

Mp3 The Denim Dirt Farmers - Work Week



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Some tongue twisting yet witty wording over an eclectic mix of sounds with an underlying tone of folk and bluegrass 71 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Bluegrass, COUNTRY: Country Folk Details: In the summer of 2003, while at work (the paying job), Jeff Anderson, of The Denim Dirt Farmers, wrote a song a day for fourteen weeks. These are the results. It is up to you to decide if he was successful or not... This box set contains 5 CDs of all new Dirt Farmers' songs plus a downloadable lyric booklet CD. A total of 6 CDs for an amazingly low price!!!!!!!!!! "Jethro Jones" featuring vocalist Steve Vice These are the last days of Jethro Jones Before he's laid down and turns to bones Before his bones turn to dust And his coffin hinges rot with rust Jethro woke wide-eyed like the day before None the wiser; richer or poorer He went to the diner down the way Ate his breakfast there everyday He ate the usual eggs with white bread toast Never ordered the special like most folks Drank a cup of coffee without sugar or cream An ordinary man or so it would seem These are the last days of Jethro Jones Before he's laid down and turns to bones Before his bones turn to dust And his coffin hinges rot with rust That afternoon was like any other Though a storm was rollin in and the sun cloud covered A whoosh of wind something was on the brew Suddenly the clouds parted and the sun shone through Eight hours of meaningless mindless work Jethro was a no account accounting clerk Numbers and figures nearly always the same The only thing different was the amount of the change These are the last days of Jethro Jones Before he's laid down and turns to bones Before his bones turn to dust And his coffin hinges rot with rust He was sittin in a bar that Saturday night Not particularly looking for a fight He walked out the door at eleven o'clock Just as Sam Style's gun was cocked He got home never to know what had happened At the saloon but soon took a nap and Never did wake from his sleep Died right in the middle of an exciting dream These are the last days of Jethro Jones Before he's laid down and turns to bones Before his bones turn to dust And his coffin hinges rot with rust

"A Dry Martini (To Whet My Whistle)" instrumental "A Drop in the Bucket" Summers been like the Sahara
But we weren't aware of Our well going dry til the last drop Ten years ago I gave up shaving So don't
mind now bout not bathing But am concerned about the kids and crops Sometimes we complain When it
rains Other than that we never worry bout water Until it's not there Or when we don't get our share Most
troubles float by and barely bother So we tried a time tested method from the ages Went to the Yellow
Pages Looked up: Dowser Called the woman's number in the ad Said it all added up the weathers been
bad Probably why your well soured I don't doubt the dowser She's got the power That allows her To find
where water lays But we drank our fill it seems Now the water tables been cleaned And Nature's waiter's
waitin to be paid But no water was to be found Things dried and died and cracked the ground Then finally
the rains came A season suffered but we learned a lesson To accept and count our blessings And not
judge Nature or blame "Toast" I haven't been a sheep But then haven't been a wolf So what you call a sin
I've often mistook But like any prisoner Life's sentence on death row Gives some last words So I'll say em
before I go Hope the devil don't know that I've died Til half an hour after I've gotten to the other side
According to the preacher The devil knows me right now Says I should change my ways Take up the
plow Don't know what I'd grow Maybe grapes for makin wine Bottled and aged To give this toast in due
time Hope the devil don't know that I've died Til half an hour after I've gotten to the other side Someday
something will be left Standing silently alone Said that I'd been here Twill be my tombstone More than the
birth and death Chiseled on it's face Words I have often spoke Waiting for this day Hope the devil don't
know that I've died Til half an hour after I've gotten to the other side "Run From the Devil" I'll run from the
devil catch me if he can For all eternity be on the lam I took a bet lost more than my shirt I'm worth less
than my deathbed's dirt I thought I held the winning hand But what the devil had was already planned
One-eyed jacks wild I wagered my soul What is the chance fate's in control Run from the devil catch me if
he can For all eternity be on the lam Ran into him again in Mexico He said, "Hola amigo" I said, "That ain't
so" He bought me lots of drinks so I said, "Thanks" Next thing I remember I was robbing banks Just when
you think it's time to raise stead of fold You find it's not chance, fate's in control Run from the devil catch
me if he can For all eternity be on the lam I hightailed it back to the States left the devil behind Goin
gambling in Reno was all on my mind I lost big at craps so left town Now I got a sheriff as well tryin to
track me down Just when you think your luck's on a roll It doesn't stand a chance with fate in control Run
from the devil catch me if he can For all eternity be on the lam But death's bed soon said, "Come and

sleep Like love or life you can't hope to keep" So now realizing it's almost time I say to you to pay some mind So now realizing it's almost time I say to you to pay some mind That you can run from the devil but gotta pay the toll Cause free will doesn't exist if fate's in control "Preacher" Preacher was the dog that minded the sheep Ever always watchful he even counted em in his sleep He was not there to take care of their needs But to show them the straight and narrow- take the lead Everyday by way of barking what he knew He'd start or stop the flock and show them what to do But he wasn't barking orders more like guiding the meek With the words that he heard his master speak His bark was like a bell Pealing as to tell The flock not to get lost along the way Stay away from the wolf Follow the rules of the book Or on your forgetfulness he will surely prey Now if you wonder how this all began One day Preacher came upon a lost lamb Upon a rock they stood to see the flock so it's told Soon the lamb was back in the fold His bark was like a bell Pealing as to tell The flock not to get lost along the way Stay away from the wolf Follow the rules of the book Or on your forgetfulness he will surely prey Then came the day Preacher laid down for the last From sheep herding dreams to pastures of green he passed Now he runs as much as he wants in grass filled fields And of sheep or tasks to keep Preacher has nil His bark is like a bell Pealing as to tell All on high it wasn't a lie but the way And he pants amen And another again Under his breath he says, "For all sheep I pray" "Lovin Whiskey" I know how crazy I am when in love Feels as if heavens come down from above But a bit's too small I gotta have it all Cause I know how crazy I am when in love Now she was more allure than she was shove Was never pushed but couldn't get enough Before drunk had sunk in I just jumped in Cause she was more allure than she was shove Cause you see with whiskey I've fallen in love It just is and that's how it was But whiskey only likes me But with whiskey I am in love I hung around the bars with the boys The first appeal was women then the noise I'd drink shots and make toasts And drank more than most folks When I hung around the bars with the boys Yet I was a boy barely a teen When I on whiskey began to wean That was twenty years ago But my love still grows Since I was a boy barely a teen Cause you see with whiskey I've fallen in love It just is and that's how it was But whiskey only likes me But with whiskey I am in love I've fallen fast but love her much More than just a boyhood crush Now I drink her by the bottle So open wide the throttle Cause I've fallen fast but love her much So when they lay me in my wooden box bed Leave a shot by my feet or head You never know her love may make Me get up and wake When they lay me in my wooden box bed Cause you see with whiskey I've fallen in love It just is and that's how it was But whiskey only likes me But with whiskey I am in love

"Funeral for a Child" The cars of course Followed the hearse I just happened to be walking by Slow at a coast It was longer than most A well lit lighted line They went to the cemetery That was right near me And opened the hearse's tail gate They pulled out the coffin And it's not that often I stare with my mouth agape But I've never seen a funeral before for a child And for crying out loud I've never seen at all A coffin so small I've never seen a coffin Oh so small Everything was black except The roses on the casket Two pall bearers seemed one too many A child has no faults The mourners were all adults Too young to be missed by friends if any Then it started to rain To myself I was sayin If it was a her or a him For all I saw was a wooden shell With no way to tell But either such a loss seems a sin I never found out What happened to that child But for cryin out loud I've never seen at all A coffin so small I've never seen a coffin Oh so small The grave was six feet deep but three feet long or thereabouts But for cryin out loud I've never seen at all A coffin so small I've never seen a coffin Oh so small "Death's Train" All aboard Death's train All souls all aboard Suddenly sitting in a dining car with a glass of wine I was reading a newspaper named the My Times Front page headlines bold print: IT'S A BOY Photo of my parents and their bundle of joy Paged to the section Just for Kids Read all about what youthful things I did The Local showed photos of graduation Shaking hands in the grand stand, "What plans now son" All aboard Death's train All souls all aboard Travel had me hoboin half the world around But Home Gardens found me all but settled down The Social section said, "A wedding's announced A beautiful bouncing bride to a bearded no account" Arts Leisure showed a better side of me Playin lots of music and makin CDs I reckon the Sports section had no tales to tell But Business reports working for the US Mail All aboard Death's train All souls all aboard I didn't want to read more about me so skipped the obits Turned to the last page with the comic strips There was Death standing on a stage telling jokes about life Silence...then he said, "Did someone kill the mic?" "Miner Chords" instrumental "Asses and Ashes" I left town in a hurry Heard they were to get me To take me to jail I was hoping not to have it So I ran like a rabbit With hounds hot on my trail I didn't do what they say I done I don't even own a gun Of this crime this I in time certainly will mend But for now to my pursuers I will make a verbal salute, "Kiss my... Ashville's just around the bend" I'm runnin for my life Wonderin how my wife Is gonna take care of all the bills It's the bank that owns our land So they have the upper hand When I went and headed for the hills So they say that was motive That I surely knowed it But I tell ya a bank teller I'd never kill I'll say that and this to my accusers I surely will, "Kiss my... Asheville's over the next hill" There I'll hook up with my friends And they'll help me to blend In

and live without fear And make an honest living While saving but also giving Money to my wife to take care And in due time it'll take For me to make Enough to get her by my side perhaps a year But when she's leaving town I hope she tells some folks, "Kiss my... Asheville's not far from here" "Fowl Play" featuring vocalist Linda Croce "Cutting the Rug Rag" instrumental I'm a common barnyard hen Walk with a strut Talk with a cluck Kickin over leaves Lookin for feed Was it me First or the egg Another day always the same thing again Walk with a strut Talk with a cluck Kickin over leaves Lookin for feed Take a look at me I got good looking legs Need to stop eatin- diet and thin Kickin over leaves Lookin for feed Fence not for hawks Doesn't stop the fox I'm a fat hen Keeps me from getting away I'm a common barnyard hen Walk with a strut Talk with a cluck Kickin over leaves Lookin for feed Guinea Fowls for friends Might be the oven In the end "Saturday Sadness" It saddens me to see sadness in your eyes And I think I know I'm to blame And though I have but really haven't tried Like an old dog my new trick isn't change It's understood that I don't understand How to be your sweet lovin man It's not that you don't to me mean everything I want nothing more than you But when it comes to love perhaps I'm just green In the meantime I'm makin you blue But it's understood that I don't understand How to be your sweet ever lovin man Turn the page or leaf through my book of life Perhaps more like the local paper always sad news But don't feel bad that you are my wife I see myself somewhere else but you're there too Yet it's understood that I don't understand How to be your sweet ever lovin man So you see I need and want you here You my woman me your man Together me and you lets face the years One step at a time hand in hand So I hope it's understood that I understand And want to be your sweet lovin man Yes I hope it's understood that I understand And want to be your sweet lovin man "Raising" The hayloft was filled to the hilt It'd been a dry season with everything in wilt The lightening crack like a starting cannon And that's when that fire began and Lightening didn't need to strike twice For a neighboring farmer to pay the price Of having nothing much but ash then a barn And could do nothing but watch it burn At last the last flame did die And as the sun began to rise Came folks from down the road near and far To help raise that razed barn They'll having leant their skills and labors So when this day is through They'll've raised a new Barn for a neighbor It's like raising a family One would have to agree All help whether with a stew; saw or shovel The carpenters and cooks And everyone has a look To see that the kids keep out of trouble Cause they'll having leant their skills and labors So when this day is through They'll've raised a new Barn for a neighbor Now as the night nears The helpful crowd starts to clear Gathering their things and kids Looking back with

a smile at what they did And the farmer thinks not of his lose But of the blessed barn gained at not cost
Yet knows his skills will be used not on demand Someday when a neighbor in need will need a helping
hand Then he'll lend his skills and labors And when that day is through He'll have raised a new Barn for a
neighbor "Hook; Line and Sinker" I'm starin at you as if headlights caught a deer Because you're the best
looking gal in here So can I offer you another drink or Have you already taken hook; line and sinker Italian
opera and Frank Sinatra I'm very fond But I wouldn't talk down to you just cause you're a blond So tell me
what do you think or Have you already taken the hook; line and sinker Bartender asks the moose, "Why
the long face?" Your name must be Eve and I'm the snake Hello? You haven't even blinked or Have you
already taken the hook; line and sinker I'd love to kiss the rose petals of your lips And drink from the
fountain from whence your passion drips Has my talk of amora in your armor made a chink or Have you
already taken the hook; line and sinker "Nothing to Say" I led my life Or it led me Either way I got nothing
to say Last chance to speak May you rest in peace The death rattle quakes I got nothing to say Life
flashed past Birth to old age I remember the days I got nothing to say I did what I done And done what I
did Lived life's play I got nothing to say No silent scream Or tear to tell It's just my way I got nothing to say
I sinned and I think I sold my soul It's judgment say I got nothing to say "A Simple Circle" Before the first
fall of snow We go and collect stone Put one on top of the other for it's A wall in the forest Make a circle
reminding us of everything Like a phoenix from the ashes as life eternal springs The fire ring we're
building will keep flames where it should The stones won't burn that's up to the wood When the weather's
not too hot We come back to that spot Look for wood on the ground That the wind has brought down
Gather what we can and put it in a pile But leave it for a bit let it dry for awhile Cracking the kindling
snapping the twigs Breaking branches and have a saw for those too big When there's a chill in the air And
all the trees are bare We'll be seen with tents and lean-tos At the ring preparing food Letting wine breath
in day's fading light We'll light the fire and brighten the night A circle of friends round a circle of stones It
serves as a hearth cause goin to the woods is goin home This fire ring we built keeps flames where it
should The stones won't burn that's up to the wood Also appearing vocally on the CDs are Jeremy Myers
on "Pennies for Thoughts"; Bill Polito on "Time Doesn't Wait"; Patty Huerta on "Making Up"; Allison Myers
on "Hope's Chest"; Doug Anderson on "Weather or Not"; Linda Croce on "Soap Opera" and Doug Kays
on "Labor of Love" Thanks to everyone...Hope you enjoy the tunes and lyrics- please feel free to make
any comments to me Jeff Anderson at: denimdirtyfarmers@hotmail.com or snail mail to 103 Woodland Ave New

Cumberland PA 17070-2060 USA Also, if interested, check out The Denim Dirt Farmers' other CDs on CD Baby: cdbaby.com/denimdirty and cdbaby.com/denimdirty2 all rights reserved both c p by Jeffrey Lee Anderson 2004

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