

### 01. SEE WHAT THE MORNING BRINGS

Wounds that bled underneath your skin  
Connect to a secret you hold deep within,  
You were bruised and ignored, left out in the wind  
Hope was lifted, then pushed back down again

Rest beside me, sleep while I sing  
When you arise, we'll see what the morning brings

The curtain was closed to the pain in your eyes  
You fought for change and asked to be recognized  
But you were pushed aside, you were minimized  
And when you surrendered, they felt justified

Oh, rest beside me, sleep while I sing  
Anchor down your wounded heart  
We'll see what the morning brings

Was that an angel we heard  
Tapping the window like an old lost soul?  
How could she ever get past the double-paned glass  
Frozen solid by a three-day snow?

Pull up the blanket, cover your head  
Place your worries by the foot of the bed  
When the fire dies down, and the sky glows red  
We'll search the horizon for a path to be led

But for now, just rest beside me,  
Sleep here while I sing  
I may not have the answers, but  
We'll see what the morning brings.

Yeah I'll search the horizon,  
See what the morning brings  
Find a light inside the darkness  
And we'll see what the morning brings.

### 02. TAKE IT ALL IN

Your eyes opened up like a canyon in front of me  
But the trail is blocked by a rockslide of memories  
I'm cautiously stepping through photos at the edge of my bed  
I'm caught-up in a river of tears that were never shed

And I'm still trying to take this all in  
I'm still trying to take it all in  
When life made a fist and you took it on the chin  
You still tried to take it all in

In the nights when I was lost, you were all around  
I was waiting for the dust to clear and fall to the ground  
I made a home in the mystery and the unrehearsed  
And the waves rolled in so warm on the shore of my thirst

Now, I'm still trying to take this all in  
Still trying to take it all in  
Until the truth of a heart isn't measured by lose or win  
I'm still trying to take it all in

I was stumbling down the road kicking my pain around  
Couldn't feel the sun right before my eyes  
When I learned to let go, I found you by my side  
The love flowed in, filled the space  
that I'd been holding for goodbye.

I stopped searching this town for a heart with a better view  
When I found a bigger world you made inside of you

Still trying to take this all in  
Still trying to take it all in  
I'm standing on a road, you showed me where to begin  
Showed me how to take it all in  
Until the truth of my heart  
isn't measured by lose or win  
Still trying to take it all...just gotta take it all...  
Gotta open my heart and just take it all in.

### 03. OPEN BOOK

You're an open book with some pages torn  
Stitched onto a spine so gently worn  
And the hands that hold the binding,  
That once shuttered closed and shook,  
Invite me in like an open book

And I never have to read between the lines  
The story's your's and your's is mine  
Waiting patient on the dusty shelves of time  
With all this love to find  
Given the choice to look,  
Spilling from your heart like an open book

You're an open book  
Anchor down your wounded heart  
Searching my pages for words to say  
You offer up your poetry  
With the ease of a single look  
And guide me back like an open book

(repeat chorus)

In all those years we kept the cover closed,  
So fearful of what might be exposed,  
I was blindly hoping...barely coping...  
With these words unspoken  
Wanting to be opened, to be opened

We never have to read between the lines  
My story's your's and your's is mine  
Until we're placed up on the dusty shelves of time  
With all this love to find,  
Given the choice to look,  
Spilling from our hearts like an open book,  
Spilling from our hearts like an open book

### 04. CHANGING TIDE

She was a Wellfleet girl with golden skin  
Twisted hair full of salt and wind  
Playing under the footbridge as the marsh filled in.  
Gathering mermaid purses and razor clam shells  
Her face reflected in the ocean swell  
She floated my heart like a silent spell.

We were making our way through the changing tide  
My eyes full of wonder with her by my side  
If I could turn back the morning, I'd surely have tried  
We were making our way through the changing tide

We were sixteen years old and we'd walked for hours  
Fell asleep on the beach under a meteor shower  
And she talked about dreaming of city towers.  
September returned like summers before  
I packed up my bags, she called me "wash-ashore"  
Then I crossed back over the Sagamore.

Making our way through a changing tide  
The sun setting low, and the salt marsh had dried  
I can still see her turn without waving goodbye  
Making our way through the changing tide.

Now I go back, breathe in,  
Warmed by the light of the places we've been  
She must be more than half-a-world away from here

And all these scallopers gathered like shells in a mound  
They're moored to their barstools by a longing they found  
Their kids have all moved to the college towns.  
And I'm walking these mudflats, waiting for June  
The winter's destroyed all those barrier dunes  
But I've shored-up my heart for the next love surge  
Hoping for a time and a place where our waters converge.

But my heart has sung this refrain before  
The last time she crossed over the Sagamore.

### 05. LITTLE WREN (FOR CHLOE)

Little wren under my window are listening to me?  
You're hiding in the branches, I see rustle in the leaves  
Little wren, I'm sorry my song is so quiet today  
But I lost a little friend, it was her time to drift away

And oh, if I could, I would invite you in  
Offer you sunflower seeds from a tin  
Oh, I promise, I wouldn't ask you for anything  
I just wanna hear you sing

Little wren, do you remember when the sky was so clear?  
Are you the same little wren that nested in my flowerbox last year?  
You must have seen her by the curtains  
Watching you, as still as a stone.  
If you see her now above the pine trees,  
Can you send her back home?

And oh, you look so busy  
Gathering feathers, moss and hay  
Come to my window at the end of the day  
Oh, I promise, I won't ask you for anything  
I just want to hear you sing...

Little wren, I'm pretty sure  
She wouldn't hurt you at all  
Her eyes were big but her paws were very small  
When you'd fly up and grab the screen  
She would cackle and call  
But little wren, she was the sweetest little cat of them all.

And I know if she were here, she would invite you in  
Offer you berries, nuts and water from a tin  
Oh, I promise, you wouldn't have to fear anything  
She'd just wanna hear you sing  
Oh little wren, oh little wren.

### 06. THIEVES ON THE SHORE

Now, the boats drift into harbor, it's late afternoon  
I'm remembering a love song but I'm missing half the tune  
'Cause you are not here with me and the night is seeping in  
Where the currents of my memory  
Funnel, flood, acquiesce and spin.

Now, the stars light up like fireflies frozen in your wake  
They once circled over tidepools in the footsteps that we'd make  
But I'm directionless without you and the night is getting twirled  
Into dizzying abstractions  
Of every map, and chart, and compass in the world

Washed away by these thieves on the shore  
With every wave, evidence of love fades a little more  
Into these thieves on the shore.

Now, I can't find the reason for the way we let it end  
And I've questioned all the witnesses who knew us to be friends  
But there's no suspect in your absence, but the night is on the run  
No confession to premeditated murder  
Of every dream under the sun

(repeat chorus)

Now, there's stillness in the harbor, spotlight by the moon  
Though you're gone, you still can change me,  
Erode me like a dune  
'Cause I'm no monument to justice,  
I'm not trying to right the wrongs  
I'm not claiming that I'm innocent  
To a night that knows our songs  
But there's a crime that left me hollow,  
Can't you see you played a part  
When you sailed off like a pirate  
In the chambers of a confiscated heart?  
A confiscated heart...  
Now, you are not here with me.

## 07. MARTHA'S AWNINGS

On the other side of these bright mornings  
Is a light that shines on Martha's Awnings  
Reflects across the sound to Buzzards Bay

The seagulls loot the ferry boats  
A humpback sings its ancient notes  
Echoes down the coastal waterway

The fishermen pull-up anchor as the day goes by  
While the sunset on Menemsha paints the sky

The morning paper hits the lawn and  
An old man sits under Martha's Awnings  
As the island faithful scatter through the town

The captain's quarters in Edgartown,  
The gingerbread houses dance all around  
Glowing like a sunlit wedding gown

And if I could just be with you for one more day  
But the mainland and its matters won't let me stay

The sailboats and the seafood shack  
Come next year, they will all be back  
As September slowly draws her awnings down

On the other side of these bright mornings  
is a light that shines on Martha's Awnings

## 08. THE SOLDIER'S ARMORY

You gave your heart to a soldier,  
he wore it out in the rain  
Yeah, you gave your heart to a soldier,  
he wore it out in the rain  
And now it's stuck out there in the muddy old trenches  
Drowning in the soldier's pain.

I wasn't wearing a suit of armor,  
So you got right inside  
No, I had no suit of armor,  
So you climbed right inside  
You lit a fire in all these chamber rooms  
Where the soldier used to hide.

And then I rode off to the frontlines,  
And left your love exposed  
Yeah, I rode off to the frontlines  
And left your love exposed  
Under a sea of poisoned arrows, I disappeared  
From the life that we'd composed.

This ain't no rebellion  
This ain't no civil war  
When you showed me how  
Your heart took a bullet for me  
I knew what I was fighting for.

Then, I dreamed we rode white horses  
across a battlefield  
Yeah, I dreamed we rode two snowy white horses  
across a battlefield  
There were no scars from all the bloodshed there  
No secrets to conceal.

Then I returned your heart as a soldier,  
We boarded up the armory  
Yeah, I returned your heart as a soldier,  
And we boarded up the armory  
Then we locked up all the ammunition  
That you found inside of me  
Yeah, we locked up all the weapons there  
And you tossed away the key  
Because you gave your heart to a soldier.

## 09. MORNING DRIVE

Roll your weary body out of bed  
Pull your hair back, that shirt is fine.  
I poured your coffee so come down the stairs.  
We'll shake the sleep off when we cross the state line.

'Cause the waking Sun, and you by my side,  
Dreaming out a lifetime on this morning drive.  
And the warming air makes us feel alive,  
Escaping our defenses on this morning drive.

Lay your burdens down outside the door  
And the ways we both felt compromised  
Spend the day with me, the road, and not much more  
Than the orange sun reflected on the driver's side

Remember the blowing snow on I-95;  
How the engine frozen like our lives?  
Well, today's the kind of day we went out looking for  
Winter's over, let's not apologize.

'Cause the waking sun, and you by my side  
Dreaming out a lifetime on this morning drive  
And the warming air makes us feel alive  
Escaping our defenses on this morning drive.

Let's stop worrying about the day  
It doesn't matter if we stop or where we're gonna stay  
If you ever feel lost, I'm right here to say  
Just keep moving and it will be all okay

'Cuz the waking Sun is shining in your eyes  
You're the dream of a lifetime on this morning drive,  
And the warm air that makes you so alive  
Helps me escape my defenses on this morning drive.

Yeah the waking sun, coffee by your side  
We'll ride beyond the fences on this morning drive  
And the warming air that makes us feel alive  
We're gonna roll toward forgiveness on this morning drive  
Yeah, morning drive. Yeah, morning drive.

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My debut release containing eight original songs written between 2014 and 2017, and one cover song - Martha's Awnings - written by my first songwriting influence Joe L'Esperance. This collection is the result of a decade exploring the nature of commitment, loss, renewal and forgiveness – pulled from my background as a visual artist and immersed in a New England sensibility.

All songs ©2018 Ric Allendorf (ASCAP), except for  
"Martha's Awnings" written by Joe L'Esperance.

Recorded and produced in Middleboro and Marshfield, MA by Ric Allendorf and Brian Evans  
Mastered by Scott Baker of Miximus Maximus, San Antonio, TX

### Musicians:

Ric Allendorf: acoustic and electric guitars, vocals, percussion

Jeff Armstrong: drums (Track 01, 06)

Katy Boc: fiddle (Track 03)

Bob Charles: slide dobro, harmony vocal and high strung guitar (Track 03, 06, 09)

Brian Evans: bass (Track 01, 03)

Joe L'Esperance: harmony vocal (Track 02)

Raienne Richards: harmony vocal and clarinet (Track 07)

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