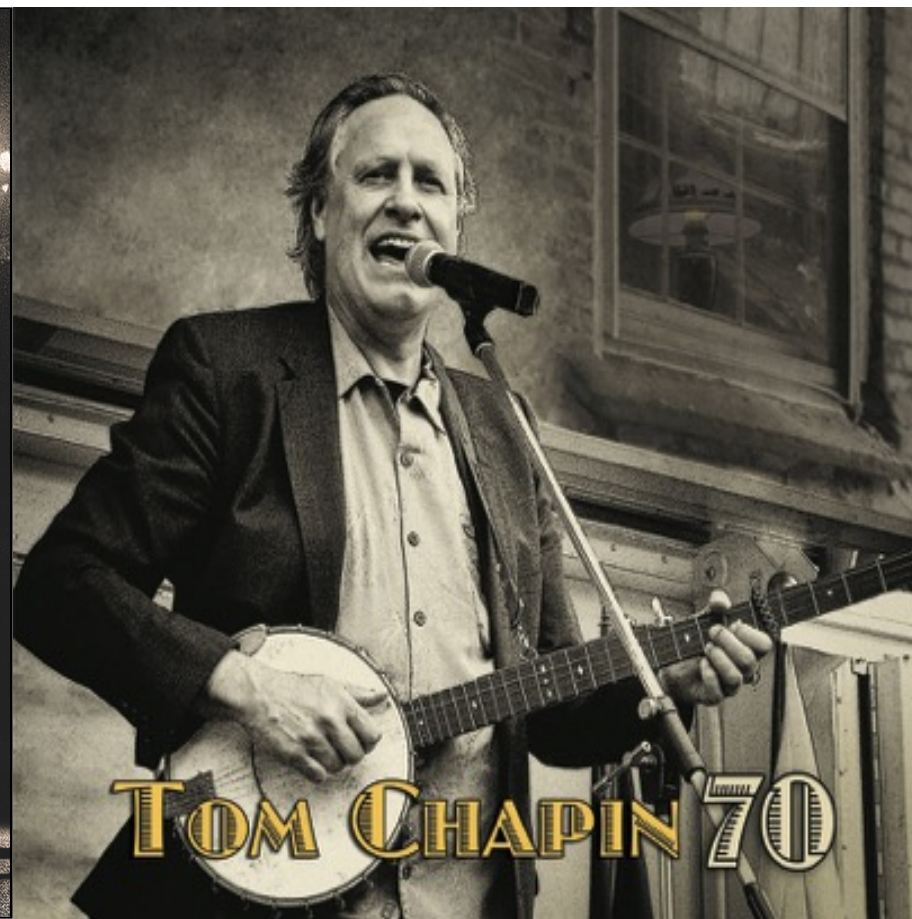


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- A black and white photograph of Tom Chapin performing on stage. He is seen from the back, wearing a patterned poncho over a dark shirt and pants. He is holding a banjo and singing into a microphone. The stage is dimly lit with spotlights.
1. WRECKAGE 3:52
 2. PUT A LIGHT IN YOUR WINDOW 3:40
 3. THE RIVERKEEPER 3:24
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 11. CITY OF NEW ORLEANS 4:31
 12. MUHHEAKUNNUK 3:46
 13. QUITE EARLY MORNING
(FEATURING THE CHAPIN SISTERS) 4:28

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Wreckage

by Tom Chapin

© 2015 The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Sometimes, sometimes
I fall into yesterday
And my skies turn kind of
Gray and overcast
Thinkin' what I should have done
What I did and didn't say
I go combin' through the wreckage of the past.
Combin' through the wreckage of the past

Sometimes, sometimes
What's coming down the road
Gets me kind of blue and turns me numb
Like I'm trapped down in some deep hole
Of things I can't control
Dwelling on the wreckage yet to come
I am dwelling on the wreckage yet to come

*What's done is done, son
What will be will be
Every day goes by so fast
It's a losing game to dwell
On the wreckage of the future
Or to wallow in the wreckage of the past.
Wallow in the wreckage of the past.*

Grandma, Grandma
Lived to a hundred and one
She'd tell us this when we were feeling low
"Can you do something about it?
Go ahead and do it
And if you can't, just let it go
If you can't, just let it go"

What's done is done, son

*What will be, will be
Don't let today fly by too fast
It's a losing game to dwell
On the wreckage of the future
Or to wallow in the wreckage of the past.
Wallow in the wreckage of the past.*

I'm trying to learn from mistakes
And celebrate today
'Cause come what may
Beg, steal or borrow
We'll never find a way to replay yesterday
And there's not much we can do
About tomorrow

*What's done is done, son
What will be will be
Don't let today fly by too fast
It's a losing game to dwell
On the wreckage of the future
Or to wallow in the wreckage of the past.
Wallow in the wreckage of the past.*

Put A Light In Your Window

by Si Kahn, Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music, Red Wagon Music & The Last Music
Co. (ASCAP)

I was standing at the station
Waiting for a Greyhound bus.
Had that familiar sensation
Thinking 'bout the two of us
And how this old world will not leave us alone,
Put a light in your window Mama,
I'm a-coming home.

I been out of circulation,
I been out of my head.

Been in isolation, it's a wonder I ain't dead.
Now there's money in my pocket,
I got my new clothes on...
Put a light in your window, Mama,
I'm a-coming home.
Put a light in your window,
A pallet on your floor
Put a light in your window,
Lead me to your door

I had a fire in my belly,
Had my future in my hand.
Took me a long time, Babe, to understand
What a hard world this can be
When you're alone,
Put a light in your window, Mama,
I'm a-coming home.

Put a light in your window,
A beacon in the dark
Put a light in your window,
Put some hope in my heart
Some hope in my heart

I thought I knew everything there was to know
Where the sky was blue
And why the four winds blow
'Til the darkness took me,
Stripped me to the bone,
Put a light in your window, Mama,
I'm a-coming home.

Put a light in your window,
Keep it burning bright
Put a light in your window, I'll be home tonight
Put a light in your window,
I've come a long, long way
You better blow out that candle, Ma,

I'm coming home to stay
Home to stay, yeah, home to stay.

The Riverkeeper

by Tom Chapin

© 2015 The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

On a calm and early morning
The Hudson River flat as glass
One small boat carves out a wake
Above the stripers and the bass
Start out early, stay out late
She knows what it means
To do the good, hard heavy job
Of keeping the river clean

From Glens Falls down to Brooklyn
Bear Mountain to the Tappan Zee
Up and down the river she goes
Working for you and me
Test the air and water
Near each town and factory
Doing the good, hard heavy job
Of keeping the river clean

*And the Riverkeeper
Keeps the river, keeps the river clean
The Riverkeeper keeps the river clean*

She's a floating laboratory
Who lays out bit by bit
The Hudson River's story
She's a powerful advocate
Who won't give up
Who won't back down
She's a little tough machine
Doing the good, hard heavy job
Of keeping the river clean

*And the Riverkeeper
Keeps the river, keeps the river clean
The Riverkeeper keeps the river clean
And the Riverkeeper
Keeps the river, keeps the river clean
The Riverkeeper keeps the river clean*

And those of us who live here
Know just how bad it was
And how it keeps on getting cleaner
Because of what she does
The Hudson needs us all, my friends
So come and join the team
Doing the good, hard heavy job
Of keeping the river clean

*And the Riverkeeper
Keeps the river, keeps the river clean
The Riverkeeper keeps the river clean*

*And the Riverkeeper
Keeps the river, keeps the river clean
The Riverkeeper keeps the river clean
The Riverkeeper keeps the river clean*

Down There

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
© 2015 Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.
(ASCAP)

Rivers running brown
Money changing hands
Cracking underground
We're ringing every last drop from the land

Just 'cause it's down there
A billion barrels in the shale
Just 'cause it's down there

A-glowin' like the holy grail
And now we'll let the windmills rust
Ride that boom till it goes bust
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there

Chemical syringe
Shoot it down the shaft
Hydrocarbone binge
We're all just junkies hooked on gas

Just 'cause it's down there
We got to go and suck it dry
Just 'cause it's down there
Don't need no other reason why
But there are people in the way
Real-live people who will pay
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there

If there's a sea we'll fish it out
If there's a tree we'll cut it down
Tear the top right off a mountain
Leave behind the barren ground
A drop of oil anywhere
We'll find a way to make it glow
And that's the way it will go
The way that it will go

Till somebody says no ("NO!")
This is not OK
No begins to grow ("NO!")
We begin to find a better way

Just 'cause it's down there
We're gonna leave it where it lays

Just 'cause it's down there
We don't care how much it pays
The sweet, sweet water in our spring
Is worth more than anything
Just 'cause it's down there

Just 'cause it's down there
That's the place that it will stay
Just 'cause it's down there
We can turn and walk away
And leave the bedrock and the shale
Mother Earth is not for sale
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there
Just 'cause it's down there

Guitar Child

by Tom Chapin
© 2015 The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

I know the bad-man ballads
Work songs and hollers too
I learned the shouts and break-downs
I've lived the highway blues

From Portland East to Portland West
To Chi-town, Illinois
Somewhere in every music man
There is the endless boy

I'm a Guitar Child, that's the thing
Made of wood and steel and string
Strike a chord. Let it ring
I am a Guitar Child

It was Lomax books and Guthrie
And Pete Seeger that taught me
Huddie Ledbetter's 12-string
Reverend Gary's ragtime jubilee
Robert, Chet, and Maybelle,
Big Bill Broonzy showed the way
Here I am still trying to find
Something new to say

I'm a Guitar Child, that's the thing
Made of wood and steel and string
Strike a chord. Let it ring
I am a Guitar Child

It's a hard life
For the kids and wife
When they're the ones to stay
While I'm singing songs about myself
A thousand miles away

I was born into music
It's become the family thing
Chasing rhyme and melody
And dancing on a string

I've been down every interstate
Up every dusty road
Folks like me do not retire
They just reload

I'm a Guitar Child, that's the thing
Made of wood and steel and string
Strike a chord. Let it ring
I am a Guitar Child

Autumn Rain

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© 2017 Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co.
(ASCAP)

I look out on Autumn rain
Splashing on the window pane
Here it comes again, that feeling,
I remember

Another gray and stormy sky
As the rain-filled clouds blow by
Here they come again,
I remember
Summer's gone and now the Autumn rain
The Autumn rain

Check the windows and back door
Walk the darkened house once more
Here it comes again,
I remember
Summer's left me with the Autumn rain
The Autumn rain

September's cold and rainy dawn
Might remind me
As if I could forget you're gone.

Tighten up and buckle down
Pack the car and head for town
On the radio, our song,
Do you remember?
Summer's gone, here comes the Autumn rain
The Autumn rain
The Autumn rain

Ride Out Any Storm

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© 2015 Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Up here in Alaska
It's struggle and strife
With luck and hard work
You can make a good life
When the going gets rough
And we see dark clouds form
We brace for the worst
And ride out the storm

They want to build a big mine
Near this place we call home
The biggest damn pit
That the world's ever known
They would poison our future
For copper and gold
They'll find out in time
Some things can't be sold

We will ride out any storm
We will not wash away
Take my hand
We'll make our stand on Bristol Bay

I've hiked the Grand Canyon
Seen Niagara Falls
Our own Bristol Bay
Is as grand as them all
It's wild stubborn beauty
Grants us all grace
With a lifetime of memories
That time can't erase

We will ride out any storm
We will not wash away

Take my hand
We'll make our stand on Bristol Bay

With their money and power
They say we can't win
Yet we stand like a sea wall
And never give in
We are all survivors and we know full well
Help will come to those who help themselves

We will ride out any storm
We will not wash away
Take my hand
We'll make our stand on Bristol Bay

We will ride out any storm
We will not wash away
Take my hand
We'll make our stand on Bristol Bay

Old Dogs & Old Friends

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

He was only a puppy, 6 weeks or so
We got him one Christmas a long time ago
How long has it been? Thinking back when,
If you're counting in dog years,
A hundred and ten.

Walking an old dog, it's funny to see,
The old dog is thinking that he's walking me.
Tied up together, two lives entwined,
Who's leading who? Never you mind.
We go out walking, sunshine and rain,
Happy to hold up our end of the chain
If I survive to a hundred and ten
It's thanks to old dogs and old friends.

We used to go out every day for a run,
Now it's a leisurely stroll in the sun.
Like two old friends all set in our ways,
Pokin' along at the end of our days.
We go out walking, springtime and fall,
No longer care who's leading at all.
If I survive to a hundred and ten
It's thanks to old dogs and old friends.

That's how I met you, why we're sitting alone,
Talking about all the dogs that we've known
Watching the light fade as summer ends,
Nothing compares
With old dogs and old friends.
We go out walking, rain, sleet and snow,
No longer care who's Best In Show.
If I survive to a hundred and ten
It's thanks to old dogs and old friends.
We go out walking year after year
And I'm so happy that you're still here
If I survive to a hundred and ten
It's thanks to old dogs and old friends.
Thanks to old dogs and old friends.

Myra Jean

by Tom Chapin
© The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

When October leaves begin to fall,
In the gathering season comes the call.
A baby girl has joined us all,
Hello, sweet Myra Jean.
All over the city and through the town
The word was quickly passed around,
Across the country, westward bound
We're coming Myra Jean.
*Myra Jean, Myra Jean,
October child, sweet colleen,*

*Morning Princess, Harvest Queen,
Hello, sweet Myra Jean.*

With autumn harvest in full swing
And migrant birds all on the wing,
What more can this season bring?
Hello sweet Myra Jean.
It seems no joy is too extreme
So bang the drum and tambourine,
Celebrate the living dream
And welcome Myra Jean.

*Myra Jean, Myra Jean,
October child, sweet colleen,
Morning Princess, Harvest Queen,
Hello, sweet Myra Jean.*

*Myra Jean, Myra Jean,
October daughter, sweet colleen,
Morning Princess, Harvest Queen,
Hello, sweet Myra Jean.*

Smart Without Art

by Tom Chapin, Michael Mark & Jon Cobert
© 2013 The Last Music Co., HCD Music & Red
Wagon Music (ASCAP)

They sorted through the data
And found as a rule
That kids who have The Arts
Do much better in school.
In song and in the dance,
On the canvas, on the stage,
Art gives life to the lessons
They read on a page.

Oh, you can't spell "smart" without Art,
You can't spell "smart" without Art.

You're gonna need art for to get a good start,
Oh, you can't spell "smart" without Art.

Imagination's needed in a challenging world
To nurture the mind of each boy and each girl.
The Arts are an answer to an old paradox:
How to teach a whole class
To think out of the box.

Oh, you can't spell "smart" without Art,
You can't spell "smart" without Art
All the testing will tell you,
It's there on the chart, that
You can't spell "smart" without Art.

So let's make kids more likely to start on a path
To do better in reading and science and math.
And help out our teachers,
Provide them with tools,
Watch our kids grow and blossom
With The Arts in our schools.

Oh, you can't spell "smart" without Art,
You can't spell "smart" without Art
Yes, science and reading and math
Do their part, but
You can't spell "smart" without Art.

Oh, you can't spell "smart" without Art,
You can't spell "smart" without Art
You're gonna need Art for to get a good start,
All the testing will tell you,
it's there on the chart,
You know in your heart
That you've got to have art, 'cause
You can't spell "smart" without Art.

Prayer For Bristol Bay

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

You and me and Mother Earth hold our breath
What is gold and copper worth? Life or death
For a fisherman and fishery
Up here in the Bering Sea
Murder in the first degree
May the whole world listen
And join with us today
With hopeful hearts we offer up
A prayer for Bristol Bay

Turn around, and tell your neighbor, tell your
friend
About this magic wild place we will defend
From the banker and the profiteer
Who pray that we will disappear
But we return year after year
May the whole world listen
And join with us today
With hopeful hearts we offer up
A prayer for Bristol Bay

May the wild salmon come and fill your nets
May we make it safely home, no regrets
May our great grandchildren stay
To live and love another day
And work the boats on Bristol Bay
May the whole world listen
And join with us today
With hopeful hearts we offer up
A prayer for Bristol Bay
May the whole world listen
And join with us today
With hopeful hearts we offer up
A prayer for Bristol Bay

City Of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman
© Published by Al Bunetta d/b/a Jurisdad Music
o/b/o itself & Turnpike Tom Music (ASCAP)

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail
We're out on the southbound odyssey
The train rolls out of Kankakee
Riding past the houses, farms and fields
Passin' trains that have no name
And freight yards full of old black men
Graveyards of rusted automobiles

It's good morning America how are you?
Sayin' don't you know me? I'm your native son
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles
When the day is done

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car
Penny a point
There weren't no one keepin' score
Say won't you pass the paper bag
That holds the bottle
You could feel the wheels
Grumblin' through the floor
And the sons of pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep
Rockin' to the gentle beat
The rhythm of the rails is all they feel

It's good morning America how are you?
Sayin' don't you know me? I'm your native son

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles
When the day is done

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
It's halfway home,
And we'll be there by morning
In the Mississippi darkness
Rolling down to the sea
And all the towns and people seem
To fade into a bad dream
The steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his song again
The passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues

It's good night, America, how are you?
Sayin' don't you know me? I'm your native son
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles
When the day is done

Muhheakunnuk

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
© 2003 Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.
(ASCAP)

It flows from high Lake Tear In The Clouds
Down to the salty sea.
The tide then turns and back it flows
Straight up to Albany.
Fresh to salt, salt to fresh.
Back and forth it plays.
Muhheakunnuk, Muhheakunnuk,
The water that flows both ways.

The Tappan Indian peopled its shores,

Farmed in its forest green
'Til Henry Hudson came and told
The world what he had seen.
Came the Dutch, Brits and such.
Mad colonial days.
Muhheakunnuk, Muhheakunnuk,
The water that flows both ways.

The forest fell, great cities arose,
From every land we came.
We rushed to build our factories,
Forgot the river's name.
Good to bad, bad to worse.
Blues to browns to grays.
Muhheakunnuk, Muhheakunnuk,
The water that flows both ways.

My child and I walk back from the shore.
We speak of the things we've seen,
Of how you work to turn a tide
And keep a river clean.
Foul to fresh, fish and fowl
Flocking back these days
Muhheakunnuk, Muhheakunnuk,
The water that flows both ways.
The water that flows both ways.

Quite Early Morning

by Pete Seeger
© 1969 Fall River Music Inc. (BMI)

Don't you know it's darkest before the dawn
This thought keeps me moving on
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning

Some say that humankind won't long endure
But what makes them so doggone sure?
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing

And so we keep on while we live
Until we have no, no more to give
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the old banjo to young ones stronger
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the old banjo to young ones stronger

So though it's darkest before the dawn
These thoughts keep me moving on
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrow
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrow

My brother Harry Chapin co-founded
WhyHunger in 1975. I have been a proud
board member since the beginning, and
have seen how WhyHunger has touched
the lives of millions of people as a strong
advocate for innovative, community-
based solutions to hunger and poverty.



FINDING ANSWERS
FOR HUNGER
AND POVERTY
www.whyhunger.org

You can get more information about
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Tom Chapin - vocals, guitars, banjo, mandolin,
autoharp
Jon Cobert - keyboards, drums, bass,
accordion, percussion, vocals
Michael Mark - bass, concertina, whistles,
vocals
Cenovia Cummins - violin
Guy Davis - harmonica (Put A Light...)
John Guth - 2nd guitar (Guitar Child)
Jessica Craven - vocals
Abigail & Lily Chapin (The Chapin Sisters) -
vocals, guitars (Quite Early Morning)

*"Seventy percent of success
in life is showing up."*
Woody Allen

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