

produced by tom chapin & jon cobert
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TOM CHAPIN

LET THE BAD TIMES ROLL



We Will Adjust

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

I took a walk down Main Street
In the pouring rain,
The new bank on the corner
Once again has changed it's name.
And the market and the drug store
Have merged into a chain,
This neighborhood
Just does not look the same.

Got a digital camera, got a new cell phone,
Though I can't figure out
How to download a ring tone.
I call and leave a message,
My kids send back a text.
Things do change,
But whatever happens next...
We will adjust to whatever is thrown at us.
We will adjust and do just what we must.
We learned to Email and TiVo
Without a lot of fuss. We will adjust.

The Ice Cap is melting,
Wall Street's melting too.
Gas prices go up and down,
What are we to do?
Recession and depression
Are out of our control.
So turn it up and let the bad times roll.
We will adjust to whatever is thrown at us.
We will adjust and do just what we must.
We were born to be adaptable,
Live through boom or bust.
We will adjust.

Heard a coyote on Sunset Boulevard
After dark,
Saw a Red Hawk hunting pigeons
In Central Park.
The deer snip off our flower buds
Like you cut 'em with a knife,
And I've been fighting roaches all my life.

But I've seen the human animal
Change his habits too.
We tinker and we jury-rig
And somehow make it through.
Every generation, every link on the chain,
Is thrown into the unknown
And here we go again.
We will adjust to whatever is thrown at us.
We will adjust and do just what we must.
There's a core of steel
Hidden underneath the rust.
We will adjust.

Love Lasts Long

by Tom Chapin
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Sometimes I get it and sometimes I don't,
When I try to sort out what is true.
Who is it selling, who is it buying,
And who is it that's fooling who?
When things aren't the best the biggest test
Is keeping faith all the way through.
And I know the strongest,
What lasted the longest,
Is you, baby, it's you.

I was walking my own path,
You walking yours,
Somehow we met on the road.

And we stuck together
Through all kinds of weather,
Unlike most of the people we know.
You were the best
When things were most stressed,
And kept the faith all the way through.
To me the clearest and always the dearest
Is you, baby, it's you.
Love lasts long. Carries on.
One is fragile, two are strong
When love lasts long.

When the fickle wind blows out and blows in
People forget where they stand.
And hallowed ground is turned upside down
And fear flies loose on the land.
When the criers are cryin'
And the liars are lyin',
Amidst all the ballyhoo
I look to the strongest,
What's lasted the longest,
Is you, baby, it's you.
Love lasts long. Carries on.
One is fragile, two are strong
When love lasts long.

There was fog in the valley
On the road to the airport
But we took off right on time.
I sat by the window watching the gray world
Fall away as the little plane climbed.
The sun came breaking bright and gold
The sky turned a brilliant blue.
I was thinking of the one I love,
It's you, baby, it's you.
Love lasts long. Carries on.
One is fragile, two are strong
When love lasts long.

A Bridge To Somewhere

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

It's like a bubble has been burst,
Like we're marching in reverse,
Heading straight from bad to worse,
Going nowhere
But though a lotta milk's been spilled,
A lotta hopes and dreams been killed,
Instead of tearing down,
Let's build a bridge to somewhere.
Build a bridge to somewhere,
Somewhere, somehow.
Build a bridge to somewhere now.

There is a place in every town
All boarded up and tumbledown,
Where all the folks just hang around,
Going nowhere.
The neighborhood with the rundown heart.
Pick up some wood from the lumber mart.
Then grab what tools you've got
And start a bridge to somewhere.
Build a bridge to somewhere,
Somewhere, somehow.
Build a bridge to somewhere now.

Build a bridge (no matter how)
Build a bridge (no matter where)
Build a bridge (from any here)
Build a bridge (to any there)

Build a bridge to somewhere,
Somewhere, somehow.
Build a bridge to somewhere now.

I got my troubles, just like yours,
Seems every time it rains it pours,
And yet we stand on separate shores,
Going nowhere.

You know we can't be satisfied
Until we're working side by side
And build across the great divide
A bridge to somewhere.
*Build a bridge to somewhere,
Somewhere, somehow.
Build a bridge to somewhere now.*

Build a bridge (from heart to heart)
Build a bridge (from creed to creed)
Build a bridge (that joins us all)
Build a bridge (it's all we need)

*Build a bridge to somewhere,
Somewhere, somehow.
Build a bridge to somewhere now.*

Once When I Was Young

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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'Twas in the year of plenty
I was first out on my own,
With no one to look after me
No money, car or phone.
I took a leap out in the deep,
Headfirst on the run,
Thick as a brick I could take a lick
Once when I was young.

I met you in a club downtown,
Do you remember when
Every night was a red light,

Every vagabond a friend?
I must have sounded pretty lame
As I tripped over my tongue,
But maybe you were awkward too,
Once when I was young.

In the halflight of a streetlamp
Your beauty shone like day.
When you took me to your room
I could not turn my eyes away.
You put your lips against my lips,
Tongue against my tongue.
I thought my heart would blow apart
Once when I was young.
*Sometimes I dream in silver,
Sometimes I dream in gold.
Sometimes I dream of you, my love,
To keep me from the cold.*

Then you got me crazy frantic
When you finally turned away.
I couldn't sleep at all at night,
I stumbled through the day.
I was lost, tossed, double-crossed.
I was stranded. I was stung.
I almost died of wounded pride
Once when I was young.
*Sometimes I dream in amber,
Sometimes I dream in jade.
Sometimes I dream of you, my love,
And promises we made.*

But promises are broken,
And yours was the first to go,
You married in the wintertime,
My heart froze hard as snow.
Your husband never challenged me
'Bout what he must have heard.

I worked beside him 20 years,
He never said a word.

I see you in the club tonight,
We nod just like old friends.
I look down at your wedding band
To break my heart again.
You lift your eyes and stare at me,
I see the ring is gone.
I follow you into the night,
Like once when we were young.
*Sometimes my dreams are black and white,
Sometimes they're ruby red.
Tonight I dream of you, my love,
Beside me in this bed.*

Father, Daughter, Mother, Son

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

I'm the teacher. I'm the keeper.
I hold the keys.
But I've found that you have learned the most
When I have taught the least.
This is what I'd wish for you
If I could have my say,
How to extend the hand of friendship,
How to get out of your own way.

How to understand that money
Is not the measure of your wealth,
To grant yourself forgiveness
Then share with someone else.
How to trust in your own magic,
How to take an honest stand,
How to believe that when you least expect it
Joy will take your hand.

*Seek out the light, soak up the sun.
Father and daughter, mother and son.
Live in the moment, walk don't run.
Father, daughter, mother, son.*

Tie yourself to someone
Who will help you sing your song;
Someone you can laugh with,
Who'll talk when things go wrong.
How to keep your door wide open
To great love and great pain,
How to pick yourself up when you fall
And go dancing in the rain.

*Seek out the light, soak up the sun.
Father and daughter, mother and son.
Live in the moment, walk don't run.
Father, daughter, mother, son.*

How to hear the language of music,
And speak the street talk of love,
When to swim in troubled waters
And when to fly above.
And as you grow and as I grow
I know you'll come to see
These answers that I have for you
Are questions yet for me.

*Seek out the light, soak up the sun.
Father and daughter, mother and son.
Live in the moment, walk don't run.
Father, daughter, mother, son.*

*Seek out the light, soak up the sun.
Father and daughter, mother and son.
Live in the moment, walk don't run.
Father, daughter, mother, son.*

This Too Shall Pass

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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Watching the storm plow through,
How suddenly it grew,
Left broken hearts
Like shattered glass.
Waiting to say good-bye
Under a darkened sky
Who knew how fragile we'd feel,
How much it could steal.

But, hopeless as it seems,
Don't downsize your dreams.
This, too, shall pass.

When you get hurt for real
Hard to see how you'll heal.
You hide away,
But then at last,
A freshening breeze blows in.
Wakening birds begin
To sing, to bring on the light
And chase off the night.

And every song they sing
Seems to say one thing:
This, too, shall pass.

*This, too, shall pass,
Given the time, it will.
Hard to believe, but still,
Hang in, hang on
Until another dawn,
This, too, shall pass.*

This, too, (All of the fear)
Shall pass... (Into a clear...)
Into a clear blue sky. All of the tears will dry.
Hang in, (Stay with your dreams...)
Hang on... (Hard as it seems...)
Until another dawn. This, too, shall pass.

The night... (Only a phase...)
Will fade. (One of these days...)
One of these days, you'll see.
We'll be OK if we...
Hang in, (It's all we can do...)
Hang on... (We'll make it through...)
Until another dawn. This, too, shall pass.

*This, too, shall pass,
Given the time, it will.
Hard to believe, but still,
Hang in, hang on
Until another dawn,
This, too, shall pass.*

*Hang in, hang on
Until another dawn,
This, too, shall pass.*

Boys In The Choir

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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Greenwich House Music School
I was seven years of age
Fighting with the little notes
All swimming on the page.
Squeaking, squawking clarinet
I hated, truth to tell,
I still can't play,
Five years of music lessons shot to hell.

But I learned to read a melody,
Which fit my mother's plans for me:
*Put the boy in the choir.
Take him off the street.
If he's singing in church,
Then he's off the concrete.
Put the boys in the choir, make a joyful noise.
Turn these happy hoodlums into choirboys.*

Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights,
My mother dragged me in to see
Anne McKittrick, Choir Director,
Waiting there for me.
Auditioning at eight years old
And scared as I could be,
But I could sing the notes she played
And read a melody.
I must have done all right,
'Cause that Friday night...
*She put the boy in the choir,
Took him off the street,
If he's singing in church,
Then he's off the concrete.
Put the boys in the choir, make a joyful noise.
Turn these happy hoodlums into choirboys.*

Miss McKittrick took these tough young boys
From the neighborhood.
Lutheran, Catholic, Baptist, Jew,
If you could sing then you were good.
Four days a week she'd hold our heathen feet
To the fire.
She made the crime rate lower
And our voices higher.

Tonight I'm standing on a stage,
I'm lining out a song,
Let the music lift our spirits,

Singing right from wrong.
Miss McKittrick's smiling
As I dance up on the wire.
All these long years later
I'm still singing in the choir.
And if you can hold a melody,
Then you can sing with me...
*Put the boys in the choir.
Take 'em off the street.
If they're singing in church,
Then they're off the concrete.
Put the boys in the choir, make a joyful noise.
Turn these happy hoodlums into choirboys.
Turn these happy hoodlums into choirboys.*

The Day That Max Was Born

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin
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We got the news the modern way,
By text message on Rose Bay,
A baby born on the longest day,
Hurray, come blow your horn.
Eight pounds, one ounce, at six eighteen.
Healthy, hungry, strong and lean.
Now this date will forever mean
The day that Max was born.

*The day that Max was born
The happy news was sent
By word and picture all across the continent.
The day that Max was born
The iris and the lupines bloom,
The summer solstice gave him room,
The day that Max was born.*

He picked a great day to appear,

When the sun shines longest every year.
Makes you want to stand and cheer.
Hurray, come blow your horn.
What seemed a dream has now come true,
With hair of red and eyes of blue.
Clear out the old, ring in the new.
The day that Max was born.

The day that Max was born
The happy news was sent
By word and picture all across the continent.
The day that Max was born
The iris and the lupines bloom,
The summer solstice gave him room,
The day that Max was born.

Miles is an older brother now.
He'll help Max grow, he'll show him how
To do everything that they allow.
Hurray, come blow your horn.
The best of friends, the best of foes,
Max will find out as he grows
What Big Boy Miles already knows.
The day that Max was born.

The day that Max was born
The happy news was sent
By word and picture all across the continent.
The day that Max was born,
Lily flower and rose perfume,
The summer solstice gave him room
That happy day, the day that Max was born.

My brother Harry Chapin co-founded **World Hunger Year (WHY)** in 1975. I have been a board member since the beginning, and I have seen how WHY has touched the lives of millions of people.
You can get more information about hunger and poverty in America and make a donation by visiting their website at www.whyhunger.org.

Hunter

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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"At an Army base in Alaska last year, for example, 'there was one guy who literally chopped off his trigger finger to prevent deployment,' (senior Navy psychiatrist) Dr. Geiger said in an interview."
-- New York Times, April 9, 2007

I grew up hunting in the woods with my father
In a little mountain town not far from here.
When I turned six he gave me my first rifle,
I was eight years old
When I killed my first deer.
Dad said I had an itchy trigger finger,
But we needed meat
And he taught me how to aim.
He said, "If you're gonna kill,
Then you better do it cleanly
Or give it up and never hunt again."

Somehow I barely made it through high school,
I dreamed about escaping every day.
I couldn't see me working at the prison
So I joined the Army just to get away.
The mountains of Iraq seem like my hometown.
The valleys and the ridges looked the same.
I knew that I was born to be a soldier,
I figured it was just like hunting game.

I saw him in my scope across the valley.
I squeezed the trigger slowly and he fell.
But in that moment when I saw him crumble,
Something in my soul crumbled as well.
The Bible says that it's a sin to murder,
I figured that in war it was all right.
But always in my dreams I see him falling,
His blood soaks my pillow every night.

The doctors say that I am post-traumatic,
They tell me that with time the mist will clear.
But they don't understand the things that happen
When you cannot tell a person from a deer.

Some nights I dream I'm hunting with my father,
Some nights I dream they've sent me back to war.
Dad said I had an itchy trigger finger,
So I cut it off and I will hunt no more.
I cut it off and I will kill no more.

The Sheaves

Poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson
Music by Tom Chapin
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Where long the shadows
Of the wind had rolled,
Green wheat was yielding
To the change assigned;
As if by some vast magic undivided
The world was turning slowly into gold.

Like nothing that was ever bought or sold
It waited there, the body and the mind;
And with a mighty meaning of a kind
That tells the more the more it is not told.

So in a land where all days are not fair,
Fair days went on till on another day
A thousand golden sheaves were lying there,
Shining and still, but not for long to stay.

As if a thousand girls with golden hair
Might rise from where they slept and go away.

Down To Winfield Town

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
© 2009 HCD Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Excitement starts to simmer
At the end of every summer,
Every picker, every strummer
Goes to Winfield Town.
Load your truck and load your car up,
Pack your old guitar up
And get yourself to Winfield Town.

Have you ever seen the Land Rush?
Crazy as a gold rush,
Gotta do the old push to Winfield Town.
Same place, new year, gonna be a blast here,
Coming home to Winfield Town.

Won't you come home with me,
Down to Winfield Town,
Down to Winfield Town.
Come home with me, down to Winfield Town.

The sun in late September
Bakes you good, as I remember.
Still the campers come to Kansas
Down in Winfield Town.
Except in Winfield 37
When the rains came out of heaven
And we floated out of Winfield Town.

Won't you come home with me,
Down to Winfield Town,
Down to Winfield Town.
Come home with me, down to Winfield Town.

Stayin' up all night in the Pecan Grove.
What's the point of sleepin'?

The banjos are contagious,
Guitars outrageous
On the Walnut Valley stages
Down in Winfield Town.
The fiddlers are grinnin',
I love the mandolinin'
That comes spinnin' out of Winfield Town.

*Won't you come home with me,
Down to Winfield Town,
Down to Winfield Town.
Come home with me, down to Winfield Town.
Won't you come home with me,
Down to Winfield Town,
Down to Winfield Town.
Come home with me, down to Winfield Town.*

Upstate New York Waltz

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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The wind from the Catskills
Blew colder than hell.
It was snowing above Middletown.
The streets grew so slippery
All over Poughkeepsie
We both lost our step and went down.

We'd met unexpectedly
Deep in Schenectady,
Falling in love at first sight.
By the time we passed Albany
I was in ecstasy,
But she drifted away in the night.
*I was drowning in pain as she got on the train
With a ticket that said "To New Paltz"
I'll never forgive her 'til the band plays that old
Hudson River Upstate New York Waltz.*

We reunited one night in Oneida,
We tarried in Tarrytown too.
I chased her through Utica up into Ithaca,
Sure that her love would be true.
But on a safari to Canajoharie
She was just climbing the walls.
We barely were speakin'
When we got to Beacon,
And broke up in Wappingers Falls.
*I was drowning in pain as she got on the train
With a ticket that said "To New Paltz"
I'll never forgive her 'til the band plays that old
Hudson River Upstate New York Waltz.*

Though she promised to take me back
One night in Nyack,
I feared there was trouble ahead.
We were still lovers
'Til we one night in Gloversville
She climbed alone into bed.
I was on fire as we passed Elmira,
On the Thruway she said we were through.
Though she'd left me in Seneca,
Potsdam and Plattsburgh,
Fredonia was our Waterloo.
*I was drowning in pain as she got on the train
With a ticket that said "To New Paltz"
I'll never forgive her 'til the band plays that old
Hudson River Upstate New York Waltz.*

All alone in Fredonia I work at a bar,
Having finally accepted my fate.
I suffered abuse,
But what an excuse
To travel the Empire State!

Christmas In New England

by Tom Chapin
© 2009 The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

85 degrees on the Pacific shore.
Santa Monica, December twenty-four.
Sleigh bells jingling in every store,
I'm walkin' on a beach,
Holiday seems out of reach.

The surf and the sand and the seagulls cry,
Jet planes light up the darkened sky.
I'm kinda blue and I'm wondering why,
Then it comes to me, where I'd rather be...
*I'm dreaming of Christmas in New England,
All bundled up as the cold winds blow.
A pale moon shines on fallen snow,
Holly bushes and mistletoe,
The Northern lights are dancing with delight,
I'm dreaming of Christmas
In New England tonight.*

Talking to the family makes me feel alone,
Toddler jabbering on a speaker phone,
Familiar voices then a dial tone
On this special day,
So close, so far away.
*I'm dreaming of Christmas in New England,
All bundled up like an Eskimo.
With mittened hands and cheeks aglow,
Cars all buried in the snow.
And Yuletide candles burning oh, so bright
I'm dreaming of Christmas
In New England tonight.*

California, Land of Make-Believe,
But I hunger for the real thing
On a Christmas Eve.

*I'm dreaming of Christmas in New England,
And singing carols by a fire's glow.
With a fir tree all lit up, you know,
And late at night when it's time to go
You step outside into a world of white,
And I'm dreaming of Christmas,
Dreaming of Christmas,
I'm dreaming of Christmas
In New England tonight.*

The Water Is Wide

Traditional, arranged by Tom Chapin
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*The water is wide and I can't cross over.
Neither have I bright wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.*

There is a boat and she sails the sea.
She's loaded deep as deep can be.
But not as deep as the hole I'm in.
I know not how I sink or swim.

*The water is wide and I can't cross over.
Neither have I bright wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.*

I leaned my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree.
But first it bent and then it broke
And so my love proved false to me.

*The water is wide and I can't cross over.
Neither have I bright wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.*

Oh love is gentle and love is kind.
The sweetest flower that e'er I knew.
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away, like the morning dew.

*The water is wide and I can't cross over.
Neither have I bright wings to fly.
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.
And both shall row, my love and I.*



Produced by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin

Tom Chapin: vocals, guitars, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, ukulele

Jon Cobert: background vocals, piano, keyboard, accordion, bass, harmonica, guitar, drums and percussion

Michael Mark: background vocals, Irish whistle, clarinet, bass on *Down In Winfield Town* and *The Water Is Wide*, solo vocal on *The Water Is Wide*

Howard Fields: additional drums on *This Too Shall Pass*, *Father, Daughter, Mother, Son* and *We Will Adjust*

Lily Chapin: background vocals,
1st solo on *The Water Is Wide*

Abigail Chapin: background vocals,
2nd solo on *The Water Is Wide*

Mixed by **Jon Cobert** and **John Guth** (JGP)
Mastered by **John Guth**
Engineered by **Jon Cobert** (Cobert Operations)
Additional Recording by **Louis Stephens**

The Water Is Wide recorded Live at
The Turning Point Café, Piermont, NY,
by **John McAvoy**, December 2008.

Photos by **Bonnie Chapin**
Artwork by **Tom Chapin**
Production Coordinator: **Claudia Libowitz**

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We Will Adjust 3:06
by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin
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Love Lasts Long 4:05
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A Bridge To Somewhere 3:02
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Once When I Was Young 4:02
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Father, Daughter, Mother, Son 4:12
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This Too Shall Pass 3:46
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The Day That Max Was Born 3:42
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Hunter 3:27
by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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The Sheaves 2:34
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Christmas In New England 2:58
by Tom Chapin
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The Water Is Wide 7:13
Traditional, arranged by Tom Chapin
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