

## **The Songs: *Bayou St. John***

- |                      |      |
|----------------------|------|
| 1. Places in Between | 5:56 |
| 2. New Orleans Again | 3:53 |
| 3. Oh-Dee-Aye        | 2:57 |
| 4. One Minute Song   | 1:00 |
| 5. Magnolia Bridge   | 2:45 |
| 6. Big Blue Moon     | 3:22 |
| 7. Pooh Nanny        | 3:34 |
| 8. Old Like Me       | 3:55 |

All songs written by Gregg Hill

*New Orleans Again* Co-written with Paul Sanchez

*Old Like Me* Co-written with Paul Sanchez and John Rankin

Produced by Roland Guerin and Gregg Hill

Mixed and Mastered by Roland Guerin

Recorded and pre-mixed by Marc Hewitt at Rabadash Studios, Mandeville, LA

Additional recording by Jack Miele at the Mason Lodge in Covington, LA

Home studio tracks recorded on a Zoom L-8

Background vocal arrangement for *Places in Between* by Lynn Drury

Cover painting by Spencer Shultz

Album art and design by Alice Maule

Thank you! John Autin, Neal Cappelino, David Cohn, Leslie Cooper, Cass Faulconer, Grey Garner, Christian Hill, Mary Hill, Simon Hunter, Matt Maher, Laura McLeod, Charley Patton, Georgia Pettit, Chris Pylant, Aaron Shafer-Haiss, Kat Trujillo

This, my sixth album, *Bayou St. John*, is a record of the songs written, or completed, in my time living on the bayou in New Orleans. Most were written late at night and in the morning coffee hours on my screen porch overlooking the water.

All the players live and work in New Orleans.

Gregg Hill - vocals, guitars, and piano

Doug Belote - drums

Roland Guerin - bass and vocals

Joy Clark - vocals

Lynn Drury - vocals

Jesse Hill - vocals

© Gregg Hill All rights reserved

Edward Wood Publishing, BMI

(album number) GH2023BSJ

Skippy Records

## **1 - Places In Between**

My baby lives on Moss Street, in a house built on hard clay  
The Mississippi River, is about a mile away  
She works most weekdays, on the weekends watches shows  
While doing all the laundry, folding all the clothes

I live there with her, it's just her and me  
The ocean is the other way, about a mile or three  
I do both the bathrooms, swiffer up the floors  
Take her list off of the fridge, to the grocery store

The places in between  
The places in between  
Could be all we ever know  
The places in between

There's a bayou right out front, the water it moves slow  
It goes from the ocean, to the river, or so  
There's lots of folks here dreaming, of worlds we will explore  
But minds of stormy weather, have us holding to the shore

And, I don't always know, who I should be  
I'm hanging around this piece of sand, lest I drift out to sea  
But my baby she's not like that, wherever she is sent  
She takes herself with her, she always feels content

And now the river's always flowing, the sea is still  
But both they would be empty, without the other to fill  
When my baby she works early, I kiss her good night  
Play guitar out on the porch, in the candlelight

## **2 - New Orleans Again**

New Orleans again, New Orleans again  
Wash me clean in your healing rain  
Whenever I'm free to be traveling again  
I go to New Orleans my friend

I have a home and a job I don't mind  
They let me go from time to time  
I could go far away, to some place I never been  
But I go to New Orleans again

New Orleans again, New Orleans again  
Wash me clean in your healing rain  
Whenever I'm free to be traveling again  
I go to New Orleans my friend

A breeze comes down the bayou  
We're passing by mysteries on a stroll  
Down here folks live free  
Just let that big old lazy river roll

Somewhere down the road when I retire  
Maybe I'll sing in a gospel choir  
And sit on the porch with good friends  
Where it's all understood  
That I'm down in New Orleans for good

Whenever I'm free to be traveling again  
I'll go to New Orleans, my friend

### **3 - Oh-Dee-Aye**

I was walking down Dumaine  
Comin' back from the river  
Thought I saw Caleb Brown  
But it wasn't him

It was just some other clown  
With nothin' to deliver  
Had on a shirt said "Key Biscayne"  
Straw hat with-a tattered brim

Oh-Dee-Aye  
Sleep all day  
Oh we while away  
Oh-Dee-Aye

I can't be bothered with these jokers  
But I wish 'em all the best  
Let 'em do just what they wanna  
It's all a game we play

I don't abide no acts of drama  
Cuz people know I'm truly blessed  
Somebody gotta be the chauffeur  
On Inauguration Day

Outside the Port 'o Call  
Talkin' shit with the locals  
I had a chat with Sparkie  
Then we had to go

Cuz I heard all that malarkey  
From Tommy Cane and all them yokels  
And since I got the wherewithal  
You'll hear me on the radio!

#### **4- One Minute Song**

Oh, the beads of rain roll down the window pane  
And they gather in a pool on the sill  
And I'm thinking, how you're far off in some cold lonely place  
And I wonderin' if you're thinkin of me still

We ain't nothin but a one minute song  
Once we loved, but in a moment it was gone  
And I tell it to you now, but you've known it all along  
We weren't nothin but a one minute song

**(5 - Magnolia Bridge**  
Instrumental)

## **6 - Big Blue Moon**

I could see ya, through the curtains in the window  
I was outside by the willow, under the big blue moon

and I was wondering, what it was you were doing?  
and I was thinking through, all the things, we could do  
under the big blue moon

daytime, the stars shine, behind the bright blue sky  
night time, the sun shines, it lights that big blue moon

and I love ya, I really really really love ya  
and I'm thinking up all the things we can do,  
me and you, under the big blue moon



## **7 - Pooh Nanny**

remember those days out in the woods  
where no one ever bothers you  
c'mere 'lil poochie, gonna take off that leash  
take off the collar too

you'd run wild through brambles and trees  
and jump and roll in the stream  
we'd quit all afternoon  
just walking doin as we please

Running wild, panting smile  
You and me on the Leatherstocking Trail  
in those green days

man you'd fly across those wooden bridges  
carrying sticks and chasing squirrels  
sun so warm upon our backs  
no one but you and me in the world

go ahead Pooh Nanny, just roll and get all stinky  
you gotta be stealthy, so I don't mind  
we'd go all the way to Saxon Woods  
and get back to make dinner on time

the day's in late summer when the weather was cool  
we'd hike all the way to Sheldrake Dam, you know  
cut to Ward Acres on the outside path  
and that's a long way for those little legs to go

now your little legs they don't work so well  
and you sleep the whole day long  
I hold you heavy on my lap  
and rub your neck as you yawn

## **8 - Old Like Me**

This is a song about this old guitar and me. We been through a lot together...  
kinda like a guy and his old dog start lookin' the same

Old like me, you're vintage and beat  
Cracked from the cold, split from the heat  
Ya gotta creaky saddle, rusty strings  
Every part they fix breaks another two things

We got secrets they'll never know  
You know what I'm gonna say  
We finish all of each others tales  
We got plenty left to play...

I play the same old sets on worn out frets  
My headstock's bent but it ain't broke yet  
Gotta yellow tone, it's starting to fade  
Round in the middle and half home-made  
Listen how pretty...

We got secrets they'll never know  
I'm going to love you till the end  
We're going to walk right on through Heaven's Gate  
I'll have my arm around your neck, my friend

You know my licks and you know my key  
And you play so sweet, with your buzzin' G, big boomin' E

Gotta sweaty neck, spongy wood  
Gotta plastic nut...still works pretty good  
Dinged up face, loose in the joints  
Goes on and on, never gets to the point...