

BRAD FIELDER



DEMONS + RATIONALS



AT THE INTERSECTION OF SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING

SIDE A, BAND 1

LITTLE LAKE TURNAROUND

There's a lilac bush
Blooming over by the propane tank
I found my hat in the rendezvous rain
No Hope passed out in a pyramid
On a wet trade blanket
Who might be something to you
Nothing but a was on crank

Geared up from can't to can't
Ramble on a nine day rant
Calls himself a bluesman
Just burning time to buy gas
Let's go slip around the east side of town
Only blues he ever had was what he put
himself through

Barbecue boxcar smokeshack
Gas station on 96th
Just trying to get that baby out
And waiting on the fifth
Sifted through some old grade school wallet shots
Found out there on the ground
What we do in the late afternoon
on the little lake turnaround

Swoll up at the end of winter
Got a real live one in her
Living like the day was never gonna come
Just buying gas to kill time
We need to get the hell out of this town
Never had the sense to cut back
and go to bed

Picking up art show fried chicken
At the tiny little Man Chu
Paid for a brown bag tall boy
To shut up Mister Blue
Local with a hot piece in his pocket
Another on a bike with a half pint
Lady asked me why I wasn't out in the field
Making her some ice cream, right?

Wanna go drink under a bridge?
This neighborhood ain't for kids
Bullet holes in a pile of oyster shells
The only thing separating us from them is
All the reasons why those words exist

People look at him and say
"This motherfucker might be crazy"

Brad Fielder: vocals, acoustic guitar
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: electric guitar
Megan Harris Brunious: accordion
Juel Niimi: trombone

SIDE A, BAND 2

OUTREACH BIBLES

In nineteen-hundred and thirty-nine
I was working out a way to go
Coming back in to fruitful times
Shilling outreach bibles on the radio

Started selling my story, whatever that was
Whatever it needed to be
Give me a hamburger sandwich and a cup of coffee
I've got prayer requests to read

Cruise the streets all week to secure the seats
For the Sunday service show
There's real good business in bearing false witness
To those who will never know

In nineteen-hundred and forty-two
I avoided going to the war
Told Carol to sell the house and the hogs
We won't be living on the farm no more

Started me a storefront ministry
Taught myself to play guitar
Carol started swinging that tambourine
We put a speaker on top of the car

So come on out to the pancake dinner
Tomorrow night at dusk
We'll be serving souls to get you on the rolls
While the Silver Liners busk

Brad Fielder: vocals, acoustic guitar
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: electric guitar
Megan Harris Brunious: trumpet
Juel Niimi: trombone

SIDE A, BAND 3

DADDY'S WATER

Momma's gonna moan
And we'll all start to weep
When the doctor says
He's been dead for a week
The preacher, he will pray
And the floorboards all will creak
When daddy's water gets thrown in the barrel

He never had a chance with how he lived
No savior's soul redemption to be gived
The time was never taken to repent
So to the fiery furnace he's been sent

Momma's gonna moan
And we'll all start to weep
When the doctor says
He's been dead for a week
The preacher, he will pray
And the floorboards all will creak
When daddy's water gets thrown in the barrel

Inside the box we found under his bed
A top hat and a cape of Devil red
But all we ever knew of him to wear
Were overalls, and never a clean pair

'Twas known he had a taste for vice and sin
Brown liquor, cheap cigars, and fast women
He swore those days off when he tied the knot
But no one knew he kept his fingers crossed

Momma's gonna moan
And we'll all start to weep
When the doctor says
He's been dead for a week
The preacher, he will pray
And the floorboards all will creak
When daddy's water gets thrown in the barrel

Megan Harris Brunious: vocals
Brad Fielder: background vocals, resonator guitar
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: 6 string banjo
Juel Niimi: trombone

SIDE A, BAND 4

EATIN DRINKIN SMOKIN

Bring me some butter
Bring me some bread
Bring me some coffee
I need to be fed

Bring me some whiskey
Bring me some beer
Bring me some alcohol
My head is too clear

Got them eatin' and drinkin' and smokin'
them...

Bring me some bacon
Bring me some greens
Bring me a biscuit
I'll eat my plate clean

Bring some Bugler
Bring me a toke
Bring me my pipe and stem
I need to blow smoke

Got them eatin' and drinkin' and smokin'
them...

Bring me some butter
Bring me some bread
Bring me some coffee
I might to be fed
Bring me some bacon
Bring me some greens
Bring me a biscuit
I need to be clean
Bring me some whiskey
Bring me some beer
Bring me some alcohol
I'm feeling no fear

Got them eatin' and drinkin' and smokin'
them...

Brad Fielder: vocals, resonator guitar
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion

SIDE A, BAND 5

JUMP SHOUT (SUNDAY MORNING THEME)

Brad Fielder: acoustic guitar, harmonica
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: electric guitar
Megan Harris Brunious: tambourine
Juel Niimi: trombone

SIDE A, BAND 6

CATCH THAT SPIRIT & FLY

Walking and talking and live to do right x3
And I'll catch that spirit and fly

Go to the river and throw in my stone x3
Gonna catch that spirit and fly

Go to the altar and receive the grace x3
Yes I'll catch that spirit and fly

Stand at his foot and I receive the word x3
While I catch that spirit and fly

Drink of his blood and I eat of his flesh x3
As I catch that spirit and fly

Walking and talking and live to do right x3
I'm gonna catch that spirit and fly
Come on and catch that spirit and fly
Why don't you catch that spirit and fly

Megan Harris Brunious: vocals
Brad Fielder: resonator guitar
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: 6 string banjo
Juel Niimi: trombone

SIDE B, BAND 1

AIN'T GONNA RIDE

I ain't gonna ride
in no coattail swinger's
big old blazing Cadillac
And I ain't gonna sit in the passenger side
flying down the fast track
And I ain't gonna sign
no blood on the crooked dotted line
contract

I ain't gonna go meet
no late night at the intersection
guitar tuning teacher
I can call on Papa Legba any time
I need to see a creature
And you best not be trying to tell me
Who I really need to go be seeing
Is some bible book thumping preacher

I'm just a man
with a boy and a woman and a dog
on some land
We keep the skillet good and greasy
Sharpen all of our knives by hand
This ain't no country boy
trying to survive situation
We just folksy, man

Brad Fielder: vocals, resonator guitar
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: electric guitar
Megan Harris Brunious: trumpet
Juel Niimi: trombone

SIDE B, BAND 2

BURNIN RIBS (SATURDAY NIGHT THEME)

Brad Fielder: acoustic guitar
Charley Reeves: bass fiddle
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Megan Harris Brunious: black keys strung on piano string

SIDE B, BAND 3

RAILROAD ROUNDER

Well, we never found out who was in the kitchen
Dinah's banjo boy went missing
The neighbor's heard him while I was at work
Swear I'd like to find that twerp

I got home, pulled off my stripes
There was fresh ash in my pipe
Sat down to eat my sup
That player had run off with my cup

This rounder life, it ain't for all
There's plenty of tales, some flat, some tall
You get up before the sun
And you don't go down until work's done

In between from town to town
You want to make a living, you've got to make a sound
Stay above ground and do not drown
And when you get back home you've got to lay it down

I've seen his name written on railcars
Pictures on the walls in bars
He's well known from flat to hill
Because he don't stop and he don't steal

Work for a meal and then get gone
He can use a shovel and sing a song
You don't stay long, you don't get caught
And then you get back home
you've got to leave that thought

Brad Fielder: vocals, acoustic guitar
Charley Reeves: bass fiddle
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion

SIDE B, BAND 4

TRUST IN THE SAVIOR

When life gives you a funny riddle
The savior is the answer
x3

Trust in the answer of the savior

When life gives you a locked door
The savior is the key
x3

Trust in the key of the savior

When life gives you a flood of rain
The savior is the ark
x3

Trust in the ark of the savior

When life gives you a plague of sorts
The savior is the shelter
x3

Trust in the shelter of the savior

When life gives you a funny riddle
The savior is the answer
x3

Trust in the answer of the savior

Megan Harris Brunious: vocals
Brad Fielder: background vocals, resonator guitar, harmonica
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: 6 string banjo

SIDE B, BAND 5

BLOOD ON THE POT

There's blood on the pot and she's walking out
Old black book make us jump and shout

Seeking out sin and severance too
Coming for me and coming for you

Just passing through as an azure shoe
Crimson suit and a trident too

Old man wearing my tall rich hat
Love to see her leave from the back

Big yellow moon making silhouettes
Illuminate Saturday pool hall bets

Sunday morning find me sitting in a pew
Crying for me and dying for you

Hat brim wide stripes on my arm
Made a lot of work when I bought the farm

Hat brim wide stripes on my arm
Made a lot of work when I bought the farm
Made a lot of work when I bought the farm
Made a lot of work when I bought the farm

Brad Fielder: vocals, acoustic guitar
Charley Reeves: sousaphone
Jesse Armerding: drums, percussion
Brandon Brunious: electric guitar
Megan Harris Brunious: tambourine
Juel Niimi: trombone

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