



Town Mountain
Lines in the Levee
Album Credits & Lyrics

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Lines in the Levee
(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller
Accordion - Jeff Taylor
Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith
Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer, Phil Barker, Justin Francis
Mellotron - Justin Francis
Fiddle - Bobby Britt
Banjo - Jesse Langlais
Organ - Robbie Crowell
Lead Vocal - Robert Greer
Background Vocals - Phil Barker

Trouble come rising, out on the city,
Paranoia on the street
Out in the darkness, footsteps fallin'
Just the watchman on his beat

From the shine of Atlanta to the Ohio River
Hear the cry out on the fray
Ain't we dyin' for this livin', bustin' our backs
All for a brakeman's wage

High horse rider never been no friend
Never been no friend at all
Sooner than later, change gonna find ya
See the cracks along the wall

See the lines in the levee
What's a poor country boy to do?
See the lines in the levee
Muddy water pushing through

Awake now from your wildwood slumber
Days for the dreaming are done
Turn your eyes on the uncounted number
Burn that fire for the sun

Cast aside them thin dime burdens
No more to carry that curse
Ring it loud as the union bell
Here we are man, do your worst

You better run for shelter, fore you wash away
Fore you wash away with the town
Storms are churning, out on the delta
And the rains they're pouring down

Comeback Kid

(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller

Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer, Justin Francis

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Dobro - Doug Jernigan

Banjo - Jesse Langlais

Organ - Robbie Crowell

Lead Vocal - Phil Barker

Background Vocals - Miles Miller, Robert Greer

Feels so strange, kicking around the town of my youth
I was never gonna stay, always hated in truth
The faces in the street, how they hid behind
Barroom smiles and the empty eyes

Since then I ain't found much to hold on to
Couple drink tickets, smoke-filled room
Doing the best with the circumstance
And telling myself that with...

One more chance, I could do things better
But I just can't get my shit together long enough
To keep from running round like a ragged dog
They cast their doubts, I can still remember
Gonna shout them down, man it's now or never more to make
The same mistakes that I did back then
Playin' the part of the comeback kid

Rearrange the words on the page just one more time
Carving out a reason to fit the rhyme
Hoping they might show you the shape I'm in
Tired and torn but then again

Here I am in the crowd of the backstage door
Pushing my way for an open floor
When a shadowed hand called me to the side
Says he's got a little something that...

I should try, to put my mind at ease
Just a little stem is all you need, to take the edge off boy
Now the walls around me they're starting to breathe

Dig in my heels and ready my aim
Bet my life on every last refrain not sure if I
Could ever survive another hit
Too far gone for a comeback kid

My chest it pounds like a distant drum
Give into the heat that fills your lungs, and try to maintain
Though you're feeling so unsteady, so unsure
Reach down deep, can you feel the fire
To sing another song for the uninspired part of us all
That'll drag you down if you let it win
One more shot for the comeback kid

Distant Line

(Jesse Langlais / Jackboy Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller

Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Banjo - Jesse Langlais

Accordion - Jeff Taylor

Lead Vocal - Jesse Langlais

Background Vocals - Robert Greer

When all the rocks have turned into dust
And our children's children question the trust
And the greed of those gone on before them
Will they think we were living in sin

Don't want to leave around these ideas
That complicate the matter and feed into fear
Just want to leave some things that are good
Yeah let them all know we did what we could

They pulled up the tracks, tore out the tie
And all I want to do is ride
On a great southern rail, just fly the line
Where magnolias blossom in June and July

Once met a man by the side of the road
He said, "Do what you do, don't do what you're told"
The challenge to think up ideas for oneself

And the challenge to spread them for modern day wealth

A modern day warrior, pen as your sword
Mind as your gun, writing the word
Or speaking the truth to those who weren't told
From your hometown or all around the world

Firebound Road

(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller
Percussion - Justin Francis
Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith
Mandolin - Phil Barker
Acoustic Guitar - Daren Shumaker
Fiddle - Bobby Britt
Banjo - Jesse Langlais
Organ - Robbie Crowell
Lead Vocal - Robert Greer
Background Vocals - Phil Barker, Bobby Britt, Zach Smith

Worked my whole damn life tryin' to prove my standing
Down the highway never ending
Vagabond out and on the loose

Lady luck never been to kind to me
Leaves me stranded every time it seems
The dealer's showing three, buddy I draw the deuce

Oh and my love's been just as complicated
I come home and my sweet gal is waiting
In the driveway, with her head 'a shakin'

She says, "Honey make your mind up now
You can saddle up or settle down"
Guess I'll go ahead and turn that that truck around, cause daylight's wasting

Sweet lord-a-mercy, good god-a-mighty
I'm keeping on, ain't no doubt about it
Feeling a little inconsequential in this transcendental world
Staring at that firebound road, working my way on down it

We had a big show out in Hollywood
Sold a few tickets and it feels so good

To be up there, shining in the marquee limelight

But they need to switch them letters round
Man, just who the hell is Mountain Town
We drove all this way, at least get that name right

The green room hang it was strong as hell
'Til the barman come inside to yell
“Hey boys, I think it's time for y'all to be leaving”

But the motel checkout ain't 'til noon
So it's beers in the treadmill room
I think it's time we exorcize a few more demons

Rene

(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Justin Francis

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Organ - Justin Francis

Lead Vocal - Phil Barker

Far too young and far between and faster everyday
Falling like a freewheel liner, out on the cannonball grade
Ain't much a man can do when his road twists and turn
But hold tight to the wheel boy and steady on the curve

Heart it beats in rhythm, and the mystery remains
Now I'm dazed and distracted by the wave among the grain
Dreamed of a hummingbird and raced him right on through the dawn
Every thought and feeling lost in the rain that echoes on

Hey hey, Rene I'm feeling so close to you now
I would bend the mile back to you if you'd only show me how
We are not meant for all this grieving, nor to keep all that we find
So give that dancing hand to me and let's step into the night

You can count them if you care to, all the years that come around
Ain't we seen the best of them, ain't we covered a little ground
Played it true and honest, no distance could undo
Fate may draw the fiddle, but only time can call the tune

If I should fall out on the road so many miles from home
Please know I am not leaving, know you'll never be alone
I'll be the tall trees on the mountain when you see them nod and sway
I'll be the sunlight on your doorstep come to dance the dark away

Seasons Don't Change

(Jesse Langlais / Jackboy Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller

Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer, Justin Francis

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Banjo - Jesse Langlais

Lead Vocal - Jesse Langlais

Background Vocals - Phil Barker, Robert Greer

Used to get a winter, used to get a fall
Used to get things that matter most of all
Like a little bit of snow on a December night
Changing of the leaves, keep October bright

Everyday's changing in the atmosphere you see
Everyday's changing 'cause of you and me

I remember April when the rains came down
In the month of May, flowers all around
It don't stop, Noah had the sign
Momma take the baby 'cause the river's rising high

Watch a car flow down the Main Street sign
Water touch a needle on a low hanging pine

So, roll, yeah momma roll
Seasons don't change
Just the same they come and go

June, July and August hotter than a furnace
Fires like a piston with goddamn purpose
Scrambling eggs on a hot tin roof
Pacing back and forth not knowing what to do

Think I'll get back to the Tennessee State Line
Let the cool water ease my worried mind

January, February, March we'd dream
Of the hot summer sun and a Georgia peach tree
Now I'm wearing short pants on Valentine's Day
Don't hold no degree, but I think it's safe to say

Everyday's changing in the atmosphere you see
Everyday's changing 'cause of you and me

Daydream Quarantina

(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller

Percussion - Justin Francis

Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer, Justin Francis

Nylon String Guitar - Jesse Langlais

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Wurlitzer - Robbie Crowell

Lead Vocal - Phil Barker

Background Vocals - Robert Greer

Been wearing out these old floorboards, seems like forever
Yes, I'm kindly acquainted with every divot and line
Tryin' to keep all my senses and hold it together
But I just can't hold nothin' with these hands full of time

Even the devil himself, kicked me off his damn playground
Sayin, "Boy ain't ya got nothin' better to do"
Said he's got a luncheon with Bezos and a meeting in Congress
Yeah much bigger fish to attend himself to

I'm drowning the hours with dreams of the day
When we all get together and raise us some Cain
Hell's bells will be ringing and the ol' crowd singing
Adios amigo 'til we see you next spring

Done a whole lotta starin' at this oo-Martin
Tryin' to write about something ain't no one else done
Maybe a heavenly stairway or a great bird of freedom
Don't it seem like the good stuff's already been sung

I just keep on diggin', put my back right into it
For to find you a diamond you gotta stay in the dirt

Now it's three in the morning, nothing much to show for it
But a good case of bad posture and a stain on my shirt

Tried to divvy my rations, but math ain't my strong suit
Now I'm three months and counting on a two week supply
Been grinding up stems and seeds for good measure
And sniffing the fumes when the bottle runs dry

But better days they're a comin', yeah we'll be howling again boys
I can see it so clear when I close my eyes
Beneath the neon shinin', in a great congregation
We'll lift up our bottles and sing one for Prine

Big Decisions

(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller

Percussion - Justin Francis

Conga - Justin Francis

Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer, Justin Francis

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Banjo - Jesse Langlais

Sitar - Rob McNelley

Vocal - Robert Greer

Background Vocals - Phil Barker

In this not so high society, it's so hard to get ahead
It seems every rat I try to race always beats me to the bread
I've been spinning wheels, digging ruts, and waiting on a dream
Of this day to day, man, I've had enough, it's time to change some things

Workin on big decisions
Cuttin' out on this so-called livin'
You can say my choices ain't worth a damn
That's a damn I'm just through givin'
Let them Jones' keep carrying on with
All their runnin' around
Me I'm leaving it well enough alone
Ain't no paradise I've found

Breaker, breaker on that out-bound buddy, I'm off and runnin' and leavin' this ol' town
Gotta be something else out there for me, sure 'nough I'm bout to find it out
Heading for them rippling gulf port waters, maybe on to the coast of Californ'

As for when I'll be returning, shit honey, I'm way on past the point

Got deep on some meditation, trying to find me some peace
Came face to face with a three-eyed Jesus, he said, "It ain't that hard you see"
Just sip a little clear in the evenings, say your prayers twice a week
Spend a little less time on the TV news and a little more time on the creek

Unsung Heroes

(Jesse Langlais / Jackboj Music, BMI) w/ interlude by Bobby Britt

Drums - Miles Miller

Bass - Zach Smith

Mandolin - Phil Barker

Acoustic Guitar - Jesse Langlais

Leslie Guitar - Robert Greer

Fiddle - Bobby Britt

Banjo - Jesse Langlais

Organ - Robbie Crowell

Lead Vocal - Jesse Langlais

Background Vocals - Phil Barker

Whoever said perfection lies in a winning hand
Never picked themselves off the ground, never blew the plan
This one's for the losers and the ones who took the fall
Unsung heroes, a dying breed, don't you hang them on a wall

Following dreams to spite ourselves, couldn't say the reason why
Hadn't seen nothing you haven't seen yet with shades drawn down on eyes
Time to get back to the natural state, I don't care what grows on trees
Cause when your dreams start chasing you, money won't set them free

We've got a few more years, no need to turn the hands of time
No need for fears, bleeding hearts aside
And our time will come like those who walked before
In a hundred years it won't matter anymore

As hellos turn to goodbyes, worry turning near
Could it all be done over, but in the end might still be here
So preachers, keep on preaching, for the sinner's cross to bear
Is heavy as a rolling stone and soft like the morning air

American Family

(Robert Greer, Lisa Anne Simmons / Meat on the Bone, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller

Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith
Mandolin - Phil Barker
Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer
Pedal Steel - Doug Jernigan
Fiddle - Bobby Britt
Banjo - Jesse Langlais
Lead Vocal - Robert Greer
Background Vocals - Phil Barker

The dipper's shining down on middle Tennessee tonight in this sleepy town
We used to do this in Grand Rapids, but family migration it brought us down south
Some hopes are high as stars in the sky, but other think that a bit naive
But family is family, at least that's what my mama always said to me

Uncle Mike's' been away for a while, but Illinois finally set him free
He's been gone five years, now he's back and loaded down with dope he wants to sell to me
Mike's always had a flair for the easy life, and a shady plan to get him there
If folks know what's in that suitcase, they ain't letting on like they give a care

Cause we got each other's backs, right down to the end
Make no mistake, we're thicker than friends
Come as you are, and see what you see
United we all stand an American family

Hey look there's cousin Allie, she only missed one question on her SAT
There ain't no standardized test for life, which explains why she married that wicked Lee
Now Lee's her baby's daddy, and he sired a few more kids on the side
And he best not show his face around here, if he does there's gonna be a fight

Lean Into the Blue

(Phil Barker / Picket Rick Music, BMI)

Drums - Miles Miller
Accordion - Jeff Taylor
Acoustic Bass - Zach Smith
Acoustic Guitar - Robert Greer, Phil Barker, Justin Francis
Mellotron - Justin Francis
Fiddle - Bobby Britt
Banjo - Jesse Langlais
Organ - Robbie Crowell
Lead Vocal - Robert Greer
Background Vocals - Phil Barker

Fired one up on the straight-a-way side of Tennessee

Tried to shake the voices in my head
Never been one for long goodbyes it seems
Some things are easier done than said
It's been a ride, oh it's been a rough damn ride
Barely a dollar to my name
40 something reasons to give up on a feeling
But I've come too far to turn away

So if it's all the same to you, I think I'll see it through
Breaks they come and go, we may miss a few
So if this is where we part I guess, there ain't nothing left
But to smile and turn into the wind, lean in to the blue, take it around again

I can still recall all them wine and wasted nights
On the red clay riverbanks back home
Moonlight on the waterside
How it flashed and shined just like jukebox chrome
Lord knows I appreciate that memory
I'm just fine to leave the past right where it fell
And these unfamiliar city streets
Don't they tend to suit me just as well

When my boots, my boots no longer carry me
And they come to lay my body down
My spirit's bound to keep running free
Oh you'll see it headed for the edge of town
Let my mama know I'm happy now
Tell my dad I done my best
Send me out on that night line flying
It runs Charleston south to Charleston west

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