

Terry Kitchen
Blanket 25th Anniversary
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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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