

## **Jamestown**

Jamestown, Jamestown  
What killed the raven gave crow the crown  
Shadows grown long where the pines come down  
Here in the fields of Jamestown

Turn it upside down, upside down  
Sink the plow in the virgin ground  
Amber waves of dust are bound  
West with the dirt turned upside down

Laying railroad ties, railroad ties  
Sold as stitches, but act like knives  
A trail of weeds and blackened skies  
On the heels of railroad ties

In the golden mine, golden mine  
No looking back east if the sun don't rise  
Memories dull from cyanide  
When the headwaters is a golden mine

Working poor, working poor  
There's a peach field waiting on the western shore  
Once wild, now checkerboard  
All filled in with blood and ashes, the map drawn by the working poor

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## **Edison**

A vacuum filling city hall  
Swallows building homes, up inside the walls  
Rooftiles crash on cedarwood floors

Edison dried up with the mill  
sawdusty dreamers, pulled to greener hills  
castles built on clouds blowing west only float for so long

Our dreams move like honey, unfit for a race  
Always a step behind the money, crossing newly burnt landscapes

Getting stuck in the ashes, they tire and fade  
Buried treasured for a child one day

The stumps sink back into the ground  
New shade on the soil, New blood in the town  
Drawn to the sweet sap of an alder grove, apple pie on the sill

Blue eyed baker, opens up the shop  
Artists and songsmen, climb down from the tree tops  
Shoe tread more softly now, they've never felt a cedarwood floor

Our dreams move like honey, unfit for this race  
Always a step behind the money, crossing newly burnt landscapes  
Getting stuck in the ashes, they tire and fade  
Become the treasure for children one day

### **Sound and Skin**

Someone forgot to turn the earth off when the sun went down  
This creek rushes on and the clouds still bound  
Strange things begin to dig and whisper underground  
Following me out, the twilight calls our name

Someone forgot to turn the earth off when the city turned in  
The trees are highfive-ing with the sideways wind  
I rely more strongly now on sounds and skin  
Never been here before  
Just outside my back door

Bring the car to a stop, get out and climb the nearest hill  
Let your legs lead you on as far as they will  
The widemouthed moon lets her insides spill  
Drink up this warm, milky light

The world keeps turning if you turn our back  
The lark is already done singing long before daylight cracks  
I bet you're still asleep when the dew collapses  
Onto the morning floor

### **Tug of war**

Small bugs battle day after day  
inside my mind for real estate  
Clear-cutting down nerves, trying to make space  
Welcoming new neighbors

Impulses fight memories

with chemical-soaked reasoning  
Whole colonies of understanding  
are thrown out with the daily paper.

Whoever built these hands, took random bones from distant lands.  
My palms wanna hold you as my fingers point and blame

Whoever built these hands, made one from clay and one from sand.  
Should I reach out to this hungry man or clench my pocket change

Sold my best friend short, can't justify  
Gave a good lover back, then wondered why  
Slow to react, there must be rust in my blood  
half of my heart's a leaky oil can  
One heel would dig in the dirt if the other ran  
There's a tug-a-war between my feet

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### **The Great Levee**

Bucket by bucket-full, we can carry  
The clay back to its home on the hill  
The axe and the spade, three hundred years of pounding rain  
Gave this river a bit more than its fill

All the barons were all drinking wine down by the water  
where on the levee casts a shadow on their homes  
What landlord would care, if he was even aware  
That on the hill, the plows were starting to scrape 'way at stone

One day the great river gave a great rumble  
Stood fifteen feet higher than even before  
A soldier climbing the ranks, she outgrew those banks  
And ordered the town be no more

Humble ancestor, could you have known this  
as you gathered wild grain among the river reeds?  
Cleared a small patch of earth, buried your harvest right back in the dirt  
Knowing well that back home were families to feed.

Bucket by bucket-full, we can carry

The clay back to its home on the hill  
The axe and the spade, three-hundred years of pounding rain  
Gave this river a bit more than its fill

### **Wandering Limbo**

I'll be arriving seven minutes before I left  
Seven hour sunset, and the glow of the final cigarette  
Ain't burning out til we hit the borderline

At this rate I'm never gonna get back home

Never learned the rules to this wandering limbo  
Lawless and lustfull, and scrambling for a lasso  
To pull the pink from the clouds  
And press it to vinyl

At this rate, I'm never gonna get back home  
At this rate I'm never gonna see my girl

I'm deep sea swimming with the mermaids and fishes  
They ask me "what are you wishes?"  
What's wrong with a little kiss on the cheek?  
The salt will mask your treason  
This water's too warm for reason

At this rate, I'm never gonna get back home  
At this rate I'm never gonna see my girl

### **August Demands**

We packed that old volkswagon up  
With all that August might demand of us  
A healthy dose of abandon  
comes wrapped up with all new loves  
No more reading lullabies  
From these old dusty trail guides  
There's wanderlust and countryside  
to sow inside each other

Oh, half-looking for a new home  
This August is a stove on high  
There's no one else with whom I share  
A life inside a kettle

But I know of homes that aren't made of metal  
Seen them on movie screens and magazines  
Where the lovers make you jealous

We pass through farms and speckled foot hills  
Like tourists in a glass tunnel  
When it sets we know the sun will  
Leave a glow upon our concrete destination  
Lucid dreams you always must wake up from  
a dream ride  
Jerk the wheel and shatter the sky

### **Throw the Light**

It's golden hour and the woods exhale their misty relief  
Dust and vapor, spinning around a strobe light understory  
Returning the gift of rain clouds back to the sky

And revealing the broken work of morning orb weavers  
they dangle helpless in this slow, silent disco  
Having already been forgotten by their makers

C'mon throw the light at the crooked angle  
No kicking free, no getting untangled from a spell  
Of a wilderness

The slope tapers out as the trail turns west into backlit firs  
Chasing the great fireball around the last switchback  
Our pupils retract under the weight of the light,  
two black holes, Swallowing the sinking sun

a seldom seen plane where the natural and magic collide  
tie a string to sun-fleck, drag it back to the trail head, back to the city lights  
mend my two worlds back together, so escape isn't needed just to feel alive

C'mon throw the light at the crooked angle  
No kicking free, no getting untangled from a spell  
Of a wilderness

### **Woolen Heart**

Sew me up a love with a woolen heart  
In the waning warmth of November, will you keep me lifted  
Streetlamps on my way home from work

Are the type that tend to flicker  
Winter branches hang like mirrors  
For the skeletons below

So light a fire under my bed  
Not for seduction, tonight I want slow burning coals instead

Got to drop myself anchor  
I'm a thistle seed  
Getting swept up by every headline  
No choice where I plant me feet  
Brushing shoulders with Bobby down on the corner park  
Warm unexpected tumble gone before it starts

Next time bring a candle  
I'll the bring the match  
We'll let the wax write the schedule  
Til it drips on down and fills the cracks in the corners of the room



**The Physical Hearts – Fend off the Tide**

Fend off the Tide

River Song

Downstream

Sleepy Bell

**The Physical Hearts - album**

Some Airplanes

Physical Heart

New Year Scar

Shepherd's Gun

Porchlight

Mayflower

**Sleepy Bell 2**

Radio news

Mayflower

Beautiful mistake

Primagravida

When she comes

Stay asleep

Sixteen tons

Blackhole sun

Pretty baby (reprise)

**Sleepy Bell**

Dandelion

Daphne

Sleepy Bell

Pretty Baby

All me words

Narcotic

**Next album...?**

Lose the light

Tug-a-war

Woolen heart

Pulse

Needles and ants

Little red caboose

August Demands

June grass

**N Talbot 2010**

Less wild  
Under these city streets  
Carousel  
Red and golden  
Eastern Sun  
Sundown  
Half a Life  
Atmosphere  
Salt Valleys  
Fall into winter

**Music Box**

Floodplain  
Black dice  
Get back home  
a.m. love song  
every American blues  
seed  
subscribe  
music box

**E.P 2**

Handful of Hearts  
Deathpop  
Narcotic  
Tennessee Stud  
Dreamscape  
Sweet toward someone  
Fall into winter

**E.P 1**

Story of the new  
Sunsong  
Notes for her  
One less hour  
Echoes  
Condensation  
Comet  
Pictures

**Others**

Tripole  
Deep River Blues

New Loop  
Underwater  
Motives of the Breeze  
End of the Rainbow  
Sprint  
People and Machines  
Fog  
Vicarious Life

Asdfghj I type the letters as they are presented on the keyboard because a novel arrangement is too difficult to conjure up at the moment.

Ants: “in a startling use of solar power, hundreds of one colony’s workers may cluster on the forest floor to soak up sunlight before carrying its warmth in their very bodies back to the nest.” – cradle to cradle

### **Nathaniel’s originals**

Curious Light  
New Year Scar  
Eastern sun  
Shepherd’s Gun  
Ancestor  
Porchlight  
Engine static  
Bird  
Salt Valleys  
New funk  
Fend off the Tide  
River Song  
Downstream  
Concessions  
The Physical Heart  
Lose the Light  
Needles and Ants  
Red and Golden  
Radio News  
Tug-a-Wars  
Pulse  
Half-weight  
Fallout

New Drop highD 2  
Me and Leo  
Tripole  
A/M Love Song  
-Deep River Blues  
New Loop  
Dandilion  
Sleepy Bell  
Underwater  
Motives of the Breeze  
End of the Rainbow  
Sprint  
People and Machines  
Fog  
Vicarious Life  
Story of the new  
Sunsong  
Notes for her  
One less hour  
Echoes  
Condensation  
Comet  
Pictures  
Handful of Hearts  
Deathpop  
-Narcotic  
Dreamscape  
Sweet toward someone  
Fall into winter  
Less wild

**Less wild**  
**black dice**  
**needles and ants**  
**Eastern sun**  
**downstream**  
**Red and golden**  
**tug-a-war**  
**Carousel**  
**a.m .love song**  
**Lose the light**