

**Terry Kitchen**  
***Blanket 25th Anniversary***  
**Urban Campfire 1004**  
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1. Kid Who Looks Like Me 3:51

There was nothing much to do in Fairbanks but get high and get laid  
I was a DJ at the station in the basement of the U of A  
I met Bonnie at a party, you couldn't call it love we made  
Me and Bonnie got high and got laid

There was nothing much to it, just a few choice weekends of sin  
Then one morning she came over, she was crying, asked could she come in  
She said we have a problem, I asked what she wanted to do  
Fly home to Seattle to see it through

Sometimes I think nothing I ever do much matters  
These footprints I leave in the wind drift and scatter  
The snow washes clean

But somewhere out there is a trace that won't rub free  
Somewhere out there is a face I'll never see  
A kid who looks like me  
A kid who looks like me

There was nothing much to do but split the ticket and wish her the best  
That's the last I saw of Bonnie, she wants it that way I guess  
I heard from a friend of hers she had a boy named Brett  
and they moved back east with some new guy she met

Now sometimes I think nothing I ever do much matters  
These footprints I leave in the wind drift and scatter  
The snow washes clean

But somewhere out there is a trace that won't rub free  
Somewhere out there is a face I'll never see  
A kid who looks like me  
A kid who looks like me

Every time I pass a playground I wonder  
Is he the one?  
Look at those ears, man  
Is that my son?

tk guitar, vocal

Brice Buchanan electric guitar, harmony vocal  
 Amy Malkoff harmony vocal  
 Seth Connelly fretless bass  
 Laura Wood percussion

2. I Can't Remember Life Before I Got Here 4:19

I can tell you what day it is  
 I can tell you how long it's been  
 But brother don't ask me how long it will be  
 This door only swings one way  
 I'm here and I'm here to stay  
 So what you get boy is what you see

I can't remember life before I got here  
 I can't remember life before i got here

I can tell you about my day  
 Same as my yesterday  
 Same as tomorrow brother take my word  
 Sundays the Father comes  
 Talk about what I done  
 No sense keeping secrets son from the Lord

But I can't remember life before I got here  
 No I can't remember life before I got here

Hey Captain America  
 Hey man we're scared of you  
 Got this flag tattoo, the guards make fun of it  
 But my whole country now  
 Is just ten feet around  
 It's love it or leave it so I guess I love it

I can't remember life before I got here  
 No I can't remember life before I got here

The others they sell their souls  
 Trying to make parole  
 Suck it up for good behavior  
 But me if I died tonight  
 I'd be back by the morning light  
 I got two more lifetimes left to pay for

I can't remember life before I got here  
 No I can't remember life before I got here  
 I can't remember life

tk guitar, vocal  
 Michael Holland harmony vocal  
 Brice Buchanan electric guitar  
 Dennis Pearne fretless bass  
 Michael Cahill drums

### 3. Three If By Air 5:04

In the north end of Boston in the year of our Lord  
 Seventeen hundred and fifty and four  
 Lived a boy by the name of Jonathan Childs  
 Though just a boy he worked on the docks  
 And he watched how the gulls would alight from the rocks  
 How they'd stretch out their wings, fall forward and glide  
 So he gathered up muslin and linen and pine  
 And patched them together with leather and twine  
 And on the twelfth night of September it was time for a trial

Listen my children and you shall hear  
 of the midnight flight of the boy without fear  
 For it's one if by land, two if by sea  
 Better hang one more lantern on history if you dare  
 'Cause tonight it's three if by air

He crept to the church and climbed to the spire  
 Bowed to the drunks in the alley cat choir  
 Spread his wings, held his breath and stepped into space  
 For half of an instant he fell like a rock  
 Then the ground straightened out and time seemed to stop  
 As his wings caught the air in a gentle embrace  
 Jonathan Childs flew one hundred yards  
 He was Icarus, Pegasus, Venus and Mars  
 And his soul felt as fresh as the wind on his face

Listen my children and you shall hear  
 of the midnight flight of the boy without fear  
 For it's one if by land, two if by sea  
 Better hang one more lantern on history if you dare  
 'Cause tonight it's three if by air

He flew through the night til the time came for work  
 But thousands of people were surrounding the church  
 And they begged him to fly on more time  
 So thirteen September was all laughter and rum  
 But the merchants complained as no business was done  
 So the elders quick passed a law to make flying a crime  
 Jonathan vanished along with his wings  
 Did he ever fly again? Well I'd like to think

when the clock in the old north tower strikes its midnight chime

If you listen my children you shall hear  
 the beat of the wings of the boy without fear  
 For it's one if by land, two if by sea  
 Better hang one more lantern on history if you dare  
 'Cause tonight it's three if by air

tk guitar, vocal, bass  
 Michael Cahill snare drum  
 Billy Novick penny whistle

#### 4. If Wishes Were Rivers 3:37

A bright crescent moon hangs over the river  
 Fireflies dance to welcome the dark  
 I'm rinsing my spoon, still full from my dinner  
 And I'm scanning the skies for the first evening star

If wishes were cities  
 I'd just get lost and I'd never get free  
 But if wishes were rivers  
 Me and my darlin' would glide, glide to the sea

The sound of fast water floats down from the narrows  
 A whippoorwill whispers, the hour is late  
 I'm wishing this river would stretch past tomorrow  
 'Cause back in the city my troubles await

If wishes were cities  
 I'd just get lost and I'd never get free  
 But if wishes were rivers  
 Me and my darlin' would glide, glide to the sea

The breezes have settled, there's mist on the water  
 Pine trees and woodsmoke are God's own perfume  
 I reach for a pebble and one for my lover  
 So we'll have this river til wishes come true

If wishes were cities  
 I'd just get lost and I'd never get free  
 But if wishes were rivers  
 Me and my darlin' would glide, glide to the sea

A bright crescent moon hangs over the river

tk guitar, vocal, bass  
 Brice Buchanan harmony vocal

David Hamburger Dobro

5. Love Is Possible 3:56

At Magnolia and Main I stopped for the light  
 I glanced at the car in the lane to my right  
 A woman looked back, held my gaze for a second  
 We smiled then both turned away  
 But we both looked back, this time we laughed  
 I rolled down my window to say something fast  
 But somebody honked, the red light was green  
 So I waved, "have a nice day"  
 I turned left, she went straight  
 And that was the extent of our date

But it felt good 'cause we understood  
 Love is possible, love is possible  
 Even today when the whole world's turning too fast  
 And turning out wrong – hold on  
 Because love sweet love is possible

I pulled in the driveway to pick up my mom  
 and the cake that she baked for the sale at St. John's  
 I was glad just to see her get out of the house  
 It's been hard since dad passed away  
 She called me up, said her cake got bought  
 by this very nice man whose kids she had taught  
 But he was alone now, just like her  
 And would it be okay  
 If we didn't go shopping like we'd said  
 And Mr. Johnson took her instead

And it felt good 'cause we understood  
 Love is possible, love is possible  
 Even today when the whole world's turning too fast  
 And turning out wrong – hold on  
 Because love sweet love is possible

So keep your heart open 'cause you just never know  
 Where love plants a seed and when it will grow

Love is possible, love is possible  
 Even today when the whole world's turning too fast  
 And turning out wrong – hold on  
 Love sweet love is possible

tk guitar, vocal

Michael Holland harmony vocal

Brice Buchanan electric guitar  
 Seth Connelly fretless bass  
 Laura Wood percussion

6. The Sweetest Poison 3:56

It's the sweetest poison  
 And it only takes a drop to feel it  
 And I'm right back where I started  
 And I'm not strong enough to stop the fever  
 I'm getting thin  
 I'm going blind  
 I'm on my knees  
 One last time  
 It's the sweetest poison  
 And it only takes a drop

It's the clearest water  
 It doesn't look so deep but believe me  
 The sea's a jealous woman  
 And her treasures she will keep from leaving  
 I feel the cool lick of her tongue  
 It slips on down  
 Right into my lungs  
 It's the clearest water  
 It doesn't look so deep

It's the sweetest poison  
 And it only takes a drop to feel it  
 And I'm right back where I started  
 And I'm not strong enough to stop the fever  
 I'm getting thin  
 I'm going blind  
 I'm on my knees  
 One last time  
 It's the sweetest poison  
 And it only takes a drop  
 It's the sweetest poison  
 The sweetest poison

tk guitar, vocal  
 Michael Holland harmony vocal  
 Brice Buchanan electric guitar  
 Dennis Pearne fretless bass  
 Laura Wood percussion

7. Everything Makes me Cry These Days Except The Rolling Stones 2:51

My lover's a dead ringer for Mick Jagger when she pouts  
 It's the hair that falls around her face and the line around her mouth  
 Now it seems like pouting's all I get, just lip and hip and bone  
 Everything makes me cry these days except the Rolling Stones  
 Yeah, everything makes me cry these days except the Rolling Stones

My roommate lifts the needle on the Hot Rocks album I'm playing  
 Matt just plays funk 'cause he wants to be black, I say Matthew so did they  
 But all they touch just turns to gold 'til there's nothing left to own  
 Everything makes me cry these days

Maybe I should change my blood  
 Maybe I should change my label  
 Nothing can contain the flood like Mick raising Cain  
 While Keith picks blues for Abel

So this ad said band seeks singer and we set off to make some tracks  
 But the van broke down and our egos just dragged sparks the whole way back  
 So thank you for this dollar bill, I'll play you "Black Cat Moan"  
 Everything makes me cry these days except the Rolling Stones  
 Yeah, everything makes me cry these days except the Rolling Stones

tk guitar, vocal  
 Amy Malkoff harmony vocal  
 Brice Buchanan electric slide guitar  
 Dennis Pearne fretless bass  
 Michael Cahill drums

#### 8. Michael 2:41

Michael's losing weight too fast  
 He swears he's doing fine  
 He says that he feels good a little thinner  
 But I look at him and all I see's the danger in these times  
 I know how he's at risk  
 and how he keeps things hidden

Michael's not the type to think about tomorrow  
 If that kid thinks at all it's just about today  
 We don't see eye to eye but he's still my little brother  
 Jesus Mary Joseph please let Michael be okay

Michael's losing weight too fast  
 He says he's working out  
 If we wrestled I would pin him in a second  
 He used to fight me tooth and nail  
 He'd scratch your eyes right out  
 It took all of my muscle to drag him to confession

Michael's not the type to think about tomorrow  
 If that kid thinks at all it's just about today  
 We don't see eye to eye but he's still my little brother  
 Jesus Mary Joseph please let Michael be okay

Michael's losing weight too fast

tk guitar, vocal  
 Amy Malkoff harmony vocal  
 Seth Connelly fretless bass

### 9. Rachel Won't You Come 3:54

Rachel won't you come fill my heart with light  
 Every day's so full of this darkness that I fight  
 You say the light's within me but I swear it's just reflected  
 'Cause when you're not around I can't detect it  
 Hey Rachel won't you come to me

It's the same old story, I make love with the past  
 Come and pry these fingers from the memories I grasp  
 Make me trust the future, tell me love is gonna find me  
 That every chance I'll ever have isn't far behind me, isn't far behind me

Rachel won't you come fill my heart with light  
 Every day's so full of this darkness that I fight  
 You say the light's within me but I swear it's just reflected  
 'Cause when you're not around I can't detect it  
 Hey Rachel won't you come to me

I hate it when I'm like this, so petty, so small  
 I can see it coming but that don't break my fall  
 Every little setback, take it out on all my friends  
 Make them prove they love me again and again, and again and again  
 Rachel won't you come

I need you to lift me up above myself  
 Reassure me of my place at the table  
 Look me in the eye, say I deserve to be here  
 I deserve to be alive and even happy

My mother lost a daughter, 20 years and it's still rough  
 Nothing that the rest of us can do is quite enough  
 Rachel don't you let me become my mother's son  
 Tell God that I forgive him for everything he's done, everything he's done

Rachel won't you come fill my heart with light

Every day's so full of this darkness that I fight  
 You say the light's within me but I swear it's just reflected  
 'Cause when you're not around I can't detect it  
 Hey Rachel won't you come to me  
 Hey Rachel won't you come to me  
 Hey Rachel please come to me

tk guitar, vocal  
 Amy Malkoff harmony vocal  
 Seth Connelly fretless bass  
 Laura Wood percussion

#### 10. Big Sister 2:58

I had a big sister who did all the talking for both of us  
 In many ways it was the ideal existence  
 All my words were provided for  
 We'd be sitting in the back seat, my mom would ask a question  
 My sis would always answer then they'd have a conversation  
 I could just continue staring out the open window  
 All I had to do was count the cows

I had a big sister who did all the thinking for both of us  
 In many ways it was the ideal existence  
 All my thoughts were provided for  
 She always had a plan to keep us entertained  
 We'd make up little dramas we'd put on when it rained  
 We'd charge our folks a nickel and afterwards we'd split it  
 All I had to do was take a bow

But the world goes round and now this boy's  
 Just another squeaky wheel amidst the poets and the seekers  
 I don't know if I've found my voice  
 Or I'm just trying to fill my big sister's sneakers

I had a big sister who opened all the doors for both of us  
 In many ways it was the ideal existence  
 All my future was provided for  
 When I got to first grade I found that Sis was famous  
 They put me with the Bluebirds 'cause they thought I'd be a genius  
 I wouldn't say a word and couldn't tie my shoes  
 But they treated me with kid gloves anyhow

But the world goes round and now I race  
 Just as fast and as far as all you overachievers  
 I don't know if I've found my place  
 Or I'm just trying to fill my big sisters sneakers

I had a big sister who did all the talking  
 Did all the thinking  
 Opened all the doors  
 For both of us

tk guitar, melodica, vocal  
 Seth Connelly fretless bass  
 Michael Cahill drums  
 Deede Bergeron jump rope  
 Melanie Gaffney jump rope chant

### 11. Homesick Angel 4:11

Old Jack Fleming always brought a bottle when he came to stay  
 He lived up in Canada, knew my father from the war  
 And when they drank he put my dad away

Now Old Jack, he was famous  
 He helped build the Bridge on the River Kwai  
 A prisoner in a jungle halfway around the world  
 He caught fever and Jack Fleming almost died  
 Waiting for the wings of the

Homesick angel, see how your children roam  
 Homesick angel, take these homesick children home  
 Take these homesick children home

Jack told stories that would send shivers down your spine  
 And I burned my tongue on whiskey when Jack raised up a toast  
 To the poor sons of bitches left behind

But old Jack, he got lucky  
 The emperor lay down his sword at last  
 And Daddy was the orderly who found Jack half alive  
 And they shared the final drops from Daddy's flask  
 As they climbed aboard the wings of the

Homesick angel, see how your children roam  
 Homesick angel, take these homesick children home  
 Take these homesick children home

Well Jack's done drinking  
 And the Big One is fifty years gone by  
 And Dad won't leave his easy chair now that he's retired  
 So we rent a movie, Bridge on the River Kwai  
 As this drafty old house whispers goodbye

Homesick angel, see how your children roam

Homesick angel, take these homesick children home  
 Take these homesick children, these homesick children home

tk guitar, bass, vocal  
 Brice Buchanan harmony vocal  
 Barry Singer harmony vocal  
 David Hamburger Dobro

"Colonel Bogey March" by Kenneth J. Alford, public domain.

12. German Violin 4:13  
 (Terry Kitchen-Mark Simos)

My old man turned seventeen in 1944  
 He left home on his birthday to help us win the war  
 Six hard weeks of bootcamp, one rough week at sea  
 Then my old man touched down in France and marched off to Germany

His unit watched the tanks roll by from safe behind the lines  
 They searched for hidden bunkers up and down the Rhine  
 Cold and hungry Germans would wait by the PX  
 And one sold Dad his violin for a carton of cigarettes

That violin was beat to hell but it sure did sound sweet  
 I heard its tune a thousand nights as I fell asleep  
 No matter what the old man played, it had a lonesome tone  
 That violin was whispering "Please take me home"

My old man played weddings in a pick-up band of friends  
 And he liked to tell the story of his German violin  
 He said the German cried that day and he guessed it wasn't fair  
 But cigarettes were money then and music was just thin air

That violin was beat to hell but it sure did sound sweet  
 I heard its tune a thousand nights as I fell asleep  
 No matter what the old man played, it had a lonesome tone  
 That violin was whispering "Please take me home"

My old man passed on this year, too many cigarettes  
 And in his final hour he told me his regrets  
 So now I'm off to Germany to find that fiddler's son  
 Return to him his heirloom and give back his father's song

That violin was beat to hell but it sure did sound sweet  
 I heard its tune a thousand nights as I fell asleep  
 No matter what the old man played, it had a lonesome tone  
 That violin was whispering "Please take me home"  
 That violin was whispering "Please take me home"

tk guitar, bass, vocal  
 Jennifer Truesdale harmony vocal  
 David Hamburger Dobro  
 Mark Simos violin

### 13. Lightning Strikes 4:41

I was once at a party where two of the people there had been struck by lightning. Now what are the odds of that? At the same party was a man who had collapsed once while he was hiking. He'd been found by the woman hosting the party - she gave him CPR for an hour until help came. He gave her a canoe. They named it Lazarus.

Ah, lightning strikes  
 Ah, lightning strikes  
 Strikes all of us, baby  
 Once or twice

One night after my band played I was walking down Plum Island Beach and I heard voices. There were two young girls huddled under someone's boat, freezing to death. They told me they'd run away from the state home up there. I took them to my friend's house, we fed them and put them to bed. The next morning I asked what they wanted to do. We talked about it and I ended up dropping them off outside the gate to the home and I watched til they disappeared inside. I still think about them, wonder if they're doing okay. What if that was my life?

Ah, lightning strikes  
 Ah, lightning strikes  
 Strikes all of us, baby  
 Once or twice

My best friend got help up once while she was cashiering, at Cambridge Natural Foods of all places. Two guys walked in with stockings over their heads carrying sawed-off shotguns. Everybody froze. Deede put the money in the bag, nice and slow, just like they said. Then they left. I still wake up at night, picturing it. What if someone had walked in, or the phone rang, or somebody sneezed or something? What then? What then?

Ah, lightning strikes  
 Ah, lightning strikes  
 Strikes all of us, baby  
 Once or twice

tk guitar, piano, vocal  
 Michael Holland harmony vocal  
 Brice Buchanan electric guitar  
 Dennis Pearne fretless bass  
 Michael Cahill drums

### 14. Kid Who Looks Like Me (Instrumental) 3:51

tk acoustic guitar  
Brice Buchanan electric guitar  
Seth Connelly fretless bass  
Laura Wood percussion

All songs © 1997 Terry Kitchen, Urban Campfire Music, BMI, except "German Violin" by Terry Kitchen and Mark Simos.

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For Amy.

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