

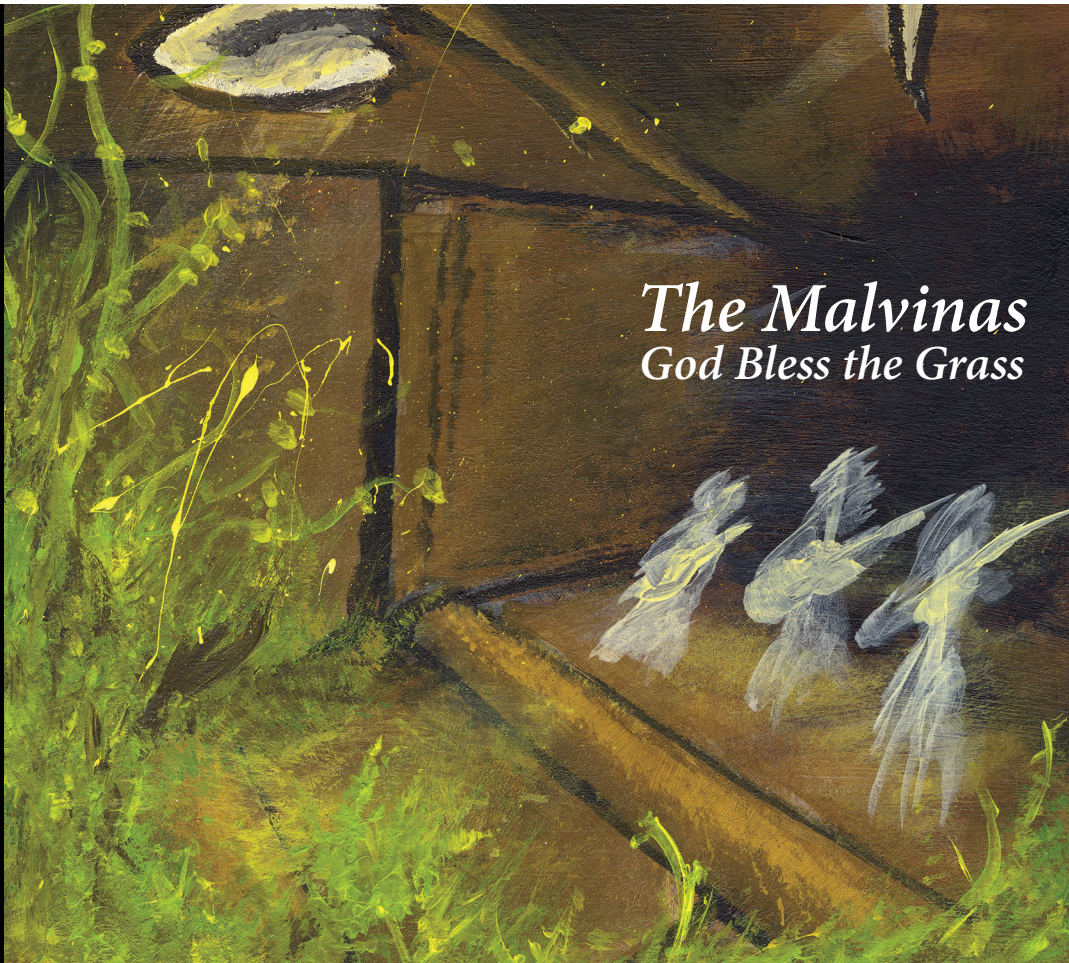
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THE MALVINAS

GOD BLESS THE GRASS

SS020



The Malvinas God Bless the Grass

The Malvinas are:
Beth Cahill — vocals, guitar, mandolin
Gina Forsyth — vocals, guitar, fiddle
Lisa Markley — vocals, guitar, banjo

Additional instruments by
Graham Duncan — guitar, bass, percussion

Recorded at Soona Songs Studio, Jonesborough, TN
Produced by Marilyn Duncan and Graham Duncan
Engineered and mixed by Graham Duncan
Mastered by John Scrip at MASSIVE Mastering
Paintings by Lee Harding

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1. Crow Words and music by Beth Cahill
When crow makes a mistake
There is no mercy, no second chance
The vultures will circle and wait
Black velvet between the yellow lines
Black velvet between the yellow lines

When crow makes a mistake
The flight of swallows all snicker and gasp
To whom much is given there is much to take
In a free fall six seconds flat
Black velvet between the yellow lines

And in that moment before the end
Time becomes a big blue sky
He remembers the first time drafting on his mother's wing
He stepped off the wire, he stepped off the wire, he stepped off the wire

When crow makes a mistake
The honest corvid admits—that could have been me
One part nature, three parts fate
'Cause too much reflection only makes you weak
Black velvet between the yellow lines
Black velvet between the yellow lines

2. How Can I Keep From Singing Traditional
My life flows on in endless song above earth's lamentation
I hear the real though far-off hymn that hails a new creation

No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging
Since love is lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from singing?

Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing
It sounds an echo in my soul, how can I keep from singing?

No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging
Since love is lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth it liveth
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night it giveth

No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging
Since love is lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from singing?
How can I keep from singing? How can I keep from singing?

3. God Bless the Grass Words and music by Malvina Reynolds
© 1964 Schroder Music Co. (ASCAP). Renewed 1992.
Used by permission. All rights reserved.
God bless the grass that grows through the crack
They roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back
The concrete gets tired of what it has to do
It breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through
And God bless the grass

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air
And after a while it is growing everywhere
And God bless the grass

God bless the grass that grows through cement
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent
But after a while it lifts up its head
For the grass is living and the stone is dead
And God bless the grass

God bless the grass that's gentle and low
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door
And God bless the grass

4. Moses Words and music by Beth Cahill
Moses knows the fastest way to tie an Albright knot
Over under over with two lines of a different sort
Moses knows the fastest way to a broken heart
Under under under and it's over again
Chorus:
You can be the dragonfly chasing the moth
You can dive right in when you find the shortest dock
There's no point in trying to make the water part
Come January it'll be frozen
Moses tells his mom he's off to the corner shop
Joe Louie and pretzels, a can of diet pop
Finds a patch of tall green grass down by the river's edge
Steep bank and daisy chain watch the clouds overhead
Chorus
Moses closes his eyes and dreams for 40 days
Brown eyes and long black hair, even longer legs
Moses never troubles too much about the time he wastes
Come across a burning bush, he looks the other way
Chorus
Go down Moses, go down Moses
To the riverside, watch the clouds go by

5. I Ought to Know © 2000, John S. Hardy/Jack Hardy Music (BMI)
I ought to know more than I know
I ought to know where this road goes
I ought to know great literature by heart
the history of art
this I ought to know
I ought to know more than 1492
I ought to know what the Buffalo Bills do
I ought to know more than the quarterback's wounded knee
what happened at Sand Creek
this I ought to know
but I don't
I ought to know about the sacrifices made
I ought to know ration stamps, air raids
I ought to know more than George C. Scott
and John Wayne get shot
this I ought to know
I ought to know what the drinking gourd means
I ought to know more than "I have a dream"
I ought to know about the back of the bus
and the crack of billy clubs
this I ought to know

but I don't
Chorus:
I don't know nothing about nothing
but I'm proud to stand upright
I don't know nothing about nothing
but my future looks so bright
illuminated by the light
laugh-tracks, soundbites
and a replay to get it right
I ought to know

I ought to know the songs of Joe Hill
I ought to know Trotsky, Marx and Hegel
I ought to know about the Haymarket hangings
and the H.U.A.C.
this I ought to know
I ought to know about Oliver Cromwell
I ought to know about the Gnostics and St. Paul
I ought to know what Jesus really said
and who the preacher takes to bed
this I ought to know
but I don't
I ought to know what's buried in the landfill
I ought to know about the clear-cutting bills
I ought to know about pipelines and schemes
what extinction really means
this I ought to know
I ought to know for whom the bell tolls
I ought to know the pride and prejudice of polls
I ought to know if the grapes of wrath are union
picked by Victor Jara's hands
this I ought to know / but I don't
Chorus

6. Weak in the Knees Words and music by Lisa Markley
Cradle my face in the palms of your hands,
palms of your hands, palms of your hands
Cradle my face in the palms of your hands,
I'm weak in the knees over you
And I can't stand it when we part,
pulling away with a piece of my heart
I don't know where it ends, don't know where it starts,
don't know anything
Sing me the tale of Jack and of Jill,
water and pails, treacherous hills
And in the crescent moonlight do as you will,
I'm weak in the knees over you

If you don't love me then love whom you please,
love whom you please, love whom you please
Put your arms' round me and give my heart ease,
I'm weak in the knees over you
And I can't stand it, falling apart,
tearing away the best piece of my heart
I don't know where I end, don't know where I start,
don't know anything
Kiss me slowly I'm weak in the knees,
weak in the knees, weak in the knees
Kiss me slowly I'm weak in the knees,
weak in the knees over you

7. Somewhere Off the Foot of This Mountain Words and Music by Gina Forsyth
© 2001 Little Blue Dot Music (BMI)
Here is a song for the hot summer sun
And the fortunes as sure as the sand
And if I can't get through it all without sighing
I'll sing it the best way I can
They say that a cowboy is not supposed to cry
So they always told me
I never knew why
So I'll plow through the desert
And smile through the pain
And pray that these teardrops
Will turn into rain

Somewhere off the foot of this mountain
Somewhere near the bright shining sea
Somewhere off the foot of this mountain
They say there's a rainbow there waiting for me
To remind me of someone that I used to be
Now the mothers and fathers they seem really bothered
'bout raising their children these days
'Cause they might grow up and be all kinds of WILD things
Like how I turned out, anyway
Goodbye to my mama, goodbye to my pa
I left for Montana, to be an outlaw
They found me in Mobile
They lost me somehow
So whoever else finds me
Can please take me now
Somewhere off the foot of this mountain
Somewhere near the bright shining sea
Somewhere off the foot of this mountain
They say there's a rainbow there waiting for me

At the end of that rainbow, yeah, I'd like to see
Just a picture of someone so wild and so free
To remind me of someone that I'd like to be
Again / Again

8. Meteorite Words and music by Beth Cahill
I walked down the hill to the edge of the river,
trying to see the meteorite
I slipped on the ice, started to shiver,
could this have happened if I left last night
Chorus:
Ohhh, it's a heavy load, my back might go
But nothing ever changes in my heart
No, nothing ever changes in my heart
I borrowed me a shovel, dug through the rubble,
cleared me a path to our front door
I swore myself this time it'd be different,
this time you would listen and we'd end this war
Chorus
How did this love get so lead-heavy,
in the beginning it felt so light
Sparks were flying, asteroids colliding,
now window smashing in the middle of the night
Chorus

9. Light (O, Let Your Light Shine Bright) © 2014, Lilli Lewis, Elysium House Music, (ASCAP)
People tell you what they want, what they want
And people say to you what you need, what you need
And the way they say to you what you want, what they need
Is supposed to somehow say who you ought to be
If I told you what I want, what I want
Oh, would you run away from me, from me?
And would I let that change what I see, what I see
If you ran away from me?
Chorus:
O, let your light shine bright for a moment
Just let your light shine bright for a moment with me
O, let your light shine bright for a moment
If you just let your light shine bright
I will tell you what I want, what I want
And will let you say what you need, what you need
To the best of your ability
Would you tell me what you need?
Chorus

10. The Ukrainian Song Words and music by Beth Cahill
All my people have roots in cold places
They know the winter, they know the blowing snow
My grandfather would walk to Odessa, he'd return in 15 days
The Axis took the road to Kiev
And now he lies in an unmarked grave
Chorus:
Just another man that never came back
Just another man that never came back
My old man he loved the vodka, knew hard times like I'll never see
Gone for days when the madness took him
Froze to death on the Epiphany
Chorus
I got married for one good reason, wouldn't say that it wasn't love
No surprise, never said he was leaving
One day he just never showed up
Chorus
Got me a boy with eyes like St. Stephen
Green or blue, depends on the moon
Runs barefoot first snow of the season
Only hope he's not leaving soon
Chorus
All my people have roots in cold places
They know the winter, they know the blowing snow

11. Starting Over © 2001 Rachel Bissex/One Take Productions
Suki dropped the letter into the mailbox with no return address
She backed away from what she'd done, smiled at the emptiness
She slipped back in the driver's seat, looked in the rear-view mirror
Remorse, regret, she turned the key / Reverse but no return
Starting over, starting over
She felt a hunger in her belly and her foot down on the gas, the
cry of the road
Growling in her belly made her drive too fast, static on the radio
Starting over, starting over
Suki smelled the coffee burning as she walked into the place
The waiter he didn't like her, she could see it in his face, and he said
to her: "You know, if you don't like the coffee in here, why don't you
just get back in your little car and go on down the road. I'm sure you
can find yourself a nice little coffee shop somewhere with a latte or
espresso or something with whipped cream and a cherry on top. It's
a big world out there, and don't let the door hit you on the way out."
And you know, she thought to herself, he's right. It is a very, very,
very big world out there. As big as the blue Pacific, or the sequoias
out in California. As big as the Canadian arctic, or Chicago traffic. As

big as those power towers that she saw when she was driving
across New Jersey. The world is as big as her vacant womb.
Suki drove for hours, for days, for weeks, between the broken
lines. She drove by the water, she drove by the woods, singing
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
Starting over, starting over, starting over
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

12. Surrender Love Words and music by Lisa Markley
Impasse, broke glass, house of mirrors
Cuts neat, bare feet, trail of fears
Regrets, cast nets, out to drift
Fly back, knapsack, beg a lift
Can't go home again
Smaller now, the locks were changed
Grass where trees have been
Held tight my whole life, shifting sands
Rendezvous, said we do, heart in hand
Never thought it'd be this hard
Not fair, who cares, we've come this far
Home is where you are
Burn down this town, paint it red
Till it surrenders love instead

13. Maman Roseanne Traditional
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Gardez-donc, C'est le mambo pour moi
J'ai abandonné la valse pour le tango
J'ai tombé en amour pour le tango
Asteur la seule je veux c'est le tango
J'aime que tu aimes la même danse
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Gardez-donc, C'est juste le mambo pour moi
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Look, it's the mambo for me
I gave up the waltz for the tango
I fell in love with the tango
Now all I want is the tango
I'd like you to like the same dance
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Oh, Maman Roseanne
Look, it's just the mambo for me