



I'M WITH HER

SEE YOU AROUND

SEE YOU AROUND

GAME TO LOSE

AIN'T THAT FINE

PANGAEA

I-89

WILD ONE

WAITSFIELD

RYLAND (UNDER THE APPLE TREE)

OVERLAND

CRESCENT CITY

CLOSE IT DOWN

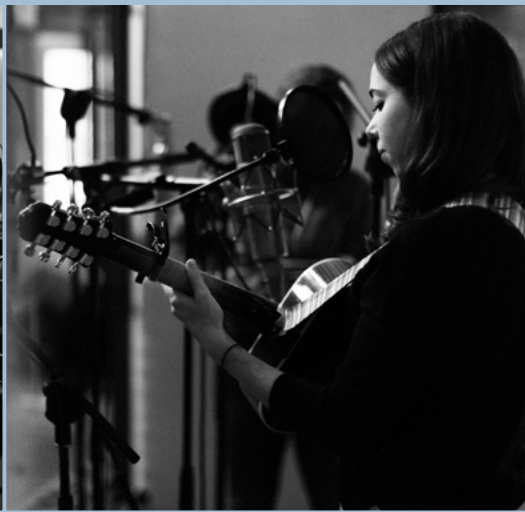
HUNDRED MILES

Produced by Ethan Johns and I'm With Her



imwithherband.com
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See You Around

I hear you loud and clear
Through all the din and commotion
I hear you loud and clear

A constant ringing bell
Or the ocean in a shell I held up to my ear
While everything else is

Breaking like the waves down on the coastline
Breaking like the wine stained glass that held
my drink
Breaking like the heart that's stuck inside my
skin
Will it ever beat again
Or just go on bleeding 'til it's empty
'Til I fill it up again

I feel you, baby
These aren't fighting words, just a declaration
I feel you

So I guess I'll be going now
I know you're looking out for new eyes in the
crowd
I'll see you around

Shiny pieces underneath my feet
Shiny pieces are not all of me

There's a far off feeling, I can't shake it
Hold it in my hands, but I might break it
Shiny pieces all around me

Breaking like the waves down on the coastline
Breaking like the wine stained glass that held
my drink
Breaking like the heart that's stuck inside my
skin
Come on, fill it up again

Game To Lose

Tell it to me
Spit it out
If you push me
I'll just get up
Tell it to me

Keep it coming
I'm on the ropes
But I got something
That you can't see
Keep it coming

There's always another corner
Makes me wonder

How much longer is it gonna be before I get
where I'm going
Get what I need?
You gotta give to get, you gotta be game to lose

Couple other
Rounds ahead
Getting closer
I won't slow down
Just a little longer

Think about it
What's the next move
And the next one?
When is enough enough and when the going gets
tough where can you go?

There's always another corner
Makes me wonder

How much longer is it gonna be before I get
where I'm going
Get what I need?
You gotta give to get, you gotta be game to lose

How much faster can somebody run if you're
chasing a lover
And the noonday sun is beating down on ya
Making it hard to breathe

Ain't That Fine

Drivin' round, you're pointing out the faded
places from your past
Fill up the tank, and I don't question all the
bad times that you've had
All the bad times that you've had

You've got a story, a dotted line
You have your sins, and I've got mine
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?
I've got a story, a dotted line
Where it begins, the when and why
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?

I've been around, there were years when I was
breaking every rule
But I'm coming down, I can't believe the things
I put my mother through
But it's alright, I guess we all deserve our turn
to be a fool
I took my turn and so did you

I've got a story, a dotted line
I have my sins, I've done my time
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?
I've got a story, a dotted line
And it's connecting yours to mine
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?
Ain't that fine

When Friday night finally comes I leave my
troubles at the door
And all our friends, they pile in, we sit for
supper on the floor
Why would I ever ask for more?

Some folks have it better, but oh, we've got it
good

We've got a story, a dotted line
No need to hurry, take our time
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?
We've got a story, a dotted line
Where it begins, the when and why
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?
We've got a story, a dotted line
Got a dollar and a dime
It's nothing special, ain't that fine, ain't that
fine?
Ain't that fine

Pangaea

What's left when the ground cracks
And the sky's black?

It's a lonely life
Everybody lives, everybody lies
When the earth shifts I'm gonna leave you on
the other side
You will reach for me, you think that you need
me
But you don't need me
Oh, it's a lonely life

I'm an old fisherman
Throw out my line, I'll pull you in
Drive my boat, drive my hook
Pull it out and throw you back into the deep end
Oh, it's a lonely life

What's left when the ground cracks
And the sky's black?
Where will you land?

In a game of pieces baby
What's your strategy?
Try your best, connect to me
But the ocean is wider than you think
In a continental jigsaw

It's a lonely life
Everybody lives, everybody lies
When the earth shifts and you leave me on the
other side
It's a lonely life
Oh, it's a lonely life

I-89

If there was another way out I'd take it
If there was another way down I'd go
If there was another way other than the highway
Show me on a map point out the road

Waiting for the sight of headlights flashin'
Fussing with the dial on the radio
Burning through the pages of the Rand McNally
Fire in my belly gonna keep you warm
If there was another way out I'd take it
If there was another way down I'd go
If there was another way other than the highway
Show me on a map point out the road

Everybody wants a piece of me
Everybody wants to see what I see
But I can't just give it to you like that

I'm sick of this routine baby
Shake yourself out of your drowsy sleep
Leavin' you the keys on the kitchen counter
Aren't you getting tired of the passenger seat?

Take a minute to remember, baby
Think of my hand pressing on your back
When you said you hoped no one would ever
love me
I'll never forgive you

If there was another way out I'd take it
If there was another way down I'd go
If there was another way other than the highway
Show me on a map point out the road

Everybody wants a piece of me
Everybody wants to see what I see
But I can't just give it to you like that

Wild One

Do not cross over
Don't get yourself undone
Do not cross over
The other side is a wild one

They say that there are mountains
Cut by wind and snow
I want to climb the hillside
But I hear the women wail
Of a cautionary tale

It starts with just a whisper
Calling me to stay
Why would you want to leave us?
Everything we gave
And everything we made
Singing

Do not cross over
Don't get yourself undone
Do not cross over
The other side is a wild one

Where once there was a fire
Is only ash and stone
Where once there was a city
There are ghosts who freely roam
And they're kicking up the bones
Singing

Do not cross over
Don't get yourself undone
Do not cross over
The other side is a wild one
The other side is a wild one

Ryland (Under The Apple Tree)

Bright summertime
Pour the wine
We've got time
I'll make you mine
Under the apple tree
I planted for my love and me

Your head upon my breast
In my sundress
You steal a kiss
How sweet it is
Under the apple tree
I planted for my love and me

Come September we'll be swimmin' in cider
And we'll press the fruit into butter and we'll
bake it into pies

Oh me, oh my
I love you like
A butterfly
Just let me lie
Under the apple tree
I planted for my love and me

Overland

Goodbye brother, hello railroad
So long Chicago
All these years thought I was where I ought
to be
But times are changing, this country's growing
And I'm bound for San Francisco

I've lived through more than I can tell
Sold all that I could sell
Finally leaving it behind
Goodbye, farewell

If it isn't one thing, then it's one thing more
If it isn't a fever that shows you the door
It's the air or the water or a goddamn war

Goodbye brother, hello railroad
So long, Chicago
All these years thought I was where I ought
to be
But times are changing, this country's growing
And I'm bound for San Francisco

Mama died, brother was born
Daddy tried but he came up short
We were hungry, scared, and needed more

How much can a person take?
I been working hard since I was eight
Got more than my share of years upon my
face

Brother, I've made up my mind
Got a ticket on the Union Line
I know we'll meet again on the other side

Goodbye brother, hello railroad
So long, Chicago
All these years thought I was where I ought
to be
But times are changing, this country's growing
And I'm bound for San Francisco
Where a new life waits for me

Crescent City

You're a strange bird
You're a black crow
And you're darker than the darkest hour
before the cock crows
You're a strange bird
Wanna take a long fly
Over Highway 101 down to Crescent City
tide
Where you'll sit on the white beach while the
waves wash up your supper
Sit on the white beach wondering where are
the others

The other road the
One less taken
You tried it out you stuck around just trying
to fake it
There were good days, 'til you broke them
There were right words but they always were
the ones unspoken
So you sit beneath a tree and wait for manna
from the sky
Sit beneath a tree humming "Am I born to
die?"

Dirt under your fingernails
Wipe the mud from the windowsill
In this world of sweat and tears
Make a life worth living

It's a free fall
It's a high dive
No one really knows what the ocean hides
But you and I, bird
We're gonna find out
And I'll be next to you when the lights go out
And we might see some kind of beauty in the
water
Flashes all around of a life that you forgot

Close It Down

Your voice is an echo of the voices in my mind
You're talking low and laughing on the wrong
side of the line
Take me back to way last June when summer
made us high
Do you remember why?

The midnight sun was beating down on
everyone but us
See I got a chill that I can't shake, and I think it's
from your touch
I'm waiting for the clocks to turn so the sun
won't blind my eyes
Do you remember why?

I'm not the first one in this town to come under
your spell
You come on strong and stick around and you
think you mean well
And if I got the wrong idea then I apologize
And I remember why

I remember in a late night taxi
Back seat, blurry, city lights go by me
Your hand's on my knee, but it means nothing
I know it means nothing

You want to take me out tonight, you want to
buy the round
Bourbon by the bottle, you want to close it down
But when the last call lights come up you go
home to your wife
And you remember why

Hundred Miles

Got a dusty neck and a bent back low
Feel the heat rise up over red dog road
Up ahead's just more of the road not showin'
That's a hundred miles that I'm goin'

It's a long way up and a long way back
Ain't no short cut and no sidetrack
And there ain't one sign of a shade tree
growing
That's a hundred miles that I'm goin'

That's a hundred miles to get back to you
Been a hundred years and maybe two

See the road stretch out for the old home
place
See a glad tear standing on grandma's face
Gonna get some love and a big hello in
That's a hundred miles that I'm goin'

Produced by Ethan Johns and I'm With Her
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Mixed by Dom Monks at Real World Studios
Mastered by Mandy Parnell at Black Saloon Studios

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Sara Watkins – vocals, fiddle, ukulele, acoustic
guitar, electric guitar

Sarah Jarosz – vocals, mandolin, octave mandolin,
clawhammer banjo, Mandoguitar, acoustic guitar,
electric guitar

Aoife O'Donovan – vocals, acoustic guitar, electric
guitar, piano, synth keys

Ethan Johns – harmonium, synth keys, dobro

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