

Could You Forgive? is based on the killing of the little Amish girls in 2006. Specifically, how quickly the Amish community forgave the shooter. No matter how hard I try, I cannot see the possibility of forgiving someone who just murdered my child. Could you forgive?

I wrote **Trains** in 1981. It is about my worst enemy, trains. I consider them a nuisance, and they should be done away with.(:>) Also included here is how my dog, Beaux, reacted to train whistles.

Ain't From Where I Am is about suicide bombers, or more specifically, the havoc they reek on the street corner when the nimrod blows himself up. They talk about doing this stuff in the name of their god. That's like no god I've ever heard of. He ain't from where I am.

Jesse James – Billy Gashade wrote this tune in 1883. I found the words, and put them to music. I later discovered that many other people had recorded this song, and my music wasn't what he had intended. Oh well. I'm not changing it. He won't mind.

Mister, Could You Play – I was playing a gig on the deck of a restaurant. I had just finished for the night when I heard someone yelling at me from the parking lot, below. I looked down to see a narly looking man pushing a narly looking lady in a wheelchair. She couldn't speak very well, but she was asking me to play something that sounded like the words, angel and brine or prine. After wracking my brain for a while, I asked if it was Angel From Montgomery by John Prine, and she got a huge smile on her face. I played it for her. This is that story.

Only The Good Days – Working at a real job gets in my way of having fun. I like the days that begin with an "S".

Pull Me A Pint – I took a virtual tour of some of the main bars in Dublin, Ireland. I found a website that had a pretty good description of the popular pubs. That became the basis for this song.

Stuck – When I played in restaurants and bars, the customers fully expected the performer to play stuff they recognize. As a writer, that was difficult. I wanted to play my tunes, but couldn't. I felt like I was stuck in music hell for four hours every night.

Queen Of Venus – I actually had a dream, as an adult, of being snatched up by space aliens. I had a good time. Here's the story.

Somebody Told Him – I was a member of a group that was emailing a soldier in Iraq. He was part of the Psychological Operations unit. They were responsible for pulling into the small towns, jumping out of the Hum-v and talking to the locals. Typically, children would surround them, begging for this, and that. His fear was that he never knew which of those children was the child of a radical, who had enlisted his son or daughter to be a martyr. Try going to work with that on your mind.

The Wedding Song

When my nephew, Mark got hitched to his beautiful Erin, they asked me to play during the wedding, and at the reception. I was honored. As it turned out, I was accompanying one of Erin's relatives during the ceremony as she sang a popular wedding song, "Take My Hand". I found it to be an OK tune, but it didn't sound like something a macho-man like Mark would be saying to Erin. This here's a song that real men can sing to their sweetie-honey-baby-pies.

The Speedwell – My first relative to come to this country came over from London, in 1635 on a ship called The Speedwell. His name was Robert Spink. He, and others helped found a town called Kingstown. It is now known as North Kingstown, Rhode Island. This is a wee bit his story.