

Margo Cilker
Valley Of Heart's Delight

All songs written by Margo Cilker except "Steelhead Trout" by Ben Walden
"Sound & Fury", "I Remember Carolina" and "All Tied Together" by Margo Cilker and
Forrest VanTuyl

Produced by Sera Cahoone
Engineered and mixed by John Morgan Askew at Bocce

Sera Cahoone: drums, vocals
Margo Cilker: acoustic guitar, electric guitar, vocals
Caleb Klauder: mandolin, vocals
Rebecca Young: bass
Jenny Conlee-Drizos: piano, accordion, organ
Annie Staninec: violin, viola
Paul Brainard: guitars, pedal steel
Kelly Pratt: horns
Sarah Cilker: vocals
Ben Walden: composer, vocals, harmonica
John Morgan Askew: Banjo

LOWLAND TRAIL

Cattle pushing high up a canyon-side
Looking for a lowland trail
Got miles before me, miles behind
Looking for a lowland trail

Looking for a lowland trail
Looking for a lowland trail
Got hills to climb in my own sweet time
Looking for a lowland trail
Looking for a lowland trail

Got trouble cropping up where there could have been love
I've seen it on a lowland trail
You put it all on the line and it wasn't enough
Better take it to a lowland trail

Looking for a lowland trail
Looking for a lowland trail
Got hills to climb in my own sweet time
Looking for a lowland trail

Looking for a lowland trail

KEEP IT ON A BURNER

I got people, I got places, I got things, I got friends
I got something when there's nothing coming up from within
I got postcards, I got music, I got someone's hand to hold
I got whiskey, I got brandy, I got use for this old soul

Sometimes I feel it dipping beneath the water line
But I keep it on a burner in the back of my mind
I keep it on a burner in the back of my mind

I got sidewalks, I got sunburned, I got books I haven't read
I got neighbors telling neighbors they'll be burning up when they're dead
I got wasted, I got waylaid, I got stuck in Lodi again
I got time now, I got know-how, I got only to write the end

Sometimes I feel it dipping beneath the water line
But I keep it on a burner in the back of my mind
I keep it on a burner in the back of my mind

I REMEMBER CAROLINA

I remember Carolina
I remember taking turns
Each tearing up the other
With the prettiest of words
I remember back in Greenville
I saw a friend at the show
I remember Carolina
I remember being home

I remember California
San Francisco Bay
All my buddies live in Oakland
You know the arts don't pay
I remember up Fickle Hill
My heart felt at ease
I remember Humboldt County
Does it remember me?

I remember Montana
Always treating me fine
Driving up to Eureka
Polebridge on the 4th of July
Went on a bender in Bozeman

Sobered up in Hamilton
Fell in love with a fisherman
But it was catch and release

I remember Idaho
24 years old
Good family with a bad dog
Bit down to my bone
Pam Houston on the Selway
Daddy he said "no"
I remember learnin something
I remember Idaho

I remember seeing Dylan
He tipped his hat at me
I hitched a ride back to Boston
With the Twelve Tribes Community
I remember I was swimming
At Singing Beach
That's the last Massachusetts
Ever did for me

I remember Carolina
I remember California
I remember Montana
I remember Idaho
I remember Massachusetts
I remember being homesick
I don't know where my home is
I remember being free

BEGGAR FOR YOUR LOVE

It takes two to tie up a line only sometimes
You can get a good fire to burn through the night if the wind's right
I've been looking at the answers trying to find the in between
I've been watching it all from this porch unraveling

When you get lonely I will remember
How it hurt me when I was a beggar
Beggar for your love

You can get a good feel for where you belong only sometimes
You can get a good line to hold up a song if the rhyme's right
I've been looking at the edges trying to find the in between
It shows on your face when my words mean nothing

When you get lonely I will remember
How it hurt me when I was a beggar
Beggar for your love

MOTHER TOLD HER MOTHER TOLD ME

Mother told her mother told me
What was out under the family tree
I don't need this town, I will always find another
Even if I often wander back again

Brother told a brother told me
What was out under the family tree
If you leave this town you will never find another
Even if you often wander out again

Oh, the love
The way it cuts
Better than a knife
Bleeding for a lifetime

Mother told her mother told me
What was written on the family tree
If you leave this town you will never find another
Even if you often wander back again
Brother told a brother told me
What was hanging in the family tree
If you leave this town we will never have to wonder
If the roots are getting water underneath

Oh, the love
The way it cuts
Better than a knife
Bleeding for a lifetime

WITH THE MIDDLE

I get up at 8 AM
Press the coffee down again
I still leave half just in case
And I pour it out the next day
Kitchen table, my own home
Sometimes a woman's dream is to be alone
Night falls, I'm grateful

What do I do with the middle
Between the coffee and the wine
The part of the day when my heart says
I won't do it this time

You can ask my mom I've been doing great
At the beginning and the end of the day
But I hit a wall when the caffeine falls
And I'm staring at the cabinet
Something in there could kill my brain
I know it's wrong
But at least I wait
Til nightfall, it's a long haul

What do I do with the middle
Where does my love have to go
I've been reaching out, I've been holding on
But I can't anymore

Tell me what do I do with the middle
Between the coffee and the wine
The part of the day when my heart says
I won't do it this time

SANTA ROSA

In little Santa Rosa
I got Christmas chile
There was something about the waitress
I felt like she knew me
We were seated around the table
Napkins all unfolding
I'd been needing coffee
Since we packed up this morning

I looked behind the counter
Saw three crosses above the pies
It all felt as familiar
As the place I'd left behind
Someone bought a postcard
Someone bummed a smoke
Someone lit that cigarette
Then I bummed a toke

I've been wandering
I've been moving

But I have never been afraid to take your hand
And I love you
But you don't need it
Honey, you're grounded- your feet know where to stand

If you pass through Santa Rosa down in New Mexico
Treat yourself to breakfast at the old Comet II

CRAZY OR DIED

Crazy or died
Crazy or died
Everyone I look up to
Has gone crazy or died

Maggio was a hug with two eyes
Served his country and his family
Fought fire from the skies
Through the bullets and the smoke
He made it alive
But the end of his tale
Brings a tear to my eye

Crazy or died
Crazy or died
Everyone I look up to
Has gone crazy or died

Clementine was the light of my life
Was a dreamer, high achiever
But it never came out right
She left on a journey
Still out there today
And they don't understand her
Them that would say

Crazy or died
Crazy or died
Everyone I look up to
Has gone crazy or died

I open my Bible
See the letters in red
I don't know who still lives by the words Jesus said
The bodies they're stacking
They reach for the sky

If that guy comes back here
He'll go crazy or die
Yes, if he comes back a second time
Go crazy or die

Crazy or died
Crazy or died
Everyone I look up to
Has gone crazy or died
Oh Lord, bless my soul
Gone crazy or died

SOUND & FURY

Tell me where you're going
Ask what I'm doing
Wonder how it's coming along
It's a piece of a puzzle
It's a midnight struggle
I'm going I'm going I'm gone

Steve's in Manhattan
Will's down in Houston
Sometimes the tables don't turn
The start of your suffering
Is the end of your wondering
I'm smoking I'm smoking I have burned

Tell me where you're going
Ask what I'm doing
Wonder if I'm coming along
It's a piece of a puzzle
It's a melody muddled
I'm going I'm going I'm gone

It comes down the Selway
Rolls into the Lochsa
To make its Pacific return
The state of your mind
Shouldn't keep you from kindness
I'm teaching I'm teaching I have learned

Tell me where you're going
Ask what I'm doin
Wonder how it's moving along
It's a sound and a fury

It signifies nothing
I'm going I'm going I'm gone

Banjo for strumming
Black American woman
The gatekeeper's footing disturbed
It's a song down the ages
It's a tearing of pages
I'm listening I'm listening I have heard

Tell me where you're going
Ask what I'm doing
Wonder how it's taken this long
It's a shirt we've been offered
From the backs of our mothers
I'm going I'm going I'm gone

It's the Wreck at Los Gatos
My home in Los Altos
The apricots' yearly return
It's the saints at the river
It's a Trinity swimmer
Oh glory oh glory my Lord

ALL TIED TOGETHER

I want to push you away
I want you to feel my pain
It's all tied together
It's all tied together

There was a man loved a man
Named his son the same
It's all tied together
It's all tied together

Where does the wind blow that takes you back home?
Can the angels fly close to the ground?
If it's all tied together are we better unwound?
We lost the tallest drink of water around

He was long he was mean
Was a son to Steve
It's all tied together
It's all tied together

Live it up, live that down
Raise a child from the ground up
It's all tied together
It's all tied together

Where does the fruit fall when you've tasted it all?
When the harvest lies green on the ground?
If it's all tied together are we better unwound?