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“Cracking the Code” and “Six Nations
Caledonia” by Owen Temple & Gordy
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“Stories They Tell”
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Much love to Mary Miles, Bond, and Pace.

In memory of the work and musical legacy
of Joe Gracey



LOOKING FOR SIGNS

A thunderstorm shook my bed
And I thought of all the things you said
Earthquake shook the ground
Like it never did with you around
The Moon's covered up by clouds
Ashamed to show his face
Tides move like they rarely do
Things all out of place

(chorus)
I'm looking for signs
Seeking the stars
Watching the planets move
Wondering where you are
Looking for signs for all to see
Heaven and earth want you with me

Heads you lose, tails I win
Magic eight ball said “try again”

Pulling petals off a rose
The fortune teller said “who knows”
I threw hundred cash down a wishing well
Listening for a tolling bell
Raising hands, shaking bones
Someone like you shouldn't be alone

(chorus)

Played five card draw with a tarot deck
I beat Death at every deal
Lovers and the Fool reversed
All to change the way you feel
The lion laid down with the sheep
Hawk cooing like a dove
Unnatural things beyond belief
Telling you to fall in love

(chorus)

MAKE SOMETHING

Tighten up that string,
stomp your foot on the floor
Find some words to sing, open up your door
Grow the tree, carve the wood,
polish till it shines, find the better way,
something that saves time
Go on light the way that noone's ever seen
Bridge the gap, draw the map of the
places in between

Make something, make your own
There's a statue waiting inside a block of stone
Twist the knob on that amp 'til you find
the right tone
Make something, make your own

That picture in your head, put it on the wall
Paint it on a cave, hang it in the hall
Change the oil, change the tire,
get it rolling true
Do your best on the test,
that's all that we can do
If it's beautiful but useless, don't be ashamed
Show it to your people,
don't forget to sign your name

Make something, make your own
There's a statue waiting inside a block of stone
Take a hammer and a nail,
build someone a home
Make something, make your own
Make something,
shake something with both hands

Leave your mark, throw a spark
so the world will understand

That restlessness to see what's
over the next hill
Keeps you up at night,
probably always will
So keep the fire burning, on into the dark
But if it keeps on raining,
go on and build an ark
Fall in love, raise a child,
teach her right from wrong
Build her up, raise her tough,
so she can write a song

Make something, make your own
There's a garden rising up
from seeds that were sown
Tell the story that the world has never known
Makes something, make your own
Make something, shake something, up and go
Believe me when I say,
the clock ain't moving slow
Make something, while you can
If you want to live forever,
better make something man
While you can, make something man

BIG MAN

Dashing, young, and full of charm
Ambitious as the wind
Fear and greed helped him
Climb over all his friends
He worked angles like a sheepdog

STORIES THEY TELL

Cracks on the floor, lines in your face
Marking the time in this beat up place
Hours and days, scratches and scars
Old towns, broken down cars
What is left behind is just an empty shell
What lives on are the stories they tell

Cradled in ash, impressions in stone
Locked up in ice, blankets of snow
Amber and bones, writing on the walls
Build it up, still everything falls
What is left behind is just an empty shell
What lives on are the stories they tell

Amber and bones, writing on the walls
Build it up, everything falls
What is left behind is just the crack in the bell
What lives on are the stories they tell
What lives on are the stories they tell

SIX NATIONS CALEDONIA

Grand River wide, slow, and deep
Six Nations wake from a long night's sleep
On the tracks, a blockade
Gonna stop the flow of the white man's trade
Caledonia

How come they don't have Iroquis names
How come the judge won't hear their claims
Miles of land, each side of the river

Burned the note the cops delivered
Caledonia

Founding fathers, rising sons
Mothers, daughters all in one
They rolled a six, can't roll no seven
But all the kids gonna roll to heaven
Caledonia

Shut down the power, God save the queen
Truck on fire down at the scene
Warehouses of the reservations
Cigarettes smoking on six nations
Caledonia

Founding fathers, rising sons
Mothers, daughters all in one
They rolled a six can't roll no seven
But all the kids gonna roll to heaven
Caledonia

Grand River wide, slow, and deep
Six Nations wake from a long night's sleep

Make your own
Homegrown

He said, "If you're hardheaded like I used to be, you're gonna do it your own way It's up to you, but all you can do is grow a little every day"
I'd been chasing my tail around, shooting out of range
Acting like a clown, something's gotta change

I'm gonna take time, age like wine
Creep along like a grapevine, on and on
If you want fruit
You need strong roots
There's no substitute
Make your own
Homegrown

JOHNSON

Pour me another my dreams do fly
Above the Johnson grass so high
Reflections of Daddy's dreams
Floating on a yellow submarine
He wore that open road so well
The Stetson hat he helped sell
Shared three letters L B J
So Lady Bird won't fly away

Now he wears his hair a little long
He's got seven telephones
Not used to being left alone
He's got seven telephones

GRASS

They don't ring like they used to

Hill Country boy with dirt on his shoes
Walking around with borrowed blues
Holding men and dogs up by their ears
Master of ten thousand fears
He's drinking Fresca mixed with scotch
He damn sure loves these Stonewall rocks
He's going to the folk fest to hear a band
He told the Secret Service to clap their hands

Now he wears his hair a little long
He's got seven telephones
South Asia mess, who could have known?
He's got seven telephones
They don't ring like they used to

His eyes could burn like a lighted fuse
Hold on so tight so you don't lose
Your brass halo and duct tape wings
Held you up awhile
then made a mess of things
Yeah it's time for you, it's time you had fun
The Mr President days are done
He says, "move over driver I'll take the wheel
Before I forget how driving feels"

Now he wears his hair a little long
He's got seven telephones
Did he do more right than he got wrong?
He's got seven telephones
They don't ring like they used to

Pour me another my dreams do fly
Above the Johnson grass so high

Dividing up the herd
They voted him in office once
The law became his word
Became a big man

Big man, put on your power suit
Big man, find the shortest route
Big man, you got it down
Big man pictures all around
Big man

Grabbed cash where he could find it
Took over all the banks
Protecting people from themselves
With rockets, guns, and tanks
When it's time to shake things up
When illusion's wearing thin
Blood's like water on dry land
Time to make it rain again
For the big man

Big man, play your strongest suit
Big man, twenty one gun salute
Big man loves his job so much
Iron fist and a velvet touch
Of the big man
Big man

Middle aged and paranoid
Man he'd better be
He wrote the book on ruthlessness
Called it "destiny"
Rumors fly like sparrows
Whispers like a shout
The swimming pool is cracked

Now the water's draining out
For the big man

Big man, try to stand your ground
Big man says he won't come down
Big man loves his job so much
Iron fist and a velvet touch
Big man

Big man walking out alone
Big man never going home
Big man boots on the other foot
Gonna give back all you took
Big man
Oh the big man

CITIES MADE OF GOLD

I was headed west through El Paso
I had broke down by the side of the road
Guitar, a smoking car, and an empty bottle
The sun was sinking through the blowing dust
A truck passed by, then backed up
She said, "tough luck, do you want a ride?"

(chorus)
Searching for El Dorado
The days were hot, the desert nights were cold
A modern day Coronado
Looking for cities made of gold

She held the gun while I watched the door
The bank teller laid on the floor
We cleaned out the cash from

seven highway towns
Midnight driving with the devil's moon
We drank champagne in our hotel room
Making stacks of money,
then we'd knock em down
(chorus)

I woke up in the morning, she was gone
I heard the breaking news, she left the TV on
No description of her,
but I saw my face on the screen
She took the money and she's on the run
She left the truck and the stolen gun
I remembered her words:
"tough luck, do you want a ride"

(chorus)
She's still looking for cities made of gold

CRACKING THE CODE

A window to the world in hand
Tablets, books, tools of man
Take a picture quick, remember it
Gates and Jobs and halls of fame
Has rock n roll gone dead again
Like Lazarus, faking it

(chorus)
They're cracking the code again
Making all kinds of friends
Together we're all alone
When the master serves a machine too long
Read the writing on the wall

Don't say too much, reveal it all
Toss your dream in the stream
I don't need to touch your skin
I saw your face in a book we're in
So popular, love so pure

(chorus)

Keep your profile up to date
How you feel and where you ate
Your foolish grin, baby where you been
Am I who you think I am
Zeroes, ones, the tools of man
Open source, use the force

(chorus)

MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

As the wheel turns around it makes no sound
In the struggle between oak and holly
The sun will shine all in good time
But the moon is forever falling

Midsummer morn when our love was born
By winter it seemed to be fading
But snow melts away
and the robin seems to say
All along tree buds were waiting

(chorus)
Spring summer fall, I loved you for all
Time and for all the right reasons
In wintertime still I always will

Be your man for all seasons

Birth, life, decline in four four time
Couples on the dance floor are reeling
Moving like stars or drinking at the bar
She says once more with feeling

(chorus)

The lights on trees, the shadows on the leaves
I can't hear what you were saying
All the mothers were brides
with children in their eyes
All while the guitars were playing

(chorus)

As the wheel turns around it makes no sound
In the struggle between oak and holly
The sun will shine all in good time
But the moon is forever falling

BE THERE SOON

If I were to walk down this road,
would I find you?
Waiting there for me to stop the noise
and break on through
I could always call, but that ain't the same
I'll be there soon, I'll be there soon

Out here in the hills,
I can see the plains where you reside
Safe from all the thrills, living like a saint

with nothing to hide
I could always run, I could always fly
I'll be there soon, I'll be there soon

Tell all of your friends that you're running late
I'll be there soon, I'll be there soon

Out here on the road, driving fast,
not worried about my life
Headed straight to you, only thing in my
way are trains and lights
I'd give anything to get to you tonight
I'll be there soon, I'll be there soon

H O M E G R O W N

The old farmer had a look in his eye
Like he knew something I didn't know
I was rushing around trying to get out of town
To somewhere I needed to go
He said, "You look like you're running hard,
I've been there before"
I said, "I ain't getting any younger
and I barely got my foot in the door"
He said, "Ain't how fast you run,
you got to know which way to go
To make something last,
sometimes you've got to take it slow"

He said, take time, age like wine
Creep along like a grapevine, on and on
If you want fruit
You need strong roots
There's no substitute