



Terry Kitchen  
We All Dream

1. Rain Rain Rain 3:21
2. Loretta's Icebox 3:39
3. We All Dream 4:03
4. The Pros and Cons of Being Mine 3:28
5. Crane's Ledge 5:05
6. Time of the Season 3:48
7. Twice as Old as Jesus 3:32
8. If You Want Me to Write You a Song 4:03
9. Older Than Yesterday 2:09
10. Thunder Without Rain 3:00
11. Mona Lisa Blue 3:25
12. Do You Hear What I Hear 3:22

urban campfire 1023

p & © 2025 urban campfire productions, boston ma usa  
info@terrykitchen.com www.terrykitchen.com

Recorded by Terry Kitchen at JeanLuc's House, Roslindale, Mass.

Mastered by Toby Mountain at Northeastern Digital.

Cover photo by George Pokrivchak, Easton, PA, 1964.

Rear cover photo by Oily Carlisle, Nashville, TN, 2024.

Design by Francisco Gonzalez.

All songs by Terry Kitchen/urban campfire music, BMI except

"Time of the Season" by Rod Argent/Verulam Music Co. Ltd., PRS-Marquis Songs USA,  
BMI

"Do You Hear What I Hear" by Noel Regney and Gloria Shayne/Jewel Music Publishing Co., SACEM

Thanks to Stan Lyness, Erik Balkey, Anne Saunders and Falcon Ridge, NSAI Boston  
Love to Cindy and JL

Terry Kitchen acoustic and electric guitar, bass, keys, vocals

Rebecca Lynch and Bob Vivona harmony on "Rain Rain Rain", "We All Dream"

Louise Coombe harmony on "Loretta's Icebox"

Susan Levine hamony on "Crane's Ledge"

Michael Holland duet vocal on "Time of the Season"

Seth Connelly Dobro on "Loretta's Icebox"

Eric Kilburn mandolin on "Crane's Ledge"

Don Barry upright bass on "Crane's Ledge"

Jackie Damsky violin on "If You Want Me to Write You a Song"

### 1. Rain Rain Rain

tk acoustic and electric guitar, bass, vocal

Rebecca Lynch, Bob Vivona harmony vocal

Rain rain rainin', rain rain rainin', rainin'

Rain rain rainin', rain rain rainin', rainin'

Rain rain rainin' all day, rainin' all night, rainin' all year

Who knows when it will end and all the clouds all disappear

You got to make your own sunshine

Make your own blue sky

Make your own future

Can't depend on mine

Rain rain rainin' so hard, rainin' so gray, rainin' like tears

Who knows who will be left to clean the mess and go on from here

We gotta make our own sunshine

Make our own blue sky

Make our own future

Can't depend on time

Rain rain rainin' all day, rainin' all night, rainin' all year

Rain rain rainin' so hard, rainin' so gray, rainin' like tears

We gotta make our own sunshine

Make our own blue sky

Make our own future

Can't depend on time

Rain rain rainin', rain rain rainin', rainin'  
 Rain rain rainin', rain rain rainin', rainin'

Rain rain rainin' all day, rainin' all night, rainin' all year  
 Just hang on until when all of the clouds all disappear

## 2. Loretta's Icebox

tk guitar, bass, vocal

Louise Coombe harmony vocal

Seth Connelly Dobro

Just past the ripples of Hurricane Creek  
 In a stand of Tennessee pine  
 Sits an old log cabin whose walls are steeped  
 in the echoes of an angel's troubled mind

There's a Martin Double-O hangin' on a peg  
 A dusty window that looks out Stormy Ridge  
 The mice would eat up anything that wasn't tucked away  
 so she always kept her notebooks in the fridge

Loretta wrote a thousand songs and began a thousand more  
 on envelopes and napkins from each stop of the tour  
 Poems, prayers and promises all wait to be unlocked  
 Put your ear up to Loretta's icebox  
 Put your ear right up to Loretta's icebox

Girl came up from nothin', coal dust in her hair  
 Found her calling singin' lullabies  
 She thought we needed stories that weren't just fairytales  
 So she always told the truth instead of lies

Oh, Loretta wrote a thousand songs and began a thousand more  
 on menus and matchbooks from each stop of the tour  
 Poems, prayers and promises all wait to be unlocked  
 Put your ear up to Loretta's icebox  
 Put your ear right up to Loretta's icebox

Six hungry babies, in seven years' time  
 Kept her workin' just to keep 'em fed and clothed  
 Steal away to her cabin for a moment's peace of mind  
 Next mornin' she was back out on the road

Oh, Loretta wrote a thousand songs and began a thousand more  
 on envelopes and napkins from each stop of the tour  
 Poems, prayers and promises all wait to be unlocked

Put your ear up to Loretta's icebox  
Put your ear right up to Loretta's icebox

Just past the ripples of Hurricane Creek

### 3. We All Dream

tk guitar, bass, melodica, vocal  
Rebecca Lynch, Bob Vivona harmony vocal

We all dream  
We all fly  
We all crash  
We all cry  
But we get up and try again  
Reaching further than we've been  
Crazy as it seems  
We change the world  
When we all dream

Rub a bottle, make a wish  
A dream is so much more than this  
It takes all we can give  
to dream our dreams and make them live  
Now you might think it's a chosen few  
and all the others will not come true  
But life's an open book  
We all write it, take a look

We all dream  
We all fly  
We all crash  
We all cry  
But we get up and try again  
Reaching further than we've been  
Crazy as it seems  
We change the world  
When we all dream

We can look at the world and say why  
Or dream and say why not

We get tired, beaten up  
Some days we feel like giving up  
But somewhere in our hearts  
There's a dream about to start

We all dream  
 We all fly  
 We all crash  
 We all cry  
 But we get up and try again  
 Reaching further than we've been  
 Crazy as it seems  
 We change the world  
 When we all dream  
 Crazy as it seems  
 We change the world  
 When we all dream

#### 4. The Pros and Cons of Being Mine

tk guitar, bass, keys, vocal

Something about you won't let me be  
 Just one answer I can see

Think it over, take your time  
 As you weigh the pros and cons of being mine  
 Ask me anything, no I don't mind  
 As you weigh the pros and cons of being mine

I can't impress you with millions in the bank  
 But I always say please and I always give thanks

So think it over...

I'm worn as the bark on a Carolina pine  
 But I've stood all kinds of weather and I've rarely been unkind

I dance like a bowling pin, I've never worn a tux  
 But I'll listen all night long and I've never talked too much

So think it over...

We both know the feeling to come from broken homes  
 So let's be extra careful as we make one of our own

Think it over, take your time  
 As you weigh the pros and cons of being mine  
 Ask me anything, no I don't mind  
 As you weigh the pros and cons of being mine  
 As you weigh the pros and cons of being mine

## 5. Crane's Ledge

tk guitar, vocal

Susan Levine harmony vocal

Eric Kilburn mandolin

Don Barry upright bass

Was the depth of the Depression, everyone was on the edge of ruin  
 Desperate men do desperate things that even they can't believe they're doin'  
 His wife was home nursing their first and the rent was in arrears  
 When his friends Jake and Tommy said we got a little plan for you to hear

That night a stick of dynamite blew the vault at the Readville Bank  
 Three men with heavy satchels were seen crossing Hyde Park Ave.  
 The sirens came screamin' down Blue Hill so no one got back to sleep  
 Witness said they headed for the trail where the woods got steep

Crane's Ledge, Crane's Ledge  
 One false step and you're over the edge  
 It's a long way down so angels fear to tread  
 The rocks high atop Crane's Ledge

The sergeant in charge said may as well wait until first light  
 They won't get far on foot in the middle of the night  
 But the chief screamed, get movin', the mayor's got a million in that safe  
 and nobody breathes til every last penny's back in place

So the men grabbed their torches and fanned out all across the rim  
 Kickin' every tree trunk, every skunkweed, every pudding stone they can  
 Found three charred satchels but no not a single dollar bill  
 And tied to a pine was a rope hangin' over the hill

Crane's Ledge, Crane's Ledge  
 One false step and you're over the edge  
 It's a long way down so angels fear to tread  
 Those rocks high atop Crane's Ledge

Well Jake and Tommy liked to drink at the Behan and they could not keep quiet  
 They each got ten years but on one point they were silent  
 Neither one fingered my father as the lookout man that night  
 Now I'm building my mansion right here in the broad daylight

of Crane's Ledge, Crane's Ledge  
 One false step and you're over the edge  
 It's a long way down so angels fear to tread  
 These rocks high atop Crane's Ledge

Crane's Ledge, Crane's Ledge  
 One false step and you're over the edge  
 It's a long way down so angels fear to tread  
 These rocks high atop Crane's Ledge  
 Crane's Ledge

6. Time of the Season  
 tk guitar, bass, keys, vocal  
 Michael Holland duet vocal

7. Twice as Old as Jesus  
 tk acoustic and electric guitar, bass, keys, vocal

Dreams – I had some  
 But the right moment never seemed to come  
 Now I'm twice as old as Jesus  
 What have I ever done

Faith in one's self  
 Is harder than faith in someone else  
 Now I'm twice as old as Jesus  
 And I can't even save myself

I'm twice as old, does that mean I win  
 For lasting down here twice as long as him  
 Coulda been crucified two times over  
 But it ain't over til it's over  
 No it ain't over til it's over

Tears down my face  
 For the fate of the entire human race  
 Now I'm twice as old as Jesus  
 I'd hate to have to take his place

I'm twice as old, does that mean I lose  
 For lasting longer than I was of use  
 Coulda bid goodbye in a blaze of glory  
 Now I'm not even a good story  
 No I'm not even a good story

Tomorrow when I'm gone  
 Will angels come to roll away the stone  
 Now I'm twice as old as Jesus  
 Will he still welcome me home  
 I'm twice as old as Jesus  
 Will he still welcome me home

## 8. If You Want Me to Write You a Song

tk guitar, bass, keys, vocal

Jackie Damsky violin

If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart  
 If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart

First we have to fall just a little in love  
 just enough to make me wonder  
 If you're the one I'll come home to  
 in the middle of the night  
 Fingers sore, throat raw  
 from playing in some back room dive  
 but you'll wake up and make it all all right

If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart  
 If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart

We'll walk in the rain, talk all night  
 and the sex will be amazing  
 But soon enough you'll hear a voice  
 whisper from the back of your brain  
 if I love you half as much as I love this guitar  
 and will I, will I, will I ever change

If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart  
 If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart

I'll ask what's wrong, you'll shake your head  
 But I'll know what's the matter  
 We'll have a big fight then take it all back  
 then make the best love yet  
 We'll say all the right things, wear kid gloves  
 but it just won't be the same  
 And I'll wake up alone again

That very same night I'll write it all down  
 to chords so bittersweet  
 You'll love that song more than you love me

So if you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart  
 If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart  
 If you want me to write you a song, all you have to do is break my heart

## 9. Older Than Yesterday



tk guitar, bass, keys, vocal

Of course there are no words up to the task  
 No music could ever be sad enough  
 Every heart is broke, every breath a gasp  
 There's just no way to feel bad enough

Time stands still for a moment  
 While we cry, then brush our tears away  
 But she's never getting  
 Older than yesterday  
 Older than yesterday

Of course there is no sense here to be made  
 No answer that explains anything  
 Just a pair of green sneakers, a heart hand made  
 A family and town that's lost everything

Time stands still for a moment  
 While we argue, then brush our fears away  
 But she's never getting  
 Older than yesterday  
 Older than yesterday

Of course there are no words up to the task

10. Thunder Without Rain  
 tk guitar, bass, vocal

I used to love summer  
 Especially the storms  
 Wash everything cleaner  
 Than it was before  
 But I was a child then  
 My world has changed  
 Now it's all thunder  
 Without any rain

I don't talk about it  
 The Forever Fight  
 The blinding white desert  
 The diamond cold night  
 The clench in your belly  
 That always remains  
 That blast of hot thunder  
 Without any rain

Thanks for your service  
Civilians all say  
I'm still in the battle  
As they walk away  
So I reach for a needle  
To tamp down the pain  
Quiet this thunder  
Without any rain  
Quiet this thunder  
And pray for the rain

11. Mona Lisa Blue  
tk guitar, bass, vocal

Never was that handsome  
somehow I got by  
These days pretty women  
never look me in the eye  
except you, babe, except you  
Mona Lisa you're the last thin reed  
between me and the blues

Like the way your hair hangs  
down that silky dress  
Always smell like roses  
and taste like cigarettes  
like you do, babe, yes you do  
Mona Lisa you're the last thin reed  
between me and the blues

Always call me lover  
though we're not in love  
Coax me with a whisper  
til I've had enough  
of you, babe, like I could get enough of you  
Mona Lisa you're the last thin reed  
between me and the blues

I don't need no fentanyl  
I don't need no gun  
as long as my last hundred  
still buys an hour of fun  
with you, babe, I need one more hour with you  
Mona Lisa you're the last thin reed  
between me and the blues

Mona Lisa you're the last thin reed  
between me and the blues  
Mona Lisa you're the last thin reed  
between me and the blues

12. Do You Hear What I Hear  
tk guitar, bass, vocal

