

**Who Are These People? (1994)**

**Carry Me**

**Keith and Beth Grimwood and Ezra Idlet ©1993 Troutoons (BMI)**

Pick me up, come on carry me

I'm too tired to go on.

Pick me up, come on carry me,

Your arms are just where I belong.

Let's pretend that you're a boat, sailing on the sea,

And I am a sailor, as weary as weary can be.

Pick me up, come on carry me,

I'm too tired to go on.

Pick me up, come on carry me,

Your arms are just where I belong.

Let's pretend that you're a camel, out upon the burning sand,

And I am a traveler, who needs a helping hand.

A Conestoga wagon, with cover from the sun,

And I am a pioneer, California here I come.

Pick me up, come on carry me,

I'm too tired to go on.

Pick me up, come on carry me,

Your arms are just where I belong.

Your arms are just where I belong.

**Who Are These People? (1994)**

**There's a Panther in Michigan**

**Michael Smith ©1993 Bird Avenue Publishing (ASCAP)**

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Chorus:

There's a panther in Michigan. Don't that make your Halloween?

There's a panther in Michigan, although he is seldom seen.

And he's following the water in the ways of the Indian,

And he's crossing the border to Indiana.

There's an awful lot of cover down along the Raisin River.

We would set up on the one side, he'd show up on the other.

I know people used to wonder why we couldn't catch the panther,

There's an awful lot of cover down along the Raisin River.

When a farmer in Manchester called, I was there in minutes,

Following the trail of feathers

Through the high grass when he screamed.

Thirty four years in law enforcement, I've never been so scared.

I could see where he was going by the way the grass was moving.

Chorus

Now, people who know panthers say that they are lazy hunters,

And they will take a prey that's wounded over one that's healthy.

And he might mistake a child, playing in a sandbox,

For some kind of wounded critter down along the Raisin River.

Test drivers saw the panther at the Chrysler proving grounds.

It was during hunting season. He was out there on the tracks,

And he knew if he went in there, he'd be safe from hunters.

He's an uncanny animal.

Chorus

**Who Are These People? (1994)**

**Never Look Down**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1994 Troutoons (BMI)**

The earth is spinning faster now, I think I feel a breeze.  
Pages fall from calendars and scatter like the leaves.  
Even the best of times can be the hardest times, flavored bittersweet.  
And trying not to fall's as hard as getting to your feet.  
In the meantime, nothing stops and nothing slows down.  
Wiggle on a slack rope with the grace and poise of a clown.

A boy watches his father build a castle on the beach,  
Just beyond the tide line, safe and out of reach.  
Carefully constructed for a child that feels no guilt,  
And he's tearing down the walls his daddy built.  
In the meantime, nothing stops and nothing slows down.  
Walking on a tight rope, looking out but you never look down.  
No, you never look down.  
Yeah, you never look down.  
Oh, you never look down.  
Hey, you never look down.

I read the signs along the highway with my left foot on the brake.  
Imagining catastrophes trying to keep myself awake.  
But there's this contract with the highway  
And I've signed the dotted line,  
And it summons me beyond these Texas pines.  
In the meantime, nothing stops and nothing slows down.  
Walking on a tight rope, looking out but you never look down.  
Looking out but you never look down.  
Looking out but you never look, never look down.  
Hey, you never look down.  
Hey, you never look down.  
No, you never look down.  
No, you never look down.

**Who Are These People? (1994)**  
**Who Are These People?**  
**Grimwood/Idlet ©1994 Troutoons (BMI)**

In the books that I've been reading,  
They say exactly what they mean,  
    They don't say uh, uh, uh, uh, uh,  
    They don't stutter, they don't mutter.  
They don't repeat themselves.  
    They don't repeat themselves.  
    They know exactly what they're doing; they know why.  
Who are these people? Where do they live?  
    They have so much to offer, they have so much to give.  
Who are these people? What do they know that I don't know?  
    Who are they?

In the movies I've been watching, everyone's beautiful,  
    Unless they're ugly and then they're really ugly.  
Acting like it all makes sense to be doing what they do,  
    They don't act anything at all like me and you.  
Who are these people? Where do they live?  
I haven't met them in my travels, never went to school with them.  
Where are these keen minds with their perfect sentences,  
    Calm and collected, so full of confidence?

They're not sick unless they're dying.  
    They don't watch too much TV.  
    Their life's so action-packed that they may never get to sleep.  
Who are these people? What do they know that I don't know?  
    Who are they?

Recycled perfumed pages of a glossy magazine.  
    Swim the random channels of remote control.  
Run a music marathon on late night radio,  
    A family photo album of the people I don't know.  
Who are these people? Where do they live?  
    I haven't met them in my travels, never went to school with them.  
Where are these keen minds with their perfect sentences,  
    Calm and collected, so full of confidence?  
Who are these people? What do they know that I don't know?  
    Who are they?

**Who Are These People? (1994)**  
**Serious About You**  
**Grimwood/Idlet ©1991 Troutoons (BMI)**

Saw a shooting star from a rumbling car;  
Started wondering how and where you are.  
Wish I may, wish I might, wish I was with you tonight.  
I tell myself just go to sleep;  
Crime doesn't pay, but the bargain's not cheap.  
Campfire embers burn like city lights,  
Twelve-bar tenders get the blues at night.  
And I'm serious about you, serious about you.  
I'm serious about you, now I'm serious about you.

Inside a cab, two old men,  
Writing letters that they'll never send.  
Another road, another night, another string of Christmas lights.

And I'm serious about you, yeah, hey, hey, I'm serious about you.  
I'm serious about you.  
Hey, I'm serious about you.

Fireworks, fire works against you,  
Slow-burning candles in the night.  
Fireworks, fire works within you, oh,  
Serious about you.  
Hey, I'm serious about you.

Fireworks, fire works against you.  
Slow-burning candles in the night.  
Fireworks, fire works within you, oh,  
Serious about you.  
Hey, I'm serious about you.

I lost my change in a telephone,  
I called for you, but your machine was on,  
I said I loved you, said I cared,  
Said, "I wish I was with you there."  
Said I'm serious about you, yeah, hey, hey I'm serious about you.  
I'm serious about you.  
Hey, I'm serious about you, serious about you,  
Yeah, I'm crazy 'bout you

**Who Are These People? (1994)**  
**Count On Me**  
**Grimwood/Idlet ©1994 Troutoons (BMI)**

Well, you can count on your fingers,  
You can count on your toes.  
Count the freckles on your freckledy face,  
Or the hairs in your Daddy's nose,  
But you can count on me 'cause I'll always be your friend.  
Count on me, I'll say it time and time again.

Sometimes things get a little weird,  
Hey, and everything goes crazy,  
You know I won't disappear,  
'Cause weird doesn't even faze me.  
You can count on me through all these mixed up days.  
Count on me, you know I'm never far away.

There are oysters in the ocean,  
Making pearls from little grains of sand,  
And there's coal beneath the mountain that turns to diamonds.  
Well, I can turn your darkest night  
Into the brightest day you've ever had.  
So count to 10 if you're angry, but count on me if you're sad.

Sometimes I act a little spoiled  
And sometimes I lose my patience,  
Hey, and I can get so worked up and worried  
That my good sense escapes me,  
But you can count on me, 'cause I can put these things behind me.  
Count on me, you'll always know where to find me.  
Count on me 'cause I'll always be your friend.

## **Who Are These People? (1994)**

### **Mandaddy**

**Dana Cooper © Drunk Eye Music (BMI)**

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Summer is coming, catfish are jumping,  
The willows are weeping up the river.  
Mandaddy's wagon comes rattling and dragging  
His magical route.  
He's bringing ghost stories and bright penny-whistles,  
White Chinese muzzles 'n tins of glory.  
Look on the horizon and see the dust rolling down the road.

Chorus:

Well, my name is Mandaddy and I roam these hills.  
I sing and I whistle and I'll cure your ills.  
Oh Madaddy, oh Mandaddy's gonna cure your ills,  
Mandaddy's gonna cure your ills.

He walks like a farmer, talks like warm water,  
Smells like tobacco and gunpowder.  
He's bringing red garters and bright copper kettles  
And brown leather shoes.  
He says, "I remember when your folks was youngun's  
Laughing and running in Indian summer.  
They'd watch the horizon and see the dust rolling down the road."

Chorus

Everything changes, it's only natural, nothing remains as it once started.  
This time next summer I may not be here, hear what I say.  
Children I love you, you make life worth living,  
The river's worth crossing, the gifts worth giving.  
Look on the horizon and see the dust rolling down the road.

Chorus

## **Who Are These People? (1994)**

### **Story Time**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1993 Troutoons (BMI)**

Now, it's Story Time,  
And the candles are burning down low,  
'Cause it's late and there's no where to go.  
And I'm listening  
As you're talking the shoes off your feet;  
There's a smile as you hand them to me.

Chorus:

I don't want to hear it from anyone else,  
(Once upon a time)  
I'll listen to you or be here by myself.  
(Far across the sea)  
Tell me it all and make it feel like it happened to me.  
It's gonna be a long night,  
Only the coffee remains.  
Bets on the long shot.  
Animals answer their names  
And I know my name too.

Now it's Story Time,  
And the ferrets are loose in the den;  
Turn your back and they're stealing again.  
As a small child,  
There's a magic that rides on the wind;  
Blink your eyes, you're eleven again.

Chorus

It's gonna be a long night,  
Only the coffee remains.  
Bets on the long shot.  
Animals answer their names  
And I know my name too.

Now it's Story Time,  
When you believe and the wishes come true,  
On a lamp or a star? Is it you?  
There's a long pause,  
For a moment I can't even breathe,  
But your eyes are still talking to me.

Chorus (twice)

Yeah, it's Story Time.  
Story Time, now it's Story Time.

**Who Are These People? (1994)**

**Pretty Mary**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1994 Troutoons (BMI)**

Well, it's up in the morning, before the sun,  
That sun that'll be setting before I'm done.  
The furrows behind me will show where I've been.  
Tomorrow I'll start it all over again.  
Day after day, we work all our lives,  
The sons and daughters, the husbands and wives,  
And time is another thing your money can't buy.  
So let's go out dancing when the moon lights the sky.

Oh, Pretty Mary, come dance with me,  
Let's leave all our troubles behind.  
Give me your hand and we'll follow our feet,  
Sway to the rhythm, step 1-2-3.

Well, there's crawfish to boil and catfish to fry,  
Onions to cut, and tears we must cry,  
And cornbread goes perfect with red beans and rice.  
So let's go out dancing when the moon lights the sky.

Oh, Pretty Mary, come dance with me,  
Let's leave all our troubles behind.  
Give me your hand and we'll follow our feet,  
Sway to the rhythm, step 1-2-3.

And, Pretty Mary, come dance with me,  
Let's leave all our troubles behind.  
Give me your hand and we'll follow our feet,  
Sway to the rhythm, step 1-2-3.

And, Pretty Mary, come dance with me,  
Let's leave all our troubles behind.  
Give me your hand and we'll follow our feet,  
Sway to the rhythm, step 1-2-3.  
And we'll sway to the rhythm, step 1-2-3.

**Who Are These People? (1994)**  
**These Are Good Times**  
**Grimwood/Idlet ©1993 Troutoons (BMI)**

These are good times, out on a limb with each other.  
Did you ever thing that we might end up out here?  
These are good times, sitting by the fireside.  
Put another log on so the mood won't disappear.

Chorus:  
Walks in the moonlight, without a flashlight,  
Beyond the streetlights, holding hands.  
It's not perfect, but we do the best we can.

These are good times, pulling weeds and making plans,  
Getting dirty good time blisters on our hands.  
These are good times, simple and so easy to miss,  
And these moments are as fleeting as a kiss.

Chorus

Are you sleeping, Brother John?  
Know you're not the only one.  
Are you sleeping, Brother John?  
No, you're not the only, only, only one.

These are good times, the car broke down, well, it just won't start.  
Rolled right down the hill and through a fence of barbed wire.  
These are good times, the pump won't pump and the light won't light.  
Everything is broken, but we're together tonight.

Chorus  
These are the good times and we do the best we can.

## **Who Are These People? (1994)**

### **Breakfast Blues**

**Ronnie Levine © 1977 Vockeed Music (BMI)**

**Revised by emily kaitz and translated by Keith Grimwood**

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You give me hard eggs in the morning,  
Cheese omelet you go.  
Yeah, you give me hard eggs in the morning  
Cheese omelet you go.  
You just hot, buttered grits your teeth and bear it girl,  
I doughnut love you no more.  
Now, don't get that glazed look on your face.

Ham, bacon you to leave me,  
I never sausage misery.  
Ham, bacon you to leave me, darlin',  
I never sausage misery.  
Well, you treated me so ungrapefruitly,  
You gave me a raisin to be free.  
Orange juice ashamed of yourself now.

Well, what do you Eggs Benedict me to do now?  
I've got muffin else to say.  
Yeah, what do you Eggs Benedict me to do now?  
You butter come up with something.  
'Cause I've got muffin else to say.  
Yeah, you left such a waffle toast in my mouth,  
You biscuit out of town today.  
You know I ain't gonna keep these home fries burning for you.

You give me hard eggs in the morning,  
Cheese omelet you go.  
You give me hard eggs in the morning,  
Cheese omelet you go.  
You just hot, buttered grits your teeth and bear it girl,  
I ain't gonna quiche you anymore.  
Jelly roll it again?

**Who Are These People? (1994)**

**The Rifle and the Song**

**David Rodriguez ©1991 Res Ipa Canta Music (BMI)**

So, I turn my head to where the four winds blow,  
And all the books I've read and all the things I know,  
But the mystery lives on.  
All my friends, they ask, "Have you forgotten your soul?  
How can you sing about hunger in a rock and roll song?"  
But the mystery lives on.

Chorus:

The dancer or the dance, the sunset or the dawn.  
I can't discern the difference between the rifle and the song.

They sanctify Karl Marx, and revolution,  
And the American record charts and austere solutions,  
But the mystery lives on.  
While they're starving in Africa, and Indo-China,  
And South America and Appalachia,  
The mystery lives on.

Chorus

So, I turn my head to where the four winds blow,  
And all the books I've read and all the things I know,  
But the mystery lives on.

Chorus

And the mystery lives on.  
The mystery lives on.  
And the mystery lives on.