



# Bourbon Blue (1999)

## 20 Miled South of Nowhere

1. 20 Miles South of Nowhere
2. My Sweet Rapier
3. Jezebel
4. Junkie Girl
5. Hand of the Hunter
6. Murder on Her Lips
7. Rhythm of the River
8. Days That Try Your Patience
9. Lady Jack of Irons
10. When The Irish Were Kings of New York
11. Morning Never Brings
12. Bourbon Blue

Dan sat at the bar, talkin' about his car with Alice

She was heading out to Vegas, running from her dark days in Dallas  
She had a brother she could stay with,  
Said he didn't know she was coming  
Yeah, but I bet he never guessed what kind of person she was becoming  
Jimmy Moran and his one-man band played every note like it was his last  
He played "Strangers in the Night" too slow  
And always played Neil Diamond songs too fast

20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Yeah, me and mine  
20 Miles South of Nowhere

Gray-haired Marie watched her sports TV and began to write somethin' down  
Tommy Turrets twitched his regrets that the Celtics were coming to town  
Dora came in, she was stinkin' of gin  
She referred to me as "sailor"  
She was beautiful not long ago  
Before everything began to fail her  
Now Will's been in the bathroom for so long  
Now he either jumped out the window or died  
Everything's been so dull around this place  
But everything's been done or at least been tried

20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Pearls and swine  
20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Doing my time  
20 Miles South of Nowhere

The Last Chance Lounge on the near North Side  
Everybody's watchin' the news  
Music comes back when "Friends" comes on  
Hear Van the Man singing the Irish blues  
Colleen just got a 550 SL  
I wonder what the hell she's doin' here  
She asked me if I wanted to go for a ride, I said "Babe, I just ordered a beer"  
She wants everyone to think she's made it,  
But I know her mama bought her that  
A guy asked me if I was an artist, I said "A con artist, mon frere" and turned my back

20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Yeah, me and mine  
20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Doin' my time  
20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Pearls and swine  
20 Miles South of Nowhere  
Yeah, me and mine

Michael McDermott

# My Sweet Rapier

---

Sweet seventeen, my virgin queen  
I saw her on a charcoal mare  
I did decide to make her my bride  
While I swam in her crystal stare  
My peasant love, ancient cliffs above  
The wind wrestled in my head  
I split the night while my love held tight  
On the night when we were wed  
I traveled around with the village clown  
For some noblemen and royalty  
When I returned, I saw our house had burned  
And my love hanging from a tree

I swear on my mother's soul tonight  
And on the soul of my true love fair  
That I won't sleep until your blood rests on  
My Sweet Rapier

As sure as my name I know who to blame  
The very one that I will find  
He's a swordsman, skilled, the very one who killed  
The truest love of mine  
I saw the way he looked at her  
On the days of the village fair  
He wore a fichu around his neck  
And a black ribbon in his hair

I swear on my father's soul tonight  
And on the soul of my true love fair  
That I won't sleep until your blood rests on  
My Sweet Rapier

I may be overmatched, I know  
But the battle is already won  
I will find ye, sir, and cut ye down  
Before the rising sun

I swear on my mother's soul tonight  
And on the soul of my true love fair  
That I won't sleep until your blood rests on  
My Sweet Rapier

*Michael McDermott*

# Jezebel

---

She thought she'd been a harlot a few lifetimes ago  
She knows every single story by Edgar Allan Poe  
Maybe I was foolish to let her become more than a  
friend  
But where in the hell has my lovely Jezebel been?

She's a hero with a thousand different faces at least  
One speaks like a princess and the other like a beast  
She ain't Christy Turlington, she ain't an 8 or 9 or 10  
But where in the hell has my lovely Jezebel been?

Somebody said they'd seen our girl hanging on the  
wrong side of town  
She said she's sick and tired of everybody, everybody  
round here that keeps dragging her down  
She'll drink you right under the table, boy, but don't  
leave her alone  
She'll take the heart God gave you and she'll turn it  
into stone  
You'll be hanging on to see her but you'll never know  
where, why, or when  
Oh where in the hell has my lovely Jezebel been?

"Papa Limba," she used to sing, "please open the  
door"  
Everybody'd watch her as she'd move across the floor  
But walking up to her was like a lamb inside a lion's  
den  
Oh where in the hell has my lovely Jezebel been?  
Yeah, her amulets and charms are so strong I cannot  
defend  
Where in the hell has my lovely Jezebel been?

*Michael McDermott*

# Junkie Girl

---

Eyes as black as Kentucky coal  
Looking like a vulture for the rest of her soul  
A day not long ago she cannot recall  
White witch in her red velvet shirt  
Across the tracks where it no longer hurts  
Stories of daggers and the veils hung at Rose Hall  
The smartest woman that I've ever met  
A sweet soul lover that I'd never forget

She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
I really do think that I love her

She's been with women and she's been with men  
See the gates of the kingdom from Lucifer's den  
What are you hiding, girl, what are you running from  
Pain from panes just looking out  
Was it the fear or was it the doubt  
That got you running, girl, that got you feeling numb  
I don't think she felt me at all  
Countin' all the ways she could make me crawl

She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
I really do think that I love her

She talks to me in ways I cannot recognize  
Rings on her toes and bruises on her thighs  
Strangely enough she was impressively well read  
Caught like this it doesn't do much good  
To read your horoscope or knock on wood  
Strange to be living with so much of you that dead  
There's not much anyone can do  
When a sucker's soul has turned black and blue

She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
I really do think that I love her

She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
She's my Junkie Girl  
I really do think that I love her

Think that I love her  
Yeah, think that I love her  
. . . think that I love her

*Michael McDermott*

# Hand of the Hunter

---

There's tethers of truth, tongues telling lies  
Cracks in the colors of your bloodstained eyes  
The wolves are dancing in sheep's disguise  
And their presence is very unnerving  
Backfiring engines in fields full of knowing  
There's blood in the dirt with the seeds you're sowing  
Are you aware of the gifts your gods are bestowing  
Even though you feel undeserving  
You're standing in line, waiting for rations  
Like Jericho, the walls down came a-crashing  
Stiletto the sounds, the lights all a-flashing  
Do you bow to the one that you're serving  
Are you free from the Hand of the Hunter  
Are you free from the Hand of the Hunter  
Are you free

There's many hills to climb, many rivers to cross  
And if you're not careful, boy, you're bound to get lost  
You might not have a dime, but you'll cover the cost  
Or you'll dance in the circles of sorrow  
Meanwhile, alone, far across town  
Judy laid her newborn baby down  
She said "It's hard to fly when you're chained to the ground  
Anybody got some wings I could borrow?"  
And I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free

The ghost of Michelangelo  
They carved me from my world of stone  
Listening to a fading fire  
Is it true, they say, all dreams one day expire  
I believe it  
Succulent sermons sung from the sun  
Broken descendants are out on the run  
The art of war, it has only begun  
The silence is rolling like thunder  
Spilling like wine, the healing was landing  
Our only bastion was our understanding  
With my fist in the air, the winds I was commanding  
Free from the spell I was under  
The hostages of iniquity  
Were put on display for all to see  
The chosen tongue, the communion of three  
Left everyone dazzled in wonder

I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free

I believe it  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free from the Hand of the Hunter  
I'll be free  
I believe it  
I believe it

Sing a song, sing a song of freedom  
Sing a song, sing a song of freedom  
Sing a song, sing a song of freedom  
Sing a song, sing a song of freedom

Michael McDermott

# Murder On Her Lips

---

Quarter Girl in that Brazilian bar  
You were right where you wanted to be  
From a distant world you'd traveled so far  
Into a head-on collision with me  
Yeah, you held my hand, we moved to the band  
I put my hands upon your hips  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
And Murder on Her Lips

You talked about the mountains, talked about getting  
free  
I remember thinking you seemed kinda stoned  
In that hotel by the water where you spent those  
nights with me  
Remember the way you moved and moaned  
I held her so and I could feel the undertow  
I thought the night was just playing tricks  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
And Murder on Her Lips

I was still recovering from the night before  
I was trying to put the pieces back into place  
I remember Jackson Square when the rain began to  
pour  
Your hair fell down around your face  
You spoke to me of him and how you knew it'd be a  
sin  
You said "The man deserves everything he gets"  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
And Murder on Her Lips

Somewhere cross the bayou  
Somewhere where the canebrake ends  
Is a ghost that still haunted her inside  
I was due in Memphis, had to meet up with some  
friends  
She said she couldn't come along for the ride  
She whispered in my ear, without the slightest bit of  
fear  
And her words got my stomach doin' flips  
She had love in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes

She had love in her eyes  
And Murder on Her

Love in her eyes  
She had blood in her eyes  
She had love in her eyes  
And Murder on Her Lips

*Michael McDermott*

# Rhythm of the River

---

Tossing and turning all night long when the  
Dawn breaks it just gets worse  
Pacing the floors of her apartment now  
For that medicine she put in her purse  
She dumped it all out on the kitchen table  
All she got was a pile of ones  
With all the Rhythm of the River she runs

She was working a so-co day drag  
Went to make some coffee, quick  
Then went and stood in the bathroom  
Feeling like she was gonna get sick  
The fireworks in her head were ringing  
Like a symphony of loaded guns  
With all the Rhythm of the River she runs

After work, her and the other dancers  
Would hit the scene down at the Indigo  
Drinks were usually on the house  
And they'd always score some blow  
They'd wind up at that after hours  
By the Robert Taylor homes  
With all the Rhythm of the River she runs

You can get so damn defeated  
Running and you don't even move  
You feel like you've been cheated  
And you've got little left to prove  
The city lights can be so blinding  
As blinding as seven suns  
With all the Rhythm of the River she runs

Sweet sugar daddy, he's like clockwork  
Creeping to a candle-lit room  
Gotta be home to his wife by eleven  
He never leaves a minute too soon  
Most times, she can't help but crying  
Right when the old man cums  
With all the Rhythm of the River she runs

Most mornings she sits in her windowsill  
Clutching her knees to her chest  
Trying to figure out what went wrong  
In a life that once seemed blessed  
What are these things that we fall for  
When our strength finally succumbs  
With all the Rhythm of the River she runs

*Michael McDermott*

# Days That Try Your Patience

---

The rain, it fell like fire in Revelations  
He was stranded on the outskirts of a dream  
He thought about his life and limitations  
That kept him here abandoned in between  
You're holding your head high above a dragon  
Feel the godless hands pulling you down  
It's a struggle to keep your head above the water  
It's a struggle not to let yourself be drowned

These are days, the days that try your patience  
The days that love to kick you when you're down  
These are days, the days that try your patience  
You can only hope by God they'll turn around

The dark clouds, they've been looming for a long time  
You've been waiting for the sun to reappear  
Lately it just seems like every morning  
The skies just ain't looking very clear  
Do you look in the mirror at a stranger  
Do you try to keep your dignity intact  
You know that the game is far from over  
Even though everything seems out of whack

These are days, the days that try your patience  
The days that love to kick you when you're down  
These are days, the days that try your patience  
You can only hope by God they'll turn around

It's a struggle not to let yourself be swallowed  
Swallowed by the ruthless undertow  
You're stranded in this place feeling so hollow  
You wanna leave but you don't know where to go  
Are you tired of waiting for something to happen  
Waiting for some savior to call  
I've wasted so much time it drives me crazy  
There's really no time to waste at all  
The moonbeams trip the night within its wonder  
I caught a glimpse of a new day that I dreamed  
There's forces everywhere that'll pull you under  
And the currents are much stronger than they seem

These are days, the days that try your patience  
The days that love to kick you when you're down  
These are days, the days that try your patience  
You can only hope by God they'll turn around  
You can only hope by God they'll turn around

*Michael McDermott*

# Lady Jack of Irons

---

Listen to the bells, ringing out of time  
All the carousels spinning in my mind  
All the shattered days that are chasing after me  
The memories of you still sing their lonesome melody  
And your eyes are shrouds of mystery

I know it's too late, baby  
Cause our ship already sank  
If it didn't, well, I swear by God  
I'll make you walk the plank

The ghosts of the ocean sing their songs for me  
And for the kind of man I'm never gonna be  
For the treasures lost that I never will find  
The outrageous cost saved for the criminal mind  
Oh how could I have been so blind

I know it's too late, baby  
Cause our ship already sank  
If it didn't, well, I swear by God  
I'll make you walk the plank

Spark the dying soul to dream a soldier's tale  
The way you lose control, when things begin to fail  
When the hawkers come to town and they're selling  
souls for cheap  
There's never a soul around when you're drifting way  
too deep  
While destroying everything you reap

I know it's too late, baby  
Cause our ship already sank  
If it didn't, well, I swear by God  
I'll make you walk the plank

When the silence comes I can almost hear you laugh  
As you gaze upon the tragic aftermath  
Like Jack of Irons you ride, like Jack of Irons you take  
The fragments of your soul are all you leave left in  
your wake  
While your soldiers are burning at the stake

I know it's too late, baby  
Cause our ship already sank  
If it didn't, well, I swear by God  
I'll make you walk the plank

Come down from your mountain, I wanna see you  
close  
Tell me what is it you fear of losing most  
I wonder who you are or who you think that you've  
become  
I know you're pretty smart, but baby, I'm just not that  
dumb  
That's why I'm gonna overcome

I know it's too late, baby  
Cause our ship already sank  
If it didn't, well, I swear by God  
I'll make you walk the plank  
Walk the plank  
Go ahead  
Go ahead, walk  
Go ahead, walk  
Go ahead, walk  
Go ahead, go ahead

*Michael McDonald*

# When the Irish Were Kings of New York

---

April 25, 1924 – they laid Charles Murphy to rest  
Fifty thousand people lined the streets that day  
Neath St. Patrick's Cathedral's Crest  
Mahoney and Foley and McGuire were there  
And the boss of the Bronx, ol' Eddie Flynn  
All the way down Fifth Avenue, to the south of Times Square  
While the rebel songs were dancing in the wind  
From the Upper West Side to the boweries  
From the Gas House District to County Cork  
When the Irish Were Kings of New York

I'd been a horse car driver for a year or so  
On the Twenty-Third St. 'cross town line  
After work, the boys would go down to Charlie's place  
For beer and soup for just a dime  
Through the din you could hear big Tim Sullivan  
He had a laugh nobody could ignore  
When the Irish Were Kings of New York

We had Al Smith up in Albany  
Jimmy Walker running a dirty city game  
Fitzgerald at the Biltmore, Dempsey in the ring  
George M. was the prince of Broadway  
We had a Tammany sweep all down Fourteenth St.  
Cardinal Hayes knocking on the Vatican door  
When the Irish Were Kings of New York

Petty crooks and Donny Brooks  
And the power so abused  
Maybe we never realized we  
Had everything to lose  
Our heroes that rose from these city streets  
Became the ghosts of our past  
From the Capitol down to the Fulton Docks  
When LaGuardia came in, things changed so fast  
From the shadows where we built the Brooklyn Bridge  
The tiger whispered "Nevermore"  
When the Irish Were Kings of New York  
When the Irish Were Kings of New York

*Michael McDermott*

## Morning Never Brings

---

Saw a man at the end of my street last night  
Smoking a cigarette  
I wondered what he was waiting for  
Maybe something he couldn't forget  
I started walking down that way  
When he saw me he turned and fled  
He was writing something on the wall  
When I walked up to it, it read:  
Are you waiting for tomorrow  
Are you waiting for your wings  
The night will make you promises  
The Morning Never Brings

From the gallows to the galleries  
Hang anything you please  
But sooner or later  
You're bound to wind up on your knees  
There's seven sacred winds that cry  
And they howl like a ghost  
So painful are the dreams, the ones  
That pass you by so close  
The jester jokes  
The poet quotes  
What my sweet lover sings  
The night will make you promises  
The Morning Never Brings

So before I lay me down to sleep  
Gonna sing me a prayer tonight  
That maybe come tomorrow  
Might find a little leak of light  
But still I'm hearing voices  
Voices I can't ignore  
That tell me there's a better life  
Waiting outside my door  
Are you waiting for tomorrow  
Are you waiting on your wings  
The night will make you promises  
The Morning Never Brings  
The night will make you promises  
The Morning Never Brings

*Michael McDermott*

# Bourbon Blue

---

Graceful, moving like a dancer  
I was waiting for an answer  
She just sang along  
I didn't know that song  
Captured, raptured by your spirit  
In the words I couldn't hear it  
What was I to do?  
I was feeling like a fool

Listen to the wistful sounds of morning coming through  
I keep holding on for my Bourbon Blue

Ballerina, she moved slowly  
Her air was almost holy  
Restored what I had lost  
Put nails in the cross  
Breathless, caught myself drifting  
With the weight I had been lifting  
To try and figure out  
what this whole thing was about

Downward, I was falling... reaching... for a strand so  
true  
I keep holding on for my Bourbon Blue

I know it's stupid  
It's a stupid way of thinking  
When the clearness clouds my drinking  
And I'll kneel and confess  
To my total lack of purpose  
Singing, writing songs by number  
Living life locked in a slumber  
For reasons I can guess  
I felt so useless

Downward, I was falling... reaching... for a strand so  
true  
I keep holding on for my Bourbon Blue

For my Bourbon Blue... I keep holding  
My sweet Bourbon Blue... I keep holding  
My sweet Bourbon Blue

*Michael McDermott*