

THE BALLAD OF MONKEY JOHN

Up the fire escape goes Monkey John  
Through the window he climbs  
He's such a long way from the monkey farm  
It's such a long hard slide  
He's always moving in the shadows  
A study in stealth and space  
He made some noise out on the west coast  
Then disappeared with no trace  
The last I saw him, he was down in El Centro  
At least I thought it was him  
He was hanging out with Loco Pedro  
They were looking for some heroin  
Now Monkey John, he couldn't make it  
He only knew one way  
His monkey momma couldn't take it  
She ran off - left young John one day  
It was in LA that he met Renaldo  
It was in LA that things went bad  
Temptation got the best of Monkey John  
So he took that dude for all he had  
Now this really pissed off Renaldo  
He locked and loaded his gun  
John had took off for the desert  
'Cause word got around about what he'd done  
Now they say when Renaldo found him  
He was strung out and scared  
It was down in old El Paso  
That's where Monkey John disappeared  
Now somewhere a child walks the streets late  
Somewhere a soul passes on  
Somewhere a wind's blowin' in the desert  
Singing a song to Monkey John.

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocal, Bass, Harmonica  
Mike Hardwick: Electric Guitar  
Kirk Handley: B-3  
Mike Bissen: Drums

LITTLE RIVER BOYS

Little river boys, they're a whole lot of trouble  
When they come to your town, they bring a lot of trouble  
The people wag their tongues and shake their heads  
While this world spins off on a blind man's legs  
Where the road just goes, I heard a distant rumble  
Oh the little river boys ain't nothin' but trouble  
Little river boys got their hand in the pot  
And they just keep grabbing until they get caught  
And this world would spin a streak of blue  
And this road goes like so few do  
And I lift my ear to the distant rumble  
Oh the little river boys, they're causin' a lot of trouble  
Little river boys, I saw them down at the hole  
Where the sacrifice of fire's burnin' bitter cold  
While Mother Earth leaps, and twirls, and turns  
Heroes beg, and martyrs burn  
This road just fades to distant rumble  
Oh the little river boys ain't nothin' but trouble  
Little river boys wear the pin-striped suits  
And they twist their smile through the bitter root  
Whose lies weave threads through words they speak  
Who wink their eyes, whose talk is cheap  
But this road is old, and it's rough, and it's tumble  
Oh the little river boys, they're stirring up a lot of trouble  
Little river boys, they're runnin' the game!  
Then they hand out tickets to the house of pain  
And this ball of clay is fading fast  
The hand that penned this will not last  
And there's that road, and always the rumble  
Oh the little river boys, they ain't nothin' but trouble  
...trouble!

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocals, Mandolin, Bass, Harmonica  
Kirk Handley: Piano  
Mike Bissen: Drums

COYOTE

I heard coyote singing his tune  
Straight in the face of the risin' moon  
From his high hill, he lifts his prayer  
Pourin' out a soul only God can hear  
He'd smile and play that fiddle in three quarter time  
There's no obsession, he just lets it go  
Straight in the face of the risin' moon  
Those songs dug deep inside of me  
That old man with his hillbilly symphony  
His touch was light and his hand was true  
Just an old man with his fiddle and a wanna be  
The two of us were just a sight to see  
Him playing and me dancin' round to those fiddle tunes  
On a long ago summer, a spark burned bright  
I Tennessee waltzed 'cross a hot July night  
There was fire on that porch - those fiddle tunes  
He said he was a pilot on the river when he was eighteen  
Somewhere back between diesel and steam  
Somewhere beyond the great, "can't go there anymore"  
But he said those days are like an itch that a feller can't reach  
So he picks up his bow and lets his fiddle speak  
And I'm Tennessee waltzin' across his old porch floor  
That summer went by quick when I was eight  
Catching fireflies and staying up late  
Sometimes the things you think will last forever  
Well they leave you way too soon  
A gain for me was the river's loss  
It was gold for my soul of priceless cost  
It was the song in my heart - those fiddle tunes  
On a long ago summer, a spark burned bright  
I Tennessee waltzed 'cross a hot July night  
There was fire on that porch, yes there was  
Those fiddle tunes.

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocals, Bass  
Mike Hardwick: Electric Guitar  
Gene Parsons: Pedal Steel Guitar  
Kirk Handley: Piano

FIDDLE TUNES

He was sitting on his front porch with his fiddle and pipe  
His face etched by wisdom from a long hard life  
And the smoke from his pipe would curl with each note he bowed  
I'd come around to listen, but he wouldn't mind  
He'd smile and play that fiddle in three quarter time  
And I'd make believe waltz - you shoulda' seen our show  
Those songs dug deep inside of me  
That old man with his hillbilly symphony  
His touch was light and his hand was true  
Just an old man with his fiddle and a wanna be  
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Those fiddle tunes.

Peter Oliva: Guitar and Vocal  
Mike Hardwick: Dobro

THE LOVE OF CAROLINE

Caroline fell hard for Willie. His voice was high and fine. He was singing accapella, on the day he met Caroline. Their love fell swift and fierce, with one glance from their eyes. Caroline thought to herself, "I've got to speak to him... at least I'll give it a try," She said, "That's quite a voice you have, and it wouldn't be such an accident if you got yourself a Stella guitar and a good woman's encouragement." True love found its devotion, with a love that would never die. And as still waters will run deep, so the love of Caroline. Now Caroline loved Willie unconditionally - she bought him that old guitar. The one with the sunburst colored honey and an abalone star. Willie played on that guitar on the corner for a nickel and a dime, "till he got a job playing that guitar in a roadhouse across the county line. Where the people came from miles around, to hear his voice so fine... but the only love he'd ever seek was the love of Caroline. Willie dimmed in the eyes of Caroline's mother - high standards had been set. Caroline would marry a doctor, not a poet! She'd break them up, but it hadn't happened yet. Caroline was coaxed back home... where her mother had a plan to fix her daughter up with local man of business. She'd thank her in the years to come and she'd understand. But Caroline was outraged, as she fled the family estate. She said these words to her mother: "This little bird will not be caged." Let me set the record straight. That night, as Willie played, a car sped through the dark. Willie was looking for Caroline, but he couldn't find her - she wasn't in her usual spot. Just then someone comes in and says, "A car just hit some black ice out across the county line." Now he's lost the only thing that ever made any sense - the love of Caroline. Now that Stella lays old and used in the corner, but Willie picks it up and he plays it sometimes. And thinks back on his sweet love - the love of Caroline. He thinks back on his sweet love, the love of Caroline.

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocal, Harmonica, Bass, Tambourine  
Mike Hardwick: Electric Guitar  
Kirk Handley: Piano  
Mike Bissen: Drums

LITTLE ITALY

There was no front lawn to cool my toes  
Just the tenement roofs to the streets below  
By the curb my dad would wash the Chevrolet  
While I sat on the front stoop and played  
There were transistor radios and cheap cigars  
A slice of good pizza was never too far  
In a world that was small, it was big to me  
When I was a kid, in Little Italy  
My Grandpa made his homemade wine  
While my mother hung the wash out on a line  
From a window high above the alleyway  
I remember it like it was yesterday  
While the strains of the accordion  
Brought smiles to the faces of the old men  
My street sang out its symphony  
When I was kid, in Little Italy  
Little children and the women went to mass  
If you didn't go, well, it meant your ass  
My Grandma would cook up a royal feast  
And fed us like kings - we the least  
Then we'd get in the car and take a ride  
Our world was small, but it was big to me  
When I was a kid, in Little Italy  
I saw the neighborhood, not long ago  
It was filled with faces that I didn't know  
They were speaking a language I didn't understand  
It's still home to a people from a foreign land  
My Grandpa and Grandma passed away  
But I still think of them on that wonderin' day  
When they stepped off the boat and they came to be  
The heart of Little Italy.

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocal, Harmonica, Bass  
Mike Hardwick: Mandolin Guitar  
Kirk Handley: Piano, B-3  
Mike Bissen: Drums

CRIMSON TRAILS

They talk of old Buck, who lived in the mountains that rise west of the ancient Indian plains. The snow capped peaks were the home that he loved. 'Tarnation was his range. Where the trees point straight to heaven... Where the hawks rise to the sky... Where the sun blazes its crimson trails... Reflection in his eyes, reflection in his eyes.  
Now he'd come to town, maybe once a year, to buy supplies and to sell his hides. And to wash the dust from his throat - a whiskey at McBride's.  
But as fate would play out the day that Buck rode to the post, you see, three cowboys had been drinking real hard. They hadn't crossed the line, but they were getting close. They sure were getting close. Buck walked up to the bar and put his foot on the rail. He wasn't looking for a fight... 'till someone spoke a conjuring word that put the devil in the room that night. Buck never answered a word. He kept his eyes fixed on the shot glass rim. And he thought of where the sun blazed its crimson trails - and would he ever see it again?  
Now those three cowboys jumped up from their table, and the patrons ducked and they held their breath. There was a click, a hammer cocked, and like lightning came the shots.  
When the smoke cleared, just Buck was left. The smell of gunpowder hung still in the room... as Buck angled across the floor where three cowboys lay dead that night, and a crimson trail led through the door - led through the barroom door. Now the cold winds and the snow, they reign on high, in the mountains that rise west of the ancient Indian plains.  
High above the pine covered hills  
'Tarnation is their range  
Where the trees point straight to heaven  
Where the hawks rise to the sky  
And where the sun blazes its crimson trails  
Reflection in his eyes, reflection in his eyes.

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocals  
Gene Parsons: Pedal Steel Guitar

YOU'RE NOT THERE ANYMORE

There's a light on in the hallway  
And it's shining beneath my door  
Where I can see your shadow  
But I don't see you anymore  
And there's a window that's been left open  
These days, I'm sleeping on the floor  
I dreamed I heard you whisper my name  
But you're not there anymore  
I like to think I've gotten over  
These days I never lock the door  
Where I swear I saw your shadow  
But you're not there anymore  
The sunlight touched my face  
And it streamed across the floor  
Where our tear stains have vanished  
They're not there anymore  
And I'm a wanderer now, it's true  
But I've been there before  
I can get past lines and borders  
But I can't get around you anymore  
It's not cold heart confusion  
These days I never speak your name  
Now your picture is gone  
And you're not there anymore  
Now the light's out in the hallway  
I put the latch back on the door  
Your shadow is gone  
And you're not there anymore

Peter Oliva: Guitar, Vocal, Bass  
Dave Murray: Electric Guitar  
Kirk Handley: Piano, B-3  
Mike Bissen: Drums  
Gene Parsons: Pedal Steel

POSTCARD FROM THE PROMISED LAND  
PETER OLIVA



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