





# ALL YOUR MIGHT

(J. Davidson)

*For Vivian*

Put on your red stocking cap  
You don't want to get shot at  
Walk the Horton-Shipley line  
And stitch together that blue sky...

And sing with all your might

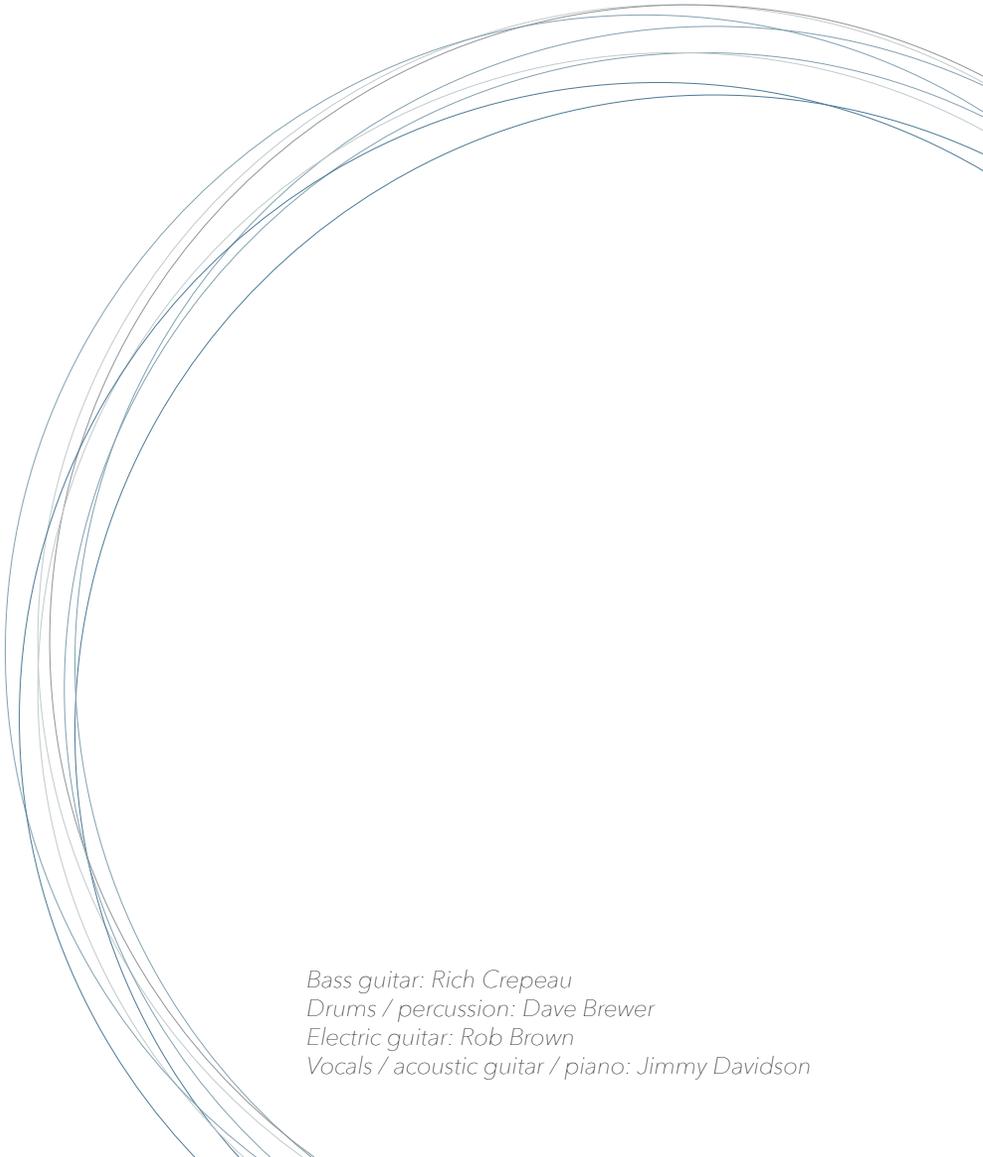
Conquer kings and queens and rooks  
Dig down deep into your books  
Know what's right, write what you know  
And make them prove what they say is so...

And learn with all your might

Help your mama make the bread  
And help her plant the flowerbeds  
Gather the eggs and thank the hens  
Speak your mind, but love your friends  
Listen to and love your friends

And love them withal  
Love them with all your might

Don't worry about heaven  
Or the old prevailing tide  
Don't worry yourself with worrying  
Just live your life  
With all your might.



*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar: Rob Brown  
Vocals / acoustic guitar / piano: Jimmy Davidson*

# NOT THAT FAR

(J. Davidson)

Well, I've been to the top of the mountain  
I was duped by the youth ministers  
And I attended to all of those meetings  
But I was mostly there for the girls  
And that turned out to be a pretty good reason.

I've been arrested for a misunderstanding  
I've been busted for telling the truth  
I've done worse that I never got caught for  
I almost got away with wasting my youth  
Trying to keep all my options open.

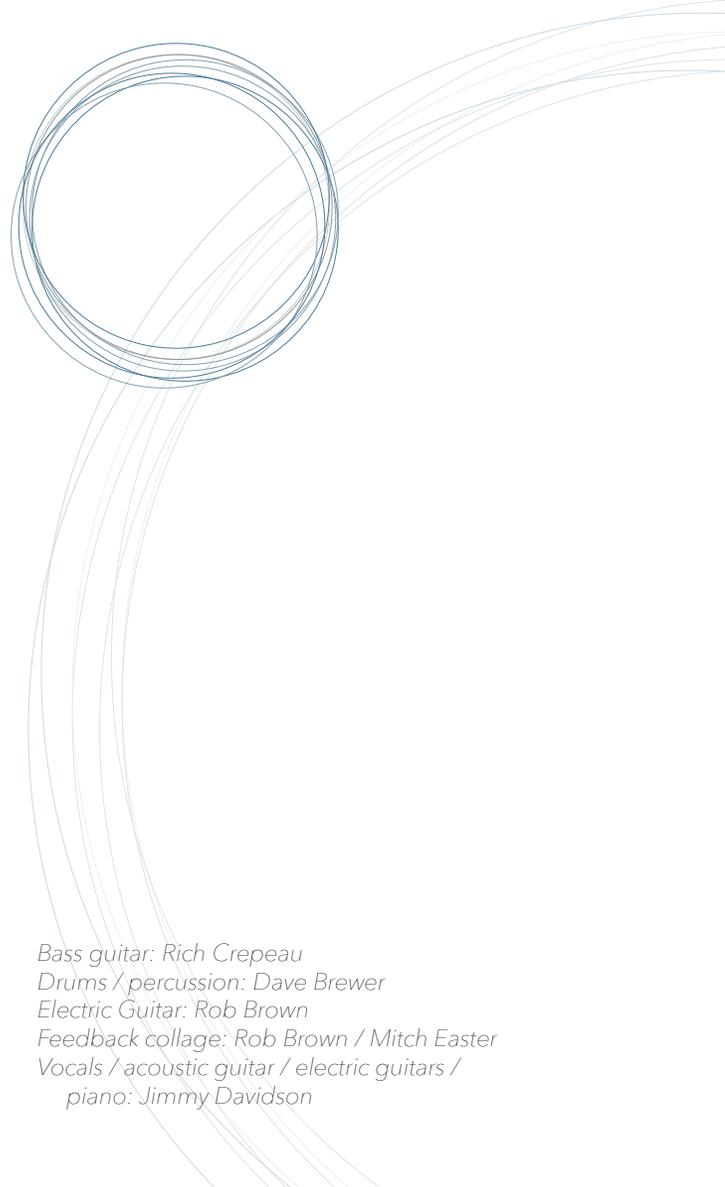
It's not that far, it's not that far  
From the case to the crush.  
It's not that far, not that far,  
From the look to the lust...

I've climbed the towers of the ancient cathedrals  
I have walked along the Great Wall  
And seen the ruins of the old Roman forum  
I've marked how the mighty fall  
And how they leave mostly rocks behind.

I've spent hours in the libraries  
I've pored over the old documents  
And translated the faded handwriting  
And I haven't been back there since  
I started feeling like the end of the line.

It's not that far, it's not that far  
From the forge to the rust  
Not that far, not that far  
From the core to the cusp  
Only one small surgery  
Between the boom and the bust  
Barely one slight century  
From the dust to the dust...

Just one singular sliver,  
Just one tiny taste  
Of this one sweet second.  
Where there's no second place.



*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Electric Guitar: Rob Brown  
Feedback collage: Rob Brown / Mitch Easter  
Vocals / acoustic guitar / electric guitars /  
piano: Jimmy Davidson*

## AND NOW FOR THE GOOD NEWS

(J. Davidson)

In the fading of the evening light  
In the middle of an uncertain life  
With the seven hours gone  
Working the wheel, the wire, the hammer, the hill, and the stone,  
With the coaching and the talismans,  
And still  
You are wet to the bone

The bodyguards of the breakneck pace  
Kicked you out of their crew  
Here's your chance  
To stand up straight  
And embrace  
This good news

You're sleeping  
To compress the time  
You're leveled out  
And glassy-eyed

The bodyguards...

Here's to the misfits and the loners,  
The comediennes and the stoners.  
Love to the lost philosophers,  
Love to the maidens of honor.  
I honor you.  
Oh, how I would lift you up  
And carry you home.

C'mon, let's go home.

*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Electric Guitar: Rob Brown  
Vocals / acoustic guitar: Jimmy Davidson*

# THINGS YOU SAY

(R. Brown)

I write myself a note to speak less and try to hear  
When talking turns to feeling my words aren't very clear  
I analyze the things I say, I turn myself to stone  
The words I say are useless now like plastic beads they throw

Sometimes I drive real slow, I take the curves with care  
forget about the mirror's light I contemplate what's fair  
I ask you what I ought to know, I'm feeling guilty all the time  
You're in this thing and close to me  
I hope everything is fine

And it happens all the time  
and it wont be pushed away  
I feel it down within my chest  
I don't mind the things you say

The idea dawned on me last week or was it twenty years ago  
Careless laughs are tossed right off and weeds of anger grow  
My friends are all around me now, no attacks from the rear  
So take it easy take it slow  
I think the coast is clear

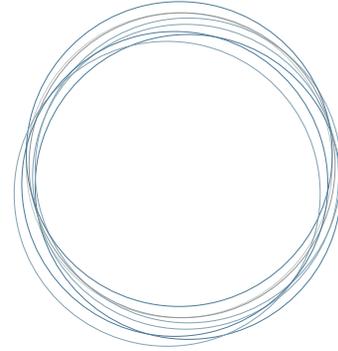
And it happens all the time...

*Acoustic guitar / piano / harmony vocals: Jimmy Davidson  
Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion / harmony vocals: Dave Brewer  
Vocals / electric guitar: Rob Brown*

# THE LUDDITE

(J. Davidson)

Dozers and loaders and shovels erase the terrain  
They carve out the coal and remake of a mountain a waste  
Where the machines have spoken  
Digging the devil's token  
What the machines have stolen  
Won't be growing back  
The water ran black from the tap into his great-grandmother's sink  
No one came to explain  
No one paid  
No one fixed anything  
The blasting and rude repacking  
The walls in the basement cracking  
Then when the flood came rolling  
It all went down  
When the last bale was piled on  
He covered his head in nylon  
Put all of his blackest clothes on  
And stuffed his pack  
As he shouldered his fireworks through rubble and mud  
His red light split the night into shadow and blood  
He set the tubes, lit the fuse, and flew staggering away  
When they blew, how they blew  
And the new dark became his new day  
The plans of the malefactors  
Didn't count on the counteractor  
Backlit by the burning tractors  
Returning medicine  
Leaving the land he grew in  
At the end of his great undoing  
Ruin begetting ruin  
One battle down  
And he made up his mind to kick out all the teeth  
Of the beast and its priests and their wretched  
Machines  
Until...  
All the machines are broken...



*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar / harmony vocals: Rob Brown  
Sound effects: Jimmy Davidson / Mitch Easter  
Vocals / acoustic guitar: Jimmy Davidson*

# ORIGIN

(J. Davidson)

The silent sun climbs up the morning  
It warms the air and primes the sea  
Its light is life that even fuels by night  
The auroras' fine fireworkery

The color still within the thin magnolia leaves  
The flightless flies inside the golden amber beads

Make clear the crystalline endeavor  
Through fleeting windows in the earth  
To stitch and staple all the world together  
And to launch the living matter from the dirt

The holy rollers flinch and fight with their own shadows  
Those frozen lives residing somewhere after now  
But out in the wider world of sediment and sparrow  
The bleaching bones promote the flowering of doubt

Without  
The feral fears  
That paralyze and faze  
Orchid and amaranth  
Still easily amaze

All those threads parallel  
Twisting and splitting  
The mighty minuscule hands  
Ever ticking...ticking...ticking....

*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion / noises: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar: Rob Brown  
Vocals / acoustic guitar: Jimmy Davidson*

# NEW YORK TIMES

(J. Davidson)

They work hard in Lyttelton Harbour  
Where container ships roll in their berths  
And the diesel smoke flows from the tunnel  
He supposes it could have been worse

He thought he might see seven wonders  
But mostly he saw seven seas  
And the bottom of the bunk above him  
And maps marked with depths and degrees

In the evening, he leaned on the railing  
And watched the world move beneath him unchanged

He made friends with Russians in Sydney  
He danced with Brazilians in Rome  
He fell in love once in Dublin for most of a week  
When anywhere was more or less home

He scrawled on the pages of sketchbooks  
Where he graphed out his Grand Unified  
But one warm night out on the Pacific expanse  
He dumped them all over the side

He lived such that nobody noticed too much  
Kept to his place in the line  
But one day he sent off a letter  
That got published in the New York Times

The New York Times...

*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion / harmony vocals: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar: Rob Brown  
Violin: Melissa Reaves  
Vocals / acoustic guitar / piano: Jimmy Davidson*

# FRANCESCA, THE FIELD OF FLOWERS IN OUR HOUSE

(J. Davidson)

The sun gets up, but we can wait—  
Morning glory wants to sleep a little late.  
After an hour, it will be time  
To wake my pretty, procrastinating columbine.  
You're as full of life as they come  
My joyful peppermint geranium  
Calm and kind, what a spirit you've got,  
I'm in awe—you are a true forget-me-not.

It's Saturday, in field and arbor,  
In the greening garden—all over.

You're pulling flats in an antique wagon  
Painted poppies following my fine snapdragon  
And there's a smile—I hope you know  
I want you to be my only heirloom rose.

In the yard, new leaves,  
Slow honeybees, drunk with spring.

And I am buzzing with that sense of purpose,  
I am dizzy, doing circles in the doorway  
I'm homing in on a favorite—  
It's you, it's you, it's you—and I will have no other.

If we take a walk around Cedar Lake  
I always want to travel in your jasmine wake;  
If we're on the couch, I take a look:  
I see a delicate delphinium, pressed into a book.  
Folding up the evening hours  
With my sweet south-of-the-border sunflower,  
You're my comfort, you're my love,  
You're my shooting star, my lily, my foxglove

In the air, vines climbing;  
Roots intertwining underground.

And I just want to put you in my pocket,  
Pick you up and dance you down the hallway;  
I'm holding on to a favorite—  
It's you, it's you, it's you—and I will have no other.  
Every moment, every hue, fully saturated  
You're the field of flowers growing in our house.

*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau*

*Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer*

*Electric guitar: Rob Brown*

*Vocals / acoustic guitar / piano: Jimmy Davidson*

# STILL LIFE WITH CAKE

(J. Davidson)

The class clown is out of practice  
All his lines come a minute too late  
The journalist is out of questions  
She is shocked to be in such a foreign state

The rate of change changes just enough  
It's hard to say where it all sped up.

The photographers hide out in the corners  
Finding and freezing their fractions profound  
The storyteller sweats in the spotlight  
Even though she is purely background.

Sidelined and superfluous—  
The special guest is a total bust.

Down in flames.

There is no finer way to go.

The interpreter who once was golden  
Quickly recognizes his mistake;  
He sees the awkward interloper  
Hunkering down on his piece of chocolate cake.

The cool command is Kill, kill, kill!  
There's no reward for standing still.

Beat the clock...to a pulp.

There is no mercy to mete out.

There is no favor; your luck's run out.  
There is no later; there's only now.



*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar / harmony vocals: Rob Brown  
Vocals / acoustic guitar / piano: Jimmy Davidson*

## WAFFLE JOINT

(R. Brown)

*With apologies to Ernest Hemingway and Robbie Robertson*

He walked into the waffle joint  
Cigarettes and coffee his only point  
A pretty young waitress, she knew him quite well  
A four-top table and some stories to tell

He's never hungry when he claims his space  
He needs a clean well lighted place  
They let him smoke every one in the pack  
At that formica table over there in the back

When he was gone too few would pray  
His funeral too far away  
It would have been better if they'd laid him down,  
At the waffle joint outside of town

He didn't live too long, born in '38  
New York Town but the South would wait  
Two years in Georgia and a girl from the city  
She's never happy, but she's always pretty

He drew her in with some charm to spare  
The whole thing built on truth and a dare  
He drives too fast and she hides his keys  
He's street legal now and his four barrel breathes

When he was gone...

She was gone like time down a stream  
His new woman now is a drunkard's dream  
The waffle joint was his play's last act  
He nailed that role, kept the scene on track

Your coffee's cold, can I warm it for you  
You're falling in love but your mind's askew  
He's 59 and she's 22  
She waits on him in a way that's blue

When he was gone...

*Acoustic guitar / harmony vocals: Jimmy Davidson  
Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Vocals / electric guitar: Rob Brown*

# LAST JULY

(J. Davidson)

I got your letter  
It's been a year  
I know I shouldn't have  
But I read it fifteen times  
Usually, I frown on superstition  
But here I am, giving heavy weight  
To your every little move

Valentine awakened  
Puncturing my armor of regret

So count me in  
For another late night  
With lightning hours

Will you accept  
My backwards invitation  
To extend  
Last July?



*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar / harmony vocals: Rob Brown  
Vocals / acoustic guitar / piano: Jimmy Davidson*

# MY POCKETKNIFE SAYS LIFE IS STRANGE...

(J. Davidson)

All the basic needs are met.  
If I could only stop window-shopping, I'd be set.  
Chemical delivery, aching electricity on the wire;  
Old magnetic resonance relegating common sense to the fire.

Somewhat civilized,  
But animal inside.

Forgot my hat again, and it's cold on my poor bald head.  
Up one little hill, and then two and three, up to the fence-line hickory on the ridge.

A privilege to stand  
At the finest spot in the land.

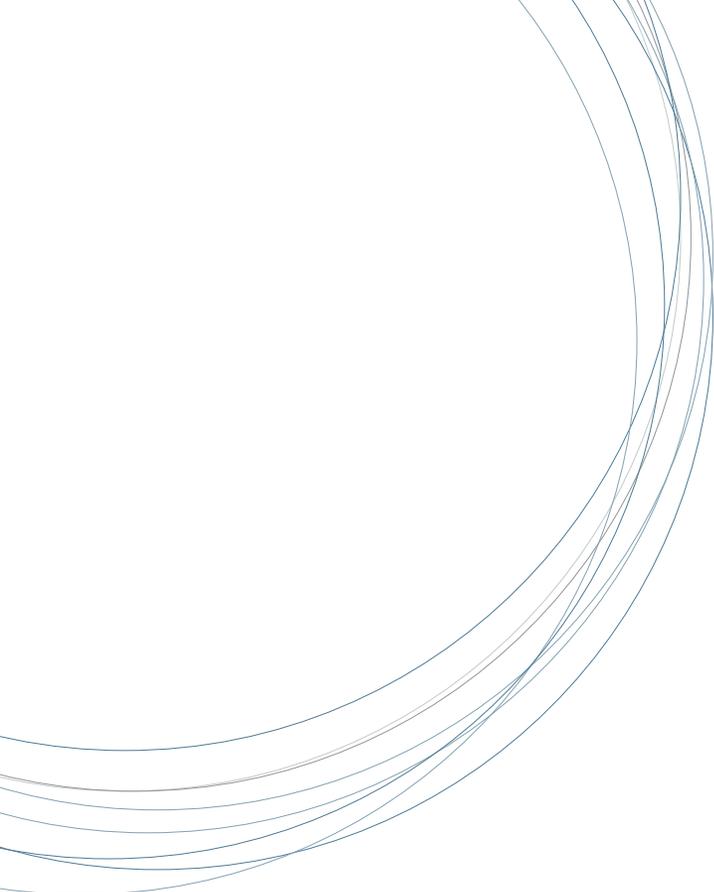
Etched on my pocketknife  
Opposite the name  
Time-worn and elliptical  
The words Life is Strange...

Isn't it curious how it all tends to go astray?  
But sometimes the design dissolves in such a lovely way  
Destinies and best-laid plans handed off to the idle hands of the Fates  
Histories of missing years whisper into willing ears: No, it's never too late.

And vital  
In the void:  
The unexpected joy.

Etched on my pocketknife...

*Bass guitar: Rich Crepeau  
Drums / percussion / harmony vocals: Dave Brewer  
Electric guitar: Rob Brown  
Electric guitar: Mitch Easter  
Vocals / acoustic guitar: Jimmy Davidson*



**The Worthless Son-in-Laws are:**

David Brewer: drums, additional percussion, harmonies, noises,  
rude comments, porch, music trivia

Rich Crepeau: bass guitar, chips, candy, mod-art practice room

Rob Brown: electric guitar, vocals, gear fetish, roots

Jimmy Davidson: vocals, acoustic guitar, piano, sound effects,  
insatiable appetite, pacing, staring off into space a lot

**Additional musicians:**

Electric guitar on 12 by Mitch Easter ([mitcheaster.com](http://mitcheaster.com))

Rolling sea of violins on 7 by Melissa Reaves ([melissareaves.com](http://melissareaves.com))

1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12 ©2013 James M. Davidson

4, 10 ©2013 Robert N. Brown

With deep gratitude to our families (including in-laws) and friends; Amy & Vivian; Kathy, Christopher, & Andrew; Laurel Crepeau; Katie Boyette, Drew Boyette, & Sophia Park; Mary Charles & Larry; Don & Marguerite; Vikki & Bruce; Andi & Ryan; Mike & Misty; Will & Caroline; Kathy & John; Jacob & Sandy; Austin & Brittany; John Buckner; Damon Bryant; Gary Walker; Peter Smith; Scott Culbertson; Scott Taylor; Michael Johnston; Steve Huber; Tina Chesnutt; Robbie & Denton; Liz Durrett; Sue & Dale; Melissa Reaves; Stephanie Gwinn; Keith Joyner; Mitch Easter; Amanda Lindsey; Haven & Natalie; Rennie, Philippa, & Robbie; Tim Kelleher; Lois Cowan; Katy Graves; Jennifer Nelson; Kim Allen; Jay Silverman; Tracy Adkins; Larry Tenner; J.D. Hollingsworth; Lauren Smith; Morgan Neely; Victor Flake; the Bel Jean contingent; Moby Childs; Valerie Wycoff; Ted & Ece; Wendy & Nick; Shaun Pardi; Jack & Elizabeth; Forrest & CD; Paul & Cheryl; Jeff & Ingrid; Susan Graham; the Katzlows; Joe & Peg; the Bathantis; the Shipleys; Aaron & Dayna; Sam & Gabe; Ruth Ferguson; Justine Zimmer; Diane Goodney; Scott Nicholson; Valerie Boles; Chris Warner; Councilman Scherlen; Robert Lee Boyd, Jr.; Mark Freed; Marc Oppy; Kim Clark; the Mikell contingent; New Zealand; Gail & Bud; Narl & Edi; Phil, Katie, Megan, & Matthew; Pete & Tracy; Laura, Rebecca, & Alex; Anne & Hanna Grace; McCall, Chris, & Meredith; Gabrielle Guyton-Edmiston; Claire Armbruster; WNCW; Boone Saloon; Valle Crucis Park; Scott Craggs; Dave Desmelik; Big Chief Monk Boudreaux; Possum Jenkins; Naked Gods; Lambchop; The Eastern (NZ); Suttree (the cat); people who come to our shows; and of course all the people who we will realize are missing from this list as soon as we see it in print. Not to mention our fans—both of y'all are the shizzizzizzle. Special thanks to Phil and Pete. And many thanks to you, dear listener.

In memoriam: James Victor Chesnutt.

Play loud. Rinse. Repeat.

More info and stuff at [soninlaws.com](http://soninlaws.com)





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