

WALKING HOME

RELEASED IN 2007 ON BLUEBIRD CAFÉ BERLIN RECORDS

PRODUCED BY RAMESH B. WEERATUNGA AT MACHNOW STUDIO, KLEINMACHNOW, GERMANY
MIXED BY RAMESH B. WEERATUNGA & JENS TROENDLE

COVER PHOTO: MIKE GIDDINGE
PORTRAIT: ROBERT JOHNSON
DESIGN: ELISE WHITTEMORE

THE PLAYERS

ROBERT WILLIAMS - acoustic guitar, mandolin, vocals
RAMESH B. WEERATUNGA - virus mandolin fx, drums & percussion programming, string
arrangements, keyboards, bow, Lesley & wah wah guitars, kalimba, bass, clarinet sample
THOMAS BAUMGARTE - contrabass
RON RANDOLF - cajon
INGO BISCHOF - keyboards, flute sample, bass
NADISHANA - flutes

THE LYRICS
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NOTHING AT ALL
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

You sit on your porch, watch the gathering storm
At the end of another long day
You look at the dark clouds out on the horizon
Seem miles and miles away
And you perk up your ears to the sound of the thunder
Out in the distance so small
And you say to yourself it sounds just like cannons
But it's nothing like cannons at all
Then you go in the house, turn on the TV
To have a look at the evening news
And you find yourself staring in the eyes of a child
With the thousand-year blues
She stands amid the rubble of what used to be her home
Before the bombs began to fall
And you say to yourself how terribly sad
But it's nothing like sadness at all
Nothing at all Nothing at all
Nothing at all Nothing at all

Now you ask yourself who could do that to a child
What kind of monster is that
Who built those bombs who paid for those missiles
That knocked her world flat
As you seek to place the blame you don't dare look in the mirror
You'd hate to have to take the fall
And the President says that it's just the cost of freedom
But it's nothing like freedom at all

Nothing at all Nothing at all
Nothing at all Nothing at all

Back out on the porch you come to realize
It's not a storm you see
Huge waves of violence rolling closer and closer
To your personal biography
And as you listen once again you hear the sound of guns
Out in the distance they fall
And you think to yourself it sounds just like thunder
But it's nothing like thunder at all

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NEW WALKING BLUES
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Well they way the world is spinning got my mind in a mess
People feeling low down and depressed
They're crying tears of sorrow, tears of rage
Feeling so low, got they mind in a daze

Now I'm trying hard to cope with all this anger and hate
Seems no matter what I do it's too little too late
So I'm gonna set one foot in front of the other, pull the brim down on my hat
Cause I don't want no one to see me like that

Now I'm walking the streets with a head full of the blues
I'm gonna keep on walking till I hear some better news
Started walking this morning gonna walk all day
Till I walk this old world's troubles away

Now I walked and I walked, with no particular place to go
Thought I might walk all the way to Mexico
Walked through the autumn leaves and the winter snow
I might never stop there's so many places to go

Now I'm walking the streets with a head full of the blues
I'm gonna keep on walking till I hear some better news
Started walking this morning gonna walk all day
Till I walk this old world's troubles away

As I gathered momentum I put some spring into my step
Then I heard a sound and my tired heart leapt
When I raised my eyes, what did I see
There were ten thousand other people out there walking with me

Now we're walking these streets together gonna lose our blues
We're gonna keep on walking till we hear some good news
Started walking this morning we gonna walk all day
Till we walk this world's troubles away

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THE IDEA OF ESTHER
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

It was a very long time ago
When I saw Esther last
She was standing in a sunbeam wearing nothing but a bath towel
At the window of my hotel room in Houston
Brushing her hair on the very first morning of the summer
A man walked on the moon

I never really got to know her that well
Though we swore we'd stay in touch
I was restless and I was young and she was constant as the sun
So I took off to see the world without Esther
And as they will the years slipped by and I never
Saw Esther anymore

But the idea of Esther still rattles around in my brain
Comes to the surface like a life line when my world goes insane
Don't know where she lives today or what her life became
But the idea of Esther burns brighter than a flame

Ain't it funny how a memory
Like an old snapshot that won't let you be
Forgotten in the pocket of your raincoat
Can reappear just when you need it most
To haunt you like a friendly ghost
And I thank my stars for the faded image of Esther

Now looking back over my shoulder a half a life gone by
Got a wife and kid some dark some gold
I got a lot of lucky and a little old
And I'm pretty sure the same things happened to Esther
Still when I'm sad I go back to that summer in Houston
Where an old friend waits for me

Where the idea of Esther still rattles around in my brain
Comes to the surface like a life line when my world goes insane
Don't know where she lives today or what her life became
But the idea of Esther burns brighter than a flame

NO MO'
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

I don't wanna love you no mo, if it's gonna be like this
I may not be an expert in love, but this can't be all there is
So if we can't find the will, to bring back the thrill
Then I don't wanna love you no mo'

I don't wanna go down this road, that I done traveled before
It's much too low and rocky, for my soul
So if we can't find some higher ground, and turn this thing around
I don't wanna love you no mo'

People say that love is a give-and-take situation
I know
But I done give all that I have
And you just keep taking more

I don't wanna be here with you, if there's gonna be all this cryin'
Cause life is just too short, for this aggravation and lying
So if we can't find a little bliss, a bit of happiness
I don't wanna love you no mo'

People say that love is a give-and-take situation
I know
But I done give all that I have
And you just keep taking more

I don't wanna be her with you, if there's gonna be all this cryin'
Cause life is just too short, for all this aggravation and lying
So if we can't find a little bliss, a little bit of happiness
I don't wanna love you no mo'
I don't wanna love you no mo'

YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

I'll do anything for you
And you don't even have to ask
Be right there where you need me to
And you don't even have to ask

Search the ocean, search the sky
Search the ground beneath you
Turn your eyes to all the rest
But I'm the one who knows you

When the winds blow cold and harsh
And your little boat is battered
Close your eyes and call my name
I will still the waters

Soon the time will come I know
When you will find another
I will bow and step aside
For you my only daughter

When the winds blow cold and harsh
And your little boat is battered
Close your eyes and call my name
I will still the waters

I'll do anything for you
And you don't even have to ask

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HILLBILLY LOVE TRIANGLE
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS & JOHN CARTER VAUGHAN

One thing led to another as it usually does
I tried to duck and run for cover but I wasn't fast enough
I should have seen it coming should have recognized the signs
For a monkey took a leap onto the back of mine

It was down in Little Dixie just across the Texas line
Me and Daisy in a roadhouse biding our time
All the sudden the door flew open let in a shaft of light
There stood Melva with murder in her eyes itching for a fight

It was a hillbilly love triangle
A hillbilly love triangle
A hillbilly love triangle
With me caught in the middle

Now this world can be a nasty place so I like to have my fun
But I never bargained for a blood feud, broken bottles, knives and guns
As much as I love the ladies and the honky tonkin' life
I'm gonna take my ass back to Little Rock to the dog, the kids and wife

It was a hillbilly love triangle
A hillbilly love triangle
A hillbilly love triangle
With me caught in the middle

WHEN WE WERE WARRIORS
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

I've drawn a line, put the past on one side
And me on the other
I try to live my life now as an honest man
I don't know why I'm still thinking 'bout you

I can remember when we were warriors
Seething with anger to burn down the walls
Out on the highway with night stretched before us
Like Bonnie and Clyde off to heed the wind's call

All those years I lived as a fugitive
Running away from myself
I'd like to think those days are over now
But to be true I'm still thinking 'bout you
It never mattered who we ran over
Fusing our passions we were partners in crime
Now looking back I got cause for regret
What do you feel when you think of that time

When I try to see my humanity
As a condition evolving with time
Look into my soul when there's nowhere else to go
It's still true I am thinking 'bout you
It's still true I am thinking 'bout you

I've drawn a line, put the past on one side
And me on the other

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LIVE FROM JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS, JOHN VAUGHAN & WAYNE GRAJEDA

On a dark winter night in a long-ago rhyme
Young Edward B. Sharp was looking was looking fine
With a hand-rolled cigarette dangling from his lips
And his six-string engine slung low on his hips
In his eight-inch platform snake-skin shoes
The boy was really sublime
When a voice from a doorway said "come in here kid
I'm gonna show you a real good time"

There were blues and shock and jazz and gags
A dancer, a ventriloquist, some Russians in drag
A broken piano, a hole in the wall
And smoky dark corners that whispered their call
And Looie the Lip in his lavender wig
Is the consummate ringmaster's ringmaster
Now the lights dim as the curtain ascends
On Jumbo's magnificent circus of freaks

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
A dream with an opium twist
A puzzling puzzle in free form verse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
A sailor with a Chinese tattoo
Lonesome cowboys kiss Turks
Ride a dog called Big Nurse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

That was long ago and far away
Now the room's gone dark and Jumbo's moved to Bombay
Eddie's life is full of stress and needless significance
Back then it was different, didn't make no difference
Sometimes he wishes he could just steal away
Get back through that curtain of time
Go away for the evening with an old friend or two
Back into Jumbo's ragout of taboo

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
You can leave with whomever you please
You might sing the chorus, you might sing the verse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
A dream with an opium twist
A puzzling puzzle in free form verse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

ON A GRAY DAY
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

On a gray day I sit watching the rain
As this train I am riding traverses a place
As bleak and as cold as an old whore's embrace
Where am I bound, who can tell me now

Through a cold night we keep rolling along
Me and this train speed toward a new day
Leave behind ancient roads where I once lost my way
Where will this end, where did it begin

When times are hard we all retreat into our hiding spaces
Where we become invisible to trouble and to pain
We seek solace in the crevices of our darkest places
That's where we go to find our selves when we have lost our way

In a faded dream long bleached by the wind
I find that my thought often drift to a friend
Who going to ground, never surfaced again
O mixed up world, what did you do to him

Is it possible to make some sense of all these crazy patterns
That overlay the maps that guide us through the twists and turns
Is there order in the chaos that fills these pages
Of the tattered manuscripts that tell the stories of our lives

Now it's morning again as the dawn steals the night
The train's in the station, I've made it home once more
Just a little tattered, but I stand at your door
Who knows my fate, can you tell me now

On a gray day I sit watching the rain

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WITHOUT A CLUE
ROBER SCOTT WILLIAMS

I don't know why I care about you like I do
On this autumn day when the world is still
And perfect like a memory
I find myself in front of you
Standing here without a clue

It must be in your eyes but they don't always smile on me
Or maybe it's the little face you make
When the world is just too much to take
I don't understand the things you do
But here I am for you without a clue

Could be in your sense of style
Or the way you wear your hair
Or maybe it's just when I'm with you
There's magic in the air

Or maybe when I'm with you I'm crazy
Not responsible for what I do
I could write this thing off to insanity
Cause when it comes to you, I've not a clue

Sometimes I really wonder if you even like me at all
I know I often embarrass you
And I'm not so strong and I'm not so tall
But after all this time I wake to find you still with me
And me with you without a clue

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