

Neil Harnett



somewhere



Neil Harnett

somewhere

This CD is very long. At just under 74 minutes you'll need over an hour to make the journey in one sitting. It was not my intent for it to be such an epic, but because the project spanned a number of years, I just kept adding more tunes. During the recording process, the goal was to retain the *live-off-the-floor* experience as much as possible. The majority of overdubs are additional parts and not replacements of the original performance. Although the *live-off-the-floor* approach does mean living with imperfections, it was more important to preserve the *in-the-moment* urgency and realness than to *sterilize* the tracks. This

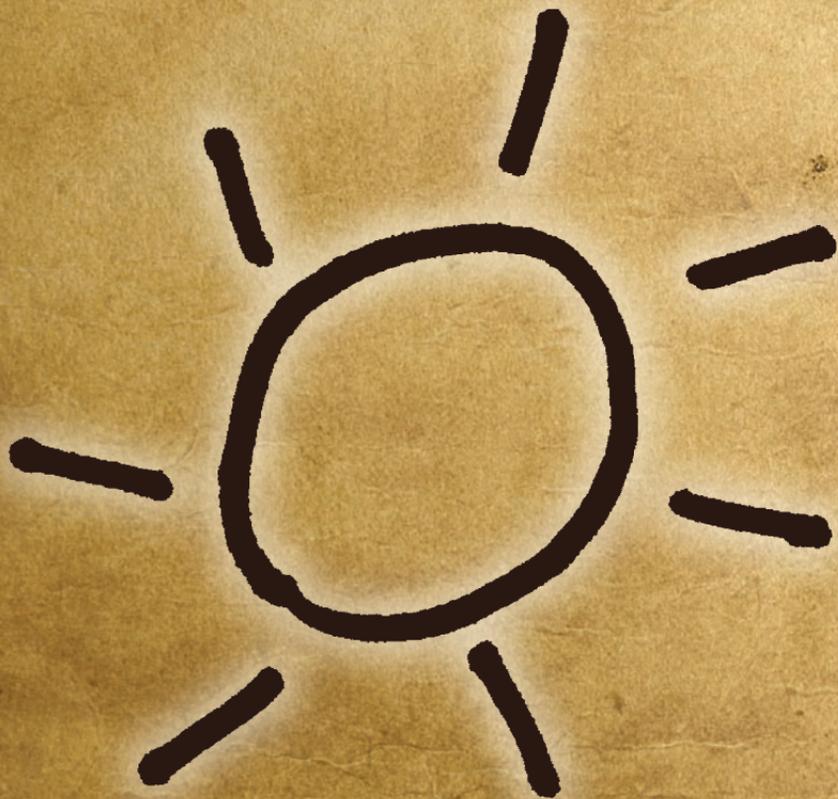


concept was common in the *good old vinyl days* and offers music fans a much more honest representation of what the artist would sound like in concert.

It was also common in the days of vinyl for liner notes to include stories of how the songs were written and recorded. I loved getting the inside scoop and how it made me feel more connected to the artist. As a tribute to those days, I have included some stories of my own. I hope you enjoy the ride and forgive the occasional bump in the road. Check out the booklet for lyrics, credits, stories and other stuff and visit www.neilharnett.com for more. Be well – NH ☀️

This collection of tunes is dedicated to my daughter Amy on her journey back. We all love you so much sweetie. Your buddy always - Neil





Woh Yeh

Podcasting misery and 24 hours on TV

There's always somethin' that can bring you down

I know you wanna stay in touch but sometimes it's just too much

Gotta take a break, head for higher ground

When you're trapped inside kaleidoscopes

Of broken dreams and battered hopes

It's not so strange to find you've lost your way

The maze of media controls the way it feels right to your soul

But don't believe everything they say

You know rainbows sometimes follow rain

Healin' sometimes follows pain so come on and sing with me

Woh yeh...let's feel somethin' good tonight

Woh yeh...turn one wrong into right

Woh yeh...find the calm within the rage

Woh yeh...together we can turn the page, oh yeh

Streamin' terror on the net of images you can't forget

It's hard to find the peace inside this war

But don't you let the fear and fright tear down your heart tonight

After all it's love we're lookin' for

Gotta take some time, walk with your lover in the sun

Feel it shine it's the same sun for everyone, so come on let's just be real

Woh yeh...let's feel somethin' good tonight

Woh yeh...turn one wrong into right, oh yeh, woh yeh...

Gotta take the time to walk with your lover in the sun

Feel it shine it's the same sun for everyone, so come on let's just be real

Woh yeh...let's feel somethin' good tonight

Woh yeh...turn one wrong into right

Woh yeh...find the calm within the rage

Woh yeh...together we can turn the page, oh yeh...

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan)



Live off the floor performance & overdubs recorded at Frequency

Studios: Engineered by Miles Foxx Hill | Additional overdubs recorded at

Mom's Place & Neil's Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar

& Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Miles Foxx Hill; Keys - Graeme Coleman;

Drums - Randall Stoll; BGs - Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder, Lisa Simons

A tune about how *media overload* and the *chaos of life* can blind us to what really matters and how we need to give ourselves a break and take time to live in the positive. The spelling of the title stirred up much debate but despite the Yiddish implications, my original spelling won out.

Soul Train Ride

Well I've been lost in la, la land but now I think I'm catchin' on

It's all about the golden rule

Well it may sound simple but if you think it is you're wrong

Greed and apathy play us all like fools

We're stuck inside this tunnel, still no sign of light

Well we're all in this together why don't we just get the damn thing right

On this soul train ride you can't get off 'til your journey's through

On this soul train ride around the bend might be a better point of view, yeh

Floatin' out in space on this old ball of dirt called earth

Sharin' this ride around the sun

Well I've heard it said every soul is born with equal worth

Well why do just so few have all the fun

Well there's enough money in this world to go around

Where nobody should be hungry, sleepin' on the ground

On this soul train ride you can't get off 'til your journey's through

On this soul train ride you can't get off 'til ya get on back to you

I wanna get back, all the way back to you

I wanna breathe the air, I wanna love to spare

Wanna smell the sweet perfume

I wanna start again, I wanna be your friend

Wanna end to all this gloom

'Cause I've been travellin' for so long on this soul train ride

I'll meet you in the dinin' car, start workin' out a plan

Let's get it right this time around

Won't be about money, in fact why don't we just leave it out

Give the greedy less to bring us down

We got everything we need, Mother Nature took care of that

Let's just treat her right and then we can all be phat

On this soul train ride you can't get off 'til your journey's through

On this soul train ride you can't get off 'til you get on back to you

I wanna get back, all the way back to you

'Cause I've been travellin' for so long on this soul train ride

Soul train ride...

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan)



Live off the floor tracks & overdubs recorded at Frequency Studios:
Engineered by Miles Foxx Hill | Additional overdubs recorded at Mom's
Place & Neil's Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar &
Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Miles Foxx Hill; Keys - Graeme Coleman;
Drums - Randall Stoll; BGs - Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder, Lisa Simons.

Yeh, why do only so few have all the fun and why can't we get it right?
A song about the imbalance of life and yet here we are, all in this
together. And you'll notice it's *phat*, not *fat*, so, please, no hate mail. I
recorded the train that you hear at the end of this tune in my hometown
of White Rock, right out front of Iguana's where I was performing.



Instead

I'm sorry that I made you cry
I lost my head, I don't know why
But you know sometimes when I get scared
I seem to hurt the ones who care

I really hope you'll understand
I never meant to wreck your plans
If you wanna know the way I feel
See the part of me that's real

Then please don't look into my head
Look into my heart instead

It seems you think I've figured out
What my life is all about
But nothin's further from the truth
Trapped inside this mystery of youth

I've been tryin' the best I can
But right now I need a friend
My soul's been achin' way too much
And I've been feelin' out of touch, woh oh

So please don't look into my head
Look into my heart instead

Another day, another night
Another chance, to make things right
There's still so much that I don't see
And I still need your love here to guide me

I really hope you'll understand
I never meant to wreck your plans
If you wanna know the way I feel
See the part of me that's real

Then please don't look into my head
Look into my heart instead
Then please don't look into my head
Look into my heart instead

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan)



Live off the floor guitar/vocal recorded at Smallword Studios: Engineered
by Mike Braniff | BGs & bass recorded in Neil's Music Room:
Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Lisa
Simons, BGs - Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder

This is a song about where to look to find the real person. I've come
to like the idea that we're *spiritual beings* having a *human experience*
and as such, our egos often run the show, causing us to say things that
really don't represent what's in our heart. This tune was born at a gig
shortly after an incident between my daughter Amy and her mom. It
was actually the first tune of the night and was completely *stream of
consciousness*. I finished the lyrics while visiting my son Shawn and
immediately went into the studio to record what was meant to be a
demo, but because it was so emotionally in the pocket, I decided to go
with it, in spite of some distortion. Hey, it's real.



Midnight Hour Blues

Yeh in the midnight hour
Waitin' for the break of the day
Yeh in the midnight hour
Waitin' for the break of the day
Yeh my heart's in trouble
And my mind is feelin' weak

Yeh I lie in bed at nights thinkin'
You know I cannot sleep
Lie in bed at nights thinkin' lord
You know I cannot sleep
See my heart's in trouble
And my soul is feelin' weak

My mind bin driftin'
Back to days of long ago
My mind bin driftin'
Back to the days of long ago child, oo lord
Either woman that used to love me
Don't see them walkin' around these streets no more, no
Crazy midnight, that's right

Well I get so worried sometime
I don't know what I'm gonna do
Get so worried sometime people
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I guess I have got ya
Got these old midnight blues, crazy midnight

Written by Leroy Carr/Public Domain



Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording: Engineered by Larry Anshell | BGs recorded in Neil's Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald; Drums - Rick Clark; Keys - Darryl Havers; BGs - Lisa Simons.

I wanted this CD to include some of the cover tunes I've been performing over the years. I learned this one through osmosis after hearing Long John Baldry play it at a show where my band opened for him. I've definitely made this tune my own over the years, and it's always a nice easy ride. The only overdub is Lisa singing some BGs. I typed out the lyrics as I sang them, noticed I repeated the same last line in the first and second verse - ooops! No biggie. To be honest, I've never actually known exactly what the original lyrics are. Sorry Leroy.



Four Until Late

From four until late I was wringin' my hands and cryin'
From four until late I was wringin' my hands and cryin'
I believe to my soul, your daddy's girl goes 'round

From four until late, she made me a no good bar room clown
From four until late, she made me a no good bar room clown
Well she ain't doin' nothin', tearin' a good man's reputation down

Well a woman is like a dresser
Some dude always runnin' through her drawers
Yes a woman is like a dresser
Some dude always runnin' through her drawers
'Cause so many men, to be wearin' those aprin overalls
(Doin' the dishes, scrubbin' the floors, stuff like that)

When I leave this town, I will bid you farewell
When I leave this town, I will bid you farewell
But when I return, you'll have a great long story to tell

Written by Robert Johnson/Public Domain



Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording: Engineered by Larry Anshell | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald; Drums - Rick Clark; Keys - Darryl Havers

Robert Johnson at his best. I love this tune and it's always fun to play. OK, so the third verse may not be politically correct, but...

Sweet Home Chicago

Woh baby, now honey don't you want to go
Woh baby, now honey don't you want to go
Back to the land California
Sweet home Chicago (repeat)

Now one and one is two, two and two is four
I'm a heavy loaded baby, I'm booked, I gotta go
Cryin' oh baby, now honey don't you want to go
Back to the land California, Sweet home Chicago

Now two and two is four, four and two is six
Gonna keep monkeyin' round here friend-boy, get your business in a trick
Cryin' oh babe, said honey don't you wanna go
Back to the land California, Sweet home Chicago

Well I'm goin' to California, from there to Des Moines Iowa
Somebody will tell ya gonna need my help someday
Cryin' oh baby, said honey don't you want to go
Back to the land California, Sweet home Chicago
Sweet Home Chicago...

Written by Robert Johnson/Public Domain



Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording; Engineered by Larry Anshell | BGs recorded in Neil's Music Room; Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald; Drums - Rick Clark; Keys - Darryl Havers; BGs - Lisa Simons, Linda Kidder.

A classic Robert Johnson song that I've heard many times with alternative lyrics. This version is based on what I believe are Robert's original lyrics that do confuse me a bit. Clearly RJ was one heck of a mathematician but not all that great at geography. If anyone knows how he came up with Chicago being in the land of California, please email me and let me know. The only overdubs on this track are the *chick* BGs.



Be Myself With You

Hear the clock tickin' up on the wall
Father time is sure havin' himself a ball
The second hand is movin' faster than it used to
Hell I can't keep up, feels like a race to the finish
And my poor shoes are about worn right out

Well I feel about the same, tired of this game
When the things that matter most, turn into the ghosts
That haunt me everyday

I wanna get down offa this lunatic ride, feel my life back in my hands
I wanna sail around the world with you girl, find the promised land
I wanna decorate the planet with a shinin' light
I wanna clear a path that's true
I wanna just be real and feel happy tonight
I wanna take a chance and be myself with you
Oh yeh just wanna be myself with you

Everybody's always talkin' on the phone
Seems like nobody ever wants to be alone
The world is spinnin' and so's my head man, I'm livin' in a blur
Can't find myself inside this maze I keep missin' the turn

Well I know there's something more, felt it here before
And it's just not worth the price, when love's the sacrifice
We give away for more and more

I wanna get down offa this lunatic ride, feel my life back in my hands
I wanna sail around the world with you girl, find the promised land
I wanna decorate the planet with a shinin' light
I wanna clear a path that's true
I wanna just be real and feel happy tonight
I wanna take a chance and be myself with you

Woh, I'll tell you what I'm gonna do (be myself with you), woh yeh

I wanna get down offa this lunatic ride, feel my life back in my hands
I wanna sail around the world with you girl, find the promised land
I wanna decorate the planet with a shinin' light
I wanna clear a path that's true
I wanna just be real and feel happy tonight
I wanna take a chance and be myself with you
Oh yeh, can I be myself with you

Woo oo, let me be myself with you
Oh yeah, I wanna be myself with you, hoo oo

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan) 

Original live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording:
Engineered by Larry Anschell | BGs and 2nd guitar recorded in Neil's
Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil
Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald, Drums - Rick Clark; Keys - Darryl
Havers; BGs - Neil Harnett.

A little ditty about how the *system* and *corp-fueled* rat race has us
running ourselves ragged in an endless struggle to meet expectations,
which often leads to a loss of self-identity and purpose, which, in turn,
leads to a plethora of social dilemmas. Heck, all we want is to be our *true*
selves. I almost didn't include this track because it seemed a little rough
around the edges. But, in the end, I came to quite like it. So here it is - as
it is. If you listen carefully to the intro you'll hear something that shouldn't
be there. Kinda like finding Waldo. If you hear it, let me know.

The Trip's the Thing

Love ain't like a flower love ain't like wine
(But) love's the only thing that can make you feel fine
Enough to get through all of the pain
Well your head's in the future but your heart's in the past
How you ever gonna make a good thing last
Yeah, if you're not there to share the moment in time

Well don't you know that now is the only time we have
Tomorrow's just a dream that may never come to pass, that's right

Well don't you know the trip's the thing
Open up your heart and let it be what the moment brings
Well don't you know it's true, the trip's the thing
No matter where you're goin' to, yeh the trip's the thing
Do, do, do, do, do... Do, do, do, do, do...

This road of life can get rough sometimes
Get lost in the jungle inside your mind
But there's a light we share that can show you the way
Everything that you do and every word you speak
Can shape your world you know the truth you seek
Is not a future dream no, it's right here today

Well don't you know that now is the only time we have

Tomorrow's just a dream that may never come to past, that's right

Well don't you know the trip's the thing
Open up your heart and let it be what the moment brings
Well don't you know it's true, the trip's the thing
No matter where you're goin' to, yeh the trip's the thing

Well don't you know that now is the only time we have
Tomorrow's just a dream that may never come to pass, that's right

Well don't you know the trip's the thing
Open up your heart and let it be what the moment brings
Well don't you know it's true, yeh the trip's the thing
No matter where you're goin' to, yeh the trip's the thing

Do, do, do, do, do...
Yeh the trip's the thing
Do, do, do, do, do...
You might as well enjoy the ride
Do, do, do, do, do...
My, my, my, my, my, my
Do, do, do, do, do...

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan) 

Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording: Engineered
by Larry Anschell | BGs and 2nd guitar recorded at Mom's Place &
Neil's Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil
Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald; Drums - Rick Clark; Keys - Darryl
Havers; BGs - Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder, Lisa Simons.

This tune started out as a campfire ditty and became the theme song for
an annual event a friend mine hosted called *Camp Cascade*. We sure
did have some fun. It's all about enjoying the *ride* instead of focusing on
the *destination*. Now if I could only take my own advice.



Never Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will
And the road you're trudging seems all uphill
When the funds are low and your debts are high
You want to smile but all you can do is sigh
When care is pressing down on a bit
Rest if you must but don't you quit

Success is failure inside out
The silver tint in the clouds of doubt
You can never tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems so far
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit, oh no, oh no

Never quit, never quit, never quit
Bein' just who you are, I love you just like that
Never quit, never quit, never quit
Reachin' for your star

There's really nothin' better here
Than to just be real and face all of your fears
Don't let this mystery eat you up
Change the picture and fill your cup
So when the pieces just don't wanna fit
Well you can take a break but don't you ever quit

You know this dream will stay alive
If you just believe
In this fantasy that you visualize
It will become reality, just you wait and see

Never quit, never quit, never quit
Bein' just who you are, I love you just like that
Never quit, never quit, never quit
Reachin' for your star, you're gonna be there someday
Never quit, never quit, never quit
Bein' just who you are, you know why, I love you just like that
Never quit, never quit, never quit
Reachin' for your star, oh, never quit child
Bein' just who you are, oh, never quit child, oh, oo yah, yah

You know sometimes when the road feels rough
Feels like you've had enough, never quit child, ah no

Your soul cries out and you break your heart
Feels like your world is fallin' apart, never quit
Bein' just who you are, ah no, ah no, never quit

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan) Based on Poem by
Ralph Waldo Emerson/Public Domain



Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording: Engineered
by Larry Anschell | BGs and 2nd guitar recorded in Neil's Music Room:
Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Stu
MacDonald; Drums - Rick Clark; Keys - Darryl Havers; BGs - Neil
Harnett, Linda Kidder.

While attending a workshop, an instructor brought a Waldo Emerson poem to our final day of class. The poem inspired me to go home and write this song. The first couple of verses are directly from the poem and the rest I added. This track is a bit of an epic at just under seven minutes. Other than an electric guitar, some BGs and that little vocal bit at the end, what you hear is what was played the day of the original recording. The vocal line right at the end of the song was an overdund that I did in my music room the night before the mix. I got home very late from a gig and was so exhausted I could barely stand. However, I forged on and got the job done. When I listened to it the next day, I thought it sounded like someone on their last leg and that I would have to re-record the part. But, considering the message of the song, I realized it was perfect. What could be better than someone on their last leg saying *Never Quit*.

Bojangles

Met a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you in worn out shoes
Silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants, the old soft shoe
He jumped so high, he jumped so high and then he lightly touched down

I met him in a cell in New Orleans I was way down and out
He looked to me to be the very eyes of age, as he spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of life, laughed and slapped his leg a step

He said his name Bojangles then he danced a lick, right across the cell
He held his pants in better stance, he jumped so high
He even clicked his heels
He let go a laugh, he let go a laugh, shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Please won't you dance, please won't you dance

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the south

He spoke with tears of 15 years how his dog and he used to travel about
His dog up and died, just up and died, after 20 years he still grieves

He said now I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips
But most my time I spend behind these county bars
You see son I drinks a bit
He shook his head, and as he shook his head
Thought I heard someone ask please

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bonangles
Please won't you dance, please won't you dance
One more time for me now
Please won't you dance, please won't you dance
Please won't you dance, please won't you dance

Written by Jerry Jeff Walker © Cotillion Music Inc. 

Live off the floor guitar/vocal recorded at Smallword Studios: Engineered
by Mike Braniff | BGs recorded in Neil's Music Room: Engineered
by Neil Harnett. | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; BGs - Neil Harnett,
Lisa Simons.

One of my all-time favourite folk songs which I've performed for
many years. This version was recorded the same day as *Instead* but
unfortunately the music files for *Bojangles* were corrupted so we had
to just use the original board mix. This meant we couldn't do a full mix,
but we liked the performance so much that we decided to go with it. The
only overdubs were a few BGs that Lisa and I sang. *Bojangles* begins
my three song dedication to the homeless.

Home From The Forest

The neon lights were flashin'
And the icy winds did blow
The water seeped on through his shoes
And the drizzle turned to snow
His eyes were red and his hopes were dead
And his wine was runnin' low
And the old man came home from the forest

His tears fell on the sidewalk
As he stumbled in the street
A dozen faces stopped to stare
But no one stopped to speak



For his castle was his hallway
And the bottle was his friend
And the old man stumbled in from the forest

Up a dark and dingy staircase
The old man made his way
His ragged coat around him
As upon his cot he lay
And he wondered how did it happen
That he ended up this way
Gettin' lost like a fool in the forest

And as he lay there sleepin'
A vision did appear
Upon his mantle shinin'
The face of one so dear
Who loved him in the springtime
Of a long forgotten year
When the wildflowers did bloom in the forest

She touched his grizzled fingers
And she called him by his name (Bojangles)
And outside he could hear the joyful sound
Of children at their play
In a farm house on a hillside
In an old forgotten town
Where the river runs down from the forest

With a mighty roar the big jet soars
Above those canyon streets
And con men and life goes on
For the city never sleeps
But to an old forgotten soldier
The dawn will come no more
For the old man has come home
From the forest

Written by Gordon Lightfoot © Moose Music 

Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording: Engineered
by Larry Anschell | BGs recorded at Mom's Place: Engineered by
Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald;
Tambourine - David Dewolf; BGs - Neil Harnett.



I almost always play this tune right after *Bojangles* as I've always thought of it as the ongoing story of his life, right up to his passing. When I was a young lad (a long time ago) I would often sit and talk with homeless folks and found the experience very enlightening. They are a hardy lot with much character. If you listen, you will find that most of them have heartbreaking stories of how they ended up on the streets, and in many cases you discover that the system let them down in some way. Ironically, the majority of homeless folks seem happy where they are. Perhaps it's less stressful than trying to live up to the standards expected by the system. This track was originally recorded with drums but I decided to leave them out. Sorry Rick. The only overdub is me singing some BGs.

Earth Man

I got breakfast in my beard I've been saving it for days
But I gotta pace myself because you know I don't get paid
I'm so hungry now I can't wait to eat
But the only trouble is the hairs get stuck between my teeth
Well you know that I would shave if I could afford a razor
But I can't buy 'em second hand like I did this blazer
That I got at the Sally Ann 15 years ago
And now it's just another place where organic things can grow

'Cause I'm an Earth Man living in your streets
Yes I'm an Earth Man your garbage is my treat
Yes I'm an Earth Man sleepin' in the dirt
And after all this time those little rocks don't even hurt

Earth Man, I'm an Earthman...

I used to own a house, two new shiny cars
But now my bank account fits into this caper jar
Yeh, acquisitions, outback put me out of work
Then my wife and kids left me 'cause they thought I was a jerk
Though I tried the best nobody seemed to care
That the greedy & the corps took more than their share
Well it cost so much to put a roof over my head
That I gave up and moved out here instead

Now I'm an Earth Man living in your streets
Yes I'm an Earth Man your garbage is my treat
Yes I'm an Earth Man sleeping in the dirt
And after all this time those little rocks don't even hurt

Earth Man, I'm an Earthman...

Well I'm an Earth Man, I'm an Earthman, I'm an Earthman
I'm an Earthman...

Well things are lookin' up I'm movin' down the street
With two buggy parkin' and shelter from the heat
I've got a bird's eye view of the garbage bin in the alley
Now I just need to get up early to beat Sally
'Cause there's new folks movin' into the neighbourhood
From the middle class fallout I never understood
How the leaders can sleep while we're freezin' to the bone
Well at least out here I'm always at home

'Cause I'm an Earth Man living in your streets
Yes I'm an Earth Man your garbage is my treat
Yes I'm an Earth Man sleeping in the dirt
And after all this time those little rocks don't even hurt

Earth Man, I'm an Earthman...

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan) 

Live off the floor performance recorded at Turtle Recording: Engineered by Larry Anschell | BGs recorded in Neil's Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Stu MacDonald, Drums - Rick Clark; Sample Horns - Doug Johnson | BGs - Neil Harnett. Gang Vocals - various folks at the WAG, the Vault, Kingfisher's Bar & Grill and some dear friends at Dennis & Roberta's. My heartfelt thanks to all that sang.

Earthman represents the last tune in my three-song mini-set dedicated to the homeless. I almost re-wrote the first verse because I didn't want anyone to be offended. I decided, however, that the homeless have a better sense of humour than most and would get the *tongue-in-cheek* nature of this tune. I began writing Earthman while waiting at a red light where right next to my window was a homeless chap with a long scraggly beard. Immediately the first verse came to mind, and shortly after I was singing the chorus. I have to say that there must be a better way for our society to cope with the homeless and that we need to take a closer look at what drives someone to the streets in the first place. To many of us, it's pretty obvious.



Somewhere

Hey, hey it's a cold dark day
Just wanna have some fun I just wanna play
But it's so hard in a world that just weighs you down
Right now I'm feelin' all beat up
I can't quench my thirst with an empty cup
But I still believe that happiness can be found

Somewhere under the clouds the sun is shining, yeh
Somewhere under the clouds the sun is shining, yeh

I've been trying all week just to make some money
But it comes so slow and there's nothin' funny
'Bout the shape I'm in and my dubious future yeh, yeh
If I can hold on I know this rain will pass
This much bad luck could never last
And even though I'm feelin' lost right now
When I look up to the sky, I know

Somewhere under the clouds, honey, the sun is shining yeh, Somewhere
Somewhere under the clouds the sun is shining, yeh

And when the sun breaks through I wanna be with you
'Cause you've been right here beside me all along
I've had it up to here with all these long dark years
And now it's time to break through, to the other side
See what I believe, right before my eyes

Somewhere under the clouds sugar, the sun is shining yeh
Somewhere under the clouds the sun is shining yeh
Somewhere under the clouds the sun is shining yeh
Somewhere under the clouds the sun is shining yeh

Somewhere, Somewhere, Somewhere, Na, na, na, na, na

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan)



Live off the floor performance & overdubs recorded at Frequency Studios; Engineered by Miles Foxx Hill | Additional overdubs recorded at Mom's & Neil's Music Room; Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar, Vocals & Mandolin - Neil Harnett; French Horn Sample - Doug Johnson; Bass - Miles Foxx Hill; Keys - Graeme Coleman; Drums - Randall Stoll; BGs - Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder.

The verses tell the story of the struggle that is life, but the chorus is about having *faith* that the *good times* are just around the corner. A special thanks to Doug Johnson who was there to help when I needed him. Thanks as well to Steve Gidora for lending me his mandolin.

Faded

Come on out and run with me
Didn't we say that we would go the distance
Still so much out there that we can see
If we only give up all resistance

I know that you really don't wanna change
But I think it's time girl we turn the page
Oh all the voices inside they wanna hold you down
All I wanna do is just try

'Cause I'm feelin' fine
Though maybe just not quite elated, no
I'm runnin' outta time
Oh though I'm only slightly faded now
Just like these beat up funky blue jeans, yeh

We can't change the universe
Hell I can't even stop tomorrow
It's gonna be here even if I'm not
'Cause time is smethin' that you just can't borrow

After everything that we've been through
Oh I still believe in me and you
Oh but the devil's inside and he wants to drag you down
But all I wanna do is just fly

'Cause I'm feelin' fine
Though maybe just not quite elated, no
I'm runnin' outta time
Oh though I'm only slightly faded now
Just like these beat up funky blue jeans, yeh

Woh I'm faded, just like these beat up funky blue jeans
I'm faded, just like these beat up funky blue jeans, yeh, yeh...

Well I know that you really don't wanna change
But I think it's time girl that we turn the page
Oh all those demons inside they wanna chain me down
But all I wanna do is fly

I'm faded, just like these beat up funky blue jeans, yeh
I'm faded, just like these beat up funky blue jeans
I'm runnin' out of time, just like these beat up funky blue jeans
Oh I'm faded, just like these beat up funky blue jeans, yeh...
I'm faded... Runnin' outta time

Come on out and run with me
Didn't we say that we would go the distance, yeh

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan)



Live off the floor performance & overdubs recorded at Frequency Studios: Engineered by Miles Foxx Hill | Additional overdubs recorded at Mom's Place & Neil's Music Room: Engineered by Neil Harnett | Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Miles Foxx Hill; Piano - Graeme Coleman; Nord C1 Organ - Darryl Havers; Drums - Randall Stoll; BGs - Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder, Lisa Simons

I remember a pledge from my youth, between special friends, that we would never sit back and just let life pass us by. We would run until we dropped, in pursuit of our dreams. This tune started as a calling out to remember that pledge. Then the theme shifted to how the passing of time can make one feel as though we're fading away and that we're running out of time to complete the mission. And yet, although we may not be absolutely elated, we do feel pretty damn good for an old pair of trusty, funky, faded blue jeans. Ultimately, we find there's much left to do and see, if we just let life flow. We may also find, if we look close enough, that the original mission is not as relevant as it once was. But then, heck, what do I know. I'm just guessing here. Faded is a very special and personal song to me, so I have left some of the details to the listener's interpretation.

Faded Reprise

Written by Neil Harnett © 2009 Neil Harnett (Socan)

Live off the floor performance recorded at Frequency Studios: Engineered by Miles Foxx Hill | Additional overdub recorded by Doug Johnson: Engineered by Neil Harnett. Guitar & Vocals - Neil Harnett; Bass - Miles Foxx Hill; Piano - Graeme Coleman; Drums - Randall Stoll; Sampled Strings - Doug Johnson

A little jam we did after recording Faded. Love this piece. Thanks to Doug Johnson for the sampled strings which are the only overdub.

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day...

Written by Brewster Higley, Daniel E. Kelly/Public Domain



Vocals - various folks at the WAG, the Vault, Kingfisher's Bar & Grill and some dear friends at Dennis & Roberta's. Thanks again to all those that sang. Additional vocals by Neil Harnett, Linda Kidder & Lisa Simons. Also, some fine whistling from Lisa Simons and guitar by Neil Harnett.

Faded and *Faded Reprise* make for a cool vibe to end the CD but I really wanted to go back to something a little lighter - you have to admit, it would be great to live in the place this song is about. Just think, the skies aren't cloudy all day and you seldom hear a discouraging word. Heck, get me a ticket. I wanna be there. The nature sounds were recorded on one of my favourite walks. Amy and I sing this tune all the time and it feels great. Be Well.

I wish you all happiness, peace and true joy...

The journey to get here has been a long and arduous one, interrupted by many dramatic and life changing events. But, with the help of some new and old friends we finally got the job done. My eternal appreciation goes to the musicians, singers and David Hayes for all the time, talent, friendship and much needed laughs. David you went well beyond the call of duty.

Thank you for being there.

...

Thank you to all my family and friends for the many years of patience and support. There are no words to express the depth of my gratitude and love. I would also like to thank all true music fans. Without you, there would be no point. Nothing compares to the experience of playing to a room that is truly listening. You make it all worthwhile.

Art Direction: Neil & Julia Harnett

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Pre-Press: Mercury Graphics Ltd.

Production: Neil Harnett (with helpful input from David Hayes)

Mix Master: David Hayes

Mastering: Tracks 1, 2, 3, 8, 13, 14 - Justin Shturtz at Sterling Sound, New York

Track 9 - David Jewer at Spin Digital Media

Tracks 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16 - Neil Harnett

Final Mastering Assembly & Tweaking: Neil Harnett

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Rob, Stu,
Danyell, Neil



Cosmo,
Miles,
Randall



Someone I met on the trail



David



Rinda, Neil,
Lisa



My wife
Julia



Doug

The
Rockin'
Soul Train



The Hippie Door



Ronno
(miss you buddy)

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------|
| 1. <i>Woh Yeh</i> | 5:31 |
| 2. <i>Soul Train Ride</i> | 6:05 |
| 3. <i>Instead</i> | 3:32 |
| 4. <i>Midnight Hour Blues</i> | 4:48 |
| 5. <i>Four Until Late</i> | 2:33 |
| 6. <i>Sweet Home Chicago</i> | 5:12 |
| 7. <i>Be Myself With You</i> | 4:18 |
| 8. <i>The Trip's the Thing</i> | 4:25 |
| 9. <i>Never Quit</i> | 6:59 |
| 10. <i>Bojangles</i> | 4:25 |
| 11. <i>Home From the Forest</i> | 3:29 |
| 12. <i>Earthman</i> | 5:38 |
| 13. <i>Somewhere</i> | 4:25 |
| 14. <i>Faded</i> | 5:33 |
| 15. <i>Faded Reprise</i> | 3:10 |
| 16. <i>Home On the Range</i> | 2:35 |

Produced by Neil Harnett

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