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Produced by
Michael Mark & Tom Chapin

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TOM CHAPIN

So Nice To Come Home



The Singing Man

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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Back before the beginning
When the rock was younger than young,
The only sound was the wind on the ocean
And the song the volcano sung.
Darkness on the face of the waters
And the waters were all around.
In this new world of waves and wonder
There was no living sound.
*Yet a song took wing and a song took hold
In the land and sea and the newborn air,
It was always there, back before the world began.
I am the singing woman. I am the singing man.*

Then life began in the ocean
And started its torturous climb.
Birth and death and procreation
Down the long tunnel of time.
And joining the wind on the mountain
Was the sound of a living tune,
The eagle in flight and the wolf in the night
Howling at the moon.
*And a song took wing and a song took hold
In the land and sea and the newborn air,
It was always there, back before the world began.
I am the singing woman. I am the singing man.*

And somewhere on the great grasslands
By a fire's tenuous light
A human voice rises to challenge
The tiger that lurks in the night.
The song is a thin thread of courage
That binds up their hopes and fears.
It cuts through the dark like the moonlight
And echoes on through the years.

*And a song took wing and a song took hold
In the land and sea and the newborn air,
It was always there, back before the world began.
I am the singing woman. I am the singing man.
I am the singing woman. I am the singing man.*

These days when our lives are so crowded
Yet our spirits and hearts are so bare.
And noise and talk and words by the million
Fly by like dust through the air.
And just when our troubles seem darkest
And there is no hope or choice,
This world can still be recreated
By the song from a single voice.
*And a song takes wing and a song takes hold
In the land and sea and the newborn air,
It was always there, back before the world began.
I am the singing woman. I am the singing man.
I am the singing woman. I am the singing man.*

Always Gone

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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I knew there were other ways to live
But they were not for you.
You did what you'd always done,
You did what you had to do.
Way back when I was just a kid
I could plainly see
That's just the way it was,
You would not be there for me.
*These days I understand,
These days it's all right with me.
I've forgotten and forgiven how hard it used to be.
When you were always gone.
When you were always gone.*

I've tried to live my own life
And still sing your song.
I thought I'd do what you did right
And just avoid the wrong.
But now with children of my own
There's no way I can't see
How much I missed from you.
How much you missed from me.
*These days I understand,
These days it's all right with me.
I've forgotten and forgiven
How hard it used to be.
When you were always gone.
When you were always gone.
Always moving on.*

Now I'm the age you used to be
I sometimes sing the blues.
I try to make it all make sense,
I try to pick and choose.
I try to walk a different path.
I think I've really grown.
I think I've learned from your mistakes
Until I make my own.
*And these days I understand,
These days I know it's true.
Now that you're growing old,
I cannot always be there for you.
Now that I'm always gone.
Now that I'm always gone.
Always moving on.*

*These days I understand.
These days I understand.*

ANSWER TO TRIVIA QUESTION ON LET ME
BACK INTO YOUR LIFE IS... BOB HINKLE.

Lucky & Lucinda

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

Lucinda took off her wedding ring,
Put on her low-cut gown.
Rouged her lips, twitched her hips
And headed into town.
Beauregard came home that night
In a mood to celebrate.
Shucked his coat, read her note
And grabbed his .38.

Now, Lucinda she loved Lucky,
'Cause Lucky played the silver sax.
And the notes he'd blow down at
Cayenne Joe's gave Lucinda heart attacks.
That night the joint was jumping,
We was doing the Grizzly Bear
When Lucy put her hand on Lucky's horn
And dragged him up the stair.

Then Beauregard blew in that door
As big and mean as life,
Stuck his gun in the barman's gut,
Said, "Louie, where's my wife?"
Louie said "Room 24."
And Beau commenced to roar...
*"It's all over now. It's all over now.
It's been a ball but it's all over now."*

Up the stairs and down the hall
Beau tracked that silver horn.
Shot down the door, there they were
As naked as you're born.
Lucy screams, Lucky ducks,
The mirror cracks.

She cries, "Wait!" but too late,
Beau shoots him in the sax.

Somewhere in the smoke and noise
Old Lucky's luck ran out.
Dove naked through the window,
Took a solo down the spout.
He landed in a barrel,
Old Louie found him there.
Laid him out upon the bar
And led us all in prayer.
*It's all over now. It's all over now.
He had a ball but he's all over now.*

Well, Beau and Lu they worked things out,
Their lives were long and full,
And nine months later she had a son
Who was very musical.
Louie nailed that mangled saxophone
Over Lucky's empty chair.
And if you come down to Cayenne Joe's
You'll see it hanging there.
*But it's all over now. It's all over now.
It's been a ball but it's all over now.*

When You Let Your Baby Down

by Tom Chapin
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When you let your baby down,
When you let your baby down.
Lights go out all over town
When you let your baby down.

When she turns and walks away,
You watch her turn and walk away
And you think of things you didn't say
When she walks away.

*Ain't it a sad song, a song about days gone by.
And how things go wrong
And you don't know the reason why...*

And all the dreams you carry 'round
To keep you safe on the battleground,
You watch them die without a sound
When you let your baby down.
*Ain't it a sad song, a song about you and me.
And how things go wrong
And nothing's like it's s'posed to be...*

And all the dreams I carry 'round
To keep me safe on the battleground,
I watch them die without a sound,
As the lights go out all over town,
And my whole world is upside down
Since I let you down.

One & One Makes One

by Tom Chapin
© 1988 The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

So fast, so far to fall
After all the talk we didn't think at all
We just fell in a rush of emotion,
Now we're lost in an ocean,
Halfway between lovers and castaways.
*I ain't gonna worry no more.
Nothing that needs to be done.
I'm not gonna fight. I'm not gonna run.
Nothing new under the sun except
One and one makes one.*

I don't know how to keep 'em apart
How to separate head from heart.
I don't know. I don't even want to.
How do you hold onto yourself

When you fall into someone else?
*I ain't gonna worry no more.
Nothing that needs to be done.
I'm not gonna fight. Not gonna run.
Nothing new under the sun except
One and one makes one.*

I see you as the wild wind
Blows through your hair.
You made this song a prayer.
You made me surrender.
You taught me the tender and true.
Now I'm losing myself in you.
*I ain't gonna worry no more.
Nothing that needs to be done.
I'm not gonna fight. Not gonna run.
Nothing new under the sun except
One and one makes one.
One and one,
They said it could not be done
But I know one and one makes one.*

The Battle Beast & Barbie

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
© 1988 HCD Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

She was just like the girl next door
If you live next to a factory
That makes plastic toys for girls and boys,
Call her "Barbie."
And he was a mutant metal monster
From the wrong end of the galaxy.
They met by accident, they fell in love,
The Battle Beast and Barbie.

*From the moment that she saw his face
Come screaming in from outer space
She knew somehow that it was meant to be.*

*She said, "He's a rebel from Vega II
But I love him 'cause his heart is true.
The Battle Beast is everything to me."
The Battle Beast and Barbie.*

She would wait at the edge of town
Dressed in her best acrylic gown,
She'd jump into his Starslasher and ride.
He'd tear the universe apart
And melt her little plastic heart.
No one had ever made her feel so real inside.

But her Daddy said,
"You can't see him no more!"
And her Mama said,
"What about that nice boy Ken next door?
I thought you liked him.
You, you said you liked him!"
Barbie said, "Oh Mom..."
And Ken said,
"Barbara, I'd do anything for you."
And "This is just some kind of a silly phase
You're going through.
Will you go with me to the prom?
She'll go with me."
But Barbie just turned away.

Well the night of the prom
The gym was packed,
All filled with noise and light,
And all the dolls were asking Ken,
"Where's Barbie?"
Then the music stopped
And the building shook
And a howling split the night.
And the doors blew down
And there they stood:
The Battle Beast and Barbie.

Well she looked so perfect, all pink and white,
And he was a mutant monster
Dark as the night.
The crowd fell back with a gasp of fear.
Then Ken stepped out on the parquet floor.
He said, "I just can't take this any more.
You! We don't want your kind around here!"

Barbie said,
"Wait! Wait! You don't understand!"
And then she saw the Droid-void in his hand.
She cried, "No Ken, no!"
As he slammed the batteries home.
His aim was true. His aim was straight.
The dial was set on disintegrate.
He vaporized that mutant's heart of chrome.

Barbie cradled the Beast against her breast
As smoke rose faintly from his chest.
Somewhere in the night a church bell
chimed.
She met his blue metallic stare,
He ran his claw through her platinum hair.
He whispered,
"I guess we just ran out of time."

*From the moment that she saw his face
Come screaming in from outer space
She knew somehow that it was meant to be.
She said, "He's a rebel from Vega II
But I loved him and he loved me too!
The Battle Beast was everything to me."
The Battle Beast and Barbie.*

Visit
www.tomchapin.com
on the web

Coming & Going

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
© 1992 Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

The house is so quiet at the start of the day.
The air is so still. The sky is so gray.
The bed is still warm as I slide to the floor.
I turn for a moment and kiss you once more.
*It's time to be leaving but what can I do?
It's hard on the kids. It's hardest on you.
And though I don't show it
I know that it's true.
This coming and going is hardest on you.*

I shower and shave quick and quiet as I can
Load up my gear in the back of the van.
Tonight I'll be singing in some far away town
And thinking of you
When it's time to lie down.
*I'm sad to be leaving but what can I do?
It's hard on the kids. It's hardest on you.
And though I don't show it
I know that it's true.
This coming and going is hardest on you.*

I'm feeling the pressure as I travel alone
Between making a living and making a home.
While I hear the music
That glides through the air
You hear the silence that says I'm not there.

*And when I come home
We'll be lovers and friends,
Both knowing that soon I'll be leaving again.
And though I won't show it
I'll know that it's true.
This coming and going is hardest on you.
This coming and going is hardest on you.*

Ellis Island

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
© 1992 HCD Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

I took the little that I owned
And packed a worn valise
Left the Old World to the mercies
Of the secret police.
For seven months I worked my way
Until I came at last
To the seaport town where I finally turned
My back upon the past.

November's dark Atlantic seas
Turn rough and bitter cold.
Fourteen days across the water
I was sick down in the hold.
Then the word was passed
And out we tumbled
On deck, I strained to see
The great green lady of the harbor
Reaching up her hand to me.

I heard the anchor splash
And there we were,
So close, so far away
And all that night I watched the lights
Reflect in New York Bay.
The rich folk got off early
But they made the steerage wait
For the barge that finally took us
To the place called "America's Gate."
*Ellis Island. I haven't come here
Looking for your Promised Land.
I don't believe your streets are paved with gold.
But I know there's work. I know there's land.
I know you need an able-bodied man.*

Inside all was madness
In that crowded Great Stone Hall.
When I reached the desk I was trembling,
A uniform was all I saw.
"Do you have money?
Is your family here?
And are they residents?
Have you ever been involved
In the overthrow of a government?"

The questions came, I tried to answer,
"Yes. I think so. No."
I felt faint. I began to sweat.
My tongue felt thick and slow.
A doctor checks my skin, my eyes.
What else are they gonna do?
Then he stamps my papers and I think,
"My God! I made it through!"
*Ellis Island. I haven't come here
Looking for your Promised Land.
I don't believe your streets are paved with gold.
But I know there's work. I know there's land.
I know you need an able-bodied man.*

Took a ferry to New Jersey
And I stood there all alone
Amid the throngs of people
Heading places yet unknown.
Sixteen tracks all pointed west
And I will choose the one;
I'm 26 years old
And now my life has just begun.
*Ellis Island. I haven't come here
Looking for your Promised Land.
I don't believe your streets are paved with gold.
But I know there's work. I know there's land.
I know you need an able-bodied man.*

So Nice To Come Home

by John Forster & Tom Chapin
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(ASCAP)

Up and at 'em, out the door,
I run the whole day long.
Another day, another dollar,
That's the working song.
But oh, that feeling when the sun is sinking
low *And it's so nice to come home.*
It's so nice to come home.
Oh that peaceful feeling
When the sun is sinking low
And it's so nice to come home.

A graybeard sailor said to me,
"I guess I've seen it all, wind, rain, hurricane
And waves ten stories tall.
But oh, that feeling
When I see the harbor glow 'cause it's
So nice to come home.
It's so nice to come home.
Oh that peaceful feeling
When I see the harbor glow
'Cause it's so nice to come home.'

I cross the land guitar in hand,
I'm singing every night.
Call my daughter on the phone,
She said, "Dad it don't seem right."
I say, "Oh be patient,
There's just one more town to go, it'll be
So nice to come home.
So nice to come home.
And I miss you more than ever
When there's just one town to go.
It'll be so nice to come home.'

And when I'm far away, feeling lonely and low,
I just remember that it's so nice to come home.

All across this land there are people
Living in the street.
People broke, people hungry,
Bowed down in defeat.
There are old folk and children.
They deserve to know that it's
So nice to come home.
It's so nice to come home.
What a different world we'd see
If everyone could know
That it's so nice to come home.
It's so nice to come home.
'Cause every single person in this world
Deserves to know
That it's so nice to come home.

Hunger & Thirst

by Michael Mark, Stephen Chapin & Tom Chapin
© 1994 HCD Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

Down on 9th Avenue cold hungry men
Stand in the soup line to be fed yet again.
I hurry the children,
Afraid that they'll stare,
But the kids hardly notice
For the line's always there.
It's there in the papers, it's there on TV,
The half-vacant eyes staring hopeless at me.
A hot wind blows over the African sky
And they tell us the children
Are the first ones to die.
Hunger and thirst, two things I hate.
Everyone living needs food on their plate.
Some things can hurt, these hurt the worst.
Nothing hurts harder than hunger and thirst.

My friend Maxine helps out two nights a week
Serving the hungry on Sullivan Street.
I talked to a man there,
The message was clear;
Last month he was working
And now he is here.
It crosses all borders, it speaks in all tongues.
It takes us all prisoner, the old and the young.
It's not just Somalia, Nepal and Bombay,
But Boston and Houston and Flint and L.A.
Hunger and thirst, two things I hate.
Everyone living needs food on their plate.
Some things can hurt, these hurt the worst.
Nothing hurts harder than hunger and thirst.
Share the world.
Call the hungry to come to the table
To heal and mend and
Harvest the end of hunger and thirst.

My brother the dreamer set out to defend
The powerless poor and to bring to an end
The horror of hunger that shackles us still
Now he'll never see it, but maybe we will.
It's as simple as breaking a loaf of new bread
And sharing with someone who needs to be fed.
It's as painful as changing
The whole Human Race
For it holds the whole world
In its mindless embrace
And a world that is hungry is a desperate place.
Hunger and thirst, two things I hate.
Everyone living needs food on their plate.
Some things can hurt, these hurt the worst.
Nothing hurts harder than hunger and thirst.
Share the world.
Call the hungry to come to the table
To heal and mend and
Harvest the end of hunger and thirst.

Memories of Christmas

by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin
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It seems like only yesterday
I was young as Christmas morn.
When Santa seemed more real to me
Than a Babe that once was born.
We'd bake the cookies, sing the songs
And decorate the tree.
And oh, my joy with every toy
That waited there for me.
Memories of Christmas, clear and fine are these.
Old and new and lasting, Christmas memories.

I still remember Christmas Eve,
I was twenty-three or -four;
The wayward son, the long lost one
Returning home once more.
Mom and Dad looked older,
The house seemed kind of small.
They gave me socks and sweaters
And I didn't mind at all.
Memories of Christmas, clear and fine are these.
Old and new and lasting, Christmas memories.

I hear the baby waking up,
She calls me down the hall.
I hold her by the windowsill
As snow begins to fall.
We watch the city rooftops
Turn into Bethlehem,
And neither of us makes a sound
As Christmas comes again.
Memories of Christmas, clear and fine are these.
Old and new and lasting, Christmas memories.
Memories of Christmas, clear and fine are these.
Old and new and lasting, Christmas memories.

Pass The Music On

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin
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I did not learn this music
At my Grandma's knee,
But from some old musicians
I never got to see.
I know them by their records,
Their voices and their songs
And I'm blessed to be with you tonight
To pass the music on.

(Chorus:)
For the good times and the high times,
Through the suffering and pain;
It's the song of generations singing in my veins.
I still hear that old-time music
Of good friends now long gone.
I am here tonight to pass the music on.

You know I'm not traditional
And I've never claimed to be.
But I come from a tradition
That others made for me.
They're still alive inside my heart
Although they're now long gone,
I like to think they trusted me
To pass the music on.
(Chorus)

And most of the songs I've got tonight
I must admit I wrote,
Others I've learned heart to heart
Instead of note by note.
And now as I grow older
And New Folk come along
I'll help you out the best I can
To pass the music on.

I've sung these songs with some old friends
I never will forget.
And I've sung 'em with an audience
Of folks I've hardly met.
So here we are together
To celebrate the song,
We'll sing and play our part tonight
To pass the music on.
For the good times and the high times,
Through the suffering and pain;
It's the song of generations singing in my veins.
I still hear that old-time music
Of good friends now long gone.
I am here tonight to pass the music on.
I am here tonight to pass the music on.
We are here tonight to pass the music on.

Recorded at 39th Street Music, Toad Hall,
On Target, Sear Sound
Mixed at 39th Street Music
Engineered by **Keith Walsh & Joe DiGiorgi**
& **Elliott Glenn**
Mixed by **Keith Walsh**, assisted by **Matt**
Sietz, Kevin Mace & Bob Freeland
Mastered at Europadisk, Ltd.

My Guitar was made by William Laskin,
Toronto, Ontario; my Banjo by the Deering
Banjo Co., Lemon Grove, CA; my 12 String
by Bruce Taylor, Weston, CT. My instruments
are maintained and serviced by Roger
Sadowsky, New York, NY. I use John Pearse
strings, a Pendulum Audio guitar preamp
and an Audio Technica Wireless system on
stage.

Produced by Michael Mark & Tom Chapin

By **Tom Chapin** © The Last Music Co. (ASCAP):
One And One Makes One, When You Let Your Baby
Down
By **Si Kahn & Tom Chapin** © Joe Hill Music &
The Last Music Co. (ASCAP): *Pass The Music On,*
Coming & Going, The Singing Man, Always Gone
By **John Forster & Tom Chapin** © Limousine
Music Co. & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP): *So*
Nice To Come Home, Lucky & Lucinda
By **Michael Mark & Tom Chapin** © HCD Music
& The Last Music Co. (ASCAP): *Ellis Island,*
Memories of Christmas, The Battle Beast & Barbie
By **Michael Mark, Stephen Chapin & Tom**
Chapin © HCD Music & The Last Music Co.
(ASCAP): *Hunger & Thirst*

Vocals, Guitar, Banjo: **Tom Chapin**
Piano, Synth, Accordion: **Jon Cobert**
Bass: **Michael Mark, Wayne Pedzwater**
Drums: **Richard Crooks**
Mandolin, Dobro, Pedal Steel, Banjo (*Pass The*
Music On): **Eric Weissberg**
Flute: **Barbara Hart**
Fiddle: **Ken Kosek**
Percussion: **Errol "Crusher" Bennett** (*The*
Singing Man)
Trumpet: **Bob Millikan**
Trombone: **Dave Bargeron**
Sax, Clarinet: **Phil Bodner**
Horns arranged by **Michael Mark**
Men's Vocals: **Jon Cobert, Michael Mark,**
Scott Ainslie (*Lucky & Lucinda*)
Woman's Vocals: **Terri Klausner**
Bass Yeahs: **John Wallace**

Doo doo doo doo doo's: **Kristen Couse,**
Christina, Abigail Chapin
Kids Chorus: **Lily Chapin, Abigail Chapin,**
Emily Mark, Megan Witri, Sarah Witri
Cover Painting, *Country Lane 1929,*
by my grandfather, **James Chapin**
Tom Chapin photo by **David Gahr**
Design by **O'Karma & Company**
Layout by **Claudia Libowitz**

This record has been a long time coming. I
started recording with my brother Steve as
producer, but when my schedule permitted,
his didn't. So special thanks to **Stephen**
Chapin, my brilliant brother who is always
there when I need him, and to Michael who
picked up and carried the ball. I've realized
lately how collaborative my music is. From the
very beginning I have made music *with* people
as much as *for* them. Creating and performing
remains one of the great joys of my life. The
following is a small recognition of some people
who help me do what I do.

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