

peter wilson
shoulder to the wheel

These songs were recorded between November 2009 and March 2011 at Tom Menig's Sundial Studio. For several years in the 1980s Tom and I hosted a weekly "bluegrass jam" in Gold Run, CA. He was also a regular member of my conceptual art band – The American Pyramids. Our kids were friends growing up. Tom has a fine collection of instruments and gear and he knows how to use them. Recording was a pleasure.

At the bottom of all these songs are me and an acoustic guitar. Then Tom and I piled on lots of other things and then we got rid of most of what we'd piled on. Great fun. The icing was put on the cake coming down the home stretch with Bob Gubber, Mark McCartney and Alasdair Fraser coming in to add their magic.

Several of the tunes were co-written with my long-time collaborators Mountain John Hilligoss and Moe Dixon during annual gatherings in the Laurel Highlands of Pennsylvania.

Thanks To friends and family who encourage and support. Special thanks to you for reading this far.

Produced by **Peter Wilson & Tom Menig**
Recorded at **Sundial Studios**
Mastered by **Oz Fritz at High Velocity Studio**

Peter Wilson – vocals, acoustic guitar, electric guitar, bass, harmonica, Hammond B3, Whurlitzer, percussion

Tom Menig – background vocals, electric guitar, slide guitar, lap steel, mandolin, drums, percussion

Alasdair Fraser – fiddle

Bob Gubber – keyboards

Mark McCartney – drums

Cover Photography - Tony Finnerty

Sleeve Photography - Peter Wilson

©© Peter Wilson - Peter Wilson World Records

Grass Valley, California, 95945

530-477-0708

www.peterwilsonworld.com

Shoulder to the Wheel

(Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss)

Shoulder to the Wheel, No destination
Strain, push, muscle and bone
Put your hand on the wheel, it'll move in my direction
Heart into the wheel, carry me home

Grind, grind, there's a telephone line
Could be a beacon from my baby or a straw boss whine
Could be the well's gone dry, could be a mighty big deal
Pick it up buddy, put your shoulder to the wheel
CHORUS

There's a tight rope wire, strung across a canyon
I'm standing in the middle with a couple of clowns
One's crying like a baby, One's smiling like a banker
I'm humming to myself trying not to look down
CHORUS

Is it the chicken or the egg, doesn't really matter
Keep the fox out of the hen house and gather those eggs
Get behind the mule, keep your eye on the prize
Mind your manners, never ever beg
CHORUS

Either it's a mighty long road or we're driving in circles
Think I was just here, a little while ago
Stop this thing, let me off this roller coaster
I want to be right here with the people I know
CHORUS

Little Piece

(Wilson)

The nights & the days
and the dawn and dusk between the two
The moon and the stars and the rising tide the morning dew
The rocks and the trees
and the breeze that blows between the two

These things will carry on without us

The ice and the snow will melt beneath the morning sun
Wash to the sea, evaporate before the day is done
They have not a care for the falling fire the firing gun

These things will carry on without us

Bridge

Like the insects like the plague
Like the driftwood like the clay
We are standing here today and dust tomorrow
Like the atoms in a stone
Like bubbles in the foam
Little pieces not alone but all related

The air and the void and the gamma and the X a Rays
Black holes, nebulas, infrared and ultraviolet rays
The high and the low and the long and the short waves
These things will carry on without us

Bridge

First Verse

Walk in My Shoes

(Wilson)

The River Jordan lies before us
River Jordan deep and wide
One by one and all together
We will reach the other side

CHORUS

Take a walk in my shoes
I'll take a walk in your shoes
Hey let's all trade shoes

In the night there is a candle
It's burnin' by my bed
It's burnin' for you there love
Come lay down your head

CHORUS

Tuesday's Child

(Wilson)

He's down in the cellar with the lights turned out
Curled up in a ball in a cardboard box
Trying not to breath, He's trying not to smile
Everybody's looking for Tuesday's Child
He used to wild, he used to be daring
Head shaved bald and eyes just glaring

Turban and a loin cloth, that's his style
Everybody's looking for Tuesday's Child

He never got hit, he never had a fall
Never got caught sneaking down the hall
Never had a worry he was cool and wild
Everybody's looking for Tuesday's Child
He got married, settled down, had some kids, bought a home,
Cut out the running round all alone
Got a day job working down at the Y
Oh such a good boy, Tuesday's Child

Now he watches TV and he talks on the phone
But he doesn't go out, just stays home
Saving that spare change all the while
Everyone forgot about Tuesday's Child
Well he's still in the cellar, but he's turned on the light
Someone said he's coming out Saturday night
If he's still there Tuesday I'm throwing in the towel
Going in after Tuesday's child

Home to You

(Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss)

Out in the mountains, searching for the grale
Looking through old eyes for something new,
In the singing of a son, in the telling of a tale,
Oh darling, I'll bring this one home to you

In the night before the sunrise, when everything is still
Your voice comes to me across the wire
And your words come down like poetry, flowing down stream
Oh darling, I'll bring this one home to you

CHORUS

Sometimes we have to travel far to find those precious things
There's nothing I can do
Sometimes we need to gather, some times we need to sing
Oh darling, I'll bring this one home to you

When the band has packed their cases,
When all the songs are sung
I'll hear your voice, I can see your name
An the wind blows a melody, with your laugh and smile
Oh darling, I'll bring this one home to you

Back at the station, rain was coming down
Count between the flash and the thunder roll
Now we're rolling through the night,
see the starlight on the rails
Oh darling, I'll bring this one home to you.

Fault (Wilson)

I sat on the bed, ambivalent and angry,
Daunted by unspoken dreams,
Void of ambition, fueled by fear
Paralyzed or so it would seem
When from this position, leaning forward, eyes narrowing,
All focused on this thought
I said, babe, I love you dearly but
My life is all your fault

And it's a shame, it's a shame
It's a pain, it's a pain,
You're to blame, you're to blame
My life is all your fault

You don't know me you don't understand me
You don't listen, don't hear when I talk
If you knew me you'd know my demands
And you'd know that's not what I want
If you knew me you'd know what I need
And you'd know that's not what I want.
Just now, it's all come so clear
My life is all your fault

CHORUS

I never can tell what you're thinking
You won't talk, won't argue, won't fight
You rationalize all of your feelings
You think cause you're rational your right
Love is a feeling you don't understand
Your mind is a trap and I'm caught
Darling I feel in my heart
My life is all your fault

CHORUS

Well she listened to all of those things that I said

She said, "You're probably right,
Indeed I have many bad habits
I'll accept these painful insights
My mind's full of rational thoughts
But I know there's something that we have in common
MY life is all my fault...

CHORUS

By Your Side (Wilson)

When you're feeling weary, When you're feeling sore
When your load is heavy and there's trouble at your door
I will lift your burden, and I will kiss your eyes
I will give you rest and comfort, I'll be there by your side

CHORUS

By your side, By your side
I will give you rest and comfort
I'll be there by your side

When your children will not listen,
When your sisters aren't around
When brothers are long distant
and you're stuck here on the ground
I will sit with you and I will hear you cry
I will take your hand, I'll be there by your side.

CHORUS (with last line of verse)

When your days are short and colder,
When the holidays are done
When you're feelin' older and you wonder what you've done
I will laugh and dance about you, I'll take you for a ride
You know that I will be your friend
and I'll be there by your side

CHORUS

Top of the Hill (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss)

My love said come away with me
No I'm weary, I must be still
She said then come a little ways
Walk me to the top of the hill

CHORUS

Walk me to the top of the hill, my road is long, I can't be still
It would be a great kindness, take my hand
Walk me to the top of the hill

Around the bend, into the woods,
The day was warm and fine,
We spoke to travelers on the road,
and so we passed the time
And when our climb had reached the top,
and it was time to part
My weariness was gone from me,
Our journey had won my heart

CHORUS

I took up my lovers hand and offered her this vow,
I will hold you in my heart each day as I do now
And when the road is rocky love, I will hold you still
And I will be there by your side
when we get to the top of the hill

CHORUS

Wreckin' Yard (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss)

When you're racing with the rodents
you must stay between the lines
If you want that golden trophy, if your eye is on that prize,
But in this demolition derby, down to the last car,
Will be battered and demolished,
towed off to the wreckin' yard
To the wreckin' yard, To the wreckin' yard
Battered and demolished towed off to that wreckin' yard

Step on it good buddy, It's catch-up time
They've turned the bend ahead of you,
you've fallen way behind
You better get a move on if you want in on this race,
It's catch-up time my brother, you are solid in last place
To the wreckin' yard, To the wreckin' yard
You better book my brother, race off to the wreckin' yard

So long good buddy, I'm gonna take my rocking chair
Down to that old river, I'm gonna rock away from there
And if those blues don't leave gonna take my boat and row

On down that lazy river you can watch that river flow
To the wreckin' yard, to the wreckin' yard
You can watch that lazy river flow right past that wreckin yard.

Eyes (Wilson)

I'm the kind of guy that likes to think things out
I'd rather not express myself when I got my doubts
But please don't think I'm sneaky, I ain't got nothing to hide
If you want to read my mind, just look me in the eyes

Some times I get moody and my girl thinks, "Maybe it's me"
She doesn't want to ask me, I guess she's afraid to see
Oh I don't want to worry her, when I don't know my mine
If you need to know my heart, just look me in the eye

I know there's a way when you need to get inside
All you got to do is look me in the eye

When that night time comes and loving time is here
We can come together and put aside those fears
Just let me light one candle, to shed a little light
So I can see your heart gazing in your eyes

I know there's a way when I need to get inside
All I have to do is gaze into your eyes

Longing (Wilson)

If I could quiet my mind enough to hear myself
If I could find worlds to get across what I felt
If I could hold your hand, look in your eyes
If I could sit, by your side

All this longing's just a pain
So much lost, so little gained

Just now there could be something happening in you life
Maybe it's your baby maybe it's your wife
Now could be a fine time to make a new start
Just now could be the perfect time to open your heart

Now's the only moment that you'll ever have
Stop looking round for ways to feel bad

If I could brush your cheek with the back of my hand

If I could kiss your ear if I could understand
How to smell your hair and keep my heart
How to fall in love without falling apart
All this longing's just a pain
So much lost, so little gained

Just now there could be a drop of rain
Gleaming like a diamond on your windowpane
Now could be a fine time to make a new start
Just now could be the perfect time to open your heart

Now's the only moment that you'll ever have
Stop looking round for ways to feel bad

So Free (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss)

There'll be no need for quiet in the morning
I'll leave my dirty dishes in the sink
Just who gets that rocking chair,
I can't say that I don't care
Oh well. There you go. Let it be

I won't have to tip toe coming in late
Turn on the lights and play my music loud
Where your pictures used to be,
I can't imagine what I'll see
Oh well. There you go. Let it be

CHORUS

There's no good guys, there's no bad guys, let it be
There's no winners, there's no losers, let it be
There's just an empty ache, sweet girl
where your love used to be
So sad to be so free. It's so sad to be so free.

Change just seems to come to cats and children
Furniture will come and it will go
Still I'll wonder and I'll worry, Stay up all night and figure
When and where? I'll never know.

CHORUS

Funny How the Time Goes By

(Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss)

I wake up in the morning and I look up at the sky
It's funny how the time goes by
Storm clouds may be rolling in, or may be rolling by
It's funny how the time goes by

Soon my mind is caught up, in my busy day
It's funny how the time goes by
But in this quiet moment I gotta say
It's funny how the time goes by

BRIDGE

The sun will rise the sun will set, on this you can rely
It's funny how the time goes by
Every heartbeat every breath, is a measure of our lives
It's funny how the time goes by

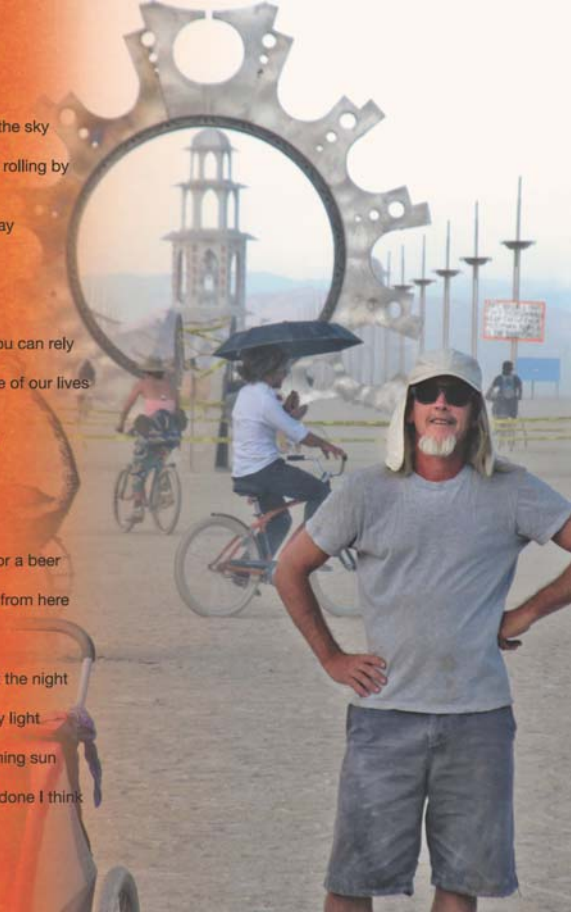
I bumped into an old friend, the other day
It's funny how the time goes by
She smiled and said, "hey mister,"
I winked and said, "hey babe"
It's funny how the time goes by

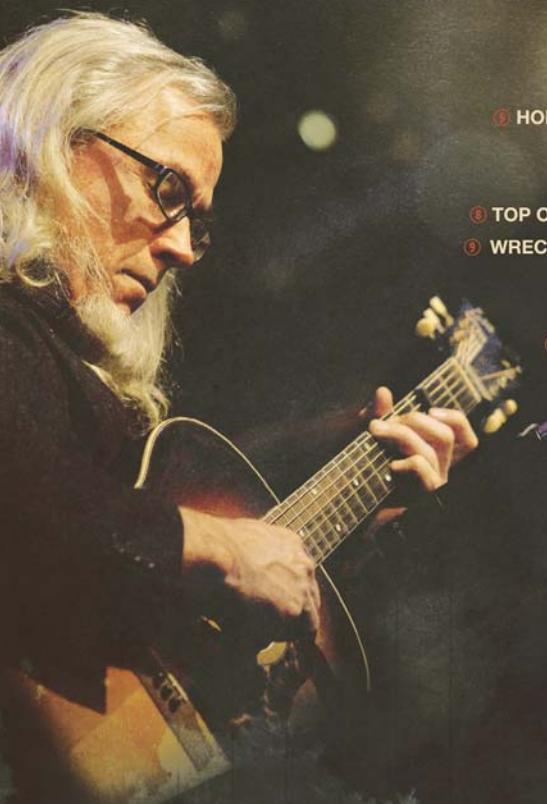
My daughter called me up, and took me for a beer
It's funny how the time goes by
I can hardly wait to see just where it goes from here
It's funny how the time goes by

BRIDGE

In the evening when I stop, and look up at the night
It's funny how the time goes by
A billion stars are shining, it's such a lovely light
It's funny how the time goes by
Each tiny dot's a universe, a whirling spinning sun
It's funny how the time goes by
I can only sit in wonder, and as my day is done I think
It's funny how the time goes by

BRIDGE





- ① **SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL** (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss) 3:54
- ② **LITTLE PIECES** (Wilson) 4:18
- ③ **WALK IN MY SHOES** (Wilson) 3:34
- ④ **TUESDAY'S CHILD** (Wilson) 2:64
- ⑤ **HOME TO YOU** (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss) 5:01
- ⑥ **FAULT** (Wilson) 4:26
- ⑦ **BY YOUR SIDE** (Wilson) 4:57
- ⑧ **TOP OF THE HILL** (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss) 3:41
- ⑨ **WRECKING YARD** (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss) 2:56
- ⑩ **EYES** (Wilson) 3:21
- ⑪ **LONGING** (Wilson) 4:13
- ⑫ **SO FREE** (Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss) 3:00
- ⑬ **FUNNY HOW THE TIME GOES BY**
(Wilson / Dixon / Hilligoss) 3:59

compact
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO



© 2011 Peter Wilson - Peter Wilson World Records.
All rights reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of
applicable laws.