

# Blackgrass Lyrics

## **Back Home** (Scott Sinner)

Got you 10 friends and an untraveled road,  
Six tractor tires to keep you from the cold,  
Its as good a place as any to drink yourself blind,  
Now we're lying on tires in pairs oh my.

Standing on the roof with the city in your eyes,  
Having no wings makes it real hard to fly.  
You better get down before the sun you said,  
To yourself as you walked too close to the edge.

Twenty-one year old daddy's princess drinking beer,  
Left the party with a boy that sober she'd have feared.  
She's easy when she's loaded it ain't easy being green,  
Acid washed the carpet on the way to the sink.

Have you seen my mom, I ain't seen her in a year,  
Left a message at the jail, but she up and disspeared,  
She's a 15 year old baby with her second on the way,  
Sitting humming songs her mom used to sing.

When you can't find your way back home,  
You'll do anything to make yourself feel less alone.



## **Big House Blues** (Kevin Walford & Scott Sinner)

Leaves fall down on the big house lawn,  
Dungeon light shines through the cracks in the wall,  
Men don't go where the sun don't shine,  
We're living on top of the devil's fault line.

The cat caught a mouse in the closet over there,  
Something ain't right about the black bloody hair,  
The boy in the corner, I still haven't met,  
He's been talking all day but I ain't seen him yet.

Pickles and crazy cat go at it again,  
Possums gotta leave cause they don't pay rent,  
They're making rock & roll in the dungeon and now,  
The neighbor's blasting beach boys cause the party's too loud.

Standing by the road on the city side walk,  
The neighbor's got a shotgun and a cinder block,  
Don't touch my flowers you'll get both of them barrel's,  
And if that don't learn ya my cinder block will.

Scarecrows looking at the city streets,  
Not so much birds are tryinG to eat our seeds but you  
Never know who or what's coming your way  
A mile from Magnolia just off Broadway.



## **Blow Up a Storm** (Scott Sinner)

Where're you going my little ones,  
Playing at cops and bombers?  
The lights are out in Babylon.  
No nightlight to watch their slumber.

Where're you going my little ones?  
Do you still like to hide and seek?  
Or have you learned when you really want to find someone,  
You blow the whole place to next week?

Your eyes open head down..

Where are you going my little one,  
With your poseable plastic fireman?  
The reality of your heroes, Is there time left,  
To be a child again?

What you dragging my little one?  
Looks like you learned to share from,  
Parents shouting freedom please.  
Looting from everyone.

Haven't I always kept them safe from everyone?  
My little hatchlings I've seen them starring at the sun.  
Burning their eyes out waiting for the sky to fall on us.  
And what do I tell them if it ever really does?

**Charlotte** (Scott Sinner & Helen Childs)

Charlotte . . . your children don't know,  
What you paint these lines for,  
The lines of the black & the lines of the white,  
And of course those rich and those poor.

So you raise them on culture and now,  
They're lying in dishes grow germs and how,  
Do you expect them to grow up as rich as you did,  
When you keep them from growing in life as it is.

Charlotte its girls like you . . . who keep me losing sleep.  
Charlotte its girls like you . . . that make cynics like me.

So you raise them with blinders attached,  
Keeping them safe from the viscous attacks,  
Of poets, freethinkers, and preachers of thoughts,  
Subversive to all the great presents you bought.

Charlotte its girls like you . . . who keep me losing sleep.  
Charlotte its girls like you . . . that make cynics like me.  
Charlotte its girls like you . that keep the world from change.  
Charlotte its minds like yours . . . I'd Love to rearrange.



**Darling Corey** (traditional - somewhat modified)

First time I saw Darling Corey,  
She was on the banks of the Tennessee,  
With a Glock 9 strapped around her body,  
And a banjo on her knee.

Wake up, Wake up Darling Corey,  
What makes you sleep so sound?  
The DEA is coming.  
For to burn your cash crops down.

Dig a hole (dig a hole) in the meadow.  
Dig a hole in the cold cold ground.  
Dig a hole (dig a hole) in the meadow.  
Gonna lay darlin' Corey down.

Next time I saw Darling Corey.  
She was by my bedroom door.  
With her shoes and socks in her hand,  
Bare feet on the hardwood floor.

Get up get out Darling Corey.  
Quit hanging round my bed.  
Bad Likker about destroyed my body.  
Pretty Women about killed me dead.

Do you hear those Bluebirds's singing?  
Do you hear their mournful Sound?  
They're preaching Darling Corey's funeral.  
On some lonesome churchyard ground.

**Distill** (Scott Sinner - melody traditional from Pretty Saro)

If I could distill you, darling would you mind?  
I'll keep your essence safely bottled for all time.

But you are like no fine wine,  
remind me of Mountain Shine.  
You leave a burn as you're going down.  
And run straight up to my mind.

You say "I'll love you forever"  
and I hate to say you're wrong.  
But we'll never get that old dear.  
We'll never live that long.



Art by Kristin Weber

If I could refine you. Tell me would that be alright.  
I'd keep it safe on my mantle, In an urn all sealed up tight.  
But you're like no sacred ashes.  
Remind me more of cocaine.  
You make my heart beat too fast dear,  
And you hollow out my brain.

You say "I'll love you forever"  
and I hate to say you're wrong.  
But we'll never get that old dear.  
We'll never live that long.

If I could contain you, perhaps then I'd be still.  
Perhaps in some other lifetime,  
we'll know how, and we will.  
But if you let your head fall off, We'll never get to see.  
You raise up a Daisy Olive on only sounds I can see.

## **God Sings the Blues** (Scott Sinner)

A little dose of evil, is good for everyone.

It helps you keep the rhythm, it breaks up the boredom,  
like the apple a day that keeps the doctor away,  
it builds character like scars and it keeps priorities straight.

We did not need Sir Newton, to tell us things fall down,  
he who hath not sinned in public, has been throwing first stones around for years  
at his enemies or at just people passing by,  
who had something he wanted so he took it with power and lies.

Sometimes I'm shiny and happy, and I know that something's wrong,  
I know that not just everyone, lives a life that's free from harm,  
When I feel Neon and Disney I sit down to watch the news,  
the suicide bombs on Zion, and god is singing the blues.

We're praying to god for peace, but still we're armed to the teeth,  
Jesus he's only paid lip service so he's making collect calls I think,  
yeah though I walk through the valley, of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil I've got a shotgun with a pistol grip.

Sometimes I'm shiny and happy, but that's not true love of life  
when you say I love you because.  
True love's when you love despite.  
We're drowning like we're in the ocean.  
Like it's rained forty days and nights.  
Maybe someone that's fallen won't drown if we throw them a line.

## Hebrews 11-28 (Scott Sinner)

They've all made up their minds out here.  
Preacher don't you waste your time.  
They point and stare as they're passing by.  
But you got something I can't find.  
The substance of that which we hope for.  
The evidence of things not seen.<sup>1</sup>

See myself a child sing out loud.  
Praises to the unseen.  
But no image saved of losing my  
Reason to believe.  
Still I can use the language. But the,  
Word is lost on me.  
Can you spare me some Faith?  
Can you loan me a reason to believe?



See an old man toss one by one,  
Thousands of starfish drowning in the sun.  
"What difference can you make? Why do you waste your time?"  
"I made a difference to that one didn't I?"  
The substance of that which we hope for.  
The evidence of things not seen.<sup>1</sup>  
Can you spare me some Faith?  
Can you loan me a reason to believe?

The Xs and the flowers at Mrs. Laveau's,  
The shadows and secrets Baron Samedi only knows,  
The Passover Lamb and the sprinkling of the blood,<sup>2</sup>  
Lest he that destroys the 1st born should touch.  
Old woman circles the church on rocky knees.  
On her face only prayer and passion be seen.  
Can you spare me some Faith?  
Can you loan me a reason to believe?

<sup>1</sup>Hebrews 11:1, <sup>2</sup> Hebrews 11:28



## Hope (Scott Sinner)



The day came on like it was any other day  
The radio carried a song while you and I we got dressed  
I know we fought some yet I thought it turned out okay  
Five years and no regrets except for the day I left

You turned me on to a world a different life  
You turned me into, I know a better man  
What grass broke the camel's back, what needle sewed shut the eye  
That's words you said to me cold, blaming the world out there

You put me down so I don't want to be picked up again  
You put me down so easily, You put me down so easily

We used to be like to conjoined peas in pods  
It seems to me times you needed me as much  
Held your words like biblical and therein lies the cause  
We like umbilical cut my faith and hope and trust

**Knoxville Girl** (traditional)

I met a little girl in Knoxville  
A town we all know so well  
And every Sunday evening  
Out to her home I'd dwell

We went to take an evening walk  
About a mile from town  
I picked a stick up off the ground  
And knocked that fair girl down.

I took her by her golden curls  
And I drug her 'round and 'round  
I threw her into the river  
That flows through this Knoxville town

Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl  
With the dark and roving eyes  
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl  
You'll never be my bride.

Rolled and tumbled the whole night through  
As troubles were for me  
Like flames of hell around my bed  
And in my eyes to see.

I'm here to waste my life away  
Down in this dirty old cell.  
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl  
A girl I loved so well.

**Kudzu** (Scott Sinner)

Yeah well I've been far away from this small town.

There was a time capsule buried here but the map's been lost somehow.

The pirates are still plotting, but I'm not sure if I'm there.

The religion got some thicker in that smokey mountain air.

You aimed that bottle up to your temple, a joke unfunny to us,

And a joke we remembered then as we spoke about your loss.

A shape of you recalls tales of breaking and broken hearts.

Not sure I recognize you boy but I recognize your parts.

It's getting late now boy.

Its been too late for that.

The breadcrumbs all been eaten up and the

kudzu's grown over the path.

That certain smell known all too well & of former times reminded.

Then you pour the images through my eyes like they say before dying.

Then a shape in the corner of my eye set me on a double take.

The darkness fell over my breath,& the daylight colors changed.

Once I needed an apology from you but I was happy with the sigh,

You gave like deep and time-stopped the last words..last words before goodbye.

**Lent** (Scott Sinner)

I'm not made like Rubbermaid  
Though You Sometimes treat me that way,  
And I will not sit here and take it,  
'Cause that wont make anything go away.

Fill your homes with Riches,  
And fill your ears with cotton,  
Fill your mind with their insults, until  
Until they finally break your wings.

Build your towers close to God,  
The wise man builds on rock.  
'Cause the mark up's higher . . foundation's strong,  
And it keeps them coming back.

Give yourself to blind anger.  
Give up religion for Lent.  
Give your killer permission.  
Until he finally breaks your wings.

You don't have to wear those wings, On all fours if I must crawl.  
I've got hands and feet and knees, I've got teeth and I've got paws.

A stitch in time wont mend the ways,  
Well they're all so frayed and torn.  
And if they weren't so full of holes,  
You know they'd still be soiled . . like no bleach can cure.

**Like A Clock** (Scott Sinner)

Head trip road trip out of season.

Fear on rolling into town,

Lines on the hwy. pull me onward.

These lines of thinking draw me down.

Another hung over Sunday.

Slopped on top of those before.

Silence contemplates your meanings

Answers sprout questions more and more.

Your heart beats like a clock.

In time with me awake and turning.

My eyes fixed on a spot.

To keep me from to dreams recurring.

As all the thoughts I can not escape,

Sharpen up to run me through.

All your glances still haunt me now.

And I come to think you always knew.

Building up sorrow proof fences.

Sound proof for all but when I shout.

Ensnared innocent animals.

Before you let me out.

My eyes searching all directions,

Try to hold on to this room,

Try to hold on to this image,

As tight as I was glued to you.

## **Lilies** (Scott Sinner)

Mother Mary<sup>1</sup> couldn't keep her safe  
Not too kind to strangers in this place  
Sinful voices from in and outside  
Bluegrass looking black to her young eyes

Blood brothers and sisters in a room  
Colley Hotel just to be alone  
This village here will drown us if we stay  
Get down to New Orleans come what may



Like 6 little birds and they set out just to fly  
Flew into glass pure and see through to the eye  
We only know for sure that a gun shot went off  
And 4 lilies were picked and they were lying in a cross

At a rest stop near to Greenville, TN  
Met a family there preaching of god's peace  
We'll get a whole lot farther in their van  
Forced them down the road with gun in hand

No one knows what if any plans were made  
Drove them to Pane hollow down a ways  
Four witnesses lying in the road  
Six friends flying on to Mexico

### Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> Natasha Cornett's mother was named Madonna. Madonna, prior to the 1980s, was a term from old Italian meaning 'my lady' which often referred to depictions of the Mary, mother of Jesus of Nazareth of Christian fame. The fact of her mother's name may not come up in a quick summary of the murders, so with this note you will get the double entendre.

## **Poppies** (Scott Sinner)

Make me some pockets and sew my shadow on.

I'm ready to grow up now, I'm ready to move on.

Its not all the flying. Its just the falling down.

Like we hated all the pirates,

until we saw one drown.

Wendy she has left us she blew across the plains,

Of time. Now we must accept the fact that we can't stay,

Young like this forever but we can stay insane,

As long as we remember, what made us this way.

Making our way down that yellow brick road.

Found some cans of spray paint. We knew it wasn't gold.

Someone needs a brain and someone needs a heart.

All my children need homes,

But they don't know where they are.

We've been through fields of poppies and other kinds of weed

We looked outside ourselves to find out what we needed.

But the wizard was a politician, the western witch is dead.

And the answer it was always in your shoes,

or in your head..

Everything dies that cannot change.

## **Pumpkin Smile AKA What You Break** (Scott Sinner & Chuck Getsi)

How was I to know,  
You came without a sign?  
Fragile, This side up.  
Or handle me with care.

Feeling like walking on eggs,  
Wishing none of them to break.  
You amplified my sigh,  
By your silent stare.

What you break you own.

There's a flicker of crime behind your eyes.  
Yeah I see it there, Yeah I see it there.  
Your Pumpkin Smile. Your hollow stare.

Caught in a quiet so deep.  
I could smell time pass.  
Conscious that compromise,  
Was more important than our two sides.

What you break you own.

There's a flicker of crime behind your eyes.  
Yeah I see it there, Yeah I see it there.  
Your Pumpkin Smile. Your hollow stare.





## **Rebirth** (Scott Sinner)

Twisters don't come here often,  
But I'd been sleeping in a cave.  
So Lord I had no message,  
Not to go outside that day.

A hard rain fell then darkness.  
Then like a faucet it did stop.  
Power lines fell with their toothpicks.  
But from me only 13 blocks.

En route to Knoxville,  
The rocks upon the road,  
Foreshadowed mountains falling,  
just 3 hours from home.

"Avalanche came, I-40 closed,  
Glad to see you're okay"  
From the timed reports on the news,  
I was only 45 minutes away.

Time separates this life from all those left behind.  
Upon this grace I mind each second's worth towards rebirth.

There as soon as they opened.  
And as such the first one in line.  
I could see the front doors open,  
from the corner of my eye.

Then comes down the black mask,  
Then comes out the gun.  
With a shotgun in his right hand,  
I resolved to let him cut.

## **Something Worse** (Scott Sinner)

Little chipmunk from hell you curse so well.

For only 7 years old can you learn to cope,

With living inside of doors with food you didn't get behind the store?

Your mamma froze to death in a blue Chevette. . . Afraid of the cold you can never forget.

Little boy blue how come you've sworn off all fears and no more tears will be, Shed by you.

They've turned into fermented regret. How could you let, Him take himself away? Just as vivid to this day,

are the images in his head. . . cause children have eyes that can never forget.

A Circus full of sinners pays to see something worse.

The Demons and Angels are all mixed up on earth.

Decorated neon eyes handful of pills inside.

On a hitchhike runaway. Trip down the stairs like a slinky spring break.

Adopted at age 10 and new mom's at your E.R. bed.

She praying you'll let her in. . . . to that black hole in time that you choose to forget.

**Station 18** (Scott Sinner)

Looking out over the City, And thinking on how I'd redecorate.  
Been in no mood to paint this town red, but I'm so tired of painting it gray.

I'm walking around just to wander, the street hisses where are the cars.  
That's a silent way we've been letting on, That it's still not okay at all.

City don't leave me alone. Its cold and we need you to know.  
We're losing the faith in the blessings we've known. We feel homeless while we're still at home.

Looking out over the city. In the holes where the towers now lay.  
Now a smoking, blinding, gray dying breath, Fills up the forsaken space.

Your sinking down deeper in quicksand. That you poured in the garden you sow.  
Only weeds have been planted there, Now I'm not sure if even they'll grow.

City don't leave me alone. Its cold and we need you to know.  
We're losing the faith in the blessings we've known. We feel homeless but we're still at home.

Pulled a dead man from twisted debris, Dust covered coat read station 18.  
The Doctor's in wait but there's so few to see, and slowly we start to believe.  
I'm not sure yet whom we're going to fight, But they're teeming round the borders of Pakistan.  
& I'm not sure how we'll know when we've won, or if we'll ever fly again.

**Tattoo** (Scott Sinner)

First saw you rolled up, rolled up at my feet

Book open and some bread crust in your hand to eat

Your back curled against me your bare feet pressed on me and all I could do was quietly dream

Seasons they turned into, turned into years

Still you come around and visit me here

Came to feel like I needed you like the sunlight that warmed me

and I watched the road always when you went off to school

I know you can never be mine by dear, but

the way you tease me's alright

You tattooed your name with a brown pocket knife on

the bark you'd worn smooth reading all night

Against my good judgment I, you know I tried

to win your affection your, your attention your eye

But I couldn't speak so I passed down some leaves

Which you put in your hair like some jewelry to wear

I know you can never be mine by dear, but

the way you tease me's alright

You tattooed your name with a brown pocket knife on

the bark you'd worn smooth reading all night

I know you can never be mine my dear

Born without a sense of time

Long after you're gone I'll be standing alone

Lord these thoughts make me pray for some drought or some blight

## **The hell you are** (Scott Sinner)

Scatter like the roaches when the lights come on  
See that you live in the same world now.  
Hiding in your WASP nest too long to see,  
How easy it was to shoot you down.

Weaving your web in most strategic spots.  
Building on our homes from dirt and up.  
Hiding in your hole too long to see.  
Watch out now you see we're crawling up.

God only knows where you are x 3  
God knows where the hell you are.

The files come to see what all the buzz's about.  
See the scene unfold through compound eyes.  
The purchased angles the report comes in.  
Darting to and fro as we grow wise.

Dreaming now of a different world and time.  
Tell me do you think you'll fill that hole.  
With honey sweeter, now sorrows deep and wide.  
Scar hard to recall scab overgrown.

**Tiny Ghost** (Scott Sinner)

Sonja where're you going with that baby in your arms?

I see your thoughts on suicide, I see your thoughts on harm.

Sonja what' you doing lay your baby by the road.

The crying it won't ever stop, the blanket won't stop the cold.

I'm sinking down deeper now, slip through the drain of this cell.

Its not for my escaping but for sorrow that I'm so small.

My thoughts go back as the cars drive by . .

I hear through the bars outside.

I swear the wind it whispered my name,

I swear it mimicked a cry.

I try to think you thought that I'd like Moses be found afloat.

Well You and I God's children left helpless beside of the road.

Never was she convicted cause, she never made it to her trial.

They found her in the Roane county jail where quietly she died.

Whether she ceased to eat or her sugar dropped,

No one was too surprised.

Some they say they saw a tiny ghost,

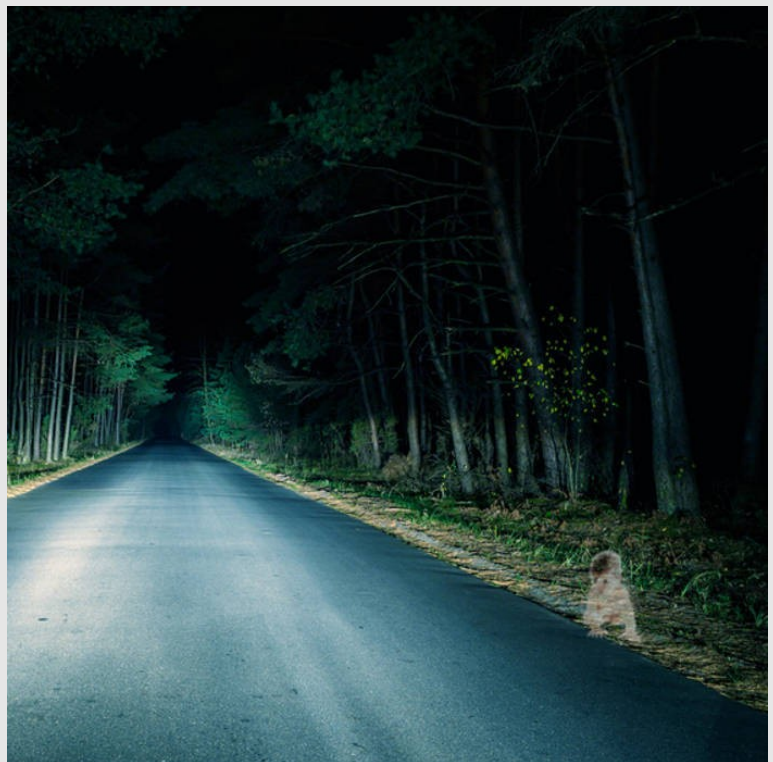
down by the highway side.

Sonja don't think that I look down,

cause I look from above.

You and I God's children left,

helpless beside the road.



**Ursula** (Scott Sinner)

Ursula, I see you've gone blind,  
Still fast enough, for the grandchildren you mind.  
Out of sight, mind going unnoticed.  
The pot fills up with worms, an omen you know it.

Ursula, How long you been in your room?  
No longer new, the colors are faded on your mourning clothes.  
The ghosts don't wait, for the secrecy of night,  
Bold and apathetic, they just come and go as they like.

The children all, grow up or out too fast,  
In solitude, they fill up or spill out the house.  
Like Roosters once, we used to fight in the yard.  
Proud, dangerous, colorful fools, oh you know I tried so hard but...

Ursula, the strength you had in your heart,  
Was more than I had, in these legendary killing arms.  
I'm not blind, just dying under my tree.  
I gave up long before you, still you never gave up on me.

**Wayfaring Stranger** (traditional)

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,  
Traveling through this world of woe  
Ain't no sickness, toil, nor danger  
In that bright land to which I go

I'm goin' there to see my father  
Said he'd meet me when I come  
I'm just (a) going over Jordan  
I'm just (a) going over home.

I know dark clouds gonna gather around me,  
I know my way be rough and steep,  
These beautiful fields lie just before me,  
Where gods' redeemed their vigils keep.

I'm going there to see my loved ones  
Gone before me one by one  
I'm just (a) going over Jordan  
I'm just (a) going over home.

I'll soon be free from these earthly trials  
this body rest in your orchard yard  
I'll drop this cross of self-denial  
And I'll go singing home to god.

I'm going there to see my savior  
To dwell with him no more to roam  
I'm just (a) going over Jordan  
I'm just (a) going over home.

