Five Hundred Miles Away From Home 4:07

7. Rita 4:00

8. Waterfalls 3:21

9. Mountain Of Trouble 4:26

10. When It's Time 3:33

11. Christmas Tree 5:02

12. This Town 6:37

total time: 49:55



musicians:

Judd Grossman

Matt Flinner

Nick Johnson

Celeste Krenz

John Magnie

Taylor Mesple

Mollie O'Brien

Tim O'Brien

Eric Robnett

Larry Thompson

Sally Van Meter



cover art by Susan Durfee Thulin

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COMPACT
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