

And He's Gone
Nancy McCallion

I came home after working late
To an empty house and a swinging gate
A hundred dollars by the bed
That's all I had was all he said
And he's gone

A Christmas box with a busted lid
Mama kept her money hid
Under paper dolls and clay
Saving for a rainy day
And he's gone

And he's gone
Like a payday loan I'm still paying on
He's gone

Think I'm gonna stay in bed
Find a phone and call in dead
Little girl comes crawling in
Guess I'll go to work again
And he's gone

The Good Old Days
Nancy McCallion

I was not surprised to see you go
Better sooner than later I suppose
Now I guess I'll have to entertain myself
Is there nobody out there who can help
Ain't no such thing
As the good old days
But I miss 'em anyways

My investments have all left me in the cold
They were supposed to bring me comfort when I'm old
Seems I'll have to find my comfort on my own
I'm tired, broke and all alone
Ain't no such thing as the good old days
But I miss 'em anyways

In spite of the night, and the coldness that has fallen
On my sad, sad heart ever since we've been apart
I should get out of bed, out of my head, but instead
I gaze into the dark, and I cannot find a spark
Of the hope that I once knew, and the things I thought were true

They tell me that there's trouble moving in
And last night I heard the gunshots once again
But I really can't afford to move away
So I'll bar up all my windows and I'll stay
Ain't no such thing, as the good old days
But I miss 'em anyways

Brighter In the Night
Nancy McCallion

I used to wear a pleated skirt
And falling down was the way that I got hurt
And every boy that I met could be the one
And I didn't need much action to have fun

But now the stars they have paled in the sky
Back when my footsteps they were lighter
The stars seemed so much brighter
In the night

And now my new old house is up for sale
And there ain't nobody buying, I can tell
So I guess I'll have to give it all away
That's the price of doing business some would say

Now there's rich folk making good off me
And they tell me that's the joy of being free
And they say, "someday you could be rich too,
And you wouldn't want some poor girl fleecing you"

And I never have refused to do my share
I only wanna stand up
When I try to get a hand up
No one's there

Take a Picture of Me
Nancy McCallion

Take a picture of me to show I was here
And stood beneath these skies
Sunlight shining on my face
Made me squint my eyes

Take a picture of me at seventeen
Beside the neighbor boy
In my sister's wedding dress
Face so full of joy

Who knows how far I'm going
Who knows how long I'll stay
Trace these lines upon my face
Before I go away

Music from a phonograph
Bought with cash in hand
Played while Mama danced and sang
Before we lost the land

Records from a phonograph
In boxes on the lawn
Mama's bank can have it all
Tonight I'm moving on

Who knows how far I'm going
Who knows how long I'll stay
Trace these lines upon my face
Before I go away

Take a picture of me to show I was here

It's Never too Late to Get Lucky

Nancy McCallion

I have memories of you for as long as I knew
You were here, you were gone, I was crying
Now there's nothing in my hand but the picture of a man
And the best odds I have are for dying

But it's never too late to get lucky
And it's never too early to cry
You will break my heart if you want to
By and by

When I was a girl all the things of this world
Kept me struggling and filled me with longing
Now I sit by myself and my cluttered old shelves
In a dusty house full of my belongings

Now there's nothing in my hand but the picture of a man
And the best odds I have are for crying
But in my dreams, he is mine 'cause I win him this time
Well you can't keep an old fool from trying

Cruel Thing

Nancy McCallion

The door slammed shut and the last one left the house
A thought came to me just as I was drifting out
What if no one ever came back
And I held my memories in a little sack
Sleeping unnoticed under yesterday's news
Don't come my way, cruel thing don't come my way

I've know love and I've known love to go
I have been the one who just walked out the door
I have been the one on the telephone
Aching with the fear of being alone
Looking for the face of the thing that'll take me down
Don't come my way cruel thing, don't come my way

Some days sorrow seems so long ago
Slip into sleep like a hundred years or more
Picture the world without my face
Picture some cool and empty place

I'll get up in the morning and I'll wash my face and head
Carry myself like I deserve respect
Pay my bills and have my time
Love him like I know he's mine
Say forgive me baby when I should
Don't come my way, cruel thing don't come my way

Time Never Tells

by Nancy McCallion

Sometimes I walk into a place
And look around to see your face
And when I do, see you're not there
There's sorrow, but it's not despair

And I don't believe that time ever tells
It just passes on and leaves you to answer yourself

You've found another as you should
I never did you any good
And you did me no good yourself
There's some things just can't be helped

And I don't believe that time ever tells
It just passes on and leaves you to answer yourself

Waver On

Sara P. Smith

Ready, ready waver okay
Bristles in the moonlight can't keep a straight face anyway
The foghorn has no spit valve just imagine all that noise
I'm in the ocean, missing my old boys

Ready, ready, sing me an old song
Cause my boots are way to salty and my ears are buzzing dog
The right dance is in movies and the blessed are painting toys
I'm in the ocean, missing my old boys

Waver on, seeming cowboys
Waver on, Mexican related
Waver on, Long John Silver
Waver on

Ready, ready, raise and kill at dawn
So dry 'em out and tie 'em off and stick 'em in your barn
Were those adoration cufflinks that I noticed in your hair
I'm in the ocean, would you boys send me a pair

Ready, ready, ready, ready, waver on!

Who's at the Window

Nancy McCallion

Who's at the window, now that I've gone
Who walks down your halls in her bare feet at dawn

My Leon

How shall I greet you, back from the grave
I still can't believe, there'll be no more of me
'Round this place

Face in an attic, swept from the shelf
You raised up your glass, you raised up your glass
You've found another and you've scared yourself
You mourned that I passed, you mourned that I passed

If you must have her, I'll leave your bed
I'm please to impart, there is no broken heart
When you're dead

Start a Fire

Nancy McCallion

Start a fire and everything's gonna burn
Find the higher ground and wait your turn
Put my mama on the bus today
Paid her fare and sent her on her way

Start a fire and everything's gonna burn
President come, he talk, he smile, he turn
Can't fix the levee, can't help the poor
The money's all been spent on your rich man's war

Poor folks sitting on the roof all day
Want a drink of water and a chance to get away
Thought I heard Buddy Bolden say
Save my town, it's going down today

Start a fire and everything's gonna burn
Broken gas lines, dirty water's churn
I waited tables, I showed you a good time
Hard times have come and I've been left behind

With rosary beads and baby dolls
Oil rigs and shopping malls
Smoke coming up Louisa Street
Gotta steal myself something to eat



*Buddy Bolden Band
circa 1905*

Clyde's Bonny Banks
Traditional

By Clyde's bonny banks as I sadly did wander
Among the pit heaps as the evening drew nigh
I spied a fair maiden all dressed in deep mourning
She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh
I stepped up beside her and thus I addressed her
“Pray tell me fair maid of your sorrow and pain”
Sobbing and sighing at last she did answer
“Johnny Murphy kind sir was my true lover's name”

Twenty-one years of age full of youth and good looking
To work in the mines of High Blantyre he came

The wedding was set all the guests were invited
On a calm summer's evening, my Johnny was slain
The explosion was heard all the women and children

With pale anxious faces they ran to the mine
When the new was made know all the hills rang with mourning
Three hundred and ten young miners were slain

Now fathers and wives and sweethearts and daughters
The Blantyre explosion you ne'r will forget
And all you young miners who hear my sad story
Remember your comrades who lie at their rest.



*Blantyre Miners,
circa, 1877*

My Bucket's Got a Hole in It
C. Williams/new lyrics by Nancy McCallion

Well my bucket's got a hole in it
Yeah my bucket's got a hole in it
Yeah my bucket's got a hole in it
Can't buy no beer

Well I bought me some insurance
Cause I was worried bout my health
I pay a great big premium
Still got to medicate myself

Let me tell you 'bout insurance
I give 'em money every month
I get sick an it ain't covered
Sorry missy out a' luck

Well today I got my paycheck
But my money's all been spent
I could give it to the doctor
I could put it towards the rent

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*This lyrics booklet is available for download at
www.nancymccallionlyrics.com*



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