

# UP THE HIGHWAY



Zoe Chilco

blues boulevard ♦ jazz junction

## JAZZ JUNCTION

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### Up The Highway

*This song could be about a one-night stand, or a longstanding relationship; on a literal highway or the one called 'life'.*

Oh that man, what a guy!  
He loves me; I don't know why,  
But he follows me, up the highway.

Even when it's been so long  
Since we heard our favourite song,  
Still, he follows me, up the highway.

I look back and see his headlights  
In the rear-view mirror;  
He is stickin' close to me,  
This much is clear:

He must like how I drive,  
And I'm feelin' so alive,  
When he follows me, up the highway.

*Verse one and two repeated*

Sometimes we will stop and have a kiss  
Or maybe two  
We can't wait until we get  
To where we're goin' to.

Oh that man, what a guy!  
I love him, when I spy  
Him follow me, up the highway.

*Verse one and two repeated*

On the rocky road of life  
We all need someone  
And you better know for sure  
That you're gonna have some fun!

Oh that man, what a guy!  
I'll love him 'til I die  
Cause he follows me, up the highway.

### There You Were

*The night I met a famous jazz musician, whom I loved.*

In the bar, you were a star,  
Up playing on the stage.  
I was alone, I was unknown,  
It was a difficult age.

I never dreamed that in between the sets  
You'd come and talk to me,  
But there you were, there you were,  
I didn't know what was to be.

You said your name; I did the same,  
And then we talked a little more.  
Before too long, you said 'c'mon'  
I followed you out a door.

And then you brought me to different room  
To meet a friend or two;  
I thought, 'alright, tonight's a night'  
I will remember meeting you.'

You played again, and at the end,  
You said, 'I'm going home with you'.  
I had my doubt, but I found out  
You weren't the kind who wasn't true.

I didn't know just what was happening,  
I only knew you were for me.  
'cause something grooved; my heart was moved,  
it was a night where I would see.

We can explode all we encode  
And the confusion of the years;  
A simple turn, and we can learn  
To live with joy instead of fears.

Because you came to me the way you did  
And now I'm very sure;  
I'll always know, 'cause long ago  
There you were, there you were, there you were.

## Crazy Dreams

*I dream a lot; am haunted by dreams' messages and reality.*

Crazy dreams all night through;

The future's murky, but the past is too;

I'm not quite sure where I am going to,

I think I need you.

Every time I try to see,

Or try to change my history,

Those crazy dreams return to me

To say I need you.

I seem to hear an answer whisper in the night,  
Some lonely secret that's hidden from my sight.

Bringing the promise of a kiss,

And jumbled tales that make me reminisce;

In the confusion, feeling that I miss

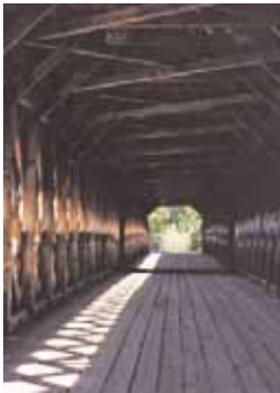
And I need you.

Crazy dreams, what are you telling me?

You float around like ghosts I cannot see.

You're such a danger to my sanity;

Why do I need you?



## Sweet Summer Morning

*The morning after the night of "There You Were".*

Sweet summer morning with your lovin'

Sweet summer risin' all in bloom;

(I have such) sweet sweet feelings as I wrap myself  
around you;

Sweet memories are bein' born in this room.

Outside the sunshine warms the cool grass;

Rose petals drip with all the dew;

(I hear the) twitter of the bird songs that echo in the garden,  
and lose myself in kisses shared with you.

My heart is singing like the ringing of a bell's chime,

The world is changed with everything we do

It's a day that only happens once a lifetime;

The day after the night when I met you.

Sweet lover, you are my salvation;

My body laughs under your hands.

And you will always be my sweet intoxication,

The cooling drink on my life's desert sands.

And in the years stretched out before me,

The world will never be the same.

Cause sweet summer blooms inside my heart now,

Whenever I call out your name.



## Life on a Tightrope *Life as I know it.*

Concentration is essential; there's no room for any mental  
Deviation as you walk up there;  
The corridor is very narrow; every cell within your marrow  
Dedicates itself or falls through air.

Flicker into thought and all is lost;  
Thinking of success will bring a cost.

Every muscle in your frame; every part that has a name  
Living only as a moving whole;  
Letting kinesthetics fuel each adjustment miniscule;  
Emptied of all purpose is the goal.

Flicker into thought, etc.

Purposefully letting go of security you know,  
Stillness moving on a line that's taut;  
Sensors sensing what you feel; censoring what isn't real;  
Balancing what is, and what is not.

Flicker into thought, etc.

Yes, concentration is essential; there's no room  
for any mental  
Deviation – you gotta focus your brain, but empty it too;  
Don't move, don't stop;  
Sensing, and censoring; all as one –  
Or you will fall.

## Just One Day *Buddha Boom (you know: non-attachment; no-holds-jarred, the awakening)*

You were just one day in my life;  
Like the time I walked by the lovely, lapping lake;  
Or the crimson that flamed in the sky as  
The sun went down.

You were just one day in my life;  
Like the feathered cloud vanishing into the blue,  
Or the laughter of children I heard over streets  
Of the town.

Moments of sweetness, there and then gone  
Flying with fleetness; still, they live on.

You were just one day in my life;  
Like the shimmering brilliance that woke me one spring,  
Or the wintertime icicles over my head  
Like a knife.

If I never see you again,  
Then the time we spent will still live in my heart  
One more note in the song made of days that I loved  
In my life.



## True Blue

*The jazzman had a great impact and a lasting influence.*

There were times when I was young – some might say a little dumb;  
I felt like I was caged up in a zoo.  
I'd want the world and more; there was so much to explore,  
And such a wild array of points of view.

I was told don't be bold; to respect the things of old,  
At times it seemed a foolish thing to do.  
It took a while to learn, that way would only earn  
Regrets because I wasn't being true.

Then one happy day I met you; escaped the confines of my mind;  
You made me open my eyes to admitting I'd never been blind.

There was something in your smile; in your comfortable style,  
That opened up a confidence that grew.  
Through every hard-won mile, though it took a little while,  
My fears took second place to knowing you.

I'm so glad I finally met you, your gentle and elegant ways,  
Glad for the fire that you had to burn yourself into my days.

Now the years have flown on by; there are days sometimes that I  
Still want the foolish things I used to do.  
But I see you and I know, which route I'm gonna go –  
I find my way 'cause your love made me true.

## My Man is Special – (Take one)

*Oh yes!*

My man is special, he's somethin' you gotta see *(bis)*  
You might think he's just a plain old mister, but  
Oh – he's special to me.

He's got long long legs, say that man is really tall *(bis)*  
He's one long string of good stuff,  
And every day he comes to call

He's got good lovin', he's got lovin' all up and down *(bis)*  
From his head down to his feet  
He's the lovin'est man in town.

He's soft in his talkin' ...but he's not when he's hot  
He's cool in his walkin' ...oh he knows what he's got!  
He's sweet and gentle, but he rocks it with the best;  
He rocks me in the night time, so I never get my rest.

I don't care what he looks like, he takes good care of me *(bis)*  
When I'm with my lovin' baby, he's all I want to see.

I don't care if he's poor folk, his lovin' makes me high *(bis)*  
I'll always be a rich girl; there's some things money can't buy.

My man is special, he's got a good card up his sleeve *(bis)*  
And I love it when he trumps me; I hope he'll never leave.

## You Jerk Me Around, Baby

*A generic complaint.*

You jerk me 'round, baby; you do it so much;  
You jerk me 'round, baby; you've got a nice touch.  
You're up and down, baby, whenever you're near,  
But that's the way you like to play,  
It makes you so dear.

It's hard for me, baby, to follow your moves;  
You say one thing, baby, but your action proves  
You're incapable of ever knowing just what your  
heart's about  
So if it's all the same to you, let's just  
Stop going out.

Oh how I long for a love that is true, -  
Simple and honestly met;  
Why is it always so twisted, with turnings and detours  
That don't ever get ...you anywhere.

You jerk me 'round, baby, it's been a fun ride;  
I'll see you around, baby, god knows that I tried  
To keep myself steady, and always be ready,  
But I guess it's like they say,  
That all good things must come to an end.  
Yada yada yada, blah blah blah,  
Right to the end.



## Speakfreak

*This world makes me crazy.*

My mind is racin' but I gotta speak it,  
This world is crazy and I must critique it;  
Too many people want it all today,  
Feel like I gotta get out.

I turn the TV on and find more killin',  
It's hard to see a place where folks are willin'  
To just enjoy the things that we have today  
I think I gotta get out.

Don't tell me it's all been done before,  
It's all over once we're through that door.

It's not the quiet people who get famous,  
Cause money talks and all the powers tame us;  
But there are mathematics simple and clear;  
You know it doesn't add up.

You got your big important folks on one side;  
What matters to them is their clothes, not who died;  
It is an illness that we all gotta cure,  
We're goin' down, not up.

Don't tell, etc.

I'd like to finish on a happy note here;  
Create a vision of a world with no fear;  
And it can happen if we all will decide;  
There's nothin' we can't do.

The corporations say it's too simplistic;  
Our economics won't support a mystic;  
But that's the problem with the world today:  
We don't know what we can do.

Don't tell, etc.

My mind is racin' but I gotta speak it  
There are just too many things that always freak it;  
A lot of madness in the world today  
Oh yah, I gotta get out.

## Cycling

*Sometimes you can't really believe what you have. Love is blind and rides a bike. He said he thought of me every time he saw one. Mr. Jazz again.*

Why didn't I see it? Howcum I never knew?  
Why didn't I tell you how much I loved you?  
Your heart sang a song then; it was tellin' me;  
You would be my lover, now it's plain to see.

But I was young and foolish;  
I never dreamed it true,  
That you would need me in the least;  
I didn't know you.

I just let those moments wash away like rain  
Never understanding that they don't come again.  
I should've learned by watching you,  
Instead of feelin' shy;  
Cause love will only stop awhile  
Before it cycles by.



## Ferzootin'

*I wrote this tune in 1978; the words, like my vision, came later. I'm always trying to catch up. (Recorded and released in 1998).*

Thinkin' 'bout you baby, and how much I'm really missin'  
All your big love, your wonderful big love.  
You've got a way that is crazy, mister slidin'  
smooth and lazy,  
With your big love, your wonderful big love.

Your music's jumpin', and my heart is pumpin',  
Cause you're whippin' up a frenzy full of fire;  
Your tune is callin', and my heart is fallin',  
Cause there's no one in this world  
That's got your big love, your wonderful big love.

Take me where you're goin' baby, I need you;  
When your heart is showin', baby, what you do.

You have got a way about you;  
Baby, I can't live without you;  
Somethin' 'bout your sweet smile and the way you keep  
me hummin'  
When you're movin';  
Yah, you're groovin';  
And provin'...  
Music that's flowin', and getting' me goin'  
Oh baby, I'm knowin'  
There's nobody here who's like you.

## Unsung Song

*Too many lives never blossom*

So long ago, when she was all alone;  
So full of hope, but no one would have known;  
Behind her eyes, there was a sadness  
That you see in pictures  
When she was so young;  
And she waited with her heart  
So silently let down.

All is calm, her look would seem to say;  
Although she longed, she never would betray  
The lonely soul, and all the years that  
Drifted past her and the  
Love she had inside;  
And she waited with her heart  
So silently let down.

Waited for a time, and  
Another loving someone  
Who was maybe hoping  
For someone like her.  
Waited with acceptance while  
Her sadness carved a sculpture  
Of the miracle that  
Might occur.

Not asking why, but you can see it in her face;  
The questions lie behind the silence and the grace;  
Her chance will fly, along with innocence and  
Beauty that is  
Only for the young;  
And she waited with her heart  
So silently let down.

## Examination of Conscience

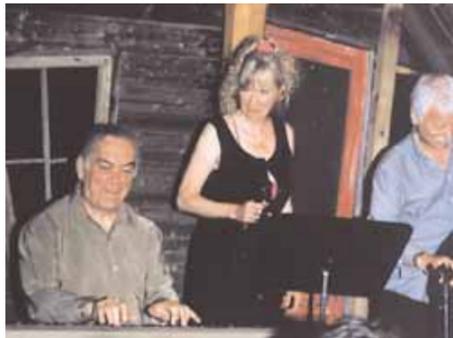
*For the end of each day*

Did you fall in love today?  
Were you searching for the one thing to set your heart  
to singing?  
Did you look to find a way  
To fall in love today?

Did you take the time to play?  
Did you let your mind go driftin' to where it would be ringin'?  
Did you hear your own voice say,  
'Go and fall in love today'.

It's easy to believe that love's a rare thing;  
That it can only come if you are two.  
And though it is a gift-that-you-can-share thing,  
It all depends on your own point of view.

Did you feel the month of May,  
On the darkest day of winter with only cold winds stinging?  
Did the palest golden ray  
Let you fall in love today?



# JAZZ JUNCTION

## Recording Sessions/Personnel

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May 1998

◆ **Ferzootin'**

Victor Bateman, bass  
Wally Brooker, saxophone  
Maureen Brown, drums  
Bill Westcott, piano  
Chris Whiteley, trumpet/harp/guitar  
Dan Whiteley, guitar  
Studio 92; Norm Barker, engineer

October 7, 2004

◆ **Up the Highway**

◆ **There You Were**

◆ **Life on a Tightrope**

◆ **You Jerk Me Around, Baby**

◆ **My Man is Special (1)**

◆ **Speakfreak**

Victor Bateman, bass  
Ron Davis, piano  
John Deehan, sax/clarinet  
Howard Gaul, drums  
Chris Whiteley, trumpet/guitar  
Jason Agouris, piano solo on "You Jerk Me..."  
Studio 92; Norm Barker, engineer

May 27, 2005

◆ **Sweet Summer Morning**

◆ **Cycling**

◆ **True Blue**

◆ **Crazy Dreams**

◆ **Unsung Song**

◆ **Examination of Conscience**

Norm Amadio, piano  
Jack McFadden, bass  
Studio 92; Norm Barker, engineer

July 2005

◆ **Just One Day**

Denis Keldie, piano/engineer

**Music, lyrics & vocals: Zoe Chilco**



Susan Lawrence

## BLUES BOULEVARD

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### My Man is Special – Take Two

*Same lyrics as Take One*

### Basement Blues

*Foundation in your love-house gotta be rock solid.*

You're always runnin' around; you never come down  
To see me when I want to be seen  
You're playing your tunes; in all those different rooms,  
Baby, you are makin' the scene.  
While I sit alone; your heart's made of stone,  
I've got the basement blues.

You call me sometime; just to remind (me)  
Of how much I'm caught in your snare.  
Then your crazy life – like a murderous knife -  
Starts puttin' the lie to your care.  
You've got too many jobs; baby, you love the mobs;  
I've got the basement blues.

Well, I'm not the kind, with a dreaming mind,  
Looking for castles in the air;  
I don't want a lot, but baby I thought  
That at the very least you'd be there.

I'm on the bottom floor; I can't get up no more,  
Cause anytime I see you at all,  
You're just droppin' in; and then you're gone again,  
And months go by before you call.  
You treat me so bad; you make me so mad;  
I've got the basement blues.

Well, come on down; forget your fancy town,  
And we can build a fire for two.  
If you will come around, into my underground,  
And pitch some subterranean woo,  
You'll find a world reversed, cause baby, I've rehearsed;  
And honey, down is up, if you will fill my cup;  
Yah, you are goin' to see that goin' down can be  
A sublimating high – to basement blues.

### Cold

*A simple lament*

You are on my mind  
You are on my mind  
In my dreams, and in my head  
Everywhere except my bed  
You are on my mind.

I still miss you so  
I still miss you so  
Every step I try to take  
Every plan I try to make  
I still miss you so.

There's not a day goes by  
When my poor heart's not beatin'  
In hopes of seeing you every place I go;  
I see your face in everyone I'm meetin'  
It's just not right that I should need  
you so.

Cold is what I feel  
Cold is what I feel  
There is no place I can be  
Nothin' that can comfort me  
Cold is what I feel.

How long must I wait  
How long must I wait  
Please have mercy; please be kind  
Give me hope to ease my mind  
How long must I wait?

Zoe up against her own, under-  
construction basement wall





**Singing Red Shoes Blues** at the memorial tribute for Eddie at the Silver Dollar in October 2004



## Red Shoes Blues

*This song was co-written by Patricia Ormsby (wife of the late and truly great musician and friend Eddie Baltimore, who died in May, 2004). Patricia supplied me with a poem of memories about Ed, starting with when she first met him and he wore some crazy red shoes. I added some words & lines to make it fit a blues tune I wrote, and the result is Red Shoes Blues.*

I got the blues for Mr. Baltimore's red shoes;  
His turquoise rings, and all those other thing  
A woman know about – that turn her inside out.  
I got the low-down blues for those lace-up, fine red shoes.

I got a feelin' about his sinful sound;  
I got a sense that he is still around;  
I'm seein' flowers in the sky, and cats that shock the eye,  
I got a feelin'; a Balt'more feelin';  
I got the bluuuues, for that man's fine red shoes.

Well, I guess I'm to blame for how he got his name;  
I helped him see my de-leer'yus philosophy;  
But (ya know) he's still tellin me, still tellin' me the news,  
Singin' his own pink-sky, so-o-o celestial blues.

That's why I gotta say, tho' you've gone so far away,  
I still see those fine red feet, that I was so, so struck  
to meet;  
And I hear your way of talkin' – oh how you loved to play!  
So Eddie keep on sendin' what you are sendin' this way.  
Cause darlin' I love your fancy red shoes and  
Every single thing they had to say.

Ya, every word, every song, every story you strung along;  
Every pun, every joke, every sly (and slow) little poke;  
Every stomp, every dig, every wild and dancin' jig;  
Every riff, every slide, every rockin' rollin' ride.  
Yah, they were fine red shoes  
And they had so much to say.

## No Spring Chicken

*When I recorded my first CD, I played a gig at a Toronto bar, and was lucky enough to have a radio interview about the event. I spoke with the show host over the telephone, and I guess she assumed that because it was a first recording, I must be extremely young. When I entered the radio studio, she lost control of her thoughts and right out loud said, "Well, you're no spring chicken". I got over the shock and later wrote this song. The aforementioned Eddie Baltimore plays guitar.*

"You're no spring chicken," that's the first thing that she said.  
'No spring chicken' – it was a hard right to my head.  
But like all the things I cannot change,  
I found a way to rearrange,  
I took it – and I wrote another song.

'You're no spring chicken' – that's always nice to hear,  
'No spring chicken'; that's music to my ear (I'm kiddin'  
about that)  
I wasn't born just yesterday,  
But I was shocked to hear her say  
Those hurtin' words – but now they're in my song.

I'll take it – what else can I do?  
I'll take it – and force another point of view.

'You're no spring chicken', well what's wrong with her eyes?  
'No spring chicken'!!, I don't try to disguise  
All the years under my belt  
But still, I haven't ever felt  
That I'm too old to write a goddamn song.

'You're no spring chicken', well, it's plain she didn't see  
The real spring chicken that lives inside of me.  
And though she threw me quite a curve  
That I'm sure I don't deserve,  
I'll take it, 'cause I know I've got my song.

(spoken) Yah, honey, I have got it,  
And you're gonna find it in my very own,  
Personalized-hard-to-copy-you're-never-gonna-get-that-  
from-book-learnin' song.



S. Payne

**Saucy spring chicken (photo by mum), left,  
and mellow, mature mama, right.**

## I Want You *I think this speaks for itself.*

Deep in my memory, the way you looked at me,  
Is haunting my mind.  
The way you talked and smiled, the laughing as we whiled  
Away the time.  
I feel you here with me; how is it we can be  
In worlds so far apart, when you are in my heart?  
I want you... I want you.

What is it that can turn a heart, and make it burn  
Without a word?  
What made me fall into this place of needing you  
As it occurred?  
What makes a soul conspire – to start a raging fire,  
What is this force unknown, that causes me to moan:  
I want you... I want you.

Something between us – a similar dream;  
Started a swirling – that's pulling me – into a stream.  
Sometimes you never know, how things are going to go  
You're unaware.  
I'd seen it all and more; I wasn't looking for  
Someone to care.  
But there's a part inside, that will no longer hide;  
It is a mystery, but it is paining me.  
I want you... I want you.

## Huis Clos/No Exit

*Yes, I read Sartre, and many years later, in Quebec city,  
I wrote this*

Dans la nuit longue, on n'a rien que les pensées noires,  
N'y a aucune chose qu'on peut faire;  
Profondeur grave, la peur de perdre tout ce qu'on a;  
N'y a aucune chose qu'on peut faire.

Seulement le temps vide comme compagnon,  
En se moquant de toi en ton prison;  
Chaque question n'a que la réponse, 'non';  
N' y a aucune chose qu'on peut faire.

Rien qui bouge, rien qui vient pour te transporter,  
N' y a aucune chose qu'on peut faire;  
Si on aurait une échappe de ce desespoir,...  
Mais, aucune chose qu'on peut faire.

On crie pour la couleur que l'on n'a plus;  
On crie pour l'amitié qu'on avait eu;  
On crie d'avoir perdu l'esprit de Dieu;  
Il n'y a aucune chose qu'on peut faire.

In the night time, when your thoughts are surrounding you,  
And there's nothing you can do.  
Deep inside you're... losin' all that you ever had,  
And there's nothing you can do.

Time is a crime that you are paying for,  
Mocking and locking you up more and more,  
You're in a room that hasn't got a door,  
And there's nothing you can do.

Nothing calls you, nothing takes you away from there,  
And there's nothing you can do.  
In your darkness, you can call out for mercy, but  
There is nothing you can do.

Call out for colour, but the room is bare,  
Call out for laughter, but no one can share,  
Call out for spirit, there is none that's there;  
There is nothing you can do.



## L'étheramour

*I wrote this song in March, 2004. I had been thinking about the secret and sacred space within each of us, to which, if we're lucky, we can escape, and experience love. This fragile love, our inner dream/reality, is like ether, and connects all life, if we will access it.*

*A couple of months later, when Eddie was dying, and I was giving him massage treatments, he suggested that I record something in his studio about this same "energy" or 'hooga booga', as I always call it. He went to his inner space with the treatments and it eased his discomfort; he thought I should expand on, and sing about it. I told him of this song, and he wanted to work on the project with me, but time ran out.*

*I don't know why I wrote it in French, but I did, then translated it. That, and remembering that life should be fun, not to mention Eddie's love of N'awlins, decided the style to be Louisiana zydeco.*

Sourire secret; espoir muet,  
Murmure du coeur fragile.  
Idée qui va vers l'au-delà,  
Espace caché, tranquille.  
Rêve doux, fuyant –  
approfondissement  
Du fantôme tout autour;  
Sensible si peu, à part pour ceux  
Qui prisent l'étheramour.

Passé, futur: ils font le mur  
Autour du maintenant;  
Mais dans les airs:  
Douceur si rare,  
Qui vient de temps en temps.  
Amitiés – qui sont données;  
Le bon du monde toujours;  
La source du feu, si bien l'on veut  
Le vrai étheramour.



Photo: Amanda Rowe

A smile inside, the hope you hide;  
The fragile heart can't speak.  
But flies in thought, to wait atop  
A quiet, hidden peak.  
Where dancing dreams, and searching seems  
To bring a vision of  
The fleeting ghost, unknown to most:  
The living etherlove.

There is a wall around us all  
Marking our time so slow;  
But in the air, something so rare,  
From time to time we know;  
In heartspace sweet, when true souls meet,  
And friendships soar above;  
To find the source, to choose the course,  
That leads to etherlove.

## Rats and Welfare

*I have a very healthy cynical side that is fed by corporate takeovers and mindless consumer 'reality'. Jonathan Amilay made a great animated film of this tune. Denis Keldie and Eddie Baltimore interpreted the music brilliantly.*

Rats and welfare; that's your new share  
No, it's not fair,  
But it's the all-new reality show.

You must pay more, gut your poor core;  
There's no exit door  
On the all-new reality show.

Car insurance makes a profit like you've never seen;  
Likewise banks – they're doin' fine. Don't it make you green?  
They don't care about your problems, long as profits rise;  
This is how the system works. Open up your eyes.

Rats and welfare;  
big shots don't care.  
That's how they dare  
On the all-new reality show.

So you can't drive; stop  
with your jive.  
Let the strong thrive;  
It's an all-new reality show.

CEO's get payouts that could feed us all for years;  
Gas goes up, our health goes down; why not save your tears?  
All the big guns love things just exactly as they are;  
You'll be dead soon anyway, while they are going far.

Rats and welfare; cupboards all bare.  
Sit and just stare;  
Here's the all-new reality show.

Boy, does this stink; that's what I think.  
And we'll soon sink  
On this all-new reality show.



## Amanda

*A friend told me about lover-doubts she had,  
and this song just came out.*

I keep tryin', but I end up cryin'  
You keep yourself so far from me;  
You're beside me, but a voice inside me  
Tells me you're not all that you claim to be.  
Why do your words just make  
Me suspicious that you fake  
The answers to all my questions.

Am I spiteful that you're so insightful;  
I think your gentleness a clever cover.  
Is my hopin' that you will be open,  
My own blindness to a perfect lover?  
Why do I feel that I  
Never know if you lie,  
Even though you say that you love me.

You dream of me ... you say we will be  
Together ... all of our lives (I don't believe you).  
You kiss me sweet ... you say I will complete  
Forever ... our souls' deepest drives (I don't believe you).

Is it true, can I believe in you?  
When you tell me where you might be goin'?  
Words are easy, but my stomach's queasy,  
I can't figure why my fears keep growin'.  
Everyone says you're great  
Why do I hesitate?  
I can't feel ... your loving.  
I remain... Amanda.  
(I don't believe you.)

## If You Lie To Me

*Enough said*

If you lie to me, listen darlin',  
If you lie to me, you're a fool;  
I won't stick around for that kind of trashin'  
If you lie to me, you'll find life can be cruel.

If you make up reasons why you can't see me;  
If you think you're cool and that I don't catch on  
If you tell me stories to deceive me,  
Then you better know that I'm as good as gone.

Maybe you've had other women who haven't  
been around;  
Maybe you think cause I love you like I do,  
That I'll be some kinda slave that you can put down  
I'll be a slave for love, but never to you.

So if you have to have another woman,  
And you think it's easy and fun to cheat;  
You can have your lovers and your freedom,  
I will never stop you walkin' down that street.

I'm not the kind of woman who stands by the wrong man;  
I'm not the kind who loves no matter what;  
Time is way too short, and I need a strong man;  
So if you think your life is in some kinda rut,

Then go on baby, go on, be free, have it all;  
If you lie, it's over, I won't regret;  
Lynin' love is nothin' but a bad wind blowin'  
I'll forgive, and even faster, I'll forget.

## Billy-jo *The story of a dysfunctional heart, and how it just boogies on.*

Billy-jo was a southern girl; she lived in a delta town;  
She grew up feelin' all alone – her mamma and daddy  
never home.  
The boys all liked to take her out, but she never found  
That they could heal her wounded heart  
That fluttered to the ground.

Fluttered to the ground, fluttered to the ground;  
Dancing with each shifting breeze,  
It fluttered to the ground.

Sometimes she was lonely, sometimes she was blue;  
Sometimes she pretended, but deep inside she knew;  
If someone was gettin' hurt, it was always true  
It would be her damaged heart  
That fluttered to the ground.

The boys all liked to be with her, and they took her places;  
But her feelings stayed inside, there were never any traces.  
And she could be anything; she had many faces;  
They never saw her painin' heart  
That fluttered to the ground.

More than once they said to her:  
"You deserve much more than that."  
Then they always left it to  
Some other lovin' cat.

Through the years they came around, some old and some  
were new;  
Into her sweet lovin' arms, because her heart was true.  
They could love, but still, no matter what they tried to do,  
She would feel her fragile heart  
That fluttered to the ground.

Dancin', she was dancin',  
It would flutter to the ground.  
Dancin', and she'd feel her heart  
Floating free, and drifting down,  
It fluttered to the ground.

## Save my Soul ...please.

*Recorded and released in 1998. And again I say...*

I'm cryin',  
I'm cryin', baby, 'cause I don't know what to do.  
I need your sweet, sweet lovin'  
Before I break in two.

Don't leave me.  
Don't leave me, baby, like you say you're goin' to do.  
Can't you see I'm beggin'  
Can't you see that I need you.

Well, I know I've been crazy.  
I know I should have loved you more.  
But honey, don't be angry,  
We can make it like before.

Because I love you.  
I love you, baby, right down into my soul.  
Just give a little bit of lovin'  
You know you're gonna make me whole.

I need your sweet, sweet lovin, c'mon and save my soul.  
Oh honey, don't be angry – c'mon and make some rock  
and roll.



## My Dreaming Life

All the children never born;  
All the lovers – hearts still torn;  
All the magic getting worn,  
But still, I hear a song.

Trumpeting majestic sights;  
Mellowing the lonely nights;  
Calling me to distant heights  
And leading me along.

Great emotions never spent;  
Countless hopes and wishes rent;  
All the good intentions meant  
To write a worthy song.

If I die before I wake;  
I pray my soul will somehow make  
The flame of light I need to take  
My dreaming life back home.

Like a wind that chills the bone,  
I will see this life alone,  
Following the endless moan  
And fashioning the wails

Of the sounds of peoples' cries;  
Saving grace and damning lies;  
Blowing as the waters rise,  
And billowing the sails.

Singing every note I hear;  
Hoping people will draw near;  
Trying to abate the fear,  
Lessening the cold.

Making melodies that fly;  
Calm the heart and dry the eye;  
Swinging low and flying high,  
And strengthening the hold.



Richard Peadrey

CD produced by Zoe Chilco  
Package design by Zoe Chilco  
Art production and tea by Goodness Graphics

# BLUES BOULEVARD

## Recording Sessions/Personnel

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June 25, 2005

- ◆ **Cold**
- ◆ **Basement Blues**
- ◆ **Huis Clos/No Exit**
- ◆ **L'etheramour**
- ◆ **If You Lie to Me**

Jason Agouris, piano, accordion, organ  
Wally Brooker, saxophone  
Paul Chilco, guitar  
Michael Clifton, drums  
Gord Russell, bass  
Studio 92: Norm Barker, engineer

June 2005

- ◆ **Amanda**
- ◆ **Billy-Jo**

Julian Yarrow, piano  
Studio 92, Norm Barker, engineer

May 28, 2005

- ◆ **I Want You**

Paul McKeracher, guitars/bass  
Dumbarton Studios; P. McKeracher, engineer

October 7, 2004

- ◆ **My Man is Special (2)** *(same as Take 1)*

September 8, 2004:

- ◆ **Red Shoes Blues**

Bruce Longman, guitars/bass  
Eugene Brodsky, engineer

May, 2004

- ◆ **Rats & Welfare**

Eddie Baltimore, guitar  
Denis Keldie, piano/bass/accordion  
Eddie Hutchison (Baltimore), engineer

March 5, 2004

- ◆ **No Spring Chicken**

Eddie Baltimore, guitars  
Eddie Hutchison (Baltimore), engineer

May, 1998

- ◆ **Save My Soul**

Victor Bateman, bass  
Wally Brooker, saxophone  
Maureen Brown, drums  
Bill Westcott, piano  
Chris Whiteley, trumpet/harp/guitar  
Dan Whiteley, guitar  
Studio 92; Norm Barker, engineer

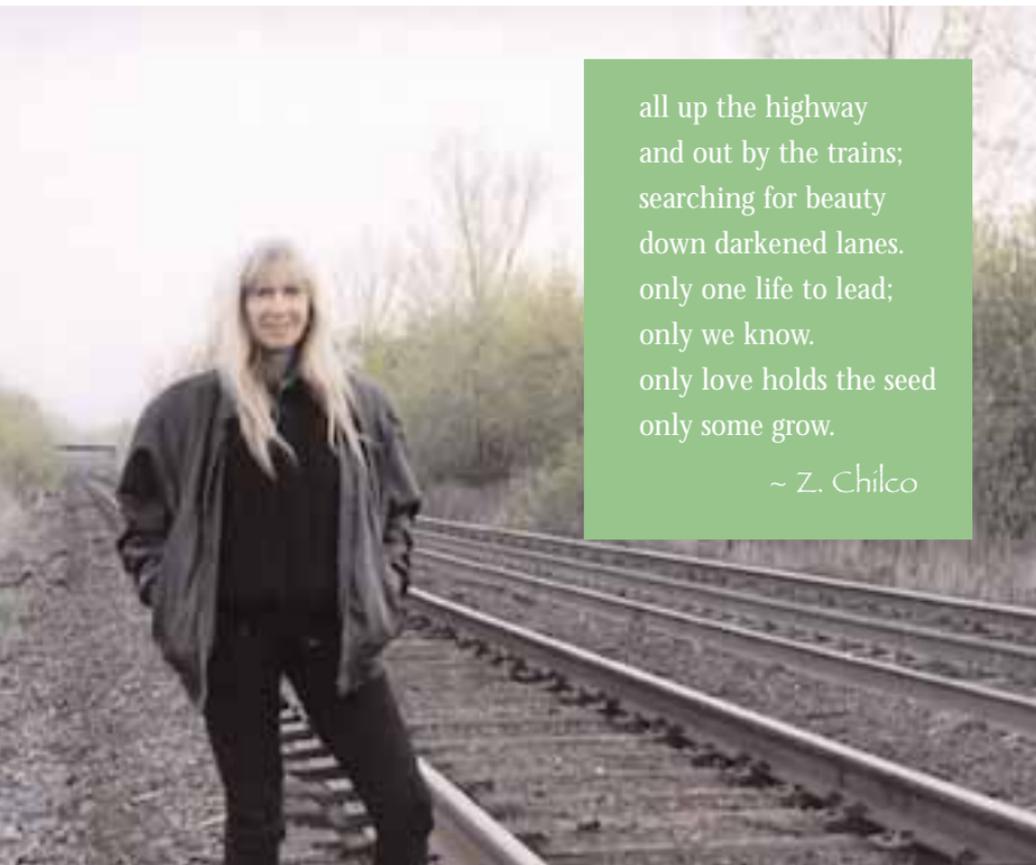
May, 1995

- ◆ **My Dreaming Life**

Lakeside Studios; Sue Grieves, engineer

**Music, lyrics & vocals: Zoe Chilco**

except Red Shoes Blues:  
lyrics by Patricia Ormsby & Zoe Chilco



all up the highway  
and out by the trains;  
searching for beauty  
down darkened lanes.  
only one life to lead;  
only we know.  
only love holds the seed  
only some grow.

~ Z. Chilco