DIAMONDS BACK TO COAL

I’ve been walking through the wasted streets By the station and the old hotel  
Between the gunman and his dirty sheets Between sirens and the broken bell

I’ve been walking with this old blind fold Along the edges of the endless road Between the stars and the rusted cars Looking for a little flash of gold

Is this the land the we borrowed?  
Is this the land that we stole?  
Who’s gonna be the fool tomorrow? Who’s gonna try to play that role? Turning diamonds back to coal

I’ve been walking through the hurricanes Through the torches of the hate parades Between the actress and the role she plays Between the dogs and the shallow graves

I’ve been walking through a dead man’s town Where the answers are all absurd  
Between the pervert and his plastic crown Between the hero and the gallows bird

Is this the land of bone and cinder? Where they farm the GMO?  
Who’s gonna be the next pretender? Who’s gonna try to play that role? Turning diamonds back to coal

FALLING MAN

Sometimes I feel like the falling man Falling down through centuries With no name, no place to be  
Just a runner in an endless chase Not winning but in the race

Trying not to fall out of history

Pictures moving at a million frames Can’t tell the story right  
I lay awake and dream at night  
About the times when we lived in caves With no gods, no souls to save

In the psychedelic waves of time

Falling man, falling man  
Maybe one day you’ll understand

We had our own little paradise  
Then we moved away from home  
Started living in the great unknown  
Knowing more and feeling less  
New pain and modern stress  
Moving through the crowd like we’re not alone

I’m out here where I don’t belong  
I’m just a dollar in a paper town  
I sit and watch the sun go down  
Stuck in traffic like the old cave man  
There’s no future for the falling man  
When he falls out of frame, it makes no sound

Falling man, falling man  
Maybe one day you’ll understand Maybe one day you’ll land

STORY OF A FISH

Ain’t it hard when you find that time is so unkind?  
It leaves you out in the cold with no one’s hand to hold

I’ll be your river, you be my sea I’ll be your river, you be my sea

I’m a fool in school, a lonely molecule  
Trying to swim through stone, I was born so far from home

I’ll be your river, you be my sea I’ll be your river, you be my sea

And if you don’t where I’ve been, then you won’t know who I am

Still we float unaware off where we go from here Upstream, through the heart to find a counterpart

I’ll be your river, you be my sea I’ll be your river, you be my sea

And if you don’t know where I’ve been, then you won’t know who I am

It leaves you out in the cold with no one’s hand to hold

I’ll be your river, you be my sea I’ll be your river, you be my sea

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And if you don’t know where I’ve been, then you won’t know who I am Let’s swim together

WORRY DOLL

It’s getting near the end, said the paper to the pen  
These words were once like towers, now their power’s wearing thin The curtain’s on the ground and the cross is upside down  
The crops are all abandoned and it’s gold rush in the town

Haley, won’t you wait around and see  
Cause there might be something real inside a dream It’s last call so be my worry doll  
Down the road and up the hall, see what it brings See what it brings

I’ve given everything, said the puppet to the string  
I used to feel like dancing, now all I do is swing  
The holy statue bleeds and the moon is in the weeds The storm is growing closer, but now no one even sees

Haley, won’t you wait around and see  
Cause there might be something real inside a dream It’s last call so be my worry doll  
Down the road and up the hall, see what it brings See what it brings

I’m headed out the door, said the carpet to the floor  
I can’t forget the bad times so I’ll leave them in the drawer And every time I see that barn owl in the tree  
I’ll say a prayer for Fernwood and toast what used to be

Haley, won’t you wait around and see  
Cause there might be something real inside a dream It’s last call so be my worry doll  
Down the road and up the hall, see what it brings See what it brings

LAUGHING WILLY

Hey laughing Willy, can I buy a smile?  
The one in my head is broken, it’s been there for a while You know I’m good for what I say  
So hand it under the table and I’ll get you your pay

Is it me, or did the lights go dimmer than they used to be?  
I came here when I was younger. Don’t you remember me?  
Everything has changed in here but the ATM fees and the two dollar beer

Yeah, I heard about Maria, what a goddamn curse  
Yeah, we all mess with fire but she got burned the worst Hey, let’s change the subject now.  
Let’s go to my car and lay the good one out

Hey laughing Willy, I can’t feel my face  
I’m floating through the ceiling to some other place The lights are beautiful out here  
And the music of the afterworld is ringing in my ear The music of the afterword is ringing in my ear

GREYHOUND

Greyhound, oh greyhound where’s my home today? A pillow and a blanket and send me on my way  
I press my head against the glass  
Watch the fields and mountains pass

And the shadows they cast all along that yellow line

Greyhound, oh greyhound what’s my ticket say?  
I’ve been sleeping in this station all since yesterday We changed cars in Virginia  
where the south, it fell down  
You can still see the fight is lost all in these little towns

Greyhound, oh greyhound We’re all insomniacs  
I don’t care where you take me, just don’t take me back There’s a woman I thought I knew  
Now I know that it’s not true  
So I’m counting down my time all along that yellow line Yes, I’m counting down my time all along that yellow line

GINA THE TRAMP

I press my head against the glass

Watch the fields and mountains pass  
And the shadows they cast all along that yellow line

Greyhound, oh greyhound what’s my ticket say?  
I’ve been sleeping in this station all since yesterday We changed cars in Virginia  
where the south, it fell down  
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So I’m counting down my time all along that yellow line Yes, I’m counting down my time all along that yellow line

GINA THE TRAMP

I walk on the left side of the road now  
I cross the street when I see a light out In the downtown abstract artifacts Some pimp in the alley wants a handout

He looks at me in the dull, dark night With his red eyes, cheap suit and cane Telling me nothing I don’t know already Like smoke from the sewers in the rain Like smoke from the sewers in the rain

I’m a well dressed advertisement For a company that closed it’s doors There used to be a revolution  
On the corner of 14th and 4th

Now it’s just a campaign of sadness  
Between the buildings and the beggar’s trash I don’t know what I saw in this city  
But my mind is changing me fast  
Yeah, my mind is changing me fast

I got some friends that are coming tonight The band’s been sounding real good  
I guess it’s good to be back in my hometown No one feels at home in this neighborhood

Do you remember Gina the tramp?  
She made dream catchers out of old guitar strings She sold them to all the hopped up truckers Pouring in from Colorado Springs  
She thought they were all highway kings

It was just some random night  
At the Waffle House by the cemetery Robo-trippers and candy-flippers Hooking up with the apothecary

And the cops pulled a gun on a kid  
I guess his car musta smelled like pot  
They found a pipe in his glove compartment Cuffed the black kid in the parking lot Cuffed the black kid in the parking lot

Gina was watching from the window Behind a cigarette and smeared mascara Her eyes were like a cold bus station  
We spent that night with Jake and Sarah

And I always think about it  
When I come back here, it’s true  
I wonder how you can miss somebody That you never even knew  
That you never even knew

I walk on the left side of the road now I got a rattle snake around my neck And I’m a different person every day But I’ve earned my self respect

There’s no moral and there’s no story Just a busted out marquee light And a world full of broken people Where Gina’s nowhere in sight Gina’s nowhere in sight

AHEAD, BEHIND

I hear people talking all the time  
Telling lies, taking sides and plagiarizing lines  
But my mind is in a place so far away  
I don’t think I’ll be back again to answer them today

Don’t lose my love, don’t give it up

Don’t leave what’s ahead, behind

A neon sign is flashing vacancy  
There’s shadows on the windows but there’s no one on the street And the door is always open to my heart  
Just down the crooked hallway where the walls fall apart

Don’t lose my love, don’t give it up Don’t leave what’s ahead, behind

AHEAD, BEHIND

I hear people talking all the time  
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Don’t lose my love, don’t give it up Don’t leave what’s ahead, behind

I see it running backwards in your eyes  
Those days without number that you thought would never die But tomorrow’s not a hand that you can hold  
I’ll be here when you find out what lovers can’t be told

Don’t lose my love, don’t give it up Don’t leave what’s ahead, behind

THE DREAM AND THE DREAMER

The dream and the dreamer, they fought like hell They lived together in and old hotel  
The dreamer wanted love, the dream wanted time They ran out of both back in ’89

No one wants to leave behind what means the most Sometimes you gotta walk away just to get close Once I was dreamer, but dreams don’t last  
Now I’m just a cartoon from the modern past

There’s fear in the schoolyard, fear in the church  
But the fear on TV might kill us first  
It gives the people nothing but these hollow themes And the all night re-runs of our broken dreams

When the Mayflower landed, and the natives came The dreamer got greedy, the dream took the blame Now the land is dying and the sea is grey  
While the dreamer drives his car on the native’s grave

I rent a place here on apocalypse drive Where only dead things make it out alive They put me in prison and they called it free I lost my faith, my identity

Early in the morning till late at night  
Neighbors say they still hear how they fuss and fight The dream and the dreamer in that old hotel  
We all hope it works out, we all wish them well  
We all hope it works out, we all wish them well

All songs written by Jeremy Ivey © Fisheye Publishing (SESAC)/BMG except “Story Of A Fish” written by Price/Ivey © Fisheye Publishing (SESAC)/BMG and Peach Pit (SESAC)/BMG Produced by Margo Price

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Mixed by Matt Ross-Spang at Phillips Recording in Memphis, TN Mastered by John Baldwin in Nashville, TN

Jeremy Ivey - vocals, guitar, harmonica and keys The Extraterrestrials are:

Evan Donahue - electric guitar, vocals Coley Hinson - Bass, vocals  
Josh Minyard - Drums, percussion Margo Price - vocals Alex Munoz - Lap Steel   
  
Photography by Ramon Felix and Jeremy Ivey  
Illustration by Matthew Brown  
  
Where are the lost prophets of our generation  
Stranded in canyons and dark catacombs  
Who sail winding rivers drunk on imagination  
With words more powerful than big atom bombs  
  
Who dream in technicolor hues  
Who speak in dead foreign languages  
Who dig our ditches and overpay their dues  
Between antiquity, renaissance and the darkest of ages  
  
Who vandalize crumbling walls and bordellos  
With their spray paint visions of Latin graffiti  
Destined to end up like the ear of Van Gogh,  
Or the Fascist crucifixion of Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
  
Who are passed like ghosts in broad daylight   
Who search like junkies for an untapped vein  
Scrawling hieroglyphics on trains n the night  
Scratching their initials on whatever remains  
  
While we glorify youth and botox stars  
We crown reality contestants on television game shows  
Dorothy Parker and Faulkner fucked their livers in bars  
And syphilis took Beethoven and Arthur Rimbaud  
  
Some artists take words like grave robbers thieve bodies  
Some imitate and plagiarize like primate savants  
Some blindly whistle their stolen melodies  
Protected by power like poisoned debutantes  
  
Still the poet keeps writing for whatever it's worth  
Seeking the truth with a paper and pen  
Giving new life to creations they birth  
Are they chasing the dragon, or does it chase them?  
  
But seeds they are scattered and grow on their own   
Thrown by the wind and watered by rain  
Those that know, they have always known  
They don't do it for trophies or money or fame  
  
They do it because there is no other choice  
In the endless cycle of insanity crashing  
They do it regardless of who hears their voice  
As the Ouroboros with eternity flashing  
  
---Margo Price