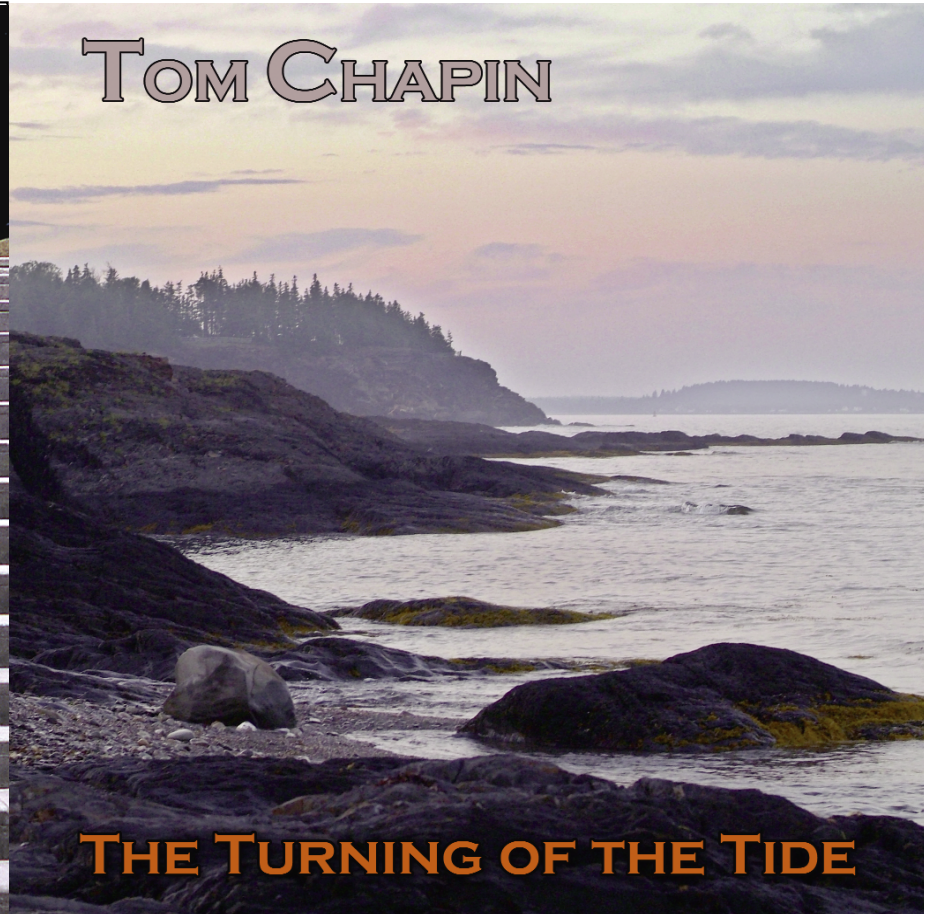




TOM CHAPIN



THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

## Hearts On The Road

by George S. Clinton & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Tuition Music (BMI) & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

How many nights have found me here  
Like this night?  
A turn of the wheel, a song on the radio.  
Raindrops fall and shatter in the headlights.  
How many nights? I don't want to know.  
*Hearts on the road so far from home.*  
*Somebody somewhere waits for you.*  
*But you're rolling hard tonight*  
*Down some endless line of white*  
*With the headlights and the red lights*  
*And the blues. Hearts on the road.*

Someday I will make a map of my life,  
Of where I've been  
And all that I've been through,  
I will place you right here in the Heartland.  
And every line will lead away  
Then lead back to you.  
*Hearts on the road so far from home.*  
*Somebody somewhere waits for you.*  
*But you're rolling hard tonight*  
*Down that endless line of white*  
*With the headlights and the red lights*  
*And the blues. Hearts on the road.*

Hello again, I'm leaving.  
Goodbye, I'm coming home.  
But I need to know that you are there  
When I'm out here on my own.  
And I ain't no fallen angel,  
No hero in a hurricane.  
Just a lonesome traveler late at night  
Driving through the rain...

*And my hearts on the road so far from home.*  
*With every sweet, sad song I think of you.*  
*All alone in bed tonight*  
*Are you wondering if I'm all right?*  
*With the headlights and the red lights*  
*And the blues. Hearts on the road.*  
*Hearts on the road.*

Hello, I'm leaving.  
Goodbye, I'm coming home.

## Big Love

by John Forster & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

Big love. Big risk.  
Big hurt to be alone like this.  
Brokenhearted in the rain.  
I placed a bet. What did I get?  
A world of pain.

Now I'm waiting on the roof to be rescued  
After the storm's gone through.  
Big love. You choose.  
But if you lose, the damage big love can do.  
The damage big love can do.

Big plans fall short,  
And all your dreams end up in court.  
Confidence goes down the drain.  
I'm not the first, won't be the last,  
To love in vain.

Now I'm looking back  
In twenty-twenty hindsight  
At all the big mistakes I made.  
Big love. Bad breaks.

Hard luck. Heartaches.  
That's how the game is played.

But oh, now that we are through,  
I see how high we flew.  
What am I to do without you?

Big loss. Big win.  
I'm a big boy now so deal me in.  
'Cause I know how love can feel.  
And when it's big, and when it's real,  
It's a real big deal.

So I'm knocking on your door again  
To ask you,  
What could we have been thinking of?  
Big pain. Big deal. Big hurt can heal.  
Remember our big, big love.

So let's take another chance,  
I know we'll make it.  
And make it better than it ever was.  
We're meant to be. It's destiny.  
'Cause that's how it is with love. Big love.  
Believe in our big, big love. Big love.

## The Turning Of The Tide

by John Forster & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Limousine Music Co. & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

We walk along the shore  
At the turning of the tide.  
We talk of love and war,  
Of your hunger and my pride.  
And I ask you if we've passed the peak  
And now begun the slide.  
The sand moves under us

At the turning of the tide.

Some hearts are hard to see,  
Like a rising daylight moon.  
They speak but don't reveal,  
Like yours this afternoon.  
For a moment I am with you,  
Then you duck down deep inside.  
And I am stranded here  
At the turning of the tide.

What goes out and comes in  
Doesn't end or begin.  
It ebbs and flows and there it goes again.

I feel the silence build  
And it brings me to my knees.  
The seagulls laugh at us  
As they balance on the breeze.  
And you say, "It's not a tragedy,  
Just a fast and bumpy ride.  
And we are balanced here  
At the turning of the tide."

We go out and come in.  
We don't end or begin.  
We ebb and flow and here we go again.

We never get it right  
But we might not be that wrong.  
Not knowing where to go  
May be right where we belong.  
On the edge of this endless ocean,  
Walking almost side by side.  
We talk of love and war  
At the turning of the tide.  
We talk of love and war  
At the turning of the tide.

## Miles & Miles

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
(with a nod and thanks to Robert Frost)  
© 2006 Red Wagon Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

In the middle of the night the baby came,  
Strong and clean, without a name.  
Now life seems like a brand new game,  
Let the music start.

A baby boy was born today.  
March 15th in far L.A.  
I'm in New York but it's okay,  
He's real close to my heart.

*The river runs as wide and deep  
As the promises we keep.  
Miles to go before we sleep,  
Miles and Miles and Miles.*

A babe brings joy to every face  
Warmth to every jaded place.  
The world is in a state of grace,  
The heavens are all smiles.



So here's to Rachel, here's to Jon,  
Here's to the road embarked upon,  
God bless the coming of the dawn  
And the birth of Mighty Miles.

*The river runs as wide and deep  
As the promises we keep.  
Miles to go before we sleep,  
Miles and Miles and Miles.*

## My Mother's Quiet Eyes

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Red Wagon Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

My mother is an artist, been one all her life,  
While she was busy being daughter, sister,  
Lover, worker, wife.  
But her quiet eyes kept watch  
All through every hard-work day  
'Til she found the time  
To shape the world her way.

Life's not what it should be,  
You learn that early on  
When you're the eldest daughter  
Of a marriage that goes wrong.  
But through 80 years,  
Through all the tears  
For loved ones who have died,  
She's held onto the artist there inside.

And when we'd wound ourselves  
As children sometimes do,  
She's the one who we would run home to.  
And I still, to my surprise,  
Seek approval in her eyes,  
In my mother's quiet eyes.

A family is a lonely ship  
That we are thrust into.  
She had six boys,  
A joyful noise with such a rowdy crew.  
But sewing was a refuge,  
A quiet in the storm,  
A secret place that somehow kept her warm.

She'd take a piece of fabric,  
She'd pin it on the wall.  
Colors, shapes and patterns,  
She would use them all.  
A small idea to build upon,  
To carry through each day,  
'Til home at night to shape her art her way.

And though we've moved away  
As children someday do,  
She's the one who we all come home to.  
And I still, to my surprise,  
Seek the light there in her eyes,  
In my mother's quiet eyes.

My mother is an artist, I'm an artist's son.  
And when things get a little rough,  
I think what she has done.  
I try to keep a watch  
All through another hard-work day  
'Til I find the time to shape the world my way.

And though I've moved away  
As children someday do,  
She's the one who we all come home to.  
And I still, to my surprise,  
Seek the light there in her eyes,  
In my mother's quiet eyes.

## And Loving You

by Bob Gibson & Tom Paxton  
© 1984 Robert Josiah Music (BMI) & Pax Music  
(Cherry Lane)

That cold Chicago wind  
Came howling down the street,  
The rain has turned to sleet.  
If I decide to go it will commence to snow,  
It's overdue.  
'Twas on a night like this  
You blew in through my door.  
I asked for kindness  
And you gave me that and more.  
You taught me how to do  
The things that lovers do,  
Like coming through, and loving you.

I got my banjo tuned, but now I lost the band,  
I must have missed a turn.  
I'll never learn, it seems.  
My music is my dreams, it's what I do.  
They closed the hall  
And put away the microphone.  
I sit alone and idly scratch along the strings.  
Then my banjo sings, as banjos often do,  
Of coming through, and loving you.

We heard John Lennon play,  
He sang "Norwegian Wood,"  
We thought he'd hung the moon.  
We slept on your floor.  
You didn't work 'til four that afternoon.  
You took a stranger to an unfamiliar shore.  
He asked for kindness  
And you gave him that and more.  
You taught him how to do  
The things that lovers do,  
Like coming through, and loving you.

'Twas on a night like this  
 You blew in through my door.  
 I asked for kindness  
 And you gave me that and more.  
 You taught me how to do  
 The things that lovers do,  
 Like coming through, and loving you.  
 Like coming through, and loving you.  
 Like coming through, and loving you.

### I've Forgotten

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
 © 2006 Red Wagon Music & The Last Music Co.  
 (ASCAP)

I've forgotten where we were...  
 Is this the beginning or the end?  
 Do we attack, do we defend?  
 Do we kickoff, do we receive?  
 Do we know who to believe?  
 I've forgotten where we were.  
 Do you remember where we were?

I've forgotten who we are...  
 Are we the good guys or the bad?  
 Are we the happy or the sad?  
 Do we stand up, do we sit still?  
 In the gathering storm I feel a chill.  
 'Cause I've forgotten who we are.  
 Do you remember who we are?

Such a dangerous innocence,  
 Giving up on common sense.  
 Trusting everything they say  
 Is living life the hard way.

I've forgotten what we know...  
 How much money can a rich man use?

How much more can a poor man lose?  
 Before the page begins to turn?  
 Before the contract starts to burn?  
 I've forgotten what we know.  
 Do you remember what we know?

Such a dangerous innocence,  
 Giving up on common sense.  
 Believing everything we're told,  
 While our world is bought and sold.

Do you remember what we do?  
 We ask a question, yes, and then  
 We ask the question once again.  
 And the questions never end  
 When you are a citizen.  
 Learn the truth and hold them to  
 The promise made to me and you.  
 Learn the truth and hold them to  
 The promise made... the promise made...  
 The promise made to me and you.

### Distant Drummer

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin  
 © 2006 Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co. (ASCAP)

He was only 10 years old  
 When he went off to war.  
 And they gave him a calfskin marching drum,  
 He beat it 'til his arms grew sore.  
 At Vicksburg and The Wilderness,  
 The older kids showed him the way,  
 How to hold the sticks loose in his hands  
 So he could play 12 hours a day.

*He was listening to a distant drummer,  
 Learning from the sounds of history.  
 You could hear the rhythm rolling down*

*From drummer to drummer, from Dad to me.*

Dad was 17 years old the year he went away.  
 He skipped school for 52nd Street  
 Where he went to hear the big bands play.  
 The joint was jumpin', his heart was thumpin',  
 He'd found what he had to do.  
 So he asked Gene Krupa late one night,  
 "Would you teach me how to play like you?"  
 Gene said, "Kid, I don't do that.  
 Here's who you should see.  
 Sanford Moeller, that's his name.  
 He teaches drums. Hey, he taught me."  
 Now Moeller had learned from old men  
 Who'd been drummer boys  
 Back in the Civil War.  
 And he taught my dad how to hold the sticks  
 So he could play 12 hours or more.

*He was listening to a distant drummer,  
 Learning from the sounds of history.  
 You could hear the rhythm rolling down  
 From drummer to drummer, from Dad to me.*

Dad was 49 years old,  
 Teaching drums and me,  
 When Gene Krupa called him up one night  
 And asked if he could come to see him.  
 The stroke had taken Gene's strength away,  
 He couldn't find the beat I guess.  
 So my Dad taught him how to play again  
 Like they were marching  
 Through The Wilderness.

*He was listening to a distant drummer,  
 Learning from the sounds of history.  
 You could hear the rhythm rolling down  
 From drummer to drummer, from Dad to me.*

I was only 12 years old  
 When Dad bought me my first guitar  
 At Manny's Music on 48th,  
 Where they treated me like the son of a star.  
 I never learned to play the drums  
 But he taught us more than just a song.  
 How to hold the music loose in our hearts  
 So we could play a whole life long.

*He was listening to a distant drummer,  
 Learning from the sounds of history.  
 You could hear the rhythm rolling down  
 From drummer to drummer,  
 From drummer to drummer,  
 From Dad to me. From Dad to me.*

### Award-winning Family Recordings by Tom Chapin:

Family Tree  
 Moonboat  
 Mother Earth  
 Billy The Squid  
 Zag Zig  
 \* Around The World & Back Again  
 \* In My Hometown  
 \* This Pretty Planet  
 Great Big Fun  
 \* Making Good Noise  
 \* Some Assembly Required  
 This Pretty Planet (videotape)  
 \* Grammy® Nominees



## Lamentation

by Si Kahn & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Joe Hill Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

A piece of quilt is torn away  
To be repaired but not replaced.  
And yet it still extends its warmth  
Around this family.  
My older brother died too young,  
A shooting star across the skies.  
Yet every song he wrote and sung  
Lives on in you and me.  
*Lamentation for those who now are gone.  
Celebration, in us they carry on.*

And now we gather once again  
To mourn another brother gone.  
And we are moved by grief and pain  
To come back to this place.  
Yet even here we laugh and sing,  
We tell his stories, hear his voice.  
For death still leaves us everything,  
Except for his embrace.  
*Lamentation for those who now are gone.  
Celebration, in us they carry on.*

And I who was the third in line,  
My universe is different now.  
But what was theirs is not now mine,  
It stays with them alone.  
But they are with me every day,  
And I'll remember what he said:  
"We know we cannot fill his shoes,  
But we can fill our own."  
*Lamentation for those who now are gone.  
Celebration, in us they carry on.  
In us they carry on.*

## At The End Of The Day

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Red Wagon Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

We sprang from a weed  
In the Garden of Eden  
All scattered by wind and foam.  
So hungry for shelter  
We seek out our true love  
To pick up the pieces and welcome us home.

Through many a storm,  
Though I am no sailor,  
I found myself caught at the wheel.  
But trusting to fortune  
And the help of some true friends  
We somehow survived the ordeal.

*At the end of the day, at the end of the year,  
At the end of the line I'm glad you are here.  
Blessed is the pilgrim who's able to say  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.*

So glad to be here, so glad that you're near,  
Glad this year's come to an end.  
We faced our worst fears,  
We shed some real tears,  
As the world chased us 'round once again.

So reach out a hand  
To the ones who you love most  
And mourn for all those gone away.  
We'll count up our losses,  
We'll bind up our wounds  
And tomorrow we'll face the new day.

*At the end of the day, at the end of the year,  
At the end of the line I'm glad you are here.  
Blessed is the pilgrim who's able to say  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.*

So reach out a hand  
To the ones who you love most  
And mourn for all those gone away.  
We'll count up our losses,  
We'll bind up our wounds  
And tomorrow will be a new day.

*At the end of the day, at the end of the year,  
At the end of the line I'm glad you are here.  
Blessed is the pilgrim who's able to say  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.  
Once I loved you. Once you loved me.  
I still love you at the end of the day.*

## Follow The Light

by John McCutcheon, Michael Mark & Tom Chapin  
© 2002 Appalsongs, HCD Music & The Last Music  
Co. (ASCAP)

Seven and eight, my sister and I,  
Lost in the woods as lightning filled the sky.  
We ran through the rain  
And there up ahead  
Was a light on the porch.  
"Come home," like mama said.

*Follow the light when you're lonely and lost.  
When out on the ocean  
You are tumbled and tossed.  
Follow your heart, wherever you may be.  
Follow the light on home to me.*

Out on the sea the waves heave and rise.  
Far from the shoreline  
Storm clouds mount the skies.  
We look for a sign,  
A welcoming sight,  
A beacon that shines  
To guide us home tonight.

*Follow the light when you're lonely and lost.  
When out on the ocean  
You are tumbled and tossed.  
Follow your heart, wherever you may be.  
Follow the light on home to me.*

There's a hole in our skyline.  
There's a hole in our town.  
There's a hole in our hearts  
The whole world around.  
How do we heal?  
Tell me, how do we see  
That mercy that shines in you and me?  
We follow the light!

When the world feels so big  
And we seem so small  
You wonder if life has any meaning left at all.  
When you're losing your heart,  
When you're losing the fight.  
Hold onto my hand  
And we will follow the light.

*Follow the light when you're lonely and lost.  
When out on the ocean  
You are tumbled and tossed.  
Follow your heart, wherever you may be.  
Follow the light on home to me.*

## Sing For Peace

by Jon Cobert & Tom Chapin  
© 2006 Red Wagon Music & The Last Music Co.  
(ASCAP)

I was never one to raise my hand,  
Take a stand, upset the plan.  
But the child has grown into a man,  
Now that times have changed.

I was content to go along,  
Sing the safe, the careful song.  
Trusting right would vanquish wrong,  
Oh but times have changed.  
*I sing for peace now.*  
*I made a vow to reach for higher ground.*  
*I sing for peace now,*  
*Peace is how we'll turn the world around.*

The news gets worse, so do the lies.  
They hide the bodies from our eyes.  
Thinking we won't realize  
We have the power to change.  
*I sing for peace now.*  
*I made a vow to reach for higher ground.*  
*I sing for peace now,*  
*Peace is how we'll turn the world around.*

Children cry, mothers weep.  
Been having trouble going to sleep  
As brave young men lie buried deep,  
Now that times have changed.  
*I sing for peace now.*  
*I made a vow to reach for higher ground.*  
*I sing for peace now,*  
*Peace is how we'll turn the world around.*

Sing for peace. Sing for peace.

Turn the world around.  
Work for peace... Pray... Vote... Sing...  
Turn the world around.

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. WHY continues to ask the single most important question about poverty and hunger worldwide and especially in America - the richest of all nations: WHY?

You can get more information about hunger and poverty in America and you can make a donation by contacting World Hunger Year, 505 Eighth Avenue, 21st Floor, New York, NY 10018, call (212) 629-8850 or visit their website at [www.worldhungeryear.org](http://www.worldhungeryear.org).

### Adult Recordings by Tom Chapin:

Life Is Like That  
In The City Of Mercy  
Let Me Back Into Your Life  
So Nice To Come Home  
Join The Jubilee  
Doing Our Job  
Common Ground

## Produced by Tom Chapin

**Tom Chapin** - Vocals, Guitar, Banjo, Autoharp  
**Jon Cobert** - Keyboards, Accordion, Vocals  
**Michael Mark** - Bass, Vocals  
**Larry Campbell** - Mandolin, Fiddle  
**Eric Weissberg** - Banjo, Acoustic Guitar, Dobro  
**Allan Schwartzberg** - Drums  
**John Guth** - Guitars  
**Abigail Chapin, Lily Chapin, Jessica Craven** - Vocals

### Follow The Light:

**John McCutcheon** - Guitar, Vocals

### Sing For Peace:

**RECORDED LIVE AT RARITAN VALLEY COMMUNITY COLLEGE** in North Branch, NJ on May 22, 2004.  
**Steve Chapin** - Keyboard  
**Howard Fields** - Drums, Tambourine  
**John Wallace** - Bass

Live location recording by **John Guth**, JGP, Valley Cottage, NY and **Chris Andersen**, Nevessa Productions, Woodstock, NY.

Live house mix engineer **Ken Jablonski**, Aero Sound, Chestnut Ridge, NY.

Engineered, Mixed and Mastered by **John Guth** at JGP, Valley Cottage, NY.

Additional Recording by **Jon Cobert** at Cobert Operations, Chappaqua, NY and **Darwin Best** at Deep Diner Music, NY, NY.

Visit [www.tomchapin.com](http://www.tomchapin.com)  
on the web

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**Bonnie Chapin** Photos  
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**John McCutcheon** appears courtesy of Appalsongs, [www.folkmusic.com](http://www.folkmusic.com)

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