

ONE MORE DAY



A RECORD BY
HANK SHIZZOE

LYRICS

1 A LOAD I CAN CARRY

I go check behind the house
The broken hearts are rotting away
I keep the stray dogs at bay
Take a look inside the shed
There's nothing I can say
About the hopes of yesterday

It's too loud out here
Think I'll go back to bed
Listen to the voices in my head
They're queing up now
Waiting to be fed
Throwing bones to their pets

The vampires are out tonight
Crawling across the parking lot
Drinking their own blood
I open a window
Tell them to stop
I'm saving my last shot

Sure looks like this aggression will stand
If this is the right time I'm the wrong man
With something to do and a place to live
You'd be surprised what I can give

Time is not my friend
A jug of Golden Harvest sherry
A gentle hug before I perish
Keep an eye out for me
Sing and be merry
Give me a load I can carry

It don't matter if it's light as a feather
I don't care if it's round or square
Bring me a ton and I'll be gone
Haul it on a truck, ship it on a ferry
Give me a load I can carry

It don't matter if it's light as a feather
I don't care if it's round or square
Bring me a ton and I'll be gone
Haul it on a truck, ship it on a ferry
Give me a load I can carry
Give me a load I can carry

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2 MY GREAT ESCAPE

Gatekeeper tell me please
What exactly is it that's required of me
It's getting cold you see, it's getting late
I've been planning my great escape

I loved her in the wintertime
Long before and after she was mine
She was my queen of spades
I'm figuring out my great escape

It's only a matter of time
There'll be floods and landslides
Before they close the gate
I'll make my great escape

They say all is fair in love and war
If I go on like this I won't make it that far
Since I don't believe in fate
Better get on with my great escape

Take a good look before everything's gone
Everything you've lost and all you've won
Come on now don't you take the bait
It's time to make your great escape

Bring in the boats and make it quick
The crews out there keep being sick
I volunteer as first mate
When I embark on my great escape

Don't dilly dally, son
Time glides down the barrel of a gun
What makes you hesitate?
Go on and make your great escape

Fire up my engine real good
Full throttle up that hill
Jump over that barbed wire fence
And make my great escape

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3 CRYING IN MY SLEEP

Last night I saw you on the street
With a beefy hanger on
Slow walking upon your beat
You were made up girl

Choked up by rage and grief
I stole up to you and I drew my steel
One flash brought fast relief
Then I woke up I was crying in my sleep

Crying in my sleep
There are tears on my pillow

Last night I had you on the sand
In the shimmer of a desert glare
Lord knows how you got there
You were dried out girl

I pull a flagon on my hand
For precious water is what you crave now
I tip it into the sand to seep
Then I woke up and I was crying in my sleep

Crying in my sleep
There are tears on my pillow
Crying in my sleep
There are tears on my pillow

Last night on a windy ledge
I saw you standing with your hair streaming down

Strollin' up while you made your pledge
I was too tired girl

I came upon it when the blue lights played
On the faces of them looking on
Someone shouted "jump" I said "leap"
Then I woke up and I was crying in my sleep

Crying in my sleep
There are tears on my pillow
Crying in my sleep
There are tears on my pillow

Words & Music by Nick Lowe ©1988 Plangent Visions Music Ltd



4 SHENANDOAH

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Look away, you rollin' river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri

Now the Missouri is a mighty river
Look away, you rollin' river
Indians camp along her border
Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri

Well, a white man loved an Indian maiden
Look away, you rollin' river
With notions his canoe was laden
Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri

Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Look away, you rollin' river
It was for her I'd cross the water
Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri

For seven years I courted Sally
Look away, you rollin' river
Seven more years I longed to have her
Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.

Well, it's fare-thee-well, my dear, I'm bound to leave you
Look away, you rollin' river
Shenandoah, I will not deceive you
Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri

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5 GETTING IT WRONG

There's always another tank to fill
A straight around the bend
A minor chord to get lost in
Words that are heaven sent

I have yet to be saved by the bell
If that's a good thing or not I can't tell
Someone out there must have known
Nothing's in the way of getting it wrong

I'm sure I can never do enough
You've made that point for me
The wind blows hard and the road is rough
There's something here for me

I keep heading west till I reach the ocean
I'm moving fast and without caution
A bowl of soup and a warm embrace
Will make me forget time and place

All this talk makes me wonder
Should I make it easy for you
Go ahead and steal my thunder
It's who you are and it's what you do

I don't think this can work
Can't see a thing in this murk
We've been here many times before
This time I'll close the door

This'll be a tough act to follow
I leave here empty handed and filled with sorrow
You and I we've known all along
There's nothing in the way of getting it wrong

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6 PLAYING GAMES

Love can get lost
You know it might
I was yours and you were mine
I do matter
I'm sure you do, too
Wherever you look
There is nothing new

I see faces
I hear names
I tend to lose when I'm playing games

I've been everywhere
In plain view and in disguise
I don't think I'll ever find
A safe place to hide
What lies ahead
We haven't got a clue
Hello there stranger
How do you do

There's not much happening here
Just more of the same
I tend to lose when I'm playing games

There's gold in them hills
Gonna get me a mule
A pick and a shovel
A belt for my tools
The weather will turn
The creeks will rise
The dust will settle
I'll close my eyes

Lights out now
Not a single flame
I tend to lose when I'm playing games

The thick undergrowth
Makes it hard to see
My shoes untied
Blisters on my feet
When it comes to you
Its all pain and no gain
I'm going to stay here
I'm staking my claim

Dignity is something
That's hard to explain
I tend to lose when I'm playing games

I'm listening closely
I'll take all the blame
I tend to lose when I'm playing games

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7 INVISIBLE MAN

I'm the invisible man
Sometimes I need to be seen
I've read the script, I know my lines
Yeah I've got the scene
You need a slow burn
And plenty of time
It takes a lot of work
Dedication to the sublime

I'm the invisible man
It's not a quiet way of life
Now you see me now you don't
I'm getting bored, I'm getting old
There has never been
Nor will there ever be
An easy way out
Not for you and not for me

I'm the invisible man
I dream of far away lands
Grew up and learned my trade
In a travelling band
Somebody give me a break
Cut me some slack
I'll leave here tomorrow
Knowing I'll be back

I'm the invisible man
Got something on my mind
You run along now
I'll stay behind
Gotta take care of things
You'll see what you'll find
I'm good at this
Most of the time

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8 DUSTY SKIES

Dusty skies I can't see nothing in sight
Good old Dan you'll have to guide me right

If we lose our way the cattle will stray
And we'll lose them all tonight

Cause all of the grass and water's gone
We'll have to keep the cattle moving on

Sand blowing, I just can't breathe in this air
I thought it would soon be clear and fair

But dust storms played hell with land and folks as well
Got to be moving somewhere

Hate to leave the old ranch so bare
I've got to be moving somewhere

Get along doggies, we're moving off of this range
I never thought as how I'd make the change

The blue skies have failed so we're on our last trail
Underneath these dusty skies

These ain't tears in my eyes
Just sand from these dusty skies

Words & Music by Cindy Walker ©1941 Mesa Music Company



9 ALL AROUND THIS WORLD

Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone
I wouldn't mind the hanging but the laying in the grave so long, poor boy
I've been all around this world

Been all around Cape Girardeau, parts of Arkansas
All around Cape Girardeau, parts of Arkansas
Got so goddamn hungry I could hide behind a straw, poor boy
I've been all around this world

Went up on the mountain, there I made my stand
Went up on the mountain, there I made my stand
A rifle on my shoulder and a dagger in my hand, poor boy
I've been all around this world

Put the rope around my neck, hung me up so high
Put the rope around my neck, hung me up so high
The last words I heard them say, won't be long now 'fore you die, poor boy
I've been all around this world

Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh, hang me, I'll be dead and gone
I wouldn't mind the hanging but the laying in the grave so long, poor boy
I've been all around this world
I've been all around this world

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10 WHEN THE WALL COMES DOWN

Whatchu gonna do when the wall comes down?
When the wall comes down?
What you oughta do is let it lie, let it lie
And in the gathering darkness vow to never go back
It was built by man and you can tear it down
Tear it down, tear it down
Oh, step back, Jack, from the darkness

Whatchu gonna do when the shackles fall?
When the shackles fall?
What you oughta do is melt them down, melt them down
Turn them into tools and make a garden on the prison grounds
Turn your chains to roses, child
Tear it down, tear it down
Oh, step back, Jack, from the darkness
But while I'm here, I'm gonna sing just like a songbird

Whatchu gonna do when the hunger's gone?
When the hunger's gone
Yes, pity the child who goes without, goes without
But give him no reason to falter on his way down
It's a beautiful world but painful, child
Tear it down, tear it down
Yeah step back, Jack, from the darkness
But while I'm here, I'm gonna sing just like a songbird

Words & Music by Michael Carrington Taylor ©2017 Prophecy Connection Songs



11 WE KNOW WHERE WE BELONG

Back in the day
When the world was round
I kept my distance to the troublemakers
I would watch them disappear in a cloud
The movers, the shakers and the takers

I wanted to be
So desperately
Just like them, like all their friends
I felt I was owed, waiting all alone
For someone to cut through the fence

To take my hand
Tell me about the promised land
Tall tales, sing cowboy songs
I didn't where I belonged

I was unprepared
Blissfully unaware
Of what or who I was
I just might show you my battle scars
Like one does

I was a lucky boy
I am a lucky man
Got a wife and got myself a home
A body that's able, food on the table
Yes I know where I'm from

Let me take your hand
Tell you about the promised land
Tall tales and cowboy songs
Now you know where you belong

Take my hand
Let's head out to the promised land
Tell tall tales and sing cowboy songs
We know where we belong

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12 ONE MORE DAY

I'm up in the mornin' with the risin' sun
I work and I work till the day is done
Just workin' and sleepin' and nothin' more
And ev'ry day is just like the day before

One more day
One more day
One day older and nearer to my Lord
One more day

Listen to the prayer of a lonely man
Livin' day by day the best he can
Give me the strength to carry my load
Glory waits for me at the end of the road

One more day
One more day
One day older and nearer to my Lord
One more day

Words & Music by Roy C. Bennett & Sid Tepper, ©1957 Gladys Music Elvis Presley Enterprises



13 WAYFARING STRANGER

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world below
There is no sickness, no toil, nor danger
In that bright land to which I go

I'm going there to see my father
And all my loved ones who've gone on
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
I know my way is hard and steep
But beauteous fields arise before me
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
So, I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

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CREDITS

Hank Shizzoe–Vocals, Guitars, Pedal Steel, Lap Steel, Mandolin, Banjo, Bouzouki, Bass

Tom Etter–Guitars, Vocals, Shakers, Tambourine

Michel Poffet–Upright Bass

Simon Baumann–Drums

with

Shirley Grimes–Vocals

Luke Bulla–Fiddle

Ben Jeger–Hammond Organ, Piano

Christian Brantschen–Piano



Produced by Hank Shizzoe

Recorded by Tom Etter and Joseph Racine at Sportstudio, Bern, assisted by Rolf Luginbühl

Additional recording by Tom Etter at The Zoo, Bern and by Luke Bulla in Austin, TX

Mixed by Joseph Racine at Sportstudio, Bern

Mastered by Oli Bösch at Livingroom Studio, Bern

Artwork by Babs Fischer & Hank Shizzoe

Thank you everybody who sang, played and twiddled knobs with a special shout out to Tom Etter.
Thanks to Jürg Vogt at Vovox, TK Smith of Smith Fabrication, Bodo Suss at Moon Music,
Wolfgang Zwiauer, Luis Gautschi and, as always, to my darling Michaela. HS

NOTES

A LOAD I CAN CARRY

was originally written for the album *Steady As We Go*, released 2019. It had completely different music, an acoustic guitar fingerpicking tune, more of a folk music vibe. At that time the two bridge parts had not yet been written. The song was recorded but didn't make the cut because I felt it was unfinished. Close but not quite there.

When I got hold of a fabulous Silvertone guitar from the 1960s a couple years later I was trying out sounds on my Magnatone Super 15 amp, and whaddayaknow some forgotten chords found their way onto the fretboard, a new tune for old lyrics and two new bridge parts. I consider this song finished now and it will be exciting to see how it will bloom on stage.



MY GREAT ESCAPE

Everybody needs an escape plan now and then. Also, I love the WW2 movie and as an avid motorcycle enthusiast the final scene with McQueen's jump. So that's the mood set. The music was written on a 1958 C.F. Martin 0-18 guitar. As soon as we started to play it with the band that lovely mixture of boom-chicka-boom with a reggae backbeat materialized between my guitar part and Tom Etter's rhythm. I overdubbed the electric bottleneck guitar.

The fiddle part is Luke Bulla from Austin, Texas. He's such an elegant and versatile musician, a man who knows no limitations and yet always plays with great finesse, style and a deep understanding of the song. Or, as Billy F. Gibbons put it: tone, taste, tenacity. No wonder Luke spent years on the road with Lyle Lovett's Large Band and played with everybody from Rodney Crowell, Shawn Colvin, Tony Rice, Ricky Skaggs and Alison Krauss to Chris Thile, Patty Griffin, Earl Scruggs and many more. It's an honor to have him on six songs on this album.



CRYING IN MY SLEEP

I've been a Nick Lowe fan for decades. The man not only is one of my favourite songwriters, he's also a fantastic singer, bass and rhythm guitar player and entertainer. Whether with Rockpile or Little Village, with his band featuring Geraint Watkins or with Los Straitjackets, Nick Lowe always delivers. With the way he reinvented himself in the 1990s, all those great albums starting with *The Impossible Bird*, he became a role model for me, teaching us how to age gracefully and what it means to keep honing your

craft. What a master lyricist he is – and he just keeps getting better and better. This song is from one of his earlier albums, *Pinker And Prouder Than Previous*. I heard him perform the song with Ry Cooder and his son Joachim in a trio version. Nick Lowe played bass and sang his heart out. Such a great song. Would fit right into the Great American Songbook, with the added bonus of that rather dark british humour and wit. I overdubbed the slide guitar, Ben Jeger plays the Hammond Organ.



SHENANDOAH

is a fascinating song. To me this is one of the most beautiful melodies of all time. There are hundreds of versions of this folk tune with lots of lyrics variations. It exemplifies the wonder of American folk music. You can clearly hear european, hymn and celtic elements echoing in the Appalachian tune. It's also one of those folk songs that made the trip back over the Atlantic, even becoming a sea shanty. The title refers to an Indian Chief, not to a place or the river. The first time I heard this song was on a Bob Dylan record, the aptly titled *Down In The Groove*. Years later I heard an impressive solo version by Dave Alvin, Tony Rice's and Bill Frisell's recordings and versions I wasn't too crazy about, like Springsteen's. The tune, however, always stayed with me.

A couple of years ago I played two tours with the fabulous Irish singer Shirley Grimes. We've known each other for a long time and during the pandemic got together to sing and play our favourite songs. We realized that we really should compile a concert setlist and that's what we did. The tours were billed «The Songs That Made Us». We each brought a dozen songs that were essential in our life and made us want to become musicians, singers and songwriters early on.

Shenandoah had to go in there and so it did. On stage Shirley and I performed the entire song as a two-part harmony with her drumming on the back of an acoustic guitar and me playing a stripped down accompaniment on my Harmony Juptiter Stratotone. For the acoustic studio session it was Shirley singing, Tom Etter on his Martin CEO-7 guitar, my old friend Michel Poffet on upright bass and me singing and playing my beloved Custom Shop Martin OM-18. Everybody in a tight circle, no headphones, no fixing things. Luke Bulla overdubbed the gorgeous fiddle, I added a histrung acoustic and a Duesenberg electric guitar tuned down to D with tape echo and lots of reverb to give it a little more width.



GETTING IT WRONG

started out as a straightforward fingerpicking folk tune. You know, e minor to B7 with an a minor chord here and there. This was one of the first songs we recorded with the band, unrehearsed, spur of the moment. The musicians only had a solo version before the sessions. During setup this rockabilly vibe materialized out of nowhere and we just went with it. That's Tom Etter playing lead guitar. The parts are doubled with a crunchy sound on top of the clean take. No small feat! Our two rhythm parts are very tight. That's something you can only do with a musician you know and like really well.



INVISIBLE MAN

had its beginnings during the pandemic. A weird time for everybody. For musicians it might have been even stranger. A lot of my friends in the music business were torn between the sudden stop of gigs/tours (and income) and all the extra free time they suddenly had on their hands. Everybody thought, oh great, now we can write all the songs, record, bring our business affairs in order, renovate the studio etc. etc. For most people the reality looked different. Writer's block was a big issue, the attraction of living room video clips quickly faded and the news didn't provide you with inspiration.

I got lucky. I had two film scores to do with my own studio open 24/7. Usually soundtracks are done in a hurry. Not so this time. I could try out sounds and textures, equipment and instruments, discuss them with the directors who had all their schedules thrown out the window. It was pure luxury. 3:30 in the morning, I'm all alone sitting in front of Neumann and Telefunken microphones, trying out cymbals and tape delays, playing ambient pedal steel guitar, getting the scene right. For one feature film I delivered 56 music cues, all timed to the second. I loved it.

I missed the interaction with other musicians, moving air together. Producing music on your own can be a rewarding thing, you can really dig deep, but nothing beats playing and singing with other musicians. It's an adventure and a fountain of inspiration that never ceases to amaze me. That's where this song came from. It's one of those songs that almost writes itself. This is the first song I wrote on a piano. I can't play the piano. Christian Brantschen gracefully helped out on my grandparents' upright from 1910.



PLAYING GAMES

is about getting older and what that does in regard to relationships. One thing about getting older I like is experience. I heard a line in a movie once where someone said, «no, no, we're not repeating the same mistakes, we're inventing all new ones.» You reach places where you have been before, often many times. It's not these places that are different, its you and how you deal with what has to be dealt with.



DUSTY SKIES

Western Swing music is very dear to me. During the last few years I have listened to a lot of Bob Wills & His Texas Playboys, Spade Cooley, The Sons Of The Pioneers. Those people were huge popstars in their time. Imagine these Okies in the 1930s and 40s coming out of the dustbowl with their flat top guitars, banjos and fiddles. Then they reached California, where people were playing electric guitars, steel guitars, had wild horn sections and strings. Hillbilly meets pre-bop jazz and Hollywood songs. Eldon Shamblin, Joaquin Murphey, Tommy Duncan, Tex Ritter, Bob Nolan, all these flamboyant arrangements, bands with harps and piano and unbelievably cool drummers. It was almost like an explosion. The musicianship was so good. We are very lucky that a lot of this music was recorded the way it was.

This song was written by Cindy Walker out of Mart, Texas, when she was twelve years old. Later in life she went on to become a famous Nashville songwriter. She wrote huge hits for Eddy Arnold, Spade Cooley, Dean Martin, Elvis Presley, Hank Snow, Ray Charles and many more. Bob Wills recorded over 50 of her songs, Willie Nelson released a whole album of Cindy Walker covers. You could say Ms. Walker was way ahead of her time because essentially this is a song about climate change. I picked it up on a Bob Wills boxset from Bear Family Records. 12 CDs span the first half of the great man's career. Finding this song was like finding a diamond. We recorded it live on the studio floor, everybody really close, no headphones. Only Luke Bulla's beautiful fiddle and Ben Jeger's laid back upright piano were added later.

ALL AROUND THIS WORLD

An ancient traditional tune that has seen many incarnations with even more lyrics variations. The music can be traced back to Ozark folk ballads. Dave Van Ronk recorded it as «Hang Me, Oh Hang Me» in the 1960s, the Grateful Dead did a beautiful version and so did many folk artists. The Coen Brothers' film «Inside Llewyn Davis» opening scene features actor Oscar Isaac playing and singing a beautiful solo rendition.

I've always loved this song. During the last few tours I sometimes opened shows with a solo version. Before going into the studio I just knew we had to attempt this with the band. The arrangement appeared out of nowhere with Tom Etter playing this almost liquid electric arpeggio guitar. After the first take I suggested to drummer Simon Baumann that he plays with mallets and voilà! The percussion-like drums blend almost magically with my Harmony guitar and Michel Poffet's tender upright bass. What you hear is the second take. I overdubbed a histring guitar and a bouzouki and then Luke Bulla played his amazing fiddle part.



WHEN THE WALL COMES DOWN

is a song by M.C. Taylor, a Californian who lives in North Carolina. He was a teacher and music ethnologist when he recorded his debut album in 2008 at a kitchen table while it was raining hard outside. He went on to form the band Hiss Golden Messenger, released a string of truly great albums and tours constantly with the band and as a solo performer. I had never heard of Hiss Golden Messenger when my wife watched a TV show that featured one of his songs while the credits played. Luckily she thought I should hear this and it blew my mind. I immediately ordered all of the available albums.

I love all of them, the inspired and careful arrangements, the production work, the playing and singing but most of all the great songwriting. 2017's «Hallelujah Anyhow» remains a favourite. I listen to this album a lot. This is the last song off that album. Writing politically relevant songs that make a connection to the individual is hard to pull off. In my book M.C. Taylor is one of the few current songwriters who knows how to do it. Truly a man who stands out in a crowd of Americana singers and songwriters.

For our recording I wanted to have a wall of guitars. What you hear are several Telecasters, Harmony Jupiter Stratotones, Silvertones and a Danelectro baritone tuned to low B through Magnatone amps and Archer overdrives. Ben Jeger added the Hammond C3 organ, Tom Etter the shakers and tambourines.



WE KNOW WHERE WE BELONG

Do you remember that feeling during summer break when you were eight years old, all your friends away on holiday and on a hot afternoon you were just bored out of your skull? All the cool kids having the time of their lives somewhere on a beach while the older ones who were around wouldn't even look at you when they were riding past on their motorbikes. I would watch black and white western movies and wonder why on earth I had to live in these dreadful suburbs while Gary Cooper would ride his horse across the prairie, fighting baddies and looking so incredibly cool while muttering all these great lines. I dreamt of adventures in majestic landscapes, vast forests and exotic animals, hoping some hero would come along and say, «come on, kid, I need your help, let's ride.»

Music saved me. Songs like *Do Not Forsake Me* from *High Noon*, all these pathos-laden movie scores, Johnny Cash singing *Walk The Line*, Elvis in *King Creole* were like screens to project my wanderlust on. That's the thing about music, you can travel without leaving the room. Later in life when you get lucky you meet someone who will share your dreams and help make them come true. That's when you know where you belong.



ONE MORE DAY

There is a scene in the movie *Jailhouse Rock* where Elvis' cell mate – played by Mickey Shaughnessy – strums on his guitar and sings this song. It's very short, one minute and thirty seconds. I remember watching that on our black and white TV set when I was a little boy, maybe eight or nine years old. The song was burnt into my memory and stayed there for decades. I always knew there would come a time to record this. As far as I know it was written for the movie by one of Elvis Presley's songwriting teams, Roy C. Bennett and Sid Tepper. It's so simple and beautiful and – like many great folk songs – sad and uplifting at the same time. Mickey Shaughnessy's interpretation is so touching. I wonder why he didn't record more music. Check out the scene on yootoob, easy to find.

We recorded this in a tight circle with Tom Etter and me playing our Martin guitars, Michel Poffet on bass and Shirley Grimes and I singing live. Ben Jeger came in to play a relaxed one-hand take on my grandparents' upright piano and Luke Bulla overdubbed the fiddle. We added some instrumental verses to give the tune a little more room.



WAYFARING STRANGER

is by far the oldest song on this album. It's written in stone, a monument. Like most classics in any genre it has this kind of absolute truth to it. Simple and yet very elegant. The music is timeless. Every time I sing this song it feels new to me. Shirley Grimes and I would play this as an encore during our duo tours. Every single night you could hear a pin drop. Even the people who hadn't heard it before knew it was something extraordinary, like *Amazing Grace*. This again was recorded live with Tom Etter and Michel Poffet with Shirley and I singing. The initial plan was to have a fiddle on this. Instead I opted for a pedal steel guitar and a histring acoustic to add just a little more depth. After recording 17 albums I can say in all modesty that I consider this version a highlight of my career.

