

STATE SECRETS

RELEASED IN 2004 ON ORDNUNG & HARTMANN RECORDS

PRODUCE BY GEORGE MARINELLI, JR AT WINGDING STUDIOS, NASHVILLE, TN  
ADDITIONAL RECORDING: CHARLES ELLER STUDIOS, CHARLOTTE, VT; STUDIOGIRL, OKLAHOMA CITY,  
OK; AD ASTRA STUDIO, CHARLOTTE, VT; STUDIO CREASON, MONTREAL, QC  
COVER ART: LANCE RICHBOURG  
DESIGN: ELISE WHITTEMORE

THE PLAYERS

ROBERT WILLIAMS - acoustic guitar & vocals  
GEORGE MARINELLI, JR - guitars, mandolin, keyboards, melodica, backing vocals  
DAVID JACQUES - bass on *How Long, Living Outside The Law, Don't Leave Me Tonight, If & The Quiet American*  
DON KERCE - bass on *Basic Italian, Buffalo Billy, State Secrets, Remembering You & You Never Letting It Go*  
PAUL GRIFFIN - drums on *How Long, Living Outside The Law, Don't Leave Me Tonight, If & The Quiet American*  
WALDO LATOWSKY - drums on  
*Basic Italian, Buffalo Billy, State Secrets, Remembering You & You Never Letting It Go*  
STEPHEN MILLER - dobro on *Buffalo Billy*  
CHUCK ELLER - Hammond B3 on *If*, accordion on *State Secrets*  
PETER ENGISCH - keyboards on *Living Outside The Law*  
MARY CATHERINE REYNOLDS - backing vocals on *Living Outside The Law*  
SHELLEY BEAL - backing vocals on *Buffalo Billy*

THE LYRICS

All songs © 2004 Robert Scott Williams, except *If, Don't Leave Me Tonight & Living Outside The Law*

BASIC ITALIAN  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS & JOHN CARTER VAUGHAN

Sitting in the sun at a café in Rome  
Looking at the people and the architecture  
You in a low cut skimpy little dress  
Looking my way and my minds just a mess  
You've got a smile just like a heat-seeking missile  
Honing right in on my cynical world view  
Your lips are moving I can hear your voice  
Must be communication but I don't understand a word  
And I don't know what to do  
Somehow I've got talk to you

You know I'm gonna find a way  
I'm gonna practice every day  
My basic Italian  
It's gotta role right off my tongue  
Cause a nod and a wink won't get it done  
In basic Italian

I've got an idea let me buy you some dinner  
We'll order plates of pasta and drink lots of wine  
Then you can show me the sights I sure would love to see 'em  
I just might steal a kiss at the coliseum  
Tell me my dear will my wish come true  
If I throw a few coins in the fountain with you  
Oh Graciela that's such a pretty name  
Let me be your gladiator all wrapped up in chains  
And I don't know what to do  
Somehow I've got talk to you

You know I'm gonna find a way  
I'm gonna practice every day  
My basic Italian  
It's gotta role right off my tongue  
Cause a nod and a wink won't get it done  
In basic Italian

You know I know that everything will work out great  
Just as long as we don't decline when we should conjugate  
But if you're telling me that I'm not gonna get you  
Well you know I'm not gonna let you

You know I'm gonna find a way  
I'm gonna practice every day  
My basic Italian  
It's gotta role right off my tongue  
Cause a nod and a wink won't get it done  
In basic Italian

THE QUIET AMERICAN  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

When he was a school boy he heard the stories told  
Of brave-hearted conquerors Benevolent and bold  
Their vision of righteousness imposed by the will of God and man and he  
Grew to become, never questioning,  
A quiet American

From his life of privilege the world was black and white  
Divided into good and evil as clear as day and night  
Off on his grand crusade, singing for God and country he set sail  
He was ready to serve and never to swerve  
The quiet American

Now the quiet American just can't wait  
Believing that God has ordained his fate  
With his smile and his charm and his naiveté  
Supreme in his confidence

So he began his mission to extend a helping hand  
An offer of salvation to a poor and savage clan  
Whose ignorance and poverty, the true and only path would surely cure if they  
Would just surrender their hearts and minds  
To the quiet American

Oh the Quiet American's so sure  
Certain the truth of his faith will endure  
The blasphemous lies of the infidels  
In need of his saving grace

He could never comprehend the mocking vacant stares  
The derision or the hatred for the gifts he offered there  
Until one day he gave his heart to a shining princess of a far-off land  
Ain't it funny how love can call into question  
A certain reality

So the American quietly lost faith  
In the order that his fathers had put into place  
When he stood in the shoes of the other ones  
Looking through other eyes

Now the Quiet American understands  
The spirit of man isn't his to command  
Sharing the burden he finally sees  
The Quiet American

BUFFALO BILLY  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS AND JOHN CARTER VAUGHAN

Buffalo Billy says he's looking for love  
He's looking everywhere but he can't find it  
So he goes to the park where the Love In used to be  
Billy can remember when the love was all free  
He looks a little dated in his tie-dyed hippie clothes  
With hair down to his ass like a flag when the wind blows  
He just can't understand where the good old times have gone  
What happened to the old crowd, why they all had to move along

Still he's running like the wind 'cause his heart is on fire  
Try as he might he can't get any higher

Buffalo Billy's got a hole in his soul  
Drifting is his living and his life never found a home  
He could hitch hike a thousand miles but it won't last  
The highway's just a ribbon 'round the package of his past

Now he's running like the wind 'cause his heart is on fire  
Try as he might he can't get any higher

A Greyhound quits town at night as the storm rolls in  
Gets lost on the prairie while Billy sips his tombstone gin  
He never knew how he got so alone, or why  
He just closed his eyes and watched his life slip on by

Now he's running like the wind 'cause his heart is on fire  
Try as he might he can't get any higher

IF  
T.M. FABIAN

If I were a dog standing in the subway  
And my old lady holds me on the line  
I'd bite all the people standing round me  
No matter how they cried  
No matter who they were  
No matter what they say  
No matter how they look  
No matter not at all

If I were a donkey I would buy myself a carrot  
And hang it right in front of my mouth  
And invite all the nice people to jump on my back  
And have a fine ride down to the south  
No matter what they said  
No matter what they thought  
No matter how much money they had

If I were a man looking for a pretty girl  
I'd keep my eyes wide open all the time  
I'd sit in a restaurant with my blue suit on  
And all the chicks would blow my mind  
No matter what they wore  
No matter how they walked  
No matter how they smiled  
No matter not at all

If I were a light bulb burning in an empty room  
I'd spend my life in vain  
I'd see all the naked walls around me there  
Emptiness please go away  
No matter who you are  
No matter where you've been  
No matter what you think  
No matter why you're here  
No matter how you cry  
No matter what you wear  
No matter where you've been  
No matter any how  
No matter who you are  
No matter what you do  
No matter how you cry  
No matter not at all

REMEMBERING YOU  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS & JOHN CARTER VAUGHAN

The foghorn in the harbor was the first thing that I heard  
In the city's waking moments, we exchanged a few last words  
Easing in the morning after, the night we stole the moon  
The taxi meter's clicking told me you'd be leaving soon

You said to never bet on always, that number can't come up  
From the start the deck is stacked you said, so there's no such thing as luck  
But I hoped that things could still work out the way I hoped they would  
When we didn't have a thing to lose, things were looking good

Why can't you see what I can see  
Why is it you don't have a clue  
To the long way back, from the here and now  
Where I am remembering you

Your face framed in the window, was the last thing that I saw  
As the cab slipped round the corner in the early morning fog  
Back in the darkened stairwell I walk up to a run down room  
Where me and the ghosts we drink a toast to an old familiar tune

Why can't you see what I can see  
Why is it you don't have a clue  
To the long way back, from the here and now  
Where I am remembering you

Now a door slams down the hallway in the reaches of my consciousness  
Is it just a sound or perhaps some kind of sign  
Bringing notice of the blocking of a pathway  
The symbol of the burning of a bridge  
Does it mean that I will be no longer able  
To fill my empty rooms up with the energy and all the light you give

The frost out on the fire escape reminds me of a dream  
While I'm killing time in pool halls and closing bars it seems  
I wonder where you are tonight, I'm sure it's far from here  
It's for the best, I could not care less, that's what I tell my beer

Somewhere beneath the sky tonight  
I am certain you think of me too

Are you wondering now as you call up my face  
If I am remembering you

STATE SECRETS  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS & JOHN CARTER VAUGHAN

State Secrets were always a part of their weakness  
The palace intrigue, the midnight rendezvous  
When the high seas are calling, the pirates get restless  
Their off on a mission never leaving a clue  
So it's pop goes the weasel, as mad as a hatter  
Who are these ambassadors of fun  
Groove loons in the night, alive on the highway  
As the road rolls away on the run

The ghost of Marlene in a low champagne fog  
Ignores all the borders as she covers the town  
And the broken-nosed bouncer tunnels under the wall  
Those scrapes with the law never kept the man down  
He's a card up his sleeve, played close to the chest  
Now the roll of the dice has begun  
In the games that we play the odds are insane  
They're more than a million to one

So Olga from the Volga, Wig Lady move over  
Too much ouzo is wicked, it's bad for the gig  
And close the taverna because Athens is yawning  
And please keep those state secrets hid  
Please keep those state secrets hid

Her name it eludes you but she could play the piano  
With a smile that reminds you of a misty lagoon  
She left town in a hurry with a suitcase of laughter  
And a half-assed remark, "I'll be coming back soon"  
With a badly-forged passport she jumped onto the night train  
Just as the moon began to spin  
You woke up in a phone booth all covered with dog hair  
It was one of those nights once again

The Swiss admiral on Crete has control of her fleet  
Now we all came from Kreuzberg and we're glad that we did  
So don't wander off we set sail in the morning  
And please keep those state secrets hid  
Please keep those state secrets hid

It was so long ago and over the rainbow  
In the old part of town hanging out with the kid  
We almost got lost then and the danger's not over  
So please keep those state secrets hid  
Please keep those state secrets hid

(IF YOU'RE GONNA LEAVE ME) DON'T LEAVE ME TONIGHT  
RON RANDOLF

If you're gonna leave me don't leave me tonight  
The trains have stopped running and the gangs wanna fight  
My old heart is breaking and you know it ain't right  
So if you're gonna leave, leave tomorrow  
Oh baby don't leave me tonight

Sometimes it's me and sometimes it's you  
You don't understand half the things that I do  
And I don't understand half the things that you say  
We both know the best times are over  
But I still wish like hell you would stay

I feel like Napoleon beside Josephine  
My hands in my pockets my thoughts are obscene  
I've got a great hat but I'm losing my queen  
Step right up for the last execution  
I'm looking forward to the old guillotine

If you're gonna leave me don't leave me tonight  
The trains have stopped running and the gangs wanna fight  
My old heart is breaking and you know it ain't right  
So if you're gonna leave, leave tomorrow  
Oh baby don't leave me tonight

Tom Sawyer was wise he did not paint that fence  
I've looked for solutions, I guess I'm too dense  
I'm no good at grammar, there's no future tense  
One last night please be my Becky Thatcher  
I'll try not to be to intense

If you're gonna leave me don't leave me tonight  
The trains have stopped running and the gangs wanna fight  
My old heart is breaking and you know it ain't right  
So if you're gonna leave, leave tomorrow  
Oh baby don't leave me tonight



HOW LONG (TILL THE END OF THE WORLD)  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

How long, till the end of the world  
How long, till the end of the world

Right in the middle of the world's unhinging  
As I surfed the channels in disbelief  
There were images of every kind of human suffering  
Actors were urging me to whiten my teeth  
There were starving children, there was rape and murder  
When a beautiful woman took over the screen  
And in a voice so soft that that I could trust her  
In the delicate matter of feminine hygiene

How long, till the end of the world  
How long, till the end of the world

And then Brother Love came on my television  
Said he knew the way out of this miserable life  
I'd be a fool not to jump at the chance  
For eternal salvation at a bargain price  
Well my life here's a mess, you know it's full of trouble  
So I sent him some money in the morning mail  
Now I'm waiting the arrival of my private helicopter  
To take me to Jesus O, away I'll sail

How long, till the end of the world  
How long, till the end of the world

When the rapture comes I'll be on that space ship  
Along with Brother Love, oh you'd better believe  
You won't see me among the godless heathens  
The fire and the brimstone won't touch me  
When you're down in the flood I'll be sailing above you  
From where you stand it won't seem so nice  
Better send in your money to reserve your place in heaven  
So you won't be ravaged by the antichrist

How long, till the end of the world  
How long, till the end of the world  
How long, till the end of the world  
How long, till the end of the world

LIVING OUTSIDE THE LAW  
JESSE BALLARD

Living outside the law, ain't always easy as you think  
You're always looking over your shoulder, even when you're having a drink  
There's cops in the alleyway and cops under your bed  
But the very worst cops are inside your head, they're inside you're head

Wanted in Niagara Falls, sitting in a hotel room going crazy staring at the walls  
The post office don't make you feel better at all  
Next to the poster there's a mirror on the wall  
Even if your crime was small, those cops in your head got no mercy at all, no mercy at all

Oh, baby, I'm living outside the law  
I made em too tough when I was green and raw

Even if your crime was small, those cops in your head got no mercy at all, no mercy at all

Oh, baby, I'm living outside the law  
I made em too tough when I was green and raw

You set your aims too high, if you set 'em any lower that would be some kind of lie  
The old wino sits and cries, you can tell his story from the dirt in his eyes  
Lord I was so wise, I could help him out with no compromise, no compromise

Oh, baby, I'm living outside the law  
I made em too rough before I really saw  
I'm living outside the law  
I made 'em to tough when I was green and raw

YOU NEVER LETTING IT GO  
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Well I can beg and I can plead and I can bow and scrape  
Bury you in roses feed you champagne and cake  
But I know, you never letting it go  
I can ply you with liquor in wild of night  
Whisper sweet nothings till the early light  
But I know, you never letting it go

I've tried standing on my head howling at the moon  
Even had a love curse put on you  
Oh no, you never letting it go  
Don't know why I don't listen when you tell me so  
I guess your beauty makes me deaf, dumb, and blind and more  
I know, you never letting it go

Now I've danced around for you like a monkey in a rope  
Even shed a tear or two but there's still no hope  
You've made it perfectly clear that I'll never get a rise  
But I just can't take my eyes off the prize

Well I can prostrate myself before your majesty  
Don a velvet jacket and serve you high tea  
But oh no, you never letting it go  
I can be the boss, or you can dominate  
Any way you like it, that's ok  
But oh no, you never letting it go

Now I've danced around for you like a monkey in a rope  
Even shed a tear or two but there's still no hope  
You've made it perfectly clear that I'll never get a rise  
But I just can't take my eyes off the prize

You think I'd get the message after all these years  
Abandon all hope and drown it in my beer  
But oh no, I'm never letting you go  
I'm never letting you go  
I'm never letting you go