

Cameron McGill & What Army

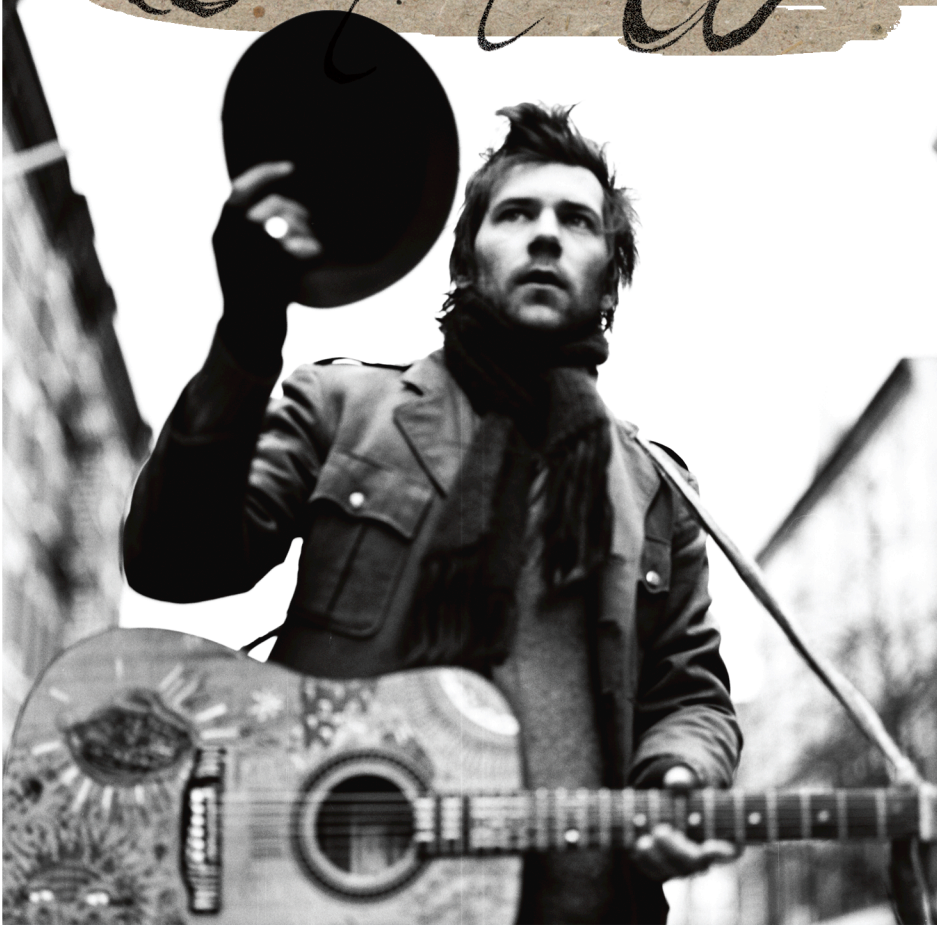
Warm songs for cold shoulders



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Illustrations by Dave McE

Cameron McGill & What An Army



Warm songs for cold shoulders

Dark Times!
Dark Times

It was August and it was dark, you were bleeding and I was a shark

Across the lake no planes take off
Your pills they make me tired lying dead flat on the beach
Looking at stars I'll shoot them with a gun I don't own
Do you think it'll reach?

Oh you gotta get down low if you wanna see what it is I'm aiming for
People often talk like kings, but I'm a pawn with legions and means
God's holding the pin to evening's balloon
Morning make me so tired lying dead flat on the beach
Looking at the moon I'll shoot it with a gun I don't own
Do you think it'll reach?

Oh you gotta get down low if you wanna see what it is I'm aiming for

You know I said I loved you, but now you know I don't
Simple hard things like this are tough to let go

Oh you gotta get down low if you wanna see what it is I'm aiming for

It was august and it was dark, you were bleeding and I was a shark
Across the lake your plane takes off

Sold The Rest

I was alone when it broke
My nerve for the town by the roads that I've walked
My patience outlined in chalk
Tell me for not

Homesick at home when you called
To tell me that you were taking off
I said good luck but I was so jealous of you
What else could I do?

Here I am again face down on the table
A place is set, I placed my bets
And sold the rest

Please won't you be careful kids
The world's full of monsters it is
They'll leave your bed and become your friends instead
They're closer to you then
So I left them all one night, and my minimum wage prizefight
I was wrong, the world ain't bigger than a song
So please sing along

Here I am again face down on your table
My place is set, I placed my bets
That I'd reach to you my love when I's able
Cause my ways are set and I lost my bets
And sold the rest

It was dimes that we were spending and it's dimes we need right now
Our fortunes were never ending, fortunes tied to hell somehow
But the devil has god's sweat on his brow

Here I am again face down on his table
My place is set, I placed my bets
That I'd reach to you my love when I's able
My ways are set and I lost my bets
Here I am again face down on your table
My place is set and I placed my bets
And sold the rest

Martha of The Tapes

Martha please come home your daughters are alone
There's boys at the window and there's boys on the phone
So Martha play your hand and come home

Father please come home your daughters are alone
There's clothes on the couch and this boys got her alone
So father leave the bar and come home

This town it is proud, wears average like a dark cloud
There's rain for days and lots of room sound
So darlin' write your songs and calm down

I knew you as a child, but now you're all grown
There's dogs at the window and lawyers on the phone
So Martha cut your losses and come home

I'll hold the flowers of your hands
You'll feel the weeds of my demands
And if you lost touch as part of
Then I hope that you felt loved

I had a few irons in the fire when I was younger and bored
But they've all melted and recast into swords
They like to chase me now
Want me to fall on them
Oddly enough like a knife and some women
So Martha trust me when I say you win
So Martha trust me when I say you win
So Martha trust me when I say I'm leaving

Dishonest May

Mama I'm a dishonest man
I've got a passion for the right things in the wrong hands
I love you but I turn my back and walk
Which is okay if I were carrying you, but terrible if you just wanted to talk

Mama I'm an unsaved man
I've got beliefs my heart wants but no way I can
I love you but I close my eyes and ears
Which is okay when you're younger, but unsettling when you're getting on in years

Mama I'm a dangerous man
I've got too much idle time on my busy hands
I love you but I got this death wish tonight and it goes like this
It's okay if you save someone but really bad if you don't ever want to die
And I don't want to die

You tell me I'm distant
Selfish in my addiction to song
I know you're right, believe me mama I'd rather have you wrong

Mama I'm a lonesome man

Not on My Side

You gave me a tambourine
What did you mean when you wrote
"Ever weeping, ever youthful"
Time's given me help but it's not on my side.

I drove all the way here from the Midwest my dear
Filled this book with tests that I'm failing, selling hard lines
People are giving me a hand but they're not on my side.

Like anyone I guess, I wanna find somebody
Maybe try to be in love, listen to good lies
Your heart's given me help but it's not on my side.
Your heart's given me help but it's not on my side.

To thyself and others heed commandments and plead for a rewrite.
Here's the first line, thou shalt not die
Music's giving me a hand but it's not on my side

Heaven's giving me hell for thinking about it too well
Then here I am lost in the void of time
God's moving the hands but he's not on my side
Moving the second hands but he's not on my side
God's giving me help please be on my side.

Low Ways

The button on my coat, at your door with a c-note
An upright piano plays low ways
Coffee on the table the point of a table
Is that good maps they take the low ways
Are you home now?
I just got paid
Lets go for a drive and take the low ways

Do you wanna be high risk
Do you wanna stay with
High hopes for low ways

I always had kid gloves to hold my love
My bubble gum guilt is paid in low ways
Like the boy who cried wolf
He got killed when bit
And all it got us was a fear of kids
So I said a prayer, que sera sera sera
Whatever will be will be, beware
Beware of low ways

Do you wanna be high risk
Do you wanna stay with
High hopes for low ways

Please Don't Let Me Down

I've been around the world on a string
From Tokyo to London to Aberdeen
The wisdom of regret hung itself in front of me while I watched TV

It was the kindness of a woman that held me up
On a train in the dark of a tunnel unloved
Missed Brussels for a bed in a German hospital almost dead
I got your note, here's how it goes

Doctor please don't let me down I know you won't
Doctor please don't let him down I know you won't

I go through shoes like other people go through words
Seems they only use them to be heard
The buses are filled with sad yawning children ill
And kept awake by their foul mothers

Singin' please don't let them down, I know you will
Please don't let them down I know you will
Please don't let them down I know that you will
I know you will

I hear Natalie is coming to the States to see you, give her my lost love
Cause if I've found the real reason why it's the only one I need to know
The future for future's sake
Erin please don't let her down, I know you won't
Erin please don't let her down, I know you won't
Please don't let me down I know that you won't

I got this wife and kid blueprint in my imagination
I love them so much but I don't see them anymore
Which is okay if someone's waiting for me, but really bad cause I ain't got nowhere to go
I love you but I turn my back and walk
Which is okay if I were carrying you, but terrible cause you just wanted to talk
You've always wanted to talk
I never wanted to talk
Guess a mute can't talk

Lose Americans

The disco ball was on, the light was off darkness twirled
Then moved away to other countries with some girl
They hid behind chairs, musical and non-musical
And broke promises to parents who'd accuse them all
Folk singers that they'd gone and lost their way

Hey America how does it feel to lose Americans that way?

Generic is the crime of the century
The last great serial killer runs free
While you spend your billions on boys and girls clubs abroad
Give 'em guns and orders doomed and blame it on god
They're kinda like a phantom limb on your family tree today

Hey America how does it feel to lose Americans that way?

So read me the rights, the ones that I have left
Don't leave me in the middle of the road to get hit
Cause they can pick you up or they can take you down
When you're living up on high ground in low town
That's where we are

Hey America how does it feel to rust?
You swing on the hinge, break at the seams and do what you must
To loosen your belt and swell at the waist
And waste most everything that gets in your way
I sing songs in the people's key, but the key it just won't turn
Simple songs that were difficult and deemed impractical to learn
I once was arrested in your concept parade
Hey America how does it feel to lose Americans that way?
Hey America how does it feel to lose it?
Hey America how does it feel to lose Americans that way?

B-Side

Driving to Lincoln in a Lincoln
No road's as long as the thought I'm thinkin'
That music was the only law, sharing it the only compromiser
I had to do some house cleaning to live
But a broom without the straw is just a stick

If you aren't happy with your home, put it in every town that you go
You spent so much time I bet, thinking you had some left, but you know
But you know you don't
Love's single never satisfied, you always were my b-side

This drunk cowboy in Utah said he was a scarecrow American
That makes sense to me now, but nothing made much sense to me then

If you aren't happy take your home, put it in every town that you go
You spent so much time I bet, thinking you had some left, but you know
But you know you don't
Love's single never satisfied, you always were my b-side

Minor Suite

Let me tell you about the day I had and why it was so bad, well I don't know
Guess I want to find a way to make things stay the way they were when I was with her
I would have given you kids, would have given you health, but I wanted them for myself
Though I understand that now in all my travels found nothing that treats me well as sad

I've been in love, but I'm not in love now
I think I've fallen out
I think I've fallen out

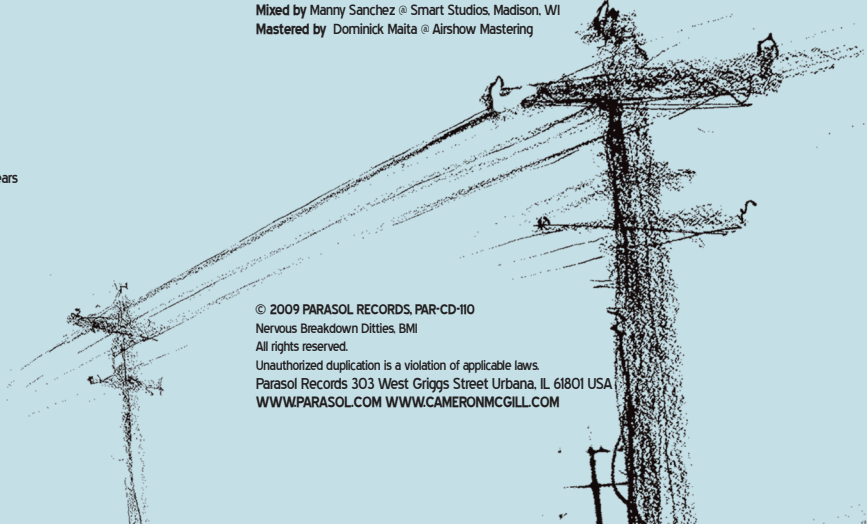
You'd be like marrying a train, except the train would be late and you wouldn't be on it
That's a lot to admit I cried, I told you I lied, it's for the best at least I was honest

I've been in love, but I'm not in love now
I think I've fallen out
I think I've fallen out

Music Makers:

Cameron McGill - vocals, acoustic guitar, piano, wurlitzer, organ
Noah Harris - pianos, B-3, wurlitzer, vocals
Daniel McMahon - B-3, electric guitar, dobro, lap steel, accordion
Katie Bracken - vocals
Darren Garvey - drums, percussion, glockenspiel
Bill Lowman - upright and electric bass
Adriel Harris - vocals on Dark Times, Dark Times
Nate Powell - mandolin
Nathan Swanson - violins, viola, cello
Rodrigo Palma - electric bass on Lose Americans
Bruce Breckenfeld - B-3 on Lose Americans
Jeffrey Kmiecik - electric guitar on Lose Americans
Bryan Borenitsch - snare drum on Minor Suite

PRODUCED BY CAMERON MCGILL & FRIENDS
Engineered & Recorded by Manny Sanchez @ LV Lab, Chicago, IL
Additional Engineering by Chris Harden @ LV Lab
Micah Bracken recorded "Minor Suite"
Mixed by Manny Sanchez @ Smart Studios, Madison, WI
Mastered by Dominick Maita @ Airshow Mastering



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Photos by Ed & Laura Mack for more information please visit www.masonsteemedia.com

Design by Bruce Bickerton for more information please visit www.brucebickerton.com

Pages & Layout by Cameron McGill for more information please visit www.cameronmcgill.com

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