

Rough Cut & A Little Hacked Off

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Published by Northern Sky Music (BMI), NS-1009.

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All music composed, arranged, and performed by Dan Oakenhead. Instruments: '71 Martin D-35 guitar, '97 Taylor 410 guitar in DADGAD tuning, Gibson Les Paul guitar, harmonica, High Spirits flute, buffalo drum, Korg Wavestation A/D, Roland R-70, and vocals.

Produced by Dan Oakenhead. Recorded, mixed, and mastered at Northern Sky Music, Boulder, Colorado, USA. Photography by Margaret Lamont.

Thanks to Margaret Lamont, Graham Webster, Paul Kuehnel, Janet Grassia, Cindy Brekke, Matt and Kelly Clarke, Mike Lipsey, Hank Wierman, Paul Martin, Chris Piper, John Eaton, Woodsong's Lutherie, Wind Over The Earth, Odell Borg and High Spirits Flutes, and SGRY.

Rough Cut & a little hacked off is dedicated to artists whose works have inspired me for years to return now and then to one of my favorite songwriting styles, and who have inspired me through melody, lyric, wit, satire, insight, energy, attitude, and laughs. Special thanks to John Prine, Steve Goodman, Phil Ochs, Pete Seeger, Neil Young, Randy Newman, Joe Walsh, Tom Waits, Arlo Guthrie, and Tom Paxton.

Luxurious Disgrace (3:09)

How'd you get so smart
where'd you get your start
to knowing everything
did it come in a dream
tell me what it's like
to always be right
do you stand up tall
while others fall

politics and economics come easy to you
when it comes to religion you're the one with vision
and everything you say is true

did you go to some church
to find your worth
is it something divine
that comes to you in signs
why they giving you money
you ain't pretty or funny
when you're walking down the hall
you just look stupid and small

you got caught in a squeeze
pants below your knees
talked your way out of a compromised position
with pasty smiles and show of contrition

you become an exception
talk about your redemption
'til you're back on top
still buddies with the cops
you got some kind of knack
for always coming back
no one takes you down
you're the biggest game in town

one thing sure some day you'll get yours
it's just a matter of time
there'll be no one there to comb your hair
or give your shoes a shine

you'll retreat to your place
in luxurious disgrace
out among the trees
pants below your knees

Plague Of Lies (4:04)

I don't have any solutions of my own
but I can tell everyone that yours are all wrong
no matter what you say or try to do
you can be sure I'll be tearing at you

'cause I have the cameras and the microphones
and I reach into everyone's home
and I don't give a damn about what the people need
as long as I get what's in it for me

I spread my lies with all my media ties
make 'em sound plausible and raise up the cries
I'm sowing the discord and spreading the fear

making everyone believe it's because you are here

it's about power and I want it
it's about control and I have it
I put anger and despair into all your hopes and cares
and keep my image so smug and sincere

whatever you build up I'll tear it down
while hiding here on my righteous ground
'cause this is how things are done today
everything is colored by the crap I say

it's about hate and I've got it
it's about keeping war the business of our day
it's about meanness and cold manipulation
and everyone in an angry haze

just about the time you've got some answers
to the countless difficulties of our times
just about the day of optimism
I step in with a plague of lies

I'm the voice of confusion and rage
with no real clue about the troubles we face
I have no solutions of my own
but I can tell everyone that yours are all wrong

Thug (4:05)

In a lonely town, where nothin' goes down
dirty back street, dust on his feet
boy longs to be a thug, deal weapons and drugs
he'll never do time, he'll be a mastermind
he'll run the cartel, send his rivals to hell
he'll always win, the great kingpin

he'll be a gangster and a prankster
banker and a banger
with strongmen and warlords in tow
lieutenants and snipers, political connivers
and a compound behind white walls by the sea down below

just a businessman, no blood on his hands
go out on the night, high socialite
the head of the pack, never looking back
legitimate means, or so it would seem
behind closed doors, conspirators
takin' control, of markets and polls

he'll have hackers and whackers
and cyber attackers
to control the high cost of oil
his investors, speculators and
invisible manipulators
put the burden on the backs of the struggling poor

he'll be scrubbed clean, by his cold machine
he'll enter the race, not a mark on his face
when the time is right, he'll come into the light
darlin' candidate, sweep every state
he'll take command, the boy in the man
conservative suit, with his hands on the nukes

he'll have sedition, coalitions, and secret inquisitions
at the end of a leash a loveable dog
respectable hair styles, locally made automobiles
and a wife cut out neatly from the pages of Vogue

in a lonely town, where nothin' went down
dirty back street, dust on his feet
he remembers it now, from his seat of power
with a casual shrug, forever a thug

Living In A Hurricane (3:15)

Feels like livin' in a hurricane
though some days the storms don't come
this place is torn up and blown away
search party comes back alone

I don't want to listen to rhyme or reason
when everything I hear is a cryin' shame
I don't want a candle in the window
it just feels darker when the wind blows out the flame

seems like the seasons are turning 'round
tears the comfort out of body and soul
nothin' to do here but stand your ground
too old to fight and too young to go

I don't want to listen to rhyme or reason
when everything I hear is a cryin' shame
I don't want a candle in the window
it just feels darker when the wind blows out the flame

Seems like livin' in a hurricane

though some days the storms never come

The Enduring Stone (4:48)

Cold night, new moon
big sky ahead
old life, deep leaves
nothing is said

deep call, old voice
moved beyond pain
new words, sweet choice
pave the way

call the fire within your heart
feel the breath of freedom start
lightning flash and thundering
and the beat beat beat of the hammering

old man, deep eyes
laughin' within
new road, sky wise
callin' the wind

wear the mantle of the throne
keep the beat down in your bones
dance the four directions pure
hold the stone that will endure

Ashes & Smithereens (4:33)

Nice to finally meet you
or have we been here before
it's hard to know how these things go
in this revolving door

this may be astral projection
this may be soaring high
you'll find those who have objections
just because you're passing by

riding in on starlight
from the outback of beyond
galactic wanderer
cosmic vagabond
can't escape the feeling
I'm not from around these parts

it's not so much by thought and touch
as a matter of the heart

it's not as dark here as it seems to be
daylight slips in between the branches and the leaves
and all your troubles fall to ashes and smithereens

you say everything is empty
I say emptiness is full
this is everything and nothing
in the realm of nowhere at all

it's a foregone delusion
under the darshan of the moon
I'm just a phase passing through myself
and I hope it passes soon

it's a simple thing
it's an honest fact
photons of kindness in all the wavelengths
from here to there and back
way off in the distance
yeah, I think that's me
burning through the last resistance beyond the nth degree

even the trees on these rainy streets
are whispering softly of uncommon mystery
and all the day's troubles
fall to ashes and smithereens

Siddhartha & Merlin At The Bookstore Café (2:56)

I saw Siddhartha and Merlin
they were playing cards at the bookstore café
I stopped by to see who was winning
with my cup of espresso and my Hemingway

the house sound system was playing King Crimson
the 21st Century Schizoid Man
Merlin stood up and yelled "let's hear some Clapton"
Siddhartha serenely dealt the next hand

it was then that I saw their companions
like spirits and ghosts in a shade
there were siddhas and yogis and shaman
and one hilarious old Rinpoche

then the café manager said "it's time to move on,

you two stoners bring down our sales”
Siddhartha said “let’s go watch Monty Python,
I like the one about the Grail.”

Merlin was nodding and grinning
as he stood with a wink and a wave
he and Siddhartha went spinning
out past the greeting cards
next to the new age display

Tecumseh (5:40)

A hundred nations in pain
a hundred more full of hate
they never stop to sing their songs
and wonder why no one gets along

a thousand families all alone
a thousand more just lost their homes
they call it repo property
don’t see the eyes saying please

won’t you fly to me Tecumseh
from the lands of the old Shawnee
bring the pipe and smoke
and reason to hope
with kindness and courage we can see

the oil comes gushing to the shore
all along the coast more and more
where none can fly or swim away
it’s the blackened lives who have to pay

won’t you fly in the dream Ayahuasca
from the light of the great Amazon
bring a forest of trees
and a shaman’s ecstasy
from the spirits of here and beyond

up on the hill they’re on the take
turn their eyes the other way
secrets twisted into laws
and what gets said says nothing at all

won’t you walk into this stream Mahatma
from the long blue ray of solitude
bring silence and peace
to the fields and the streets

and the comfort of wisdom and truth

a million faces to save
ten million more turned away
down on the border it's getting late
turn on the lights and shut the gate

won't you fly to me Tecumseh
from the lands of the old Shawnee
bring the pipe and smoke
and reason to hope
with kindness and courage we can see

Too Hot (4:29)

It's too hot to fight, so let's make love
leave a trail of clothes on the stairs above
no one says we gotta like it
but long before we're through
you'll be reaching for the light switch
and I'll be falling again for you

sometimes you gotta let it go
simmer in the heat
when it feels so sweet below

it's too hot tonight so take it slow
let the big moon rise outside the window
it's the conversation
that's been leading us all wrong
so let's shut up and steam it up
all night long

sunrise on another day
call the boss, phone it in
it's gonna be a hot one again

it's too hot to fight, so let's make love
leave a trail of clothes on the stairs above
no one says we gotta like it
but long before we're through
you'll be reaching for the light switch
and I'll be falling again for you

Godspeed Company (4:47)

[Some years ago my friend Julie and I were joking around about "just how fast is 'godspeed' anyway?" – taking some liberty with the

actual meaning of 'godspeed', which is traditionally an expression of good will toward one headed out on a journey – and through some twists of meaning and amusement, that conversation led to this song.]

I want to throw you outside all of your fears
I want you to go free from here
there's no loneliness left here inside
there's no inclination to hide

every time you take that low down road
you just call and I will overflow
there's no speed that I cannot overcome
I'll be there before your thought is done
you just call out I'm the one

I'm the man from the Godspeed Company
here's how fast I can be there with you
every time your heart comes breaking down
here's another one, there's another right here

every heart is some kind of mystery
when it breaks comes fallin' down like rain
there's no speed that I cannot overcome
I'll be there before your thought is done
you just call out I'm the one

I'm the man from the Godspeed Company
here's how fast I can be there with you
every time your heart comes breaking down
here's another one, there's another right here

here's a moment of peace and serenity
every heart is cryin'
here's a man on the edge of eternity now
you just call out I'm the one

I'm the man from the Godspeed Company
here's how fast I can be there with you
every time your heart comes breaking down
here's another one, there's another right here

Here (6:43)

Out here on the edge
where the forest meets the cliff
vision of sunlight above me
wings spread to lift on the wind
heart quiet as the cosmic spin
lone eagle screams blue above me

I'm here, I'm here, I'm here,
and there's no one else but me
through all the rage and crying
and all the hopes and trying
there's nothing more to be

up along the canyon
high up on the ridge
closer to the center now than I ever was the edge
outs into the forest
larkspur come to light
shooting stars line the path where I'm walking tonight

you and I together
lifting off tonight
far into the dream

I need no explanation
for what is decent and what is kind
it's written on the breezes and the branches of all time
so I'm walkin in this heaven
right here it's plain to see
far from the stark raving reality

I'm here, I'm here, I'm here
and there's no one else but me

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