

catbird seat



fairytales and songs

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Bob Bedell: vocal, Taylor, rainstick



Rob Griffin: Martin, vocal, 'lectric



Brett Norton: bass, vocal



Simone Simonton: drums

Executive Producers:
Peter Williams
and Cliff Krapp II

Produced and Mixed by
Don McCollister and
Catbird Seat

Engineered by
Don McCollister
and Glenn Matallo at
Nickel and Dime Studios

Mastered by
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All Songs by Bob Bedell;
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Recorded at
Nickel and Dime Studios

Emily Saliers appears
courtesy of Epic Records.

Design by Carol Norton

Photography by
Lynne Siler
and Jerry Burns

Thanks to our Moms and Pops and Sisters of Ruby,
who with a Nickel and Dime, put this collection
together. To Amy, Katie, Carol, Ned and Pete for the
flat-wound Tele. To all the musicians we've played
with, listened to, watched grow, been inspired by and
raised a cup with — Thanks! And also, to our extended
family who stay in the Attic with our Uncle. And to
all of you who listen, support, and spread the word —
our deepest thanks. Can't wait to see you again...

For more information about Catbird Seat and a catalog of other
Sister Ruby releases, please write: Sister Ruby Records,
PO Box 450266, Atlanta, GA 31145

One Memory (for the ones with nowhere else to go)

1 Somebody's crazy. Smoke rises high. Pennies take hours it seems now, while others just die. Shadows have fallen and pages have turned. Wiping the rain from their faces, what have we learned? That's one memory. Searching for answers, we watch the evening news. The past has been foggy and now I'm blind, just like you. That's one memory. Held down by anger (shadows have fallen) and Mephistopheles. Taken away the ribbons and bows, driven to their knees. That's one memory.

Over Now (a song of recovery)

2 Ain't got time for the story. No one's saying a thing. Holding on to fairytales and songs. Happy endings are moments away. I've been too long tired of the pain. Like this never-ending shadowing of shame. Can I be wrong to tell you everything? But it's all over now – at least it's on the way. Taking living for granted, living life on the edge. Falling out. Escape to fantasy. I've been distorted for many a day. Feeding the sanity of righteousness. Feeling the sanity of life again. Ain't been looking for favors. Take my story to bed. I'm holding on to fairytales and songs. Happy endings are moments away.

World Waits (for the soul we search)

3 The world waits while I hang in the balance inside of this man. The world waits while I stay for the morrow of unforeseen plans. Well, I should afford the shame and the strengths inside of me. Something has to rage inside, but I cannot hide my memories. The world waits for each movement together, each passionate try. Some sit while we strive for the answers. Some laugh while we cry. I must've changed, I must've found some facts for this reality. I must've told you all one million times, so listen all to me. The world waits while we search for a savior and harmony's hold. The world waits on the edge of forgiveness, the edge of your soul.

Raymond G. (for the strength of ted and the life of madison)

4 Starting out, I couldn't make sense of this today. What life has breathed inside of me. Won't you take the time to stop and play? It's nothing short of disbelieving history. The rage, crawling from this dream. It's the last train that stops here today. When the golden stars fall in line up on the stage, they call for your time. Offering time to stay. Something's got to give. Someone's got to know the Fates don't play fair. It's all inside the prose. Stealing the breath away from me, it's going to take a long long time now, Raymond G. For faith, we fall down to our knees. Sometimes I raise my fists and shake the air.

Wishing You Were (to the ones we listen to who refuse to listen)

5 Choose a path to find my way. Listen close to what you say. Open minds that feign to speak. Open mouth and you fall in so deep. Take away what you have done. See the right that you have wrong. Take the sword

and hold it high. You walk away and hang your head to cry. Simply taken, I'm formally breaking away, now that I can see. Simply taken, the forms that we're made to comply, and wishing you were. We'll find a place to drop your chains. Leave behind what you've detained. Open minds that feign to speak, opening the cages that you keep.

Looking Glass Smiles (for dreamers)

A walk through the forest on a path never seen. Something before us has turned itself green. Finding its words on the tip of my tongue. I've forgotten, or sometimes it seems to bring itself near me, and whispering softly out of my reach. I'm looking through the door. That's life for the dreamer. Spins offering rhymes. Sits coloring rainbows, watching the whole world pass him by. And living off his stories this time. Providence fills me with passion and dreams, a prelude to visions that no one has seen. I'm turning to view where looking glass smiles through the window and straight to my soul. Something's remembered where it's never been before — finding what's real. I'm turning around with a spiraling grin. I fall faintly aside of my fears. I'm holding on, imposing lines as Heaven's Angel appears. And looking glass smiles, I remember, from most every day. The last thing you gave me. I'm turning to walk the way, finding what's real.

Sing To Me (for katie)

Come sing to me with words unspoken. Come sing to me in ardent shades of blue. Sing to me when you're feeling lonely. Draw me close to you. Don't you know every time I'm happy? Don't you know every time I cry? It's sometimes long in expectations and often leads to ecstasy. What were the words that brought you here to me? It's sometimes hard to see. Talk to me in words of soothing rhyme. Talk to me in words that lose no time. Was I strong enough to hold you? Was I man enough to share? Am I reading Aesop's Fable, where the morals come to bear?

Fall's Lullaby (a mountain song)

Fall on your brow

After all, the shades appear again

Leaves, what you've found

Liberate your spirit again

Stay for the cool wind blows, then you fall.

We Run (to the race we all run)

We find ourselves in moments, trapped with insincerities. Fall away and the truth, the race, we see. We run out of all the fears that held us to the ground. We run, and the walls, they all fall down. Trace the pathways to your soul. Under all the gold you'll find. Fall away and the treasure we uncover is the time. The petals fall unnoticed, leaving everyone the same. Fall away and leave no one to take the blame.

Grey Suit (for The Red Denny)

10 Old man in the grey suit, waiting for the prayer. For one last toke, the Camel choked his ending. Somebody told the man what to say. Aching in so many ways. Aching in so many ways. Knew every well in town. Someplace to find his fare. Your Sunday best been fold and pressed and laid there. "Your Cheatin' Heart", The Red Denny sang. Don't like the place that I've been lately. Simply fell into the ways. And I've forgotten all the great big plans I made. For my life, I've been fairly compensated for the rain. Inside of someone else's dream, I've found the place that I'm supposed to be.

Fortunate Heart (when you've found The one)

11 Heaven help the lost and lonely soul, taken to the market to be sold. The fainting air I breathe of faces from the past, fade from me at last. Since I found your way, the fortunate heart plays. Hidden from my sense of intellect. Traded for and never going back. It happens to me every day that you're near. The city lights, the eyes begin to see. Suddenly my heart just stops to breathe.

Fate the Dancer (sometimes fate happens)

12 I followed my desires, don't you know. Consolidate the fires, can't you see enchanted souls and enchanted minds. Traveling the byways far from home. Investigating days that make me see I'm on a pathway to discovery. Only questions make it easier. Alluring eyes the flower, don't you know. The fragrance of the hour, can't you see the honesty, strength and integrity. If someone gave the answers to the soul, then made Fate the dancer, can't you see your heart is open for eternity.

The Pride and the Shame (for all who seek freedom)

13 How many times do I see, people get thrown out and down on their knees? Come out from your corners and fight for your freedom. Take what they give you as long as they'll feed you. I'm down on my knees, begging you please. I want you. How many times must you die, while taking the beatings of time after time? Just hiding the faces, the tears and the pain, watching the things that you wish you could change. And I want to know who's to blame for the hurt and the joy, the Pride and the Shame.

Additional Cats:

Shawn Mullins: piano on 7 and 8

Emily Saliers: vocal on 6 and 8

Katie: vocals on 2 and 8

Matthew Kahler: percussion on 4

Don Conoscenti: fretless bass, shaker, vocal on 4

Oman Shagrin: fretless bass on 3, cello on 7, vocal on 11, tam on 5