



Corb Lund
El Viejo
Album Credits & Lyrics

1. The Cardplayers
2. I Had It All
3. Was Fort Worth Worth It?
4. Out On a Win
5. Redneck Rehab
6. El Viejo (for Ian)
7. When the Game Gets Hot
8. Girl With the Stratocaster
9. It Takes Practice
10. Insha'Allah
11. Old Familiar Drunken Feeling

Produced by Corb Lund in Corb's living room (Lethbridge, AB)
Co-produced by Grant Siemens and Scott Franchuk in Corb's living room
Recorded in Corb's living room by Scott Franchuk for Riverdale Recorders
All songs arranged by Corb Lund and the Hurtin' Albertans
Mixed by Steve Christensen at Terminal C (Houston, TX)
Mastered by Chris Longwood at Chris Longwood Mastering (Houston, TX)

The Hurtin' Albertans:
Corb Lund: vocals, acoustic guitar
Grant Siemens: acoustic guitar, 12-string acoustic guitar, resonator and nylon string guitars, banjo, mandolin
Sean Burns: upright bass, background vocals, harmonica
Lyle Molzan: drums, percussion
Gang vocals on "Old Familiar Drunken Feeling" by The Southern Alberta Community Singers

A&R: Darren Gilmore

Management: Watchdog Management

Booking: Logan Bosemer at Odyssey Touring (USA), Jeff Craib at The Feldman Agency (Canada), and Jair Hoogland at Sedate Bookings (Europe)

Art Direction: Michael Weiss

Many thanks to our friends, families, and audiences for your many years of support.

Thanks to

our excellent team that keep things rolling behind the scenes and helped make this record

possible. And a very honourable mention and thank you to our previously full-time Hurtin'

Albertans, Brady Valgardson and Kurt Ciesla.

Dedicated to the memory of our friend, Ian Tyson.

All songs written by Corb Lund / Corb Lund Music Inc II (SOCAN / ASCAP)

except

“Redneck Rehab” by Corb Lund and Jaida Dreyer

Corb Lund Music Inc II (SOCAN / ASCAP) / Chasing The Muse (BMI) a division of Carnival Music Group. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

“Was Fort Worth Worth It?” by Corb Lund and Jaida Dreyer

Corb Lund Music Inc II (SOCAN / ASCAP) / Tiltawhirl Music (BMI) a division of Carnival Music Group. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

“When the Game Gets Hot” by Corb Lund and Brian Koppelman

Corb Lund Music Inc II (SOCAN / ASCAP) / Bkopp Songs administered by Universal Music Publishing (BMI)

I've been wanting to make a record like this for a long time. The band, Franny and I produced it ourselves in my living room with no adults present. It's all acoustic, not an electric lick on the album...banjos and mandos and string basses and stripped-down drums. I put a ton of work into the tunes and I'm pretty proud of this batch. Had a little help from my old co-writing pal Jaida Dreyer on a couple, also wrote a good one with my screenwriter buddy, Brian Koppelman. Lots of gambling songs and lots of minor keys. And my band guys absolutely killed it too, they're all badasses.

I'm dedicating the record to my old compadre, Ian Tyson, who passed away a few months back. I've named the album for him as well. 'El Viejo', or 'the old one' is what our mutual friend Tom Russell took to calling him in later years. The title track is a pretty special one for us.

We had a blast making this thing, and we hope you enjoy it too. - Corb Lund

The Cardplayers

Very true story about my friends and I getting kicked out of a riverboat casino years ago after a gig. We were wasted and were getting super lucky and running the poker table. Happens sometimes, for short periods. We'd have lost it all back real quick but management kicked us out cuz they thought we were colluding. Which was ridiculous, given the state we were in. I always heard it with an Eastern Euro/klezmer feel; shouts out to Geoff Berner.

I guess it depends what you mean by collusion
There's no winning strategy here
If you think that Ev and I worked out a system
Well, things are not as they appear
And if I thought behavior like this would win card games
I'd show up more often 'round here
May I say for a pit boss you're really quite lovely
I'm sorry we met like this, dear

But I'd sure like to know what got wrote on that clipboard
It's credit where credit ain't due
What you failed to account for per your calculations
Is that fools sometimes get lucky too

Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be a fool

Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be one too
(Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be one too)

Complaints have been lodged by respectable locals
We've poisoned their usual grind
A more noble group dressed in hoodies and sunglasses
You would be hard pressed to find
Players like this should have known that if only
They'd allowed us our drink and our fun
We'd have given it all back with interest and pleasure
In the long run that would never come

And I'd sure like to know what got wrote on that clipboard
It's credit where credit ain't due
What you failed to account for per your calculations
Is that fools sometimes get lucky too

Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be a fool
Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be one too
(Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be one too)

The fiddler, he feels that his rights as a red-blooded patriot have been infringed
He says he's entitled to whiskey by sovereignty, birthright, and citizenship
And if they're running bad because we're drinking liquor, it doesn't reflect on them well
Cuz who hasn't overindulged and then drunkenly dragged a few pots, what the hell!

Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be a fool
Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be one too
(Fools, they get lucky, and I guess I must be one too)

I Had It All

*This one is just a fun romp about gambling and cowboy stuff that feels good to sing.
Thanks for the harp, Burnsy.*

I had a stack and pushed all of it in
I knew I's never gonna see it again
I had a stack and bet it on air
Sometimes babe I like to draw real thin, oh yeah

I had much more than I knew what to do with

To blow through it all must seem kinda stupid
But I never really had a good example to follow
Daddy weren't around to show me how to save a dollar, yeah

I had it all and pissed it away
Irresponsible some might say
I had all and now it's all gone
But sometimes, babe I like to have a little fun, oh yeah

I kinda feel like I'm better off broker
No more cribbage, no pitch and no poker
I kinda feel like I'm better off busted
And that's why your momma says I ain't to be trusted, yeah

A cowboy past and speed metal future
Have a nice night and a good day to you, sir
Got an education, took some graduate courses
On the insides of bars and the outsides of horses

I had it all and pissed it away
Irresponsible some might say
I had all and now it's all gone
But sometimes, babe I like to have a little fun, oh yeah

I had a pony, nobody would ride him
Had a real deep dark stripe of hate down inside him
I had a pony, an occasional buckner
He put me on my ass, he's a real tough sucker, yeah

Was Fort Worth Worth It?

Wrote this with my friend Jaida Dreyer, it was her idea. She always has good ones. In my head I was hearing one part George Strait, two parts Texas Tornados.

Was Fort Worth worth it? Did the Stockyards turn us into somethin' to where we should be ashamed?
Was Fort Worth worth it? Did it serve any purpose but to cause a lotta people a lotta pain?
(Was Fort Worth worth it? Did it serve any purpose but to cause a lotta people that we love a lotta pain?)

I only come to town for the bronc I'd drawn to ride
But the Cowtown cobblestone really hung me up this time
Now you come to mind every time they drive those longhorns by
Here on the cowboy side of the I-35

Was Fort Worth worth it? Did the Stockyards turn us into somethin' to where we should
be ashamed?

Was Fort Worth worth it? Did it serve any purpose but to cause a lotta people a lotta
pain?

(Was Fort Worth worth it? Did it serve any purpose but to cause a lotta people that we
love a lotta pain?)

Trouble like you was the last thing I thought I'd find
Janglin' the spur of the moment in the neon light
But now you come to mind every time they drive those longhorns by
Here on the cowboy side of the I-35

Was Fort Worth worth it? Did the Stockyards turn us into somethin' to where we should
be ashamed?

Was Fort Worth worth it? Did it serve any purpose but to cause a lotta people a lotta
pain?

(Was Fort Worth worth it? Did it serve any purpose but to cause a lotta people that we
love a lotta pain?)

Out On a Win

*The first ever country blues MMA song, so far as I know. It's a sad one about a broken
down old fighter trying to get one more shot at the glory days. Thanks to Justin
Tavernini and Chas Skelly for the authenticity checks. The band guys were like 'oh
great, another song that will bring more dudes to the shows'. Nice. But if this doesn't
help me meet Cowboy Cerrone, I don't know what will.*

I fought in Brazil, I fought in Japan
I wrestled with the Chechens and in Dagestan
I worked amateur promotions all over the States
I always showed up and never missed weight

I been choked out, tapped out, and knocked out cold
I been heel hooked, leg locked, and TKO-ed
Hammer fist finished and triangle choked
I hate to tell ya boys, but I mighta got old

Lord all I wanna do is go out on a win
Feel the ref raise my arm up feelin' again
Styles make fights and with some time in the gym
All I wanna do is go out on a win

Competed in college NCAA
I drifted around and found MMA
A quick left hook and stiff right hand
They said'd be my tickets to the promised land

Well, I rolled with the Gracies a couple of times
Took a few meetings with Dana's guys
Did most everything short of makin' the show
Now it's a little too late and I'm a little too slow

Lord all I wanna do is go out on a win
Feel the ref raise my arm up feelin' again
Styles make fights and with some time in the gym
All I wanna do is go out on a win

These kids coming up are training everything young
Muay Thai, BJJ and Wing Chun
About all that's left of me before I retire
Is an old school, broke down fighter's desire

I give it all up for the Octagon
But with the first few notes of my walk out song
Adrenalin hits and with a puncher's chance
I bite down on the mouthguard for one last dance

Redneck Rehab

*Also wrote this with my friend Jaida, and I think it's partly autobiographical.
Something about growing up in the horse business and being a slave to the ranch life
grind. And getting clean, dirt country style when you're poor and your mom is kicking
your ass. I dig the metal shots at the start. Get on the lean, baby.*

Folks like us, we couldn't afford
Long vacations at the Betty Ford

Momma says I'm gonna have to tough it out here
Grindin' my teeth and grindin' my gears
I just got five more weeks to go
In redneck rehab, whoa, whoa, whoa

Redneck rehab, locked in a shack
A single wide trailer for a month and a half
Redneck rehab, momma got mad (momma got trashed)
I gotta kick speed 'fore daddy gets back (she's gotta kick speed...)

Hot Shoein' Tom says I got your fix
First one's free, here try some of this
One bump for work and two to party
The hay's all cut and the colts are started
Up for days in the Georgia pine
Choppin' wood and choppin' lines

Redneck rehab, locked in a shack
A single wide trailer for a month and a half
Redneck rehab, momma got mad (momma got trashed)
I gotta kick speed 'fore daddy gets back (she's gotta kick speed...)

Didn't waste none of my time on liquor
I climbed on a pony a whole lot quicker
Stepped on coke and bathtub crank
Prescription pills and purple drank
Ridin' high till the fun all ended
Now the mare ain't broke and the fence ain't mended

El Viejo (for Ian)

This one's about the passing of my good buddy Ian Tyson, internationally revered cowboy songwriter. He wrote Four Strong Wings, Someday Soon, Navajo Rug and many more. His stuff was covered by Johnny Cash, Neil Young, John Denver to name a few. More importantly to me, he was a good friend to our band and a real character. He was 88. See ya down the trail, pardner, thanks for the music and the memories.

El Viejo, friend of mine
I think you left us just in time
They're outta vodka, no more wine
I think you left us just in time

You know I hate to see you leave
But it ain't no secret you believed
You was meant for earlier days
Wilder times and a freer range

So old compadre Lord I know
You was likely glad to go
I hope it's easier in time
For those of us you left behind

They ain't dealin' blackjack down at Stockmen's in Nevada anymore
And they'd wanna pay you six to five and that ain't hardly worth playin' for
All's I seen was slot machines from wall to wall the whole casino floor
Nobody hittin' seventeen playin' against the dealer that's for sure (rest assured)
(Nobody hittin' seventeen and worse yet the Commercial's closed its doors)

Mi amigo, mon ami
Elko blues, indeed
You know we did the best we could
But the shine was off the wood

We played up most all of your songs
But with you and Don and Baxter gone
That sure leaves some boots to fill
And I'm not sure we ever will

But on a slightly brighter side
The Outside Circle guys
They're still tearin' up the Star
And Capriola's ain't that far

They ain't dealin' blackjack down at Stockmen's in Nevada anymore
And they'd wanna pay you six to five and that ain't hardly worth playin' for
All's I seen was slot machines from wall to wall the whole casino floor
Nobody hittin' seventeen playin' against the dealer that's for sure (rest assured)
(Nobody hittin' seventeen and worse yet the Commercial's closed its doors)

El Viejo, friend of mine
I think you left us just in time

When the Game Gets Hot

My friend Brian Koppelman had this idea and I helped him flesh it out. Brian is a well known screenwriter (Rounders, Ocean's 13, Billions) and we share an interest in the history of hustlers, con men and gambling cheats. My contribution to the song was inspired by my great grandfather who was a card sharp in Butte, Montana in the late 1800s. His name is still in the police blotter, according to my historian buddy from the Sweet Grass Hills.

Always remember what the old man taught
Don't get greedy and you won't get caught (for every pot)
You won't get rich, but you won't get shot
You gotta keep your cool when the game gets hot

When I play the game, I sometimes cheat
I'll take a little heat occasionally
But I wanna be invited back here next week
So, if I get lucky, hey, I'm everybody's buddy, that's me

Knew what you drew before I dealt you your card
A cold deck, a second, a crimp or a mark
But I might let you off of the hook even yet
Because I'm sharp enough to know to not to win every bet

Always remember what the old man taught
Don't get greedy and you won't get caught (for every pot)
You won't get rich, but you won't get shot
You gotta keep your cool when the game gets hot

Some of these guys like to splash it around
Talk real tough, big men around town
It'd feel real good just to take 'em down now
But it's better that I let 'em bleed out real slow

Leave the milk, steal the cream
Don't kill the goose, don't skin the sheep
Don't wanna get arrested in Omaha
Don't have my hands broke again in Arkansas

Always remember what the old man taught
Don't get greedy and you won't get caught (for every pot)

You won't get rich, but you won't get shot
You gotta keep your cool when the game gets hot

Girl With the Stratocaster

This one feels kinda Eagles-y. I wrote it about a gal I saw play a thousand years ago

Her daddy played lead, he's an old weekender
Workin' that small town sunburst Fender scene
They say one day she up and left the farm
With that Strat and her hat and her worn out Carhartts on
With one last look at the barrel horse in the barn

Who's that girl with the Stratocaster
Has anybody ever thought to ask her name
She's playin' with some boys across the border
With a western heart and a lonesome northern twang

I seen her one time in Oklahoma
Looking all alone, 'bout as far from home as could be
Thought for a second 'bout tryin' to approach her
But she's looking for the one that'll help to rope her dreams
And it turns out that it's tougher than it seems

She stands at the back and she keeps on strummin'
Believes in the rhythm and a better day comin' soon
She ain't been home in a dozen seasons
She's runnin' out of time for findin' reasons to
And she's runnin' out of rhymes to put the music to

It Takes Practice

*A short story about using guitar lesson imagery for training yourself to be a villain.
This one was originally started as the theme song for the movie 'Guitar Lessons' but I
didn't get it done in time. I like the swing band chorus gang refrains. I also like being
able to use 'ghastly' in a song, finally.*

It takes practice, I'm sure you'll understand
It takes practice, like any other plan
It takes practice, yeah to be this bad a man
It takes practice

Start with half an hour a day with discipline and care
Step by step and steady is the way
Don't be overwhelmed by all there is for you to learn
Just look for small improvements day by day
Eventually with patience all the calloused-ness will come
You'll hurt at first, but then it goes away

It takes practice, I'm sure you'll understand
It takes practice, like any other plan
It takes practice, yeah to be this bad a man
It takes practice

It's truly just a skill that nearly anyone can learn
All it takes is slow and focused work
I'm a prime example of just putting in the hours
I wasn't always near this big a jerk
Soon the ghastly things that you have done will not surprise you
Nor will it when you get your just desert

It takes practice, I'm sure you'll understand
It takes practice, like any other plan
It takes practice, yeah to be this bad a man
It takes practice

Insha'Allah

This one would have fit nicely on the Horse Soldier record. It's about a desert warrior fighting in WW1 with Lawrence of Arabia, the British officer sent to the desert to convince the Arabs to rise up against their Ottoman Turk overlords, who were on the side of the Central Powers with Germany. The idea was that keeping the Turks busy at home would take resources away from the European theatre. The Arab fighters held up their end, but the Brits screwed them over pretty hard after the war, as I understand it.

Insha'Allah, I shall see you when the dates are on the trees
Insha'Allah, till then only in my dreams, habibti
I shall see you if he wills it and, Insha'Allah, he brings us peace
If he wills it, Insha'Allah

Insha'Allah, I shall see you when the fighting finally ceases

Insha'Allah, till then only in my dreams, habibti
I shall see you if he's wills it and, Insha'Allah we are made free
And peace upon him be
If he wills it, Insha'Allah

How I long to make the trek back home across the arid desert to my son
For now he must be old enough to ride and read and fire the British gun
But will he know his father when he sees in me the things that I have done?

Insha'Allah, I shall see you when from service we're released
Insha'Allah, till then only in my dreams, habibti
I shall see you if he wills it and when the Turk, he tastes defeat
If he wills it, Insha'Allah

I could help you carry water and to start an honest business we could run
I could worry about the olives as I worked the presses, healthy in the sun
But then who would fight the Ottoman and win the freedom Lawrence says will come?

Insha'Allah, I shall see you when dates are on the trees
Insha'Allah, till then only in my dreams, habibti
I shall see you if he wills it
Till then our desert ponies leap
And peace upon him be
If he wills it, Insha'Allah

Old Familiar Drunken Feeling

*An all too accurate account of being way too high on a gummy bear before a show
many years ago and having to drink my way out of it. Turns out weed ain't my thing.
Also gunning for a Pendleton whisky endorsement here, hint, hint...*

Me and the boys, we was playin' a show down Colorado way
And when we realized they had legalized, well we thought we'd investigate
Cuz there ain't nuthin' better than a little adventure just to shore up band morale
At least till the singer does a few too many milligrams of mis-adventurin' somehow

We were met with a kid, he was born for his job, highly skilled and desirable
Who up till now the world had found to be totally unhireable
He knew the strengths and the names, every hybrid strain that modern science has
allowed

He said you don't have to take it, you don't even gotta smoke it cuz they make it for ya edible now

I want that old familiar drunken feelin'
Washing over me this evening
I wanna be embraced like an old friend
Heart is racin', mind is reelin'
That old familiar drunken feelin'
Something I can count on till the end

It's only noon, I'll be fine, showtime ain't till nine, I chewed and I told myself
But as the day wore on and on and on it all went rapidly to hell
I was high as a kite and it was freezin' outside, I was terrified of people, too
Between shiverin' in the van and hidin' in the can cuz there wasn't any dressing room

Playin' a gig was the very last thing that I wanted on my mind
And the best advice that I got all night's when old Skinner did opine
He said don't try to fight it, yeah, you're just gonna have to try to ride the rank bastard out
So, with that bit of wisdom and herbal terrorism, onstage I was freakin' out

I want that old familiar drunken feelin'
Washing over me this evening
I wanna be embraced like an old friend
Heart is racin', mind is reelin'
That old familiar drunken feelin'
Something I can count on till the end

I steeled myself and said, 'what the hell?' and proceeded to forget all the lines
It was endless and seemed like a fever dream, western hats and neon signs
So, in a desperate position, made the desperate decision that I'd handle this the cowboy way
Which is to pour enough whiskey on the problem till it catches on fire or it goes away

Shot after shot, just like I was taught, suppressed my feelings by all means
It was a mess I guess, but nonetheless a mess fairly well known to me
So, when the second set came, I was back on my game and here's what I'd recommend
If you think you're gonna die cuz you're way too freakin' high just drown it all in Pendleton

I want that old familiar drunken feelin'

Washing over me this evening
I wanna be embraced like an old friend
Heart is racin', mind is reelin'
That old familiar drunken feelin'
Something I can count on till the end

© & P 2024 New West Records, LLC. All rights reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws. Made in USA. CorbLund.com NewWestRecords.com
NW6568