



GABARDINE

1. **GYPPO** (4:03)
2. **SWEET NOTHIN'S** (3:28)
3. **CELINA** (3:12)
4. **WISHFUL THINKING** (4:32)
5. **SUEBOO** (3:12)
6. **AS GOOD BELONGS TO ME** (3:48)
7. **SWINGING WITH A GOOD GUY** (4:01)
8. **FADING LOVE** (4:16)
9. **THE MERENGUE** (3:17)
10. **I AIN'T GOT NO HOME** (4:07)
11. **V-8 BLUES** (4:06)
12. **RED ROCKING CHAIR** (3:50)

GYPPO

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

I'm just a new boy in your little town, where I come
from they don't want me around.

I want to do right and be your friend, but daddy says
you'll leave me in the end.

If you chase me I will fly, or turn around and meet
you eye to eye.

You might win or you might lose.

No way to know, you just have to choose.

Won't do no good to sit and cry. Some things in life
you can't deny.

I'll be a gyppo 'til I die.

Half a world away where I come from, they round
us up and make us follow the sun.

You can only move west so very long, and you end
up where the sun comes from.

When this world starts spinning down, we'll still be
searching for the perfect town.

Most folks reap what they never sow. Most folks
grab what they'll never own.

You can have my story for a song. My daddy never did
nothing wrong, but he'll be a gyppo when he's gone.

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocal

Bill Foss
Bass

Gary Nolde
Drums

Dan Scollard
Congas

Will Sandalls
Cabasa

GARY NOLDE



SWEET NOTHIN'S

Ronnie Self, Universal Music Publishing Limited

My baby whispers in my ear—sweet nothin's.
The words I like to hear—sweet nothin's.
Words she wouldn't tell nobody else,
Secrets, baby, I keep them to myself.
Sweet nothin's.

We walk along hand in hand—sweet nothin's.
We both understand—sweet nothin's.
Sitting in class trying to read my book.
My baby gives me that special look.
Sweet nothin's.

Sitting on the front porch—sweet nothin's.
“Do I love you? Of course!”—sweet nothin's.
Mama turns on the front porch light:
“Come on in darlin’—that’s enough for tonight.”
Sweet nothin's.

Creighton Lindsay
Mandolin, Guitar, Vocal

Bill Foss
Bass

Oscar Vildasola
Drums

Leigh Ann Starceovich
Background Vocal

CELINA

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

You don't owe me anything, baby. Take your things and
walk away.
You don't owe me anything, baby. You can walk away.
You told me once in love and war that everything
is fair play.

Celina, pretty Celina, we're breaking even, you and I.
Oh Celina, we're breaking even, you and I.
And with the last parting glance, we break the bonds
that tie.

It's quiet, quiet this evening, underneath our old
streetlight.
Peace and quiet, so quiet this evening, beneath the
streetlight.
When you get to where you're going, won't you pick
up your pen and write?

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocal

Bill Foss
Bass

Oscar Vildasola
Drums

Kenny Lindsey
Piano, Organ

Will Sandalls
Tambourine



WISHFUL THINKING

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

Listen here, babe, now get it in your bean--
I don't care nothing about the cost of gasoline.
I got more money than Daddy Roebuck.
Wishful thinking—I can't get enough.

I'll take one of this and two of that.
I'll take a fifteen-hundred dollar Stetson hat,
An S.U.V. and a pickup truck.
Wishful thinking—I can't get enough.

Let's go to Vegas and bet for sport.
We don't even have to leave the God damned airport.
I don't know why everyone's crying, "tough."
Wishful thinking—I can't get enough.

Go back to the room and turn on the bed.
They got fifteen speeds, we can mess up our heads.
Call room service—they come right to the door.
Wishful thinking—let's wish for more of it.
I'm not above it. When I'm on a roll, bless my soul,
I'm everybody's jelly roll.

Some guy told me the sea's going to rise.
Name me one polar bear you know is going to die.
As long as my beach house stays real dry—
Wishful thinking—here's mud in your eye.



DAVE PLAETHN

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocals

Bill Foss
Bass, Background Vocal

Gary Nolde
Drums, Background Vocal

Dave Plaehn
Harmonica, Background Vocal

Sam Rodgers
Background Vocal

SUEBOO

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

I went down to the circus on Saturday night.
I had a dollar in my pocket and my head screwed right.
I saw my little Sueboo—she was working the crowd.
She had the men down on their knees and they were
begging out loud—

Sueboo, oooo, Sueboo. She's a real snake-charmer,
she's a total disarmer, Sueboo.

She shimmies and she shakes. She's got legs long as
a mile.

She crawls on her belly like her own reptile.
They tie themselves in knots, then they slip
themselves free.

You want to be there to see the finale.

Sueboo, oooo, Sueboo. She's a real snake-charmer,
she's a total disarmer, Sueboo.

She picked my pocket, and she picked my fruit.
She took me on a ride like a loop-de-loop.
What was I thinking when I asked her to dance?
She put my head in gyration and my feet in a trance.

Sueboo, oooo, Sueboo. She's a real snake-charmer,
she's a total disarmer, Sueboo.

Sueboo! Where are you?

Creighton Lindsay
Mandocello, Guitar, Vocal

Bill Foss
Bass

Gary Nolde
Drums

Rob Birdwell
Horns



ROB BIRDWELL

AS GOOD BELONGS TO ME

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

Storms on the ocean, wind in the tree,
Gives me a notion to lift a weight off me.
I hear your voice calling from the stars and the moon.
It keeps me from falling and not a moment too soon.

You were my first love. You'll be my last.
Others had cursed love. Ours was blessed and vast.
Then you had a hard time, and you went away.
But in the meantime, hear me say –

All the good of your life, as good belongs to me.

The bees give us honey, sweetness and light.
You gave your love to me, it got me through the night.

All the good of your life, as good belongs to me.
All the good of your life, as good belongs to me.

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocal

Ray Brassfield
Bass

Reinhardt Melz
Drums

Kenny Lindsey
Piano

SWINGING WITH A GOOD GUY

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

Don't let the two-tones fool you. I'm not a flip-flop guy.
Don't let the Zoot Suit cool you, and I can tell you why.
Go to any city, in any state. They'll be blocking and spinning
And giving good weight.

You're swinging with a good guy, dancing with me.
Just move it in two-time, skip it on three. Wait and see.

That guy over there, you might want to lose him.
He's got cool shoes, but he don't know how to use 'em.
Jump, jive, and wail, I'll show you a sign.
Air-step and sail, keep your little hand in mine.

You're swinging with a good guy, moving with me.
Dancing in two time, skip it on three.

I don't care if you're feeling down, just trust me in the end.
When I throw you in the air, baby you won't care if you
never come down again.

There's the big Balboa and the Texas Tommy too.
The single and the triple. Now you know what to do.
I told you you would get it--you're nobody's fool.
We're down at the Savoy, and we're making it new.

Swinging with a good guy, dancing with me, rocking in
two-time, skip it on three.

Swinging with a good guy, dancing with me, rocking in
two-time, skip it on three.

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocal

Dan Scollard
Bass, Percussion

Reinhardt Melz
Drums

Kenny Lindsey
Organ

Leigh Ann Starcevich
Background Vocal

Gary Nolde
Background Vocal

Bill Foss
Background Vocal

Bob Lawson
Background Vocal



FADING LOVE

Creighton Lindsay, Fly Creek Music, BMI

She's got a baby smiling, little ones sleeping, candle
always burning, a job in the evening, but when you're at
home the candle seems to burn a little low.

The kisses seem hollow, the laughter is shallow. You
don't need the seasons to see this field is fallow. And
it's time to go, and turn your back on fading love.

It's that first step taken on the long trip home—you might
just stumble or hold your own. Then you turn around
to look back to where you came from. But a whisper
at the window says, "Boy, you'd better shake it, turn
your face to the wind, you know you can take it." And
it's time to go, and turn your back on fading love.

It wouldn't be so bad if it hadn't all happened before.
This search for love gives you a shove just before
it slams the door.

It wouldn't be so bad, if it hadn't all happened before.
This search for love gives you a shove just before it
slams the door.

The taxi meter's running, and so are you. The fare gets
taken care of—you've got one due. You step to the curb
and watch it all drive away. Then Mama says, "Hi."
Papa's still shy. They've been married 30 years, and
they never knew why. It's time to go, and turn your
back on fading love.

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Percussion, Vocal

Bill Foss
Bass, Percussion

Ben Browne
Program

Kenny Lindsey
Piano

THE MERENGUE

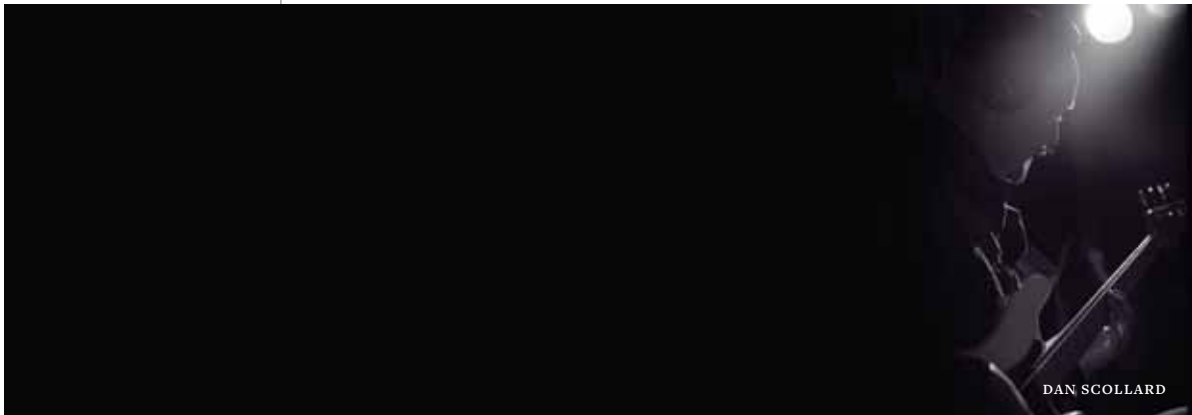
Traditional, arranged and adapted by Creighton Lindsay

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Mandocello

Dan Scollard
Bass

Reinhardt Melz
Percussion

Rob Birdwell
Horns



DAN SCOLLARD

I AIN'T GOT NO HOME

Woody Guthrie, Woody Guthrie Publications

I ain't got no home, I'm just a wandering around.
I'm just a wandering worker, I go from town to town.
The police make it hard for me everywhere I go,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are lost out on the road.
It's a hot and dusty road that many a feet have trod.
The rich man took my crops and drove me from my door.
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I ain't got no home in this world anymore.
I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I was farming on the shares and always was I poor.
The crops I did put into the banker's store.
My wife up sick and died upon the cabin floor.
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocal

Dan Scollard
Bass

Reinhardt Melz
Drums

Dave Plaehn
Harmonica

REINHARDT MELZ

V8 BLUES

Baccom, Summey, Wade, Berwick Music Corp.

I got so tired of coming home late that I went right out
and bought a new V8.

I got the V8 blues. I got the V8 blues. Shake, rattle,
and ramble—I got the V8 blues.

That V8 Ford was my joy and pride, so I took that baby
out for a ride.

I got the V8 blues. I got the V8 blues. Shake, rattle,
and ramble—I got the V8 blues.

I took a little drink to get up my nerve, and I took that
baby going round the curve.

I got the V8 blues. I got the V8 blues. Shake, rattle,
and ramble—I got the V8 blues.

Going round the curve going lickety-split, I met another
fellow, man how we hit.

I got the V8 blues. I got the V8 blues. Shake, rattle,
and ramble—I got the V8 blues.

Man oh man it was an awful wreck. I rolled about a mile
and nearly busted my neck.

I got the V8 blues. I got the V8 blues. Shake, rattle,
and ramble—I got the V8 blues.

Listen here people, now get it in your bean. You can't
mix liquor and gasoline.

I got the V8 blues. I got the V8 blues. Shake, rattle,
and ramble—I got the V8 blues

Creighton Lindsay
Mandolin, Guitar, Vocal

Bill Foss
Bass

Kenny Lindsey
Trumpet

Oscar Vildasola
Drums

RED ROCKING CHAIR

Traditional

I ain't got no use. I ain't got no use for that red rocking chair. I've got no honey baby now; I've got no sugar honey baby now.

I laid her in the shade. I laid her in the shade, and gave her every dime I made. What else can a poor boy do – what can a poor boy do?

Some old rounder came along. Some rounder came along with his mouth full of gold. He took my greenback gold. Got no honey baby now.

I've done all I can do. I've done all I can do, and I've said all I can say. I can't get along this way. I can't make a living this way.

Who'll call me honey? Who'll call me honey, and who'll sing this song? Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone? Who'll rock the cradle when I'm gone?

Well, I'll rock the cradle. I'll rock the cradle, and I'll sing that song. I'll rock the cradle when I'm gone. I'll rock the cradle when you're gone.

I ain't got not use. I ain't got no use for that red rocking chair. I've got no honey baby now. I've got no sugar honey baby now.

Creighton Lindsay
Guitar, Vocal

John Gawler
Banjo, Vocal

Dave Plaehn
Harmonica, Vocal

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