



**Mark Ari**  
**Tamara Colonna**  
**Lauren Fincham**  
**Folk is People**  
**Luke Peacock**  
**Roy Peak**  
**Mark Williams**

  
**EAT SONG**



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Words and Music by Roy Peak

## ONE RED WING

BY LAUREN FINCHAM

I had the strangest dream  
I woke up in a magazine  
The stars were falling  
The crow she was and then she wasn't me  
Then she wasn't me

One red wing, one black wing  
I heard them this morning  
She can't fly, she can't sing  
She stands there just fluttering

Tears on the awning  
The house was dark and it was growing mean  
The fox was yawning  
He had a heart or then so it seemed  
Or then so it seemed  
Or then so it seemed

One red wing, one black wing  
I heard them this morning  
She can't fly, she can't sing  
He blames her for everything

—

The fox and the crow tried to get along  
The fox caught a rabbit with another love song  
The crow got wise and caught the fox in a lie,  
And buried all their treasure... treasure ... treasure...

One red wing, one black wing  
I heard them this morning  
She can't fly, she can't sing  
She stands there just fluttering

Lauren Fincham – acoustic guitar, vocal//Michael Pearson – electric guitar/Sean Jones – drums/Roy Peak – bass

© 2016 by Lauren Fincham

## The Devil Always Comes

By Stacey Bennett

Time's been rough and I've struggled through enough to know that I'm better off alone  
So take what you need, save the rest for me to clean. I'll go off and I'll move on  
The devil always comes like a lover in the night. Save the kiss of death at your bedside

Time's been rough and I've fought long enough to know that I'm better off at home  
So take what you need, save the rest for me to cleave. I'll move on and I hope you'll grow up  
Trouble always comes like robbers in the night. They will take, they will break, don't you put up a  
Fight

Devious stray, star spangled and lit. A diatribe in the ugly mouth, a self-portrait  
Of what's to come, because what is, is what was. We are infinite, we are all heathens  
Don't steal the rain clouds from my eyes. Sulk in spite with this festering heart of mine  
I was a child, I was free and I fought to believe that we are infinite, but we aren't all poets  
We are all lies and the devil always comes to my side

Stacey Bennett—vocals, guitar/Rick Grice—bass, keys/Ryan Kennedy—drums  
Produced, mixed and mastered by Rick Grice at Endangered Wise Men Studios

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## Burn it Down

By Luke Peacock

Well we grew up slow, in a no-horse town  
Nothing but stoplights on main street, no one ever come around  
We swore we'd get away soon as we were grown  
Packed that Buick to the tailgates with everything we owned

And we danced all night together by the light of the radio  
Singing "Night of the Johnstown Flood" and banging on a piano  
And we made ourselves a highway from the town we used to know  
Aw, burn it down  
I hope we never go back home

We let the daylight break before we hit the road  
Caught the 77 southbound headed out for Mexico  
Made far as Kingsville before the car broke down  
Hitched the last hundred miles in to some border town

Where we danced all night together by the light of the radio  
Singing "Night of the Johnstown Flood" and missing my old piano  
And we made ourselves a highway from the life we used to know  
Aw, burn it down  
I hope we never go back home

Out on the range tonight there's a hollow sigh  
Wolves howling at the tree line on the back 45  
Lord I miss that girl and the no-horse town  
But I ain't nothing that nobody would ever keep around

So I'll dance all night alone now by the light of the radio  
Singing "Night of the Johnstown Flood" and wishing for a piano  
I'm just trying to get back somehow to the life I used to know  
Or just burn it down, and hope I never get back home  
Burn

Luke Peacock – guitar and vocal

© by Luke Peacock

## El Dorado

By Mark Ari

They came through the jungle bent on murder,  
Their faces were drawn and their guns were, too.  
Muskets fire and flash and blast like thunder  
Leaving blood on the field like the morning dew

El Dorado  
El Dorado  
El Dorado

Over the hill, just around the bend.

I still remember how you tried to hide me  
When they came to cull me from the fold.  
If I were an angel, girl, you could ride me  
All the way to that city of gold.

El Dorado  
El Dorado  
El Dorado

Over the hill, just around the bend.

Some men want it to buy their freedom,  
And some men think it will be them whole,  
Till their lives are nothing but what they've left behind them  
All along the road to that city of Gold

El Dorado  
El Dorado  
El Dorado

Hey, it's over the hill, man, I've seen it, it's around the bend.

Mark Ai—guitar, vocal, harmonica

©1997 by Mark Ari

## Street of Good-byes

By Mark Williams

Restless nights of endless pain  
Dim lit lights and pouring rain  
We want our lives simple not plain  
Our hearts shared but not chained.

We try to avoid the big mistake  
Shield our hearts so they won't break  
Say, love's illusions are all fake  
Just thin ice upon the lake.

And I hear wounded voices rise  
Up to where the angels fly  
Far beyond the moonlit sky  
On the Street of good-byes.

Back then we knew each other's names  
Children laughing, playing games  
Funny how the decades past  
Their meaning outside our grasp

Social networks mirror each detail  
Of lives mundane not fairy-tale  
Still we overlook or fail  
To catch the falling and the frail

And I hear wounded voices rise  
Up to where the angels fly  
Far beyond the moonlit sky  
On the Street of good-byes...

Mark Williams – guitars, piano, all vocals/Roy Peak – Bass/Noel Millan – drums

© 2013 by Mark Williams



## OHIO

By Roy Peak

It wasn't all that long ago  
I was crawling down the interstate  
I had a smile on my face  
I was full of bile and hate

All I needed was shelter  
Somewhere to clear my head  
Don't ya know I turned right back around  
When I saw the sign ahead

Ohio---Ohio---  
If I had my way baby  
I'd never go back to you

Ohio---Ohio---  
If I had my way darlin'  
I'd never go back to you

When we kissed by Lake Erie  
I never felt so high  
But when you started running 'round  
I truly wanted to die

Some love is meant to be  
Others better left unsaid  
Our love was high in the middle  
And it was round on both ends

Ohio---Ohio---  
If I had my way baby  
I'd never go back to you

Ohio---Ohio---  
If I had my way darlin'  
I'd never go back to you

There we were at the edge of the world  
And you're begging me to come back  
Close my eyes and spin around  
One step forward and six steps back

And if I find myself on 75  
Heading south towards Toledo  
I'd rather drive back around the world  
Yeah, I'm taking the long way home

Ohio---Ohio---  
If I had my way baby  
I'd never go back to you

Ohio---Ohio---  
If I had my way darlin'  
I'd never go back to you

Roy Peak – guitar and vocal

©2009 by Roy Peak



## Pray for Magic

By Lauren Fincham

In her search for lost companions  
It's never felt like this before  
Everybody prays for magic

Let the dying man be candid  
'Cause that's what Heaven is for  
Everybody prays for magic

Did you hear your mother crying?  
When the candle went out by the door?  
Everybody prays for magic

All your dark days  
All your dark ways  
Melt  
And fade

Lauren Fincham – acoustic guitar/Carol Statella – Viola

©2007 by Lauren Fincham

## Found Out in Brooklyn

By Mark Williams

I stand 'neath the lamppost  
Wearing otiose blues  
Staring at the skyline  
From Flatbush Avenue  
This corner is dirty  
And dangerous too  
When you ain't got a quarter  
And nothing to do

I'm down to my last dime, Out on the main line  
Down and out in Brooklyn, downed out in Brooklyn  
Found out in Brooklyn

Now these streets are wounded,  
Slashed straight to the soul  
By the blade of an unknown,  
Bloodthirsty and cold  
But I love this city,  
It has a heart still  
And I oft times stumble  
In awe of its will.

I'm down to my last dime, Out on the main line  
Down and out in Brooklyn, downed out in Brooklyn  
Found out in Brooklyn

I wish I had a picture of when I was ten  
Or more important, one of a friend  
Someone I'd talk with when I was alone  
Just like it is now that this street is my home

I'm down to my last dime, Out on the main line  
Down and out in Brooklyn, downed out in Brooklyn  
Found out in Brooklyn

Mark Williams – vocals, guitar/Bill Pillmore – bass, pedal steel

©1983 by Mark Williams

## Hot Dogs and Beer

By Mark Ari

I believe in hot dogs and beer  
I believe the future is here  
I believe in every crocodile tear  
And I believe in you

I believe in time when it's spendin'  
I believe in justice when it's bendin'  
I might believe in this world when it's endin'  
Then I'll believe in you

I believe in wings over the world  
I believe the universe curls  
I believe why walk when you can whirl  
But mostly I believe in you

I believe we all want a home  
I believe that's why we roam  
If it's true we all die alone  
I'll still believe in you

I believe in the wind and the rain,

The man in the moon, the house on the lane  
On this crazy old planet nothing stays the same  
'cept I believe in you.

I believe I might have played to the crowd  
If I didn't believe in laughing out loud  
Still I believe in Paradise Now  
Cause, baby, I believe in you

I believe I do  
I believe in you  
I believe because you tell me to.

I believe in red hots and brews  
In Rock and Roll and Rhythm and Blues  
But you already know that, so here comes the news:  
I believe in you.

I believe I do  
I believe in you  
I believe because you tell me to.

Mark Ari—guitars, vocal, harmonica

© by Mark Ari



## Pyramids

By Stacey Bennett

All your thoughts were pyramids and all your friends were pharmacists  
Like what was never is...but it's now  
Of dial tones, a reluctant past. Those ghosts keep calling back  
You're anchored now without slack and sinking  
The dialogue has since dimmed, your eyes are concentration  
Lose the brakes at the bend, no seatbelt  
Make me or break me tonight, I won't go down without a fight  
Sent your love and sentiments and dressed yourself like a little kid  
When you stormed the hill on your pilgrimage to nowhere  
You swallow hope like a wishing well and those shiny coins got some stories to sell  
When everyone is someone else, who are you  
To make me or break me tonight? I won't go down without a fight  
Sulking in your tyrant's chair, screaming, tearing out your hair  
A silent Armageddon clawing through the blood under your skin  
So make me or break me tonight. I won't go down without a fight

Stacey Bennett—vocals, guitar/Rick Grice—bass, keys/Ryan Kennedy—drums  
Produced, mixed and mastered by Rick Grice at Endangered Wise Men Studios

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# Cowboy Dreams

By Tamara Colonna

Sitting in your easy chair, wishing you could get back where  
The angus roam and the mustangs run,  
Out where the air is dry warm colors kiss the sky  
And paint the land red with the sun.

Catching a wolf pack howling. A fire's roaring, the kettle' on,  
Bacon crackling slowly in the frying pan,  
Black coffee drifting in the air. You let down your hair.  
It's gonna be a day where you can disappear

Off to Shelby's Bar where you play your steel guitar  
For the local folks who come around.  
You bring your old dog, Beau. Some nights he steals the show  
When he smiles and prances 'round.

At the end of the day on your horse you ride away  
Into the sunset soft and deep.  
And as the music fades, you're headed to that place –  
The land of cowboy dreams.

Rolling with the tumbleweeds, cactus green and centipedes,  
The road goes on for miles in the desert sand  
Winning battles blazing trails,  
Full of tall wild tales where the bad guys fall  
And the good prevail.

Sitting in your easy chair, wishing you could get back where  
The angus roam and the mustangs run,  
Out where the air is dry, the warm colors kiss the sky  
And paint the land red with the sun.

Tamara Colonna – vocals/Bill Gibson – harmony, guitar/Chuck Nash – bass/Beau Halton – Drums.  
Recorded at Zoe Tribe Studios. Engineered by Chuck Nash.

© by Tamara Colonna

Clear Lake, February 3rd 1959

By Roy Peak

I'm sitting on the runway  
Here at Clear Lake  
The snow is still falling  
And I'm grinding my teeth

I've got ten bags of laundry  
And my guitar in the back  
Flyin' all the way to Fargo  
While the sky is still black

Not sure how I got here  
With my eyes full of stars  
Singing one song after another  
How did I get this far

Feels like I've been snow blind  
For weeks on end  
I miss those quiet mornings  
And the warmth of your skin

The way you'd correct me  
And change my mind  
I think we oughta start a family  
I think we still have time

All I ever needed  
Was to be your man  
And I promise to call you  
As soon as this bird lands

I'm sitting on the runway  
Here at Clear Lake  
The pilot guns the engine  
And lets off the brake

What if I was to die tonight  
And leave you this way  
I bet you'd never forgive me  
Oh that'll be the day

And I'd love to close my eyes and sleep  
But this plane's so loud  
But if I could I'd dream of a sunrise  
And a pair of brown eyes

Oh just to see one more sunrise  
And those lovely eyes

Roy Peak – guitar and vocal

© by Roy Peak



Produced by Roy Peak and Mark Ari

Cover Design by Mark Ari

Cover Painting: "Captive Pegasus" (1889) by Odilon Redon. This image is in the public domain.

"One Red Wing" is the title track of Lauren Fincham's 2016 album, "Pray for Magic" is from her 2007 release, PERFECT PAIN. "The Devil Always Comes" and "Pyramids" were first released on the 2016 album, THE DEVIL ALWAYS COMES by Folk is People. "El Dorado" appeared on Mark Ari's album, LIVE AT 90 IN THE SHADE," while "Hot Dogs and Beer" was first released in 2017 on "ALL THE BONE." "Street of Goodbye's" is from Mark Williams second CD, MARK WILLIAMS WITH BLUE HORSE—OUT PAST THE MOON. His song, "Found Out in Brooklyn" is from his first, GHOSTS OF EDEN. Roy Peak recorded "Ohio" and "Clear Lake, February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1959" demo-style on a single mic. Tamara Colonna's "Cowboy Dreams" is from the 2013 release STRONG ENOUGH TO FLOAT A COLT by Dixie Rodeo.



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