

9. Travelin' On (5:42)

(Katie Clarke)

Well the night birds sing
Quiet on the water in this last breath of summer
Tomorrow I'll pack my bags and go to a place I know so well
Called travelin' on

I have a restless heart
She moves in me like thunder and the wings of a dove
She's the blessing and the curse of a life lived full-well
Full of travelin' on

Sun and moon and stars above
Could you help me find my way to Love
Through the things I cannot change and cannot bear
I am tired and weak and worn, my spirit will not be reborn
And the things that used to help me are not able

I used to have a mother
She was more than good to me
I feel her love so strong in my bones
Though an orphan I will always be

See she taught me how to love
Then she taught me how to just let go
And in my dreams she comes to me and
Tells me about the pure white light of love
That she's still shining down on me

She had to travel on... She had to travel on
She had to travel on and I'm still standing here
Just trying to let it be

I am weak
My heart is full sore
Maybe I'm still standing, but it's kind of hard to tell
I don't know for sure

But I hear the robin singing
She wakes me to another day
I'll pack my bags and go and I know
I will find my way
I'll travel on... I'll travel on
I'll stare down another sunrise on the road ahead of me
As I go on my way
I'll travel on... I'll travel on

10. My Love Walks by My Side (3:51)

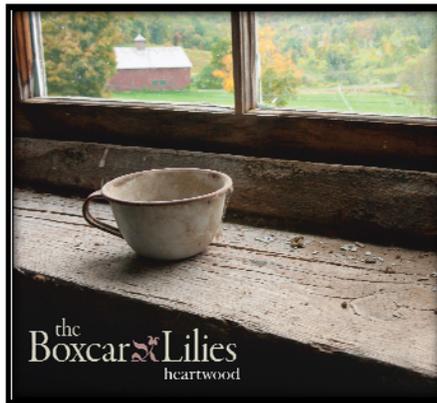
(Dave Weber and Stephanie Marshall)

**I walk down the lonesome highway
I've traveled far and wide
But never have I worried
For my love walks by my side**

When times are getting harder
It feels I've lost my faith
I will follow in your footsteps
And let you lead the way

When we're standing at the crossroads
We don't know which way to go
As long as you are with me
We will find our way back home

We will go this way together
Close our eyes and just believe
It won't matter how we got there
We'll be where we're meant to be



Heartwood

Produced by Dave Chalfant

Jenny Goodspeed: vocals, guitar, ukulele
Katie Clarke: vocals, guitar, clawhammer banjo
Stephanie Marshall: vocals, guitar, percussion
Jim Henry: acoustic & electric guitar,
mandolin, dobro
Dave Chalfant: acoustic & electric bass
Rick Mauran: drums, percussion
Doug Hegeman: drums, electric bass
"Papa" John Alphin: mandolin
Eric Lee: fiddle

1. The Ghost Tree (3:22)

(Jenny Goodspeed)

**Down by the sycamore tree
(Down by the ghost tree)
He waits for me**

Back in town people stare, since my daddy left
Momma says he drank himself down to our last cent
He would spin me 'round sometimes and say he loved me best
I know he'll come back for me when I least expect, singin'

**Down by the sycamore tree
(Down by the ghost tree)
He'll come for me**

Saw him parked on Pelham Road by the package store
Leather boots and grey-blue eyes I hadn't seen before
Said he knew by lookin' somehow I was meant for more
More than this sad strip mine town could ever do me for

Met him after school today on my way back home
Said he knew a quiet place we could be alone
Only if I wanted to, he'd leave it up to me
Walkin' down, my heart pounds, daddy's words behind me
I'm gonna meet him

**Down by the sycamore tree
(Down by the ghost tree)
He waits for me**

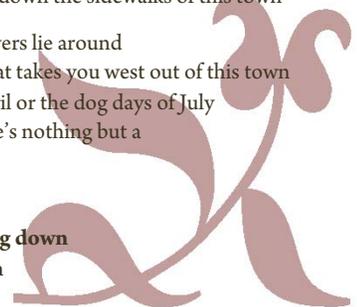
2. Green River Blues (3:48)

(Katie Clarke)

Green River Blues and this devil I can't lose
Got holes in my pockets and the soles worn off my shoes
And the rain keeps running down the sidewalks of this town

Green River Blues, the answers lie around
On a dusty railroad track that takes you west out of this town
Could be a warm day in April or the dog days of July
But it's November and there's nothing but a
Dirty open sky and these

**Green River Blues
And the rain keeps running down
The sidewalks of this town**



2. Green River Blues (continued)

I used to throw the meanest spitball
When there was money in this town
Drove my Indian to St. Pete then I turned us both around
Fell in love with the girl next door, knew she'd treat me right
Now the boys and I are playin' ball here Saturday nights
But then I'm standin' punching tickets
For the folks who get on board
Goin' away to someplace faraway that I cannot afford
They're talkin' bout the New Deal on the radio today
But all I want is a deal that's gonna take me far away from these

**Green River Blues.
And the rain keeps running down
The gutters of this town.**

3. Old Man (3:34) (Neil Young)

4. Feels Like Home (4:19) (Jenny Goodspeed)

Hey Mom I'm headed off now, out the screened porch door
Don't know what lies ahead,
But I'm looking for something more
Big willow whispers softly, swaying in the wind
First sounds of the forest chorus callin' callin'

**There is no worry on my mind
There is no hurry, I got nothing but time
There's a place inside me that feels like home
No matter how far I might roam**

This old trail wends its way past first and second creek
Wildflowers brush my knees and the
Treetop birds play hide and seek
It opens up at Snake Field like a window to the past
Antique cars rust scattered in the tall grass tall grass

Last winter first creek froze, so I followed where it lead
Time and water carved a path
'Til the creek beds towered overhead
Right now that icy day is just a memory
The swimmin' hole is my goal in this August heat

Hey Mom I found this flower, but I don't know what it is
Grandpa has a field guide
Can we find it in that book of his
Hey Mom you sure look tired. You know you're not alone
You've been working awfully hard since we've been on our own

4. Feels Like Home (continued)

Just wipe that worry from your mind
There is no hurry, we got nothin' but time
Find the place inside you, Momma, that feels like home
Then you will never be alone
No matter how far I might roam

5. Places on the Highway (3:52) (Susan Marshall)

**There are places on the highway
Better watch out as you go
There are people not forgotten
Who have given their life on the road**

There's an exit in Pennsylvania
Off I-State 95
With a sharp curve round The Smokies
One mistake will take you alive

There's a stop light on the train tracks
Where seven children died
Didn't hear the warning, they never saw it
But they should not have had to die

Some spots are famous for their unsafeness
Some are little known stretches of the road
Why don't they fix them, why don't they warn folks
Of the danger ahead before you go

6. Thinkin' 'Bout You (3:44) (Katie Clarke)

Well the radio's on by the kitchen door
Supper's all done, sweeping up the floor
And I'm thinkin' 'bout you, my blood runs strong
To your sweet slow call, I am answering your song

**And I'm thinkin' bout you
Thinkin' bout you
And the things we'll do**

Well I might've said no, might've said yes
Might've said I don't know, put my will to the test
When I think of your hands, I feel my heart race
My thoughts like wild geese, flying down the trace

Like a little lost song that found its tune
Like a restless tide answering the moon
This is our home, this is our place
This is Life, shining in your face

7. Leaving You (Was Like Quitting My Day Job) (3:24) (Jenny Goodspeed)

I found your note tucked in my mailbox today
The words that you wrote didn't quite fill half the page
You're sorry for what? You don't quite understand
Well I hope my reply comes as no surprise

**'Cause leaving you was just like quitting my day job
And like hitting it big in Vegas
Or watching out my front window
As Ed McMahon shuffles on up to my doorstep
And I feel that great big check in my hand**

The day that I left, we hadn't a word left to say
Betrayed and bereft, half hoping you'd ask me to stay
I somehow made it clear to the end of the drive
And I hopped in that cab and never looked back.

Oh one last thing my darling
Take it from me
It's true what they say honey
The best things in this life are free

8. Sunday Drive (3:21) (Stephanie Marshall, Susan Marshall, Caroline Harkness)

**Let's get going off to nowhere
The road is our guide
We've got all the time to get there
Let's take a Sunday drive**

No destination
No where we gotta be
No frustration
The kids and you and me

Do you remember
Your first Sunday drive
The anticipation
I sure remember mine

You know I never even noticed
The look in their eyes
When Daddy would say to Momma
Let's take a Sunday drive