

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).