

## Each Other's Story

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI

©2010

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer, tin whistle

Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

John Cerrigione: bass

Kevin Doyle: djembe

Elwood wrote this title song last summer, thinking back on how well he understood his kids' lives while they were young and growing, compared to how little he knows about their daily lives now that they're adults.

Of course, he deludes himself if he really thinks they let him in on all that they were up to, even back then.

I'd like to get to know you better  
Right now it's speculation and wishful thinking  
We assume so much  
Until it's pretending we know [each other's story]  
{3X in last verse}

I've been - knowing  
You've been - growing  
1 -Today we're gonna say it all

What was it like when you were seven  
Why in the world don't we banter informal  
the boy that I knew  
I don't like pretending we know each other's story

I've been - knowing  
You've been - growing  
2 -Today we're gonna change it all

It's many times I wonder  
Is it gradual absorption or deliberate learning  
As simple as that  
When it grabs my attention, I know each other's story

I've been - knowing  
You've been - growing  
3- Do we even need to speak at all

I only want to know you better...

I've been - knowing

You've been - growing

1 -Today we're gonna say it all

2 -Today we're gonna change it all

3- Do we even need to speak at all

## I'm Too Busy

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1992

Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, harmonica

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

John Cerrigione: bass

Kevin Doyle: vibra-slap, djembe

In the early 90's, we were both working day jobs while pursuing our music career and bringing up the kids. We were so busy during those years that any small interruption or change in schedule could've thrown us off for days!

The wind blows strong but gently  
And snow covers the ground  
And leaning on my windowsill  
I see it coming down  
I'd really love to linger  
Watch my breath fog up the pane  
But I've got laundry, and this report to do  
And I really can't stay

**Chorus:** I'd like to have some spaces  
Between my thoughts at times  
Little blank pages or flat plains would be fine  
I'd like a stretch machine to loosen up my brain  
Blue sky between my ideas  
Like a lean-to in the rain

I wish I had the time  
To look long into your face  
And reach beyond domestic chat  
That takes up so much space  
We have so little time  
What with work, the kids, the house  
That when we finally get to us  
We're snoring on the couch...Chorus

I think about those coffee shops  
Near Wickenden and Brook  
Where people go to meet and talk  
And some go to read books

And I would like to do that  
And one day I'll find the time  
To sit me down with a cup  
And the luxury of my mind...Chorus

### **Pity Undue**

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI

©1996

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, tin whistle  
Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar, harmonica  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin  
Alex Krepkikh: tambourine  
Cari Norris: vocals  
Lisa Schmitz: guitar  
Originally recorded in 1997, Elwood wrote this song of hope for all of us who have, at a time, felt downtrodden and defeated.  
We've added violin and tambourine for this version.

There's hope in the gutter,  
I certainly know  
I've been there myself,  
Downtrodden and low  
We try to recover  
But we land on our backs  
And the rest of the family  
Has slipped through the cracks

Well, somebody told me  
That you're working for pay  
But your health is declining  
So you'll quit any day  
They said you'd be leaving  
Before you get old  
And your bills total more  
Than the house that you sold

**Chorus:** Oh, it's a pity undue,  
The hardship that's fallen  
On people like you  
And oh, it's a pity to see  
What little is accomplished  
By people like me

Well, people don't worry  
There's more to this life  
Than struggling for honor

As mother and wife  
You've nothing to prove  
That you've not proven yet  
The kettle is boiling; the table is set

Well, someday we'll show them,  
If we all don't die first  
That the world they're creating  
Gets progressively worse  
When they choose to exclude some  
And keep others in check  
Their mindless injustice  
Will fall on their necks...Chorus

### **Music Is My Lover**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1987

Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin, piano  
John Cerrigione: bass  
Kevin Doyle: shaker, triangle  
Originally recorded in 1992, this song was inspired by Aubrey's grandmother, Mary Eaton His, who was a brilliant violinist. Once, when Aubrey was a teenager, her grandmother looked at her solemnly and announced, "Aubrey, music is my lover." Later, Aubrey would understand what she meant. The irony here with this syncopated and improvisational style, is that she very much disliked jazz, declaring it caused a "frenzy in the brain." Sorry, Granny!  
We've added violin, piano, bass and percussion to this version.

My lover has no name  
No body; no predictable game  
Try and try as I might to grasp her ways  
She eludes me everytime

Some days are smooth, harmonious and fine  
And others; it's like I'm walking a line  
Of frustration and discord and wheels off the track  
All that I get, she takes right back

**Chorus:** Cause my lover has no name  
No body; no predictable game  
Try and try as I might to grasp her ways  
She eludes me everytime

In my room the coffee cup's cool  
Balls of paper strewn all around  
It's an off day; she's lying so smug on the floor  
The strings need changing and my fingers are  
sore...Chorus

### **Parting Words**

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI  
©2010

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, tin whistle, mandolin

Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, piano

John Cerrigione: bass

Alex Krepkikh: harmonica

Elwood wrote this song two years ago, before he finally realized that although he's not responsible for the mental health of others, he is also not impervious to the hurt of accusations and abuse.

It's the saddest thing; this I know  
To leave me standing here  
Your parting words will bring me woe  
If I live a hundred years

OH...OH....OH.....OH

There's a wicked wind that follows you  
And shake it though you try  
You're ill-equipped and can't undo  
The damage you deny

OH...OH....OH.....OH

And when my time on Earth is through  
I'll still be by your side  
This goodbye wish I'll send to you  
That kindness be your guide

Still I'll always wonder what became of you

Repeat first verse

### **No Phone Calls In the Night**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1996

Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar, tin whistle

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, rainstick

Kevin Fallon: violin

Morgan Santos: cello

Originally recorded in 1997, Aubrey wrote this lullaby for parents everywhere who have learned that moments of utter peace of mind are sometimes few and far between.

We've added cello here.

I'd like to tell you now  
That everything's okay  
The children are asleep in their beds  
The downstairs lights are off  
And both the doors are locked  
The cars are safely parked for the night

**Chorus:** Another day, another life, another week

And we are in our bed so warm and clean  
I put my hand on your hair and tell you that  
Right now, right here, this time  
Everything's all right

Setting my alarm, I think that these are precious times when everything's okay  
No loss, no hospital, no accident, no fight  
No fire, no scare, no phone calls in the night...Chorus

### **We Go Together (4:00)**

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI  
©2010

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, banjo

Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin, piano

John Cerrigione: bass

Kevin Doyle: djembe, tambourine

Elwood wrote this song after a funny conversation with Aubrey one evening when she turned to him and said, "If you ever leave me, I'm going with you."

**Chorus:** Wherever you go; that's where I go  
Whenever we go; we go together  
Wherever you are; that's where I am  
Wherever we are; we are together

There are many years and roads behind me  
Ask me and I'll tell what I recall  
But only when we met did I find me

And sure as I can breathe, you're the best of all

Do you remember what you told me, darling  
That if I ever left you- you'd want to come  
along  
Well, like the chick-a-dees and the starlings  
We'll share sunflower seeds and sing each  
other's songs...Chorus

I just knew that we would one day marry  
You've been generous and thoughtful through  
the years  
Your love for me is what I carry  
To somehow help me manage to drive away  
my cares

Break=Chorus

If there was ever any doubt of our devotion  
It vanished like the waning of the moon  
If we continue in this state of motion  
What we don't have yet will surely turn up  
soon.

Do you remember what you told me, darling  
That if I ever left you- you'd want to come  
along  
Well, like the chick-a-dees and the starlings  
We'll share sunflower seeds and sing each  
other's songs...Chorus

Tag:

Wherever we are; we-are together

### **She Sits at Her Loom**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1996  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, mountain dulcimer,  
guitar, tin whistle  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello  
Kevin Doyle: bodhran, djembe  
Originally recorded in 2004, this song was inspired  
by a weaver friend. But the song is also  
autobiographical, speaking to women artists who  
sometimes live on the edge, wanting to pursue their  
passions while also doing right by their  
families...sometimes a precarious balance.  
Here we've added tin whistle, cello and percussion.

In the quiet of the cellar, in the farthest of  
rooms  
She sits at her loom and she weaves  
The mold and the laundry, they mingle a scent  
As she sits at her loom and she weaves  
Above and around, the family is stirring  
She hears footsteps and voices as she weaves

The cotton, the linen, the wool and the silk  
The feel to her fingers as she weaves  
Blue, red, green, and brown, deep lavender and  
yellow  
The look to her eyes as she weaves

The littlest is crying, the others are fighting  
She hopes they can manage as she weaves  
Big pot on the stove needs the burner turned  
low  
The children need rides and she weaves

She winds up the warp and covers the loom  
Shuts the door, turns around, and she leaves  
As she climbs up the stairs, she thinks wool,  
she thinks color  
She can't wait to come back to weave

In the quiet of the cellar, in the farthest of  
rooms  
That's where you might find her  
As she sits at her loom and she weaves

### **I Try to Say What's On My Mind**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1985  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar  
Elwood Donnelly: vocals  
Kevin Doyle: shaker  
This song was originally recorded on tape while  
Aubrey was a student at Brown University. It was  
written in her very young days, before she met  
Elwood, and the theme reflects her introverted  
side.  
We've added Elwood's vocals and Kevin on  
shaker.

I try to say what's on my mind  
To keep my head from burning  
You're calling me on the telephone  
Too much in the morning

You know I like to be alone  
Read the morning news, and think  
I came this far away to change  
So move aside and let me try  
These wings that I've been given  
This is my time in open fields  
I hope you understand

### **Oh, What Do We Know?**

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI  
©2001

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, guitar, tin whistle  
Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar  
John Cerrigione: bass  
Heidi Cerrigione: autoharp  
Originally recorded in 2004 as a testimony to love  
and why we should pursue it rather than avoid it,  
even when heartache is inevitable.  
Here we've added bass and autoharp.

I'm told that we'll meet them on the other  
shore  
Oh, what do we know?  
Is waiting until then worth waiting for?  
Oh, what do we know?

I disregarded good advice and fell in love  
Oh, what do we know?  
When confidence and friendship would've  
been enough  
Oh, what do we know?

I wonder if it's possible to love too great  
Oh, what do we know?  
I know I'd rather love this way than love too  
late  
Oh, what do we know?

It's seldom smart to get attached  
(It's not supposed to end like that)  
But if you do then you'll discover  
What it means to be...one's lover

### **S'il Vous Plaît**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1983  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar  
Kevin Doyle: shaker, tambourine, triangle  
Paul Dube: accordion

Originally recorded in 1992, Aubrey wrote this  
song at age 19, as a final project for a French class  
in college. The story was inspired by a homeless  
woman who Aubrey saw frequently in her former  
neighborhood in Philadelphia.  
We've added accordion and percussion for this  
version.

S'il Vous Plaît, écoutez ma chanson  
Et vous comprendrez

Il y a une femme dans ma ville  
Elle est debout  
Au coin de la rue  
Dans le seuil d'une porte  
D'une construction abandonnée

Elle est jeune comme moi  
Mais elle est folle  
Elle porte des chiffons  
Des sacs de plastique  
Autour de ses pieds si gonflés

Et quand on la passé  
On se demande  
Pourquoi nous sommes tous ici

On voit ses yeux qui regardent  
Attentivement, un monde insensé  
Pres du seuil d'une porte  
D'une construction abandonnée

En hiver elle a froid  
Mais elle rejette tous les vêtements  
Que les gens dans la ville lui offrent  
Parce qu'elle préfère porter  
Ses propres vêtements  
Sales, déchirés, insuffisants

Elle est morte aujourd'hui  
Morte de froid  
De faim, d'épuisement  
De la manqué de l'amour and des amis

Et personne ne vient  
Quand elle est morte  
Personne ne s'est soucie

Et quand je passe la porte  
Vide au coin de la rue  
Je me demande pourquoi  
Je suis

S'il Vous Plaît  
Avez-vous écoutez ma chanson?  
Maintenant vous comprenez

### Translation

Please, listen to my song and you will  
understand  
There is a woman in my town; she stands on  
the corner of the street  
In the threshold of the door of an abandoned  
building

She's young like me, but she's crazy  
She wears rags; plastic bags around her  
swollen feet

And when you pass her you ask yourself, 'why  
we are all here?'

See her eyes that watch attentively, a nonsense  
world  
Near the threshold of the door of the  
abandoned building

In the winter she's cold but she refuses all the  
clothes  
That the people in the neighborhood offer her  
Because she prefers to wear her own clothes  
Dirty, torn and insufficient

She died today; died of cold – of hunger,  
exhaustion  
Of the lack of love and friends

And nobody came when she died; nobody  
seemed to care

And now when I pass that doorway  
Empty on the corner of the street  
I ask myself why I am

Please, did you listen to my song?  
Now you understand.

### Forgiveness

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI  
©1996

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, guitar  
Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin  
John Cerrigione: bass  
Kevin Doyle: chimes, djembe  
Rick McKinney: mandolin  
Lisa Schmitz: vocals

Originally recorded in 1997, this song is about how  
Elwood's mother seemed trapped in a relationship  
with his father, always attempting to circumvent  
his anger and mood. Their relationship helped  
teach Elwood to be forgiving.

We've added violin, bass, percussion and more  
vocals for this updated version.

He never told her he loved her  
Leastwise while I was around  
Well he seldom spoke, but his message was  
clear  
And besides he could hardly be found

And he held the privilege of power,  
While she circumvented his will  
Each day a challenge, and a chance to gain  
ground  
Never quite conquering still

**Chorus:** There's a hole in his heart,  
where love should have been  
And I don't think it'll ever be filled  
There's a hole in his heart,  
where love could have been, instilled

Look all around you; your destiny taunts you  
You never had even the slightest of chances  
Had you foreseen what would be your lean  
portion  
Could you have even improved circumstances  
It's mostly behind you now; see the result  
You're standing within while he wanders  
without.

And he never asked for forgiveness  
Though I'm sure he wishes he did  
Cause there's a hole in his heart  
Where love should have been  
When I was his loyal young kid...Chorus

**When I go to West Virginia (Coal Mine  
Owner's Daughter/Sally Ann**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1996  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, banjo  
Elwood Donnelly: vocals, bones  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin  
John Cerrigione: bass  
Kevin Doyle: rhythm block  
Steve LaValley: djembe  
Cari Norris: vocals, guitar  
Originally recorded in 1997, this song was inspired  
by Aubrey's family's history of owning and  
operating coal mines in the early 1900s. The  
Atwater Coal Company transported coal from  
Bluefield, West Virginia to the Fall River knitting  
mills in Massachusetts. This song took Aubrey  
months to write because she wanted to deal with  
controversial issues in a way that was respectful to  
her family, especially her father who was always  
so generous with sharing family history.

Well on a good day, you can see very far, just  
drive up high and get out of your car.  
On 77 or 460, just look and the view then look  
at me

**Chorus:** Oh the hills of West Virginia are  
green and lush, and I go to hear the music

One small mountain after another, pushes out  
of the earth  
They're falling over each other, like children,  
but look over there  
It must be an apparition, in the distance, a mesa  
Strip mining has left one hill naked, and oddly  
flat....Chorus

When I go to West Virginia, I don't say much  
Years ago my people owned mines in the  
Pocahontas coal fields  
Well you might say now what's all the fuss and  
why do I say I don't say much

But I wouldn't call parts of two states a  
"field"...Chorus

Now the stripped land, the faces, the sickness,  
the unemployment tell me too much  
And all that happened all of those years was  
before my time...Chorus

I was raised well in a New England town, and  
educated at expensive schools  
Our lives were warmly heated by the coal  
transported by ship from West Virginia  
By the coal transported by ship from West  
Virginia  
By the coal transported by ship from West  
Virginia  
And on a good day, you can see very far, just  
drive up high and get out of your car.  
On 77 or 460, just look at the view then look at  
me  
Look and the view then look at me, look and  
the view then look at me

**In the Springtime**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1988  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar, tin whistle  
Elwood Donnelly: guitar  
Kevin Doyle: chimes  
Originally recorded in 1992, this song was inspired  
by Aubrey's dear grandmother, Eleanor Bartlett  
Atwater (1897-1990). When she was in her 90's,  
she said to Aubrey, "It's hard when all your friends  
are gone."  
I sang this song for her once, and her reaction was,  
"How lugubrious!"  
We've added only chimes here.

It's hard when all your friends are gone  
You've lived so late and for so long  
It's hard to only have the young  
for friends and consolation

Here in my soft, white downy chair  
I think of my house and my land out there  
I remember the pebble roads  
We had horses before the cars came

**Chorus:** And in the Springtime I'll be ninety-one  
I've lived so long; my work is done  
I've seen so much;  
I's time to move on

This land has been in the family  
for seven generations  
I was twenty in the first World War  
In town we had a single store

And now it seems I've lived so long  
I've seen four wars and a son die young  
Kids raised in front of the TV  
Computers at the bank...Chorus

Now, I see myself in this shadowy room  
The winter sun will be setting soon  
I'm smaller than I used to be  
And my face no longer looks like me

I have so little energy  
To do the things I've always loved  
I'm alone in this old house  
The young are too busy...Chorus

It's hard when all your friends are gone  
You've lived so late and for so long  
It's hard to only have the young  
for friends and consolation

### **Beginning With You**

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI  
©1993

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, tin whistle  
Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, piano  
John Cerrigione: bass

Originally recorded in 1994 and written in the key of D, Elwood decided to bring it up a step and a half, add piano, bass and more vocals. This song was written as a reminder that, change, be it personal or social, begins with ourselves.

Peace will come later, at best  
Find yourself comfort, and rest for awhile  
As you empty your pockets again with a smile

With hope that you'll manage to win the world over  
Believing in miracles time and again

And you sit back and hope that the world will keep changing  
But it never changes, just people do

Follow your vision, my friend  
Look to the future and then realize  
As you tug on your heartstrings and tears fill your eyes  
Compassion will carry us over the hard times  
And miracles find us while we're asleep

And we'll wake up together with hope in our pockets  
And wonder what took us so long to believe

Peace will come later, at best  
Find yourself comfort, and rest for awhile  
As you empty your pockets again with a smile  
With hope that you'll manage to win the world over

Believing in miracles time and again  
And we'll wake up together with hope in our pockets  
And wonder what took us so long to believe  
And you sit back and hope that the world will keep changing  
But it never changes, just people do  
Beginning with you

### **The Melt**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1987  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, guitar  
Elwood Donnelly: harmonica, bells  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: cello

Kevin Doyle: doumbek  
Originally recorded in 1992, Aubrey wrote this politically-tinged song mid-winter when many people are weary of the snow that has turned dirty and frozen. She was working in the poorer neighborhoods of Providence where she was struck with how especially hard the winter is on the disadvantaged...noticing also, that their streets were often plowed later than the more well-off parts of the city.

Here we've added harmonica, bells, cello and doumbek.

It's as if the sun is running  
on the ice and snow  
That have turned dirty and old  
There are newspapers and cans  
stuck into the banks

And the water is drifting away  
It's trying to escape  
I'm frightened to see  
what the melt will show  
After the long cover  
of filth and despair

But the rising February sun  
Is here to begin  
the jubilant dance of Spring

It's as if the sun is running  
on the ice and snow  
That have turned dirty and old  
There are newspapers and cans  
stuck into the banks

And the light will shine on the faces  
Of the half-rotted people  
who are hidden  
Like the dirt and the litter  
Under the frozen layers of city snow

But the rising February sun  
Is here to begin the jubilant dance of Spring

Oh, the rising February sun  
Is here to begin the jubilant dance of Spring  
The rising February sun  
Is here to begin the jubilant dance of Spring

### **Problem With Words**

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, BMI  
©1993

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, guitar  
Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals, guitar  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin  
John Cerrigione: bass  
Everett Brown: piano accordion

Originally recorded in 1994, this is the only purposeful duet Elwood has ever written, where the two vocals counter each other from both the physical and spiritual domains. It is a song of longing and hope for rejoining dearly loved ones in the hereafter while attaining peaceful acceptance here on earth until that day.  
We've added violin and bass here.

I'm going to sing you this song  
Even though I don't know all the words  
That never stopped me before  
Even so, I don't know all the words

You won't be laughing when it is done  
And you won't be joking or poking at fun  
But I'm going to sing you this song  
Until my sorrow is gone  
Until my sorrow is gone

I'm going to write you some prose  
Even though you won't know that I do  
That never stopped me before  
Even so, you won't know that I do

You won't consider the words that I write  
And you won't be tactful or act so polite  
But I'm going to write you some prose  
Until my pining is through  
Until my pining is through

Sing me a song  
I don't care if you know all the words  
Read me your prose  
I'm aware of your problem with words

You were the reason that living was fun  
And you gave me hope when I knew there was none  
So I'll always be close at hand  
Until your sorrow is gone  
Until your pining is through

I'm going to sing you this song  
(Sing me a song)  
Even though I don't know all the words  
(I don't care if you know all the words)  
That never stopped me before

(Read me your prose)  
Even so, I don't know all the words  
(I'm aware of your problem with words)

You won't be laughing when it is done  
(You were the reason that living was fun)  
And you won't be joking or poking at fun  
(And you gave me hope when I knew there  
was none)  
But I'm going to sing you this song  
(So I'll always be close at hand)  
Until my sorrow is gone  
(Until your sorrow is gone)  
Until my pining is through  
(Until your pining is through)

### **Silver Foxes**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©1990  
Aubrey Atwater: lead vocals, mountain dulcimer,  
tin whistle, bells  
Elwood Donnelly: vocals, jaw harp  
Kevin Doyle: bodhran  
Originally recorded in 1992, this song was written  
after Aubrey saw a fox dart across the road in front  
of her car, triggering thoughts about what is wild  
all around us.  
We've added jaw harp and bodhran for this  
version.

It's lonely out here on this cold Autumn night  
The leaves rush around me in a fearful flight  
There used to be a lot of us roaming these hills  
Our silvery tails illuminate still

And in the moonlight we search for the  
remaining few  
Too scared to stay still  
We run through the dewy fields  
We run through the dewy fields

It's lonely out here on this cold Autumn night  
The leaves rush around me in a fearful flight  
There used to be a lot of us roaming these hills  
Our silvery tails illuminate still

And in the moonlight we search for the  
remaining few  
Too scared to stay still

We run through the dewy fields  
We run through the dewy fields

We run through the dewy fields

### **Quiet Sky**

Words and music by Aubrey Atwater, BMI ©2001  
Aubrey Atwater: vocals, guitar  
Cathy Clasper-Torch: violin  
Originally recorded in 2004. Although this song  
was inspired by the events of 9/11/01, Aubrey  
made the meaning broad enough to apply to the  
healing involved with any trauma or major life  
event.  
We added violin for this version.

Such a perfect day, in a perfect month  
Such a blue, blue sky  
It's my favorite time of the year

What a lovely place, what a lovely garden  
Such a blue and quiet sky  
The pumpkins are ready and they're lying on  
their sides

When a week had passed, he said, "You must  
get dressed.  
"The best thing we can do, is go on with our  
work."  
And so he took his rake, and he headed for the  
garden  
He said, "The harvest won't wait and there's  
still beauty everywhere."

Such a perfect day, in a perfect month  
Such a strange and quiet sky  
The pumpkins are ready and they're lying on  
their sides

## **Our Generation**

**Even though Elwood wrote this song, he  
can't remember some of the lyrics,  
So if anyone can figure them out, please  
forward to him.**

Words by Elwood Donnelly; Music by The Lonely  
Things, ©1966

Elwood Donnelly: lead vocals

Jim Fleet: vocals

Peter Pappas: vocals and rhythm guitar

Michael Pappas: vocals and drums

Jim Auclair: lead guitar

Jim Haritos: keyboard

Elwood wrote this song in 1966 while he was in a  
garage band in Providence.

The band, The Lonely Things, made one recording,  
with this song on the A side. Two years ago,

Elwood's son found this song, by means of much  
computer research, on a compilation CD called  
New England Teen Scene – Unreleased!, 30 Killer  
Garage Rock Winners From 1965-1968.

More information about The Lonely Things is on  
our website: [www.atwater-  
donnelly.com/thelonelythings.htm](http://www.atwater-donnelly.com/thelonelythings.htm).