

TRUTH

(NEVER LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY)

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PRODUCED BY FRED WEHR AND ROBERT WILLIAMS
AT LOUISE STREET STUDIOS, PERTH WESTERN AUSTRALIA
MIXED BY RENÉ SCHOSTAK AT KLANWEBEREI AND MUGWORT ROAD STUDIO

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE BY WAYNE GRAJEDA AND STEPHEN MILLER

COVER ART BY ANNE FRANKE
ART DIRECTION BY JOACHIM NOSKE AND MAIK WOLTER

THE PLAYERS

MARK BALLESTEROS - backing vocals
SHELLEY BEAL - backing vocals
DEBRA DOBKIN - percussion
CHUCK ELLER - piano, Hammond B3 organ and strings
ALANA FAY - backing vocals
LOUISE GOLDBERG - accordion
RORY COLEMAN HEARD - drums
JOHN HEINRICH - pedal steel guitar
STEFAN HOPPE - piano
GEORGE MARINELLI, JR - electric & slide guitars
MICHEAL MCCARTY - drums
STEPHEN MILLER - lap steel, dobro, electric guitar and backing vocals
MARY CATHERINE REYNOLDS - bass and backing vocals
RALF 'TROTTER' SCHMIDT - bass
MATT SMITH - trumpet
LEONIE SQUIRE - backing vocals
TERRY 'BUFFALO' WARE - bass, guitars and twang
Regine Uhe - backing vocals
FRED WEHR - banjo, electric & acoustic guitars, piano, organ and various string &
instrument programming and backing vocals
ROBERT WILLIAMS - lead vocals, acoustic and tenor acoustic guitars

THE LYRICS

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CALVARY
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

The road that leads to Calvary
Bleached in the morning sun
Flickers in the distance of our memory
Where a crowd is gathering
So they won't miss the chance
To sneer and look askance
At a man who's borne aloft
On the shoulders of a sin
To be punished for the crimes
Of a thousand other men

Somewhere in a shining city
Underneath a railroad bridge
A woman seeking shelter from the cold
Just rags upon her bones
Alone and far from home
Ridiculed and scorned
And the shelter of the bridge
The only warmth she knows
And the kindness of strangers
Her one and only hope

When you're driving in your car
And you see somebody hurting
Does it ever cross your mind
Before you turn your gaze
Before your window closes
But for the hand of Fate
That woman could be you
And so what can you do
And so what will you do

Far off in the blue light distance
Of a liquid crystal haze
The image of a mother and her baby
Searching through the rubble
Of a grief not of their making
For food and a moment's peace
It's a hell you can't imagine
Not even in the least
Where they're punished for the crimes

Of a dark and ugly beast

When you're watching your TV
And the screen is full of misery
Do you ever stop and think
As you turn out the lights
Before you close your eyes
For the turning of a stone
That mother and her child
Could be you and your own
And so what can you do

That mother and her child
Could be you and your own
And so what will you do

IDAHO
RICK REALLY

I dreamed they kicked Jesus out of the last church
And he was walking to the bus stop
To catch a west-bound ride to Idaho
He said I'm tired of all this noisy
So I'm going up north of Boise
Got a few last words before I go

You can go ahead and suspect your neighbor
Hate your enemies
But that's a long and vicious journey down a road that never ends
You can deal out your judgment
Until the trumpet blows
But as for me, I'm well going to Idaho

It's a wasted word if nobody hears it
A wasted warmth if no one's near it
A wasted world if everybody fears it
Now I'm going to Idaho

My words were very simple
Spoken twenty centuries ago
But nowadays nobody's harvesting those seeds I've sown
Love's a bitter pill to swallow
Ask me I'm one who knows
So I'm going to Idaho

It's a wasted word if nobody hears it
A wasted warmth if no one's near it
A wasted world if everybody fears it
Now I'm going to Idaho

I dreamed they kicked Jesus out of the last church
And he was walking to the bus stop
To catch a west-bound ride to Idaho
He said I'm tired of all this noisy
So I'm headed up north of Boise
Got a few last words before I go

It's a wasted word if nobody hears it
A wasted warmth if no one's near it
A wasted world if everybody fears it
I'm going to Idaho

God himself willed me
The home spirit filled me
I gave you love until it killed me
Now I'm going to Idaho
I'm giving up the ghost in Idaho

MELVIN
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Baby's got an eagle eye and she don't miss much
Likes her martinis shaken, a little friction on her clutch
Get her moving
Baby likes her satin, Baby likes her lace
Likes her men on the rough side, with a little touch of grace
Get her grooving
Baby's turnin' heads around whenever she walks into town
Got them boys at her fingertips
Baby's only got sweet lips for Melvin

Now Baby's got a rival, pretty as you please
A little glamour puss name a Idabell, got her eye on Baby's squeeze
She's scheming
But Baby's got a temper, she don't let nothing slide
She can be mean as a rattle snake, she's truly bona fide
Now she's steaming
And Melvin's watching from wings to see which way the wind might blow
Got him a little fantasy
Idabell and Baby both

Baby says Melvin, aw Melvin
Surely you can't be dumb as you look
Sitting there reading that comic book
Aw Melvin
Better keep your eye on Baby, better not get her pissed
Or when she's done with Idabell, you'll be next on her kick ass list

Better be good, better have a shine
Better be walking on Baby's line
Ya, Melvin
Best not forget your magic wand
Better stay fishing in Baby's pond
Ya, Melvin
Cause Baby loves her Melvin and Melvin better love her back

Now Melvin he's the boss of swing, got a taste for life's finer things
Ladies, wine and candy bars, Nudie suits and old guitars
He's shaking, groove making
And Baby lets him fantasize, she got Melvin hypnotized
What he don't know won't hurt him none, Baby got a lock on Melvin's gun
She's ruling, no fooling
Everybody's happy, long as Melvin knows the rules
And Baby's letting Melvin, play the King of Cool

Gotta look good, gotta be slick
Better be rockin' that walking stick
That Melvin
Gotta be fine, keeping time
Slow motivating on down the line
That's Melvin
Baby loves her Melvin and Melvin surely loves her back

I WANT YOU
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

I want you, yes I really do
Not a ring in the nose or a pocket full of gold
All I ever wanted was you
I want you, yes I really do
Couldn't care less about the world and its mess
All I ever wanted was you

Coulda headed down the road with the stars for a map
Bound for glory never looking back
Could have put my fate in fortunes lap
But all I ever wanted was you

Coulda climbed up a mountain written down all the rules
Perched atop a big kingdom of fools
Could have covered my head with a crown full of jewels
But all I ever wanted was you

I want you, yes I really do
Not a ring in the nose or a pocket full of gold
All I ever wanted was you
I want you, yes I really do
Couldn't care less about the world and its mess
All I ever wanted was you

I could have been a master of the universe
A football star with a bottomless purse
With my very own personal S&M nurse
But all I ever wanted was you

Coulda ruled the world like the Brothers Koch
Sitting round screwing screwing the common folk
Kicking back at night with a stogie and a joke
But all I ever wanted was you

I want you, yes I really do
Not a ring in the nose or a pocket full of gold
All I ever wanted was you
I want you, yes I really do
Couldn't care less about the world and its mess
All I ever wanted was you

I coulda been a preacher with a TV flock
Built a mansion with the money in the rock
Wearing thousand dollar suits and alligator socks
All I ever wanted was you

So up a lazy river down an dusty old trail
To the great divide where the eagle sails
All the way to your door I'm gonna walk it true
All I ever wanted was you

I want you, yes I really do
Not a ring in the nose or a pocket full of gold
All I ever wanted was you
I want you, yes I really do
Couldn't care less about the world and its mess
All I ever wanted was you

RUBIA
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

It was dark in the hallway that place where we met
Just a small ray of sunlight from the window above
The stairs she descended like a ghost in the night
With her hair all a mess what a sight

A brush held aloft like a torch in her hand
Dressed in overalls splattered with paint
Retouching a scene now many years gone
It's essence grown faded and faint

Rubia Girl marvelous sin
Bearing some mystery that's drawing me in
To you Rubia, how deep can this be
All the way down the tunnel
To the center of things

Where Rubia rules a fantastical realm
And brings forth impossible schemes
A queen on a bicycle slicing the night
Into thousands of sparkling seams

And me I'm a drifter on the borders of where
Rubia's world meets the sky
Just a pilgrim on a road following a call
Beholden to no one belonging to all

Rubia Girl what is that song
That you are singing can I sing along
Rubia where are you bound
Can I go with you when you slip on around

To that room at the corner of mystic and charm
Where you make all your miracles happen
Where you conjure up magic with beautiful arms
And bring light where before there was nothing

Now dinner is over we've drunk all the wine
Talking and laughing until it was time
For a last glass of whisky and a walk through the dark
To a parting but never of hearts

So back on the border the lights slowly fade
Throwing shadows that dance on the moor
And they'll ride beside me until I return
To the road that leads back to Rubia's door

Rubia Girl, marvelous sin
Bearing some mystery that's drawing me in
To you Rubia, how deep can this be
All the way down the tunnel
To the center of things

MEXICO ROAD
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS AND JEFFREY FLEISHMAN

Me I live in a big yellow house
With two cats and head full of ghosts
In a little old town that's about wound down
On Mexico Road

Me and Blanche we got married down the street
In a old church standing hard by the highway
White picket fence around the bone orchard
On Mexico Road

We settled in and raised a house full of kids
When I got back from the war
We laughed and cried some and we live and died some
On Mexico Road

Once I dug the coal and harvest the dinner
That kept your kids warm, gave them something to eat
Worked my hands to the bone doing things you never would of
Down deep in the earth

Now the kids they've scattered, Blanche is gone since a year
The mill's turned to weed and to rust
And the mine's as dead as the graves it runs beneath
On Mexico Road

You might think I never got no further
Never seen more than the world passing by
Never got more than a handful of nothin'
For my troubles

I know what you think looking down from your city
On this little hillbilly ribbon of tar
But don't pity me, don't think you're any better
Than you are

What I built wasn't big, but it was mine and it was sturdy,
Real and honest, mmm ya
So if God comes judging I'll be sitting here awaiting
On Mexico Road

I got this hollow, this creek and these trees
Even got a little tiny piece of this sky
And far is a word that means a lot more than miles
In the distance of a life

You can never know where the road's gonna take you
But you gotta answer when it calls
You might never make it back to where you started
Or you might never leave at all

Me I live in a big yellow house
With two cats and a head full of ghosts
Just a little old man whose time's about at hand
On Mexico Road

WHEELS
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

The world is full of wheels, as far as you can see
Wheels are rolling everywhere, clogging up the streets
Running willy nilly, now we're chasing their tails
All over kingdom come, all to no avail
Here we thought they were our friends, loyal and true
Supposed to make life easier,
That's what they're supposed to do

Now wheels are getting smarter, they're out of our control
We used to be the captains, of everything that rolled
Always at our beck and call, just for us they waited
Yes once we were the overlords of all that we created
Now they're crashing into walls, fences, flesh and bone
Creatures of the wind and fire
With minds all of their own

Rolling, rolling wheels
Who knows where they going
God knows what they'll do
When they reach that place where they don't need me and you

Wheels are rolling deeper, down into our secrets
Laying bare all of our dreams, desires, and our weakness
Nothing now is private, nothing now is sacred
Wheels they see everything, we stand before them naked
Operate, manipulate pulling our strings
Servants now our masters
And peasants now our kings

Rolling, rolling wheels
Who knows where they going
God knows what they'll do
When they reach that place where they don't need me and you

BATON ROUGE
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS AND JEFFREY FLEISHMAN

On my way down to Baton Rouge
Fifteen hours and a little bit of change
Rolling on the back roads, digging on slow ride
Staying off the Interstate
Part of me hoping that I get there on time
Another part hoping for a little too late

Started out the morning in a blinding fog
Chasing my thoughts like a runaway dog
Wondering if I could have, if she would have
If I'd asked real nice
Never been good at reading signs
And anyway, we just ran out of time

Another cup of coffee in another town
Another sun up another sun down
Another lost soul just drifting on
Down to Baton Rouge

Crazy old river she don't give a damn
Snakin' and a-churnin' all the way to Louisiane
Singing out a good night, talking 'bout a rewrite
At the journey's end
Ol black magic dancing in her wake
Whispering secrets, calling my name

I always get the message just a little too late
Even when it's staring me right in the face
Can't have been a promise so it must be fate
The road to Baton Rouge

Mary in the cemetery devil in the tides
Snakes in the basements, ghosts in my mind
Broken-hearted lovers, gamblers and prophets
The lost and trouble kind
All of them are searching, tired and half-blind
Trying real hard not to step on the mines

Singing like the live wires buzzing the sky
Feeling like saints but they don't know why
Skipping over red dirt, jumping all the lines

Another cup of coffee in another town
Another sun up another sun down
Another lost soul just drifting on
Down to Baton Rouge

WHISTLE
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Gonna get myself a whistle
For to call my dog,
For to pierce the silence of the night
In case I need to scream
Just in case I need my dog
You know someone who cares
Someone who'll talk to me
Someone who's really there

When I think of all the silence
Surrounding you it frightens me
When you think no one is listening to it
Somebody just might be
To the emptiness that permeates
Most all that's in your world
It's the sound of an assassin's knife
Of a black flag unfurled

Cause the absence of sound
Calls up your wall so tall
And breaks me into a cold sweat
In a free fall
Gonna get me a jack hammer
For to crack the wall around you
I'm gonna shatter that brick and mortar
One piece at a time

And when I've brought down that wall
And there's nothing more between us
I'm gonna fill that emptiness with life
Loud and clear and mean it
I wonder how you'll respond
To a touch so kind and true
Will it free you from your darkness
From the hell hounds chasing you

But sometimes in my dreams
When I break down your wall
What I thought I'd find, what I thought it would mean
It's nothing like that at all
'Cause you're not inside your wall
Then I don't know what to do
Except to get myself a whistle

Gonna get myself a whistle
For to call my dog
For to pierce the silence of the night
Just in case I need to scream
Just in case I need my dog
You know someone who cares
Someone who'll talk to me
Someone who's really there

DESPERATE
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Any way my point is just
We couldn't really say
If we were in or out of phase
So we just looked the other way
Even when the end was near
We were grasping at the dawn
Desperate for someway to hold on

When you fall it's all the same
Out of bed or off the edge
In a dream or broad daylight
On your ass or on your head
Going down you're looking 'round
For a place to lay your hand upon
Desperate for something to hold on to

Miles and miles behind you now
And still a few to go
The thing about experience
The more you walk the less you know
And even though you've had your fun
And the curtain's almost drawn
You're desperate for someway to hold on
And like the shadow of a ghost
Still here but mostly gone
You're desperate for someway
Got to find you someway
Desperate for someway to hold on

HOLLYWOOD MAN
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

I'm a big time player I'm a mogul I'm a king
I can make a move star out of duct tape and string
Get their picture on the cover of a glamour magazine
It won't cost much, no it's almost free
Just a tiny little favor they can do for me
And a tiny little bit of their dignity

I'm a green lightin' monkey, I'm the alpha dog
My momma called me Herbie, round here they call me God
I got sycophants hanging off my coat tail
Shaking in their boots and biting their nails
I got half there movie business on my payroll
And an empire riding on cruise control

Aw but you and I we both know what I am
I'm a blood sucking slime ballin' Hollywood man
You're the mistress of the dark, the Devil's guru
I need to be punished with some bad juju
And that's why I'm here and I'm a-countin' on you

Tie me up, tie me up
Put a hood on my head
Hang me from the wall
Tie me up, tie me up
Put a leash around my neck
Make me beg, make me crawl
Smash me to the floor till I'm hardly there at all

Spank me, spank me hit with me with you stick
Poke me in the ass with a rusty ice pick
Make me walk a plank full of glass and nails
Whip me till I scream till I've gone off the rails
Purify me mama with your cat-o-nine-tails

I got a school of piranhas with law degrees
Got a PR firm specializes in sleaze
So if anybody starts to telling tales out of school
They're gonna get tickled with my bad power tool
And they'll end up in the gutter for all to see
With nothing left of their dignity

Aw but you and I we both know what I am
I'm a blood sucking slime ballin' Hollywood man
Tie me up, tie me up
Put a ring on my bad thing, clamp it down good
Humiliate my mama right into sainthood
Cause I'm a badass man of Hollywood

FIREMEN'S BALL
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

The crowd at the gate, shouting 'It's getting late'
Please help us, there's no time to stall
The sky is ablaze and we're choking on smoke
And it looks like we're headed for an ugly downfall

What are they doing, the ones we've entrusted
Could it be that their flight's been delayed
Where are they now, the smartest guys in the room
The chieftains of the fire brigade
Well they're drinking the night away

At the Firemen's Ball they laugh and joke
And dance with their beauty queens blonde and bespoke
While our houses are filling up slowly with smoke
But none of them seem to notice

Now the waters are rising, but still there's no rain
The crops are all withered, no gravy on this train
There must be a reason, but they can't explain
Cause they've pissed on the science with their holy champagne

Now the plague is upon us, there's no turning back
To the world as it was, before this heart attack
And the snake oil salesmen, in the house on the hill
At the Firemen's Ball, well they're dancing still
And laughing the night away

At the Firemen's Ball the captains and kings
Who have sworn to protect us from bestial things
Just sneer at the rabble outside in the street
So smug in their bubble of invincibility
They don't seem to care at all

Now the flames are licking the paint off the walls
They'll soon reach the rafters and then the house falls
And all of us thereafter will be burnt to a crisp
Even those at the ball, no they won't be spared this
And it won't be long now till the big goodbye kiss
But none of them seem to notice
Or maybe they just don't care

SOME THINGS ABOUT YOU
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Monday night and my mind wanders back
To the northern edge of the town
Anna and I without reason or rhyme
Caught in a world and a time undefined
Floating as if on a river of mist
Tethered to us and yet fully adrift
Wondering if there's something we might have missed
Wondering what that could possibly be

Then Anna she looked me right straight in the eye
As if challenging me to a dare
And somewhere between a plea and a war cry
Said you'll never know me so don't even try

But hey I know some things about you
I see you on your balcony in the blue hour
Patiently awaiting the darkness
Glow from your cigarette painting the flowers
You want love to the infinite power

How far's a line when a line stretches on
From the crown of a rainbow to the end of a song
From beginnings of longing through turns taken wrong
And back to the source once again
How long is a moment, how short a lifetime
How quick a flash or the blink of an eye
Anna must know all these wherefores and whys
Maybe I'll ask her tonight

But before a word can escape from my lips
Anna slipped inside the night
Somewhere between a prayer and a goodbye
Said you can't even see me so don't even try

But hey I know some things about you
I see into the faces that cover your walls
The ghosts of your imagination
Fears that stalk you in your waking hours
You want love to the infinite power

Hey, Anna I know what you're thinking
Cause the mask that you're wearing is shrinking
Though I don't know how you feel about us
I know there's something missing
Some piece of the puzzle of love to the infinite power

Monday night and my minds wanders back
To the northern edge of the town
Anna and I without reason or rhyme
Caught in a world and a time undefined

GOING BACK TO SEA
WAYNE GRAJEDA

I'd certainly like to be going back to sea
I'd certainly like to go home
And while the face in the window will not speak
It's secrets are secrets I know

I'd certainly like to be sipping the wine
Inside the gates of the palace
That was the age when I danced right in time
Tasting the fruits of her chalice

She was not dressed in a gown of white silk
Tracing the steps of the holy
And I could not stand like a man without guilt
Knowing the one that I would be

Chased by the memory that could not be erased
Sewn into the thoughts of tomorrow
Caught in the struggle that could not be faced
We gave, then we lent, then we borrowed