

# LJ:BOOTH the ox that pulls the cart



## RESTLESS FIELD

Out in a clover field, through each moon rising  
There is a sapling tree, improvising  
The wind pulls like a thief  
At every trembling leaf

**Love take me now**

**Come hold me now**

**And carry me over this restless field**

**Love take me now**

**Move through me now**

**And raise me up, over this restless field**

Beneath the moon's full face  
That field.....a lace gown  
I spread a blanket out  
You let your hair down  
And the wind pulled like a thief  
At every trembling leaf

Chorus

In time, that Maple tree that grows between us  
May run a springtime sap that recalls this sweetness  
And high above the ground  
Will spread that moonlit crown

Chorus

## CLUTTER

My father warned me with his tongue  
But back then I was too young  
He said that when you're grown it's true  
What you think you own, owns you

**I could blame it on another  
Like say, an overbearing mother  
But the fact about the matter  
Is it's all my clutter**

So now as the conservator  
Of ball bearings in an attic drawer  
Rolling 'round inside my head  
Like all the things I never said

Chorus

Dying doesn't take much time  
It's one last breath and one flat line  
What will really tick the time away  
Is going through the things you save

So, early comes the auctioneer  
He says, "What's my bid for this box here?"

We all answer to his siren song  
Until we're going, going, gone

Chorus

## HOLD ON!

I counted seven full seconds  
From the flash until the sound  
And that's five seconds less than the last one  
This baby is really covering ground

For now, up on this ridge  
That sound is just a seven mile bridge  
But it won't be long, I know  
Until every window shakes with each pound

**Grab your woman, grab your man  
Grab as many kids as you can  
And hold on, because the wind is going to blow**

I remember a Robbie Burns line  
How a big thundercloud  
Looks a lot like an angry man's gathering brow

So Mister Burns, could you explain  
Why these bucket of rain  
Always seem to follow the fury?  
For crying out loud!

Chorus

Somewhere back along the line  
Someone must have lost a pine  
All the smells of what has been  
Are riding this first gust of wind

And oh, I know, night sky is rolling with the sound  
And oh, I know, won't be long until it's

shaking in the ground

An old guy, up the road here  
Told a great lie, last fall  
Of how many years back, one hell of a squall

Stretched out all the telephone lines  
So far and so fine  
That just phoning next door  
Was a long distance call

Chorus

## WESTERN RIDGE

This is where the trail just disappears  
This is where their story ends  
No one knows where they went from here

But I remember when they drank a toast  
To a route that no one else had tried

**Working up along the western ridge  
Where the watershed divides**

**Way up there, they found their  
Place in the sky**

Around the fire, we told the tale  
Of how they'd cut it close before  
Wandered lost after the avalanche  
And stumbled back to camp at dawn

But now it's been too long to hold out hope  
The glacier ice can echo deep  
I thought I felt a tug along the rope  
And it pulled me from my sleep

Chorus

The air is clear and the ice is blue  
You can see from down below  
Curling out over the eastern side  
Is a silent plume of snow

Chorus

## CHANGING SKY

He was a real good picker, in a tiny town  
Folks would come from miles around

# LJ:BOOTH *the ox that pulls the cart*



But he felt like he was run aground  
When he asked "What if"?

She said, "You will never know  
If you never up and go  
Out there on the open road  
Headed south southwest

**Raise your sail up high, it's a changing sky  
And only a fool, my friend  
Would waste a good strong wind"**

This was not the first time they  
Had followed different ways  
It was two years to the day  
Since she had been the one

Moving to the city streets  
To finish her design degree  
And when they parted company  
He said "make a run, and....

Chorus

I was just a family friend, living down in  
Texas then  
When he drove down to Austin town  
I found it hard to comprehend  
Where they found the strength to bend  
It makes me smile when I see them now

Maybe as your destiny  
You stayed to raise a family  
Or earned yourself a PHD  
And held the urge to roam

What matters most, it seems to me  
Is really just to what degree  
That your heart feels free  
When you come back home

Chorus

## THE OX THAT PULLS THE CART

Right up where the plains meet the  
foothills  
Of the Himalaya range  
Where the dusty riverbeds waited  
For the monsoon rain

In the field, behind a cow  
The farmer rides a plow  
Barefoot on a wooden blade  
Sweet as the sandal wood  
Are these memories of a childhood  
I would never trade

They offered us their food and their  
shelter  
Honored if we'd stay  
Though we could see the scant provisions  
It was the village way

And oh, the depth of dignity  
Amid the scarcity and the struggle just  
to live  
I will not deny, I am still humbled by  
Their capacity to give

**Often it's been my fate  
To underestimate, the ox that pulls the cart  
The open hand  
Of the humble heart**

You could see the queen's mailboxes  
Shipped from Liverpool  
Standing with their red crowns shining  
Left from British rule

How could this simple nation  
Half crippled with starvation  
Overthrow this superpower?  
And would that question be  
Replayed atop the embassy  
In Saigon's final hour?

Often it's been our fate  
To underestimate, the ox that pulls the cart  
The iron will  
Of the humble heart

This morning, he's out there on his tractor  
The sky is blue and clear  
While on the other corner of this forty  
There are others planting here

I came driving by, this morn  
Saw their gardens, saw his corn  
And their straw hats in the sun  
My childhood flashed through my head  
Like rain in a dusty riverbed  
From this simple thing he's done

**Often it's been my fate  
To underestimate, the ox that pulls the cart  
The open hand  
Of the humble heart**

## WHERE THE MUSIC TAKES ME

We both knew it was time for leaving  
My father asked me, "son, what's your  
plan?"

He was thinking straight and narrow  
While I was thinking, distant lands

"There's something pulling me, it's really  
pulling me  
to play flute music, out in the street"

He said, "son, do you play the flute?"  
"No, but neither can I  
Turn a deaf ear to this dream"

**You know, I'll go anywhere  
That the music takes me**

I ducked into this downtown nightclub  
On my way back home from the lumber-  
yard  
By the bar, the band was cooking  
At the bus stop it was raining hard

The way the bass man could  
Slap his right hand  
Pulled my backbone out on the dance  
floor

And every time I shook my head  
You could see the sawdust fly

Chorus

So here I am in early morning  
Total darkness, stumbling from my bed  
There was no alarm clock ringing  
Just this funky riff, inside my head

Who knows what pulls me here  
To my writing chair, without warning  
Three in the morning?

But I could never sing this line  
If I had a deaf ear for this dream

Chorus

# LJ:BOOTH the ox that pulls the cart



## EBBA

Walked down to the garden on mother's day

As I watered the planted rows  
My heart seeped under the surface  
Down to the seed's below

In the dark of the tender shoots  
What reaches out, reaches in  
For every seed holds the memory  
Of every life it has been

**Will you hold me?  
Will you hold me so close?  
In the darkness  
Will you hold me?**

Some said you went off the deep end  
I only knew you were gone  
And sometimes that three year old  
Stands in my shoes  
Holding his arms out long

For the sound of your beating heart  
For the warmth of your skin  
For every seed holds the memory  
Of every life it has been

Chorus

I squinted my eyes to decipher the pages  
Of your schizophrenic code  
For that shoebox of twenty page letters  
Was the one part of you I could hold

The dry seed still longs for connection  
No matter how bitter the drought  
Sometimes love is just courage in motion  
The pen in your hand reaching out

**I will hold you  
I will hold you so close  
In the darkness  
I will hold you**

When nightfall feels like the tension  
Of deep blues pulled into black  
And when silence sounds more like the echoes  
That never quite made it back

I'll remember your courage in motion  
And that part of you beating in me  
For every seed is a messenger  
To every life it will be

And when you hold me  
When you hold me this close  
In the darkness  
I will hold you

## RISE UP SINGING

In the deepest well of sorrow  
In the silent heart of darkness  
In the numbing cold

You will find a family album  
That holds all the ghostly figures  
Of a story untold

**Gunna rise, gunna rise up singing  
Gunna raise the bucket from down in the well  
And I feel like I'm just beginning  
'Cause I made that choice, to raise that voice  
And that bucket's gunna rise  
Rise up singing**

Like a bell without a clapper  
With no story, no reprieve  
This is where I hear the pounding  
Of my pulse against my sleeve

Chorus

In this silence is a mystery  
Three monkeys with no face  
Are there voices in our history  
Vanished with no trace?

Deep and dark, beneath the surface  
Shrouded with encryption  
Blind and pacified

Will we wonder why there's hatred  
If the truth is truly sacred  
And no longer classified?

Chorus

## BOX ELDER

The Federal Express man was down on the driveway  
Out of his step van, cursing your name  
It wasn't the first time you changed his side mirror  
Into a mirror-less frame

**And though I know you are guilty of nothing  
Except for a strong will to live in the light  
You throw your seeds on the wind, like a thistle  
Good night Box Elder, good night**

I sat down in town at the bar full of elbows  
And a man from the county told me,  
"Time and again,  
When you try to cut one, like the heads of the Hydra,

They grow back in a power of ten"

Chorus

And that man told me  
That from your tree  
They formed the cross on Calvary  
When the people cried, "crucify"  
And Pilate washed his hands

A cloud of blue smoke will rise in the morning  
The engine will sputter and the chain, it will spin  
But here at my window, tonight it is quiet  
Except for your leaves in the wind.

Chorus

---

LJ:GUITAR AND VOCAL  
MATT BUCHMAN:PIANO  
MATT TURNER:CELLO  
MARY GAINES:HARMONY  
CHRIS WAGONER:HARMON