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1. DON'T MESS WITH ME I'M SOMEBODY'S MOTHER
©2002 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

She's sitting at a red light, waiting for a green light
When the Porsche Carrera comes on speeding through
She puts on her siren, she's heading out to chase him
Gonna hand him a citation with *how do you do*
She says "I clocked you going 80"
He says, "Little lady, girl you must be crazy
Honey are you sure?"
HONEY ARE YOU SURE!?
CHORUS She says...
Don't mess with me, I'm somebody's mother
I've taken on much tougher than you
I've given birth to sons and daughters
I part the waters then I walk through

She's runnin' up the court steps, with her purse and briefcase
Grabs her robe and gavel, says - *Here comes the judge*
She'll hear the prosecution defend the constitution
Gonna hand down her decision you know she will not budge-
Case Closed! CHORUS

Don't mess with mama, don't be a fool
The hand that rocks the cradle
That's the hand that makes the rules baby
Don't mess with mama, you know what I mean
Like when Mary said to Joseph - *Better get that stable clean*
Baby don't you bug her, remember your own mother
If you're gonna go up against her
Just remember she's a sure and steady boulder....
CHORUS

I'm gonna, walk on, walk on, walk on, walk on
I'm gonna part the waters I'm gonna walk on through
I'm gonna, walk on, walk on, walk on, walk on
I'm gonna part the waters - just like Mrs. Moses
I'm gonna walk on through!

~~~~~  
**(Redux 2015 Version)**

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Larry Cook-Acoustic Guitars, Bass  
Debi Smith-BG Vocals, Bodrahn  
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocals

**2. BOY ON WHEELS**  
©1998 & ©2012 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Little tike riding on his little trike  
Roaring through the neighborhood  
Sunny little towhead, tornado all in bright red  
He's looking good  
He's just a boy on wheels - he's just a boy on wheels  
Mom's a little nervous - the kid's a little reckless  
He up and goes  
Papa says it's all right, Mom's a little uptight  
Inside he knows - that's just a boy on wheels  
He's just a boy on wheels  
Wind up the wind, and away we go  
There's no point in going if you gotta go slow

Later when he's sixteen, racing on a ten speed  
Why walk when you can ride  
Up the streets everywhere, he no longer cuts his hair  
It's his disguise, Mama cries Oh my  
He's just a girl on wheels!  
There's a motor bike in college, he smokes a little foliage  
Out in LA  
He tanks her up and shifts her, hangs out like a drifter  
In Monterey  
He loves the way it feels to be a boy on wheels  
Here comes a girl, on skates she flies  
She steals his heart - their life goes rolling by

Their kids are off and running, he thinks about retiring  
He can't sit still  
He needs to find the answers to move a little faster  
Up over the hill  
She buys him brand new wheels, two-seater-stud-mobile  
Youth cannot escape him when he's set in motion  
It comes from underneath the hood  
Got a sun burn on his bald head tornado in a corvette  
He's looking good - he's just a boy on wheels  
Wind up the wind, and away we go  
There's no point in going if you gotta go slow  
If you're going on wheels!

~~~~~  
(Redux 2015 Version)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer

Molly Pauken-Bass, Drums, Mandolin
Marcy Marxer-Acoustic & Elec Guitars
Debi Smith, Marcy Marxer, Deirdre Flint-BG Vocals
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

3. CHOCOLATE
©2009 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

You made a beautiful dinner fit for a king and queen
He said he'd be home early for a romantic evening
7:30 has come and gone and now it's half past ten
You wonder why you're not surprised he shows up late again
Put away the Ceaser-salad put away the pasta and the garlic
bread
Don't need no stinking entree you want something for your head
You know just where to find it 'cause you hide it from the kids
Underneath the Tupperware, behind the plastic lids

That's where you keep your chocolate, you gotta have it
You're chasing after chocolate, you need it now
But somebody ate your chocolate, they're gonna regret it
'Cuz Mama won't be nice till she's had a taste somehow

You'll sneak into the kids' room you can't be heard you can't be
seen
You're gonna raid their private stash from last year's Halloween
You creep into their closet and you hear a raging bell
They've booby trapped the goody bag, your kids know you way to
well

That you would steal their chocolate, but you gotta have it
You're jonesin' for some chocolate, you need it now
You're ruthless for some chocolate, you can bet it
There's nothing you won't do for a little taste somehow

You'll rummage through the trail mix stealing all the chocolate
chips
You'll suck it off a raisin or a pretzel that's been dipped
Grab a can of frosting forget about the cake
You'll eat a roll of cookie dough you never planned to bake
You'll suffer through those chocolate covered gourmet coffee
beans
Up all night but look at that! You've got your whole house clean

All because of chocolate gives you magic powers
Even your therapist agrees
The brain it needs the chocolate, got to-got to-give it some
Dark or white, milk - smooth and light, it's all right by me

You can pour it over coconut, cashews, caramel
Mold it into semi sweet ginormous nonpariels
Chocolate covered cherries, chocolate peanut butter cups
There's even chocolate covered ants, hmm not so much
Junior Mints and Snickers, Milk Duds and Kit Kats
Did you know that Tootsie Rolls haven't any fat?
You've been through every nook and cranny
There's nothing to be found
Hershey's Syrup in a can - pretty easy going down

Toast a glass of chocolate, hello happy hour
Kahlua, Crème de Cacao, smooth as silk
Why don't you throw some booze into your Bosco
Who doesn't love what Vodka does to a glass of chocolate milk?

Back in the beginning, way-way back, with Adam and Eve
She was tired and weary, moody, grumpy, downright mean
A case of constant craving had her climbing up a tree
She finds a little piece of fruit, we've come to believe
She was looking for some chocolate
She was feeling punky, shoulda had a chunky
Down and depressed, get a Hershey's kiss
Before you swear off men get a bowl of M&M's
Wanna feel the love - anything by Ghirardelli, Dove
You know you're alive-ah when you eat Godiva
N E S T L E S helps you feel your very best
Because its' chocolate

~~~~~

**(from Babes' DIVA NATION 2009)**

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Larry Cook-Acoustic Guitars, Drums, Keyboards,  
Debi Smith, Nancy Moran, Deirdre Flint-BG Vocals  
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

#### **4. FACES ON MY WALL**

**©2004 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI**

To these faces on my wall, I long to know you  
I long to learn about your life  
About your husband, about your wife  
And your children, what were they like, were they like me?  
To these faces from the past, this glass will keep you  
From the elements of time, that separate your years from mine  
This family tree, on down the line  
Rows and rows of photographs

I hear your pigeon English whispers in my ear  
I repeat those Yiddish phrases I hold dear  
I struggle to remember - now it's my turn to remember  
And when I come to visit can you feel me near  
I touch the numbers on your arm as you stand there  
So full of pride and wonder, how you made it out I wonder  
Yet, you struggled to survive, you emigrated and you thrived  
Here in America, you spared me from the heartache of your life  
Now you're framed in aging brass, your past is haunting  
Oh the stories you could tell, the war, the camps  
The boat, the hell  
Who here is left to tell your tale if not for me?  
On holidays by candle light your stories are told  
Just like antique linen, history unfolds  
And we remember - every family member

Recipe's from memory, generations old  
Remind us how you celebrated so very long ago  
With tastes that we remember, in those kitchens full of wonder  
And the aprons we hid under . . . "*Zies a maydeleh mine kind*"  
And now I take my turn, with these traditions that I've learned  
Here in America, you spared me from the sorrows you've endured

To these faces on my wall, I will protect you  
I make a vow to hold you dear - I'll speak your name year after  
year  
Your voice will echo in my ear, you left your lessons here inside  
my heart  
I'm hoping that my children find some space for me  
On the wall with all these souls that's where I'd like to be  
Remembered, I want to be remembered  
In this gallery of life, I'll join these faces  
As I look I realize, I have her smile, I have his eyes  
And though my nose has been revised - I fit right in  
With these faces on my wall

~~~~~

(from Babes' HORMONAL IMBALANCE 2006)

Recorded at Amerisound
Dan Green-Engineer
Sally-Piano, Vocal

5. I'LL BE THE ONE

©2000 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Here in this land I am home - I'm not alone, not alone
I'm just one of many who belong
I'm not alone, I'm not alone
For so many years I have dreamed of this day
When I'm put to the test, I am asked
To stand and take my place
I'm asked to be strong like a soldier
To always remember, and carry the truth on my shoulder
And be a faithful protector of this light that's shining

I'll be the one, to carry on, to carry on
Mighty and faithful and strong
I'll be the one, to carry on, to carry on

Here in this dessert I will stand - I'm not alone - not alone
My soul now belongs to this land - my future is here
In every grain of sand
History tells us that there'd be a day
When we're put to the test,
We are asked to stand and take our place
We're asked to be strong like a soldier
To always remember, and carry the truth on our shoulder
And be the faithful protector of this light that's shining
I'll be the one, to carry on, to carry on
For thousands of years I've been strong
I'll be the one, to carry on, to carry on

I see these mountains and oceans
I hear of past generations
I have my own destination
It is I who've been chosen
I'll be the one, to carry on, to carry on
I dedicate a promise to go on - I'll be the one
In this world in this life I will be - this eternal light

~~~~~

**(from Babes' SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED 2002)**

Recorded at County Q Studio, Nashville  
P.T. Houston-Engineer  
Mastered by Bill Wolf, Alexandria, VA  
Tom Roady-Drum  
Gary Lunn-Bass  
Steve Sheehan-Guitar  
Camille West, Suzzy Roche, Debi Smith-BG Vocals  
Sally- Piano, Vocals

#### **6. HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS**

**©1990 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI**

On our corner, there's this nice man  
His name is Mark, he's always smiling  
He's got this mom who comes on Wednesdays  
In the evening with soup so steaming  
He shares his house with his friend Martin  
They're not brothers, they're not cousins  
My little girl wonders all about these men  
I take hold of her hand, I begin  
CHORUS  
Home is where the heart is  
No matter how the heart lives  
Inside your heart where love is  
That's where you've got to make yourself  
At home

Through the yard live Deb and Tricia  
With their drills and ladders and their room addition  
My kid yells over are you having a baby  
They wink and smile and say, *someday maybe*  
Through their doors go kids and mommies  
Funny how you don't see the daddies go in  
My little girl wonders 'bout the house with no men  
I take hold of her hand, I begin  
CHORUS

'Round the corner, here comes Martin  
He's alone now, he tries smiling  
He roams around his well-stocked kitchen  
He knows that fate will soon be coming  
My little girl wonders *where will he live*  
I take hold of her hand and I begin  
CHORUS

Martin sits and waits with his window open  
His house is empty his heart is broken  
We bring him toys and water colors  
He loves to hear my little baby's stories  
She's the gift I share, she's his companion  
She's the string on the kite  
She guides him up into the wind – up into the wind  
My little girl wonders who will care for him  
We take hold of his hand, we begin, let's begin now  
~~~~~

(Redux 2015 Version)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Andy Woodson-Bass
Sally-Piano, Vocal

7. DREIDEL DO OVER

© 2015 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

When I was a little girl, I loved the dreidel song
Every year at Hannukah, we'd all sing along
We'd sing, "Dreidel, Draydal, Dreydle, I made it out of clay"
I thought I'd take an old song for a brand-new spin, today.
CHORUS: And so we celebrate with spirit
We celebrate with lights
We celebrate the miracle with candles on eight nights

Long ago, the bad guys tore our temple down
There beneath the rubble, our sacred oil was found
It was just a thimbleful, not enough to last one night
But it burned for eight long days, gave us our Festival of Lights
CHORUS

You see, because we're Jewish, got no holly—got no tree
Don't wear Christmas sweaters, don't sit down on Santa's knee
Nothing can compete with how Christmas rolls on through
But we have Hanukah for folks like me and folks like . . . me
CHORUS

What's up with that fruitcake, what's up with eggnog
Just fry potato pancakes, feh, an artery gets clogged
Oy, we love your Christmas cookies
Jack Frost nipping at our noses
Was Jack Frost a plastic surgeon
Did he do the nose of Moses?
CHORUS

With our family traditions, many customs, many ways
We celebrate this season, finding joy in every day
I have my menorah, you might decorate a tree
Together we all say a prayer for love
Good health, prosperity, and peace
~~~~~

#### **(New 2015)**

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Larry Cook-Acoustic Guitars, Bass  
Debi Smith-BG Vocals  
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocals

#### **8. THE RETURN**

©1991 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Tossed to the stars and a baby goes sailing  
Out on a sea, under quiet night skies  
Dark blue and waiting, it's there she does carry  
Out and away, it's her heart that will never return

Born of a love where the gift is the giving  
Born of two hearts - are just one pair of eyes  
Deep blue and wanting, your soul and your reason  
Caught unaware, it's your old life that never returns

Promise me - promise me, you will outlive me  
That's the natural order, the way it should be  
Then break from me and take from me all you can carry  
Its nature – it's nurture and then it's your turn  
And as I teach you I learn

Tossed in the air, and your baby goes flying  
Into the sun under wide open skies  
Bright blue and shining, she's earth bound and running  
There in her eyes, it's your love that will always return  
~~~~~

(from UNRAVELED 1991)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Dr. G. Roger Davis, Arranger & Conductor
Luis Biava-Cello
Rhonda Frascotti-Violin
Kenechiro Matsuda-Viola
Jonathan Ring-Horn
John Yount-Oboe, English Horn
Sally-Piano, Vocals

9. SAVE ME A SEAT

©1993 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

She's standing in a hard rain waiting for the bus
Homeward bound
There with her umbrella she's had enough
Homeward bound
She's ready for the journey in her heart of hearts
Homeward bound
Once those doors swing open they let the healing start
Homeward bound

Get you a place by the window, grab the isle for me
Someday when it's my turn
Look around you and there I'll be
You better save me a seat, oh, save me a seat

You don't need to transfer on the freedom bus
Because it's one way bound
You don't need a token if in god you trust
Homeward bound
Lay down your weary burden travel as you please
Homeward bound
The tired and the weary find comfort in release
Homeward bound

Get you a place by the window, grab the isle for me
Someday when it's my turn
Look around you and there I'll be
You better save me a seat, oh, save me a seat

They don't laugh at white girls who love their R & B
Homeward bound
You'll be dancing by the river let your soul run free
Homeward bound
Oh, she's ready to get ready - she's got everything in a line
Homeward bound
You gave the gift of courage go on girl it's time
Homeward bound

Get you a place by the window, grab the isle for me
Someday when it's my turn

Look around you and there I'll be
You better save me a seat, oh, save me a seat

She's standing in a hard rain, waiting for the bus
Homeward bound
Closing her umbrella, she hands it back to us
Homeward bound

Wave goodbye at your window, put up your big old feet
You'll always live inside my heart, hold a spot for me
You better save me a seat, oh, save me a seat

~~~~~

(from **GHOST TOWN GIRL 1993**)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
& Music Row Audio, Nashville TN  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Bruce Dees-Engineer  
Gary Lunn-Bass  
Tom Roady-Percussion  
Dean Francis-Keyboards  
Sally-Guitars, vocals  
Back ground vocals by the Neighborhood;  
conducted by Michael Hester w/ Mel Stuart,  
Tia Stuart, Libby Porter

**10. WHEN I WAKE UP FROM THIS NIGHT**  
©1993 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Every night at eight o'clock, we lay our heads for pillow talk  
Hey mom, tell me true, let me ask these things of you  
When I wake up from this night, will there be a morning  
Will the sun be shining bright - what will I find dawning  
When I wake up from this night, will there be a forest  
Will the selfish greedy ones, take the big trees from us

When I wake, will the rain stop coming  
When I wake, will the sun stop shining  
When I wake, will the gardens growing  
Stop from loving me - tell me please

When I wake up from this night, will I be awoken  
By sirens from a nuclear sight, accidents can happen  
When I wake up from this night, will there be tomorrow  
Will the earth have had enough - enough of all this sorrow

When I wake, will there be oceans  
When I wake, will I still be frightened  
When I wake, will there be horizons  
That I cannot see - tell me please  
When I wake up from this night, oh tell me  
Who on earth is gonna make it right  
When I wake up from this night

Here I lay right beside my daughter  
In my soul I've journeyed to protect her  
More than that it's my job to teach her  
How to love this land - I take her hand I say

When you wake up from this night, yes there'll be a morning  
The sun's gonna be shining bright with new ideas dawning  
And when you wake up from this night  
We'll start a new beginning  
We'll show the earth her due respect  
Create new laws for living

When you wake, we're gonna work together  
When you wake, we're gonna start all over  
When you wake, we'll take back forever  
We will rise up strong - we don't have long  
When you wake up from this night, oh darlin'  
You and I are gonna make it right  
When we wake up from this night

~~~~~

(from **GHOST TOWN GIRL 1993**)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
& Music Row Audio, Nashville TN
Dan Green-Engineer
Bruce Dees-Engineer
Gary Lunn-Bass
Tom Roady-Percussion
Sam Hoof-Drums
Larry Cook-Elec Guitars
Ronn Price-BG Vocal
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocals

11. WHATEVER WE DID
©1983 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

I lie here homesick, though I lie at home
Awake with thoughts of sweet friends
Women, grown and gone
Back when we were younger, we clung in a clique
And ran like schools of minnows

Whatever we did, whatever we did
Pretty girls dancing in the gym
Whatever we did, whatever we did
We were spinning on the South side
Whatever we did, whatever we did
Braced against Chicago's dirty wind
Whatever we did, whatever we did
We were visions from the South side
That's my neighborhood

We could be cruel, we could be kind
We'd be judgmental just to pass the time
Nobody's mama had an only child
We'd lay the law through a lipstick smile
Loyal and faithful, two-faced and then
We vowed to remember, I try to forgive

Whatever we did, whatever we did
I'm looking back, I'm looking in
Whatever we did, whatever we did
We had secrets on the South side
Whatever we did, whatever we did
Might cut you off, might let you live
Whatever we did, whatever we did
I landed on the outside
That's my neighborhood

Hometown visits are gonna drive you wild
Streets are frosted shiny blue
I tend to think we turned out alright
But I wonder what they've been through
I heard some would do away with men
Some would leave home again and again
Some would chase a dream or two
Find a lover and that's all they do
But you keep a line along the way
It all comes back to you again someday
Who stayed married, who's got kids
There we go again
I wonder how they've truly been

Some would spend their nights at war
Some get hurt and go back for more
Some would find a cross to bear
Carry that burden everywhere
Me I struggle for peace of mind
Live by example, I try to be kind
I will raise a compassionate child
Lessons from the Southside
That's my neighborhood

~~~~~

(from **UNRAVELED 1991**)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Tom Martin-Bass, Percussion, Flute, Keyboard  
Sally-Acoustic Guitars, Vocals

## 12. TRUE LOVE

©1993 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Just a little vision, just a little night walk  
In the moonlight by your side  
Come a little closer, in the distance  
There's a sadness in the tide  
Walking up along the lake  
Careful of the steps we take  
Lovers' passing by  
They're so quiet you can hear them sigh  
CHORUS I'm hearing - true love, true love, true love  
Forever mine - be my true love - forever mine

On the boardwalk under neon  
And a crazy August sky  
There's a chance of thunder  
There's a chance that I might fall into your eyes  
Something breezes through my hair  
Or did you whisper something in my ear  
Sounds like I love you - tell me, tell me true  
CHORUS

Don't you wonder why does summer  
Hold such magic in the dark  
Strangers turn to lovers and  
Gravity will not deny your heart  
On the midway at the fair  
You will see us everywhere  
Like ducks all in a row  
Love lines us up, love lets us go  
And we shoot at true love  
~~~~~

(from *GHOST TOWN GIRL* 1993)

Recorded at Amerisound StudioS
& Music Row Audio, Nashville TN
Dan Green-Engineer
Bruce Dees-Engineer
Gary Lunn-Bass
Tom Roady-Drum
Steve Brewster-Drums
Larry Cook-Elec Guitar, Flute
Richard Bradburn-Keyboards
Ronn Price-BG Vocals
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

13. LITTLE GIRL PLEASE WAIT

*With Guest Vocalist Janis Ian

©1998 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

She was the one who kept you so young
Now she's growing
You're caught by surprise by the look in her eyes
You know what she's knowing
You sit back and stare into the space she leaves there
Your arms are so empty
She's borrowed your pearls
She wants to take on the world
You're the one not ready, you say
Little girl please wait, little girl please wait
Little girls will sigh, they might cry, but they must wait

There's so much to tell her, but you can no longer hold her
You pray in a whisper
You know it's only fair that she go through her share
Heartache will find her
Blindly you trust that she will grow up
In spite of what you tell her
What she must do is uncover the truth
There's no happily ever after – you say
Little girl please wait, little girl please wait
Little girls will sigh, they might cry, but they must wait

She's part of your history - her future's a mystery
She'll need to find levity as she takes her place

She helps set the table, antique lace and sterling silver
Her grandmothers' china
You tell her the tales, women strong
Women frail, like hand-me-downs and heirlooms
A chip in the cup, a stain on the cloth, a useful existence
Whether she likes them or not
Someday they'll be hers by default
They're a gift, they're a prison
They're for little girls who wait
Little girl please wait - little girls they sigh
They might cry, but they must wait

Will she seek loyalty inside family boundaries?
She might defy gravity, and just pull away
Little girl please wait
Little girls - we sigh, we might cry, we must wait
~~~~~

(from *MY GOOD COMPANY* 1998)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
And Omni Studios, Nashville  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Gary Lunn-Bass  
Stephen Brewster-Drums  
Tom Roady-Drum  
Larry Cook-Acou & Elec Guitars  
Sally-Guitars, Vocals

## 14. GRACEFUL MAN

©1991 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Is he a dancer, or is he crazy  
The way his hands move all around  
His lips are moving, I hear nothing  
He's asking questions without a sound  
Asking would I like to walk  
Through his silent world  
Show me how the silent talk  
Graceful man, graceful hands  
How I long to understand

Does he notice people staring  
Spelling out his name to me  
My lips are moving, I hear nothing  
He dances my name back at me  
Asking would I like to dance  
Through his silent world  
Show me how the silent dance  
Graceful man, graceful hands  
How I long to understand

Ooh, I long to tell him I'd be his  
And to tell him of my loneliness  
Ooh, but now I see that it's my turn  
Now I'm the one who cannot speak - to that  
Graceful man, graceful hands  
How I long to understand

He is spinning moving pictures  
He is singing in the wind  
Next to him now I stand silent  
With my eyes, I'm listening  
Love can be a silent message  
Tossed out in the wind  
With his heart I know he hears me  
Loving him  
Graceful man, graceful hands  
How I long to understand  
~~~~~

(from *UNRAVELED* 1991)

Recorded at Amerisound
Dan Green-Engineer
Larry Cook-Acou & Elec Guitars, Bass
Sally-Piano, Vocals

15. PLAY FOR THEM

©1983 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Tourist attractions attract him
The tourists are ready to spend, so he
Plays for them, right on the street he
Sings to them, you know he'd like to
Talk to them, oh no he's only there to
Play for them
For change or a bill, give what you will
While he plays for them

Pretty women passing by
Flowers in skirts he laughs, he's high while he
Plays for them, right on the street he
Sings to them, you know he'd like to
Talk to them, oh no he's only there to
Play for them
For a smile or a wink, he knows what they think
While he plays for them

His pals come by to sympathize
Request he best with hopeful eyes, while he
Plays for them, right on the street he
Sings to them, you know he'd like to
Talk to them, oh no he's only there to
Play for them
But at dinner tonight they're gonna
Turn up the lights and he'll play for them

His girl back home in Kansas City
Cries but never tells where he
Plays for them, right on the street he
Sings to them, she wonders does he
Talk to them, oh no he's only there
To play for them
She knows he'll return a little
Wounded and burned 'cause he played for them

I'd like to ask if we could meet
When he gets his act off this heartless street where he
Plays for them, right on the street he
Sings to them, you know, I'd like to
Talk to him, oh no, he's only there to play for them
We don't know his name, but I guess that's the game
When you play for them

~~~~~  
(from **ENCLOSED** 1983)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer, Percussion  
Rob Brumfel-Elec Guitar  
Dave Davies-Bass  
Andy Smith-Drums

Frank Pierce-Percussion, Rhodes  
Sally-Guitar, Vocals

### 16. CLOVER

©1995 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

I see the twilight just over your shoulder  
So many stars holding together  
Just like these heavens  
We're constant and brilliant  
Silver gray spinning together  
We have the moon, we have the dawn  
In between we're dancing in clover  
In clover

I see in your clear eyes, an unspoken question  
How one simple wish hands you a lifetime  
Why were we chosen to share all these moments  
My heart of hearts, I have not one notion  
But we have the moon, we have the dawn.  
We have our dances in clover  
In clover

Now there goes a young pair held fast in their passion  
Entwined in desire of the moment  
Will they, or won't they have wishes and lifetimes  
Some questions have not an answer.  
But they'll have moons, they'll have their dawns  
They'll have their dances in clover  
They'll have their moons, they'll have their dawns  
They'll have their chances in clover  
Until it's over

~~~~~  
(from **Babes' FAX IT, CHARGE IT** 1995)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Rhonda Frascotti-Violin
Trevor Handy-Cello
Ken Matsuda-Viola
Sally-Piano, Vocal

17. YIDDISHE MAMA/HATIKVAH MEDLEY

Arrangement ©2015 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Sally-Piano





DISC 2



For additional information and other goodies visit

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1. TAKE ME OUT TO EAT

©1993 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

I'm sitting in my kitchen, ooh, I'm wishin'
They'd love my cookin; or they'd quit their bitchin'
Gonna put my foot down, make him take me uptown
Dress like a debutante, go to a restaurant
Baby take me out, baby take me out to eat

I want a white cloth linen and a cool pressed napkin
A Zinfandel from an organic vineyard
Where they've got Evian on every table
They let you sit and linger, long as your butt is able
Baby take me out, baby take me out to eat

Don't wanna hit the hut - don't wanna slam no Mac
Don't wanna run for the border
Don't you give my no Kentucky Fried yech
I ain't no seafood lover
Don't want no chili dog, no pizza burger
Baby your baby will not be driving' though
Unless they've got a five star review

I wanna leave my lipstick on fine bone china
Gimme decaf espresso, don't want no insomnia
Drink my water from a sparkling crystal
Get a monkey in a tux running to my signal
Baby take me out, baby take me out to eat

They got squid and leaks
I see those grouper cheeks
How about that garlic veal
Can't we put aside our politics for just one meal?

They've got free range potatoes
Braised with a mango
Garnished with a twenty dollar tomato
I don't care if it's tasty don't care if it's good
I want you spending money - I think you should
Baby take me out, baby take me out to eat
You deserve a break today
So get up and get away - and take me out to eat!

~~~~~  
**(from A WOMAN'S GOTTA DO HER THING 2004)**  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios

Dan Green-Engineer  
Larry Cook-Bass, Elec Guitars  
Sally-Acou Guitars, Vocal

### 2. ONE EASY DAY

©2006 & 2015 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

I wake up in the morning with a sleepy face  
I gotta drag my butt to join the human race  
First I'm gonna meditateset my pace  
Right into one easy day  
I throw back the covers, my feet hit the floor  
I sit for awhile until I'm sure  
I'm ready for the craziness outside my door  
I look for one easy day.  
CHORUS: One easy day, one easy day  
How lovely it would be to live trouble free  
For one easy day

In my easy day, we're all kind and patient  
I keep my big mouth shut, no misbehaving  
Everyone I meet, they're also navigatin'  
Toward one easy day  
Then I make a phone call, and it goes right through  
A human says "Hello, what can I do for you?"  
I get to say my peace, that's all I wanted to do  
Oh, that's one easy day  
CHORUS

What if you had a day—no one got in your face  
No one ticked you off to put you in your place  
I think I'll step aside and let the rats all race  
And give them an easy day

What if we all woke up and there was no war  
No more hungry children, suffering, poor  
We can't be the only ones asking for—  
ONE EASY DAY!

~~~~~  
(Rewrite & Redux 2015 Version)
Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Larry Cook-Acoustic Guitars, Bass

Debi Smith-BG Vocals
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, lead vocal

3. HOT FLASH

©2006 Sally Fingerett & Debi Smith
Green Fingers Music, BMI & Degan Music, ASCAP

It's been a struggle - we've been fighting
For the permission to do our own thing
No one can knock us down
We're standing straight and proud
With our laughing lines and our furrowed brows
Some of us had babies - some of us had husbands
Some of us went solo - some loved and lived with women
We've worked in factories - we've got our PHD's
In big fat board rooms - we're running companies

And now we celebrate each new direction
As we face the mirror each day
We accept our imperfections
We won't give our power away
We have come a long, long way, baby
When times get tough, and we have had enough
We have earned the right to say
We're having a HOT FLASH!

Hot flash, for hundreds of years past
Your momma had them - and her momma had them
And her momma had them - and her momma had them
Hot flash, then it's a total memory crash
From sleep deprivation, hallucination -- is that a mustache?

It's no big secret -we're getting older
No one gets out alive, we just get bolder
We struggle, we commit, we vow to never quit
Then we turn to shit from a HOT FLASH!

Hot flash, for hundreds of years past
Your momma had them - and her momma had them
And her momma had them - and her momma had them
Hot flash, then it's a gravity avalanche
A dressing room mirror brings you to tears -- is that my ass??

Get yourself a bowl of soybeans
And cup of black cohosh
Book yourself a beauty treatment
When your brains have turned to mush
No more sleeping through the night baby
You toss and turn while your body burns
You're a walking zombie till the morning light
First you are sweating - your body is baking
You crank up the AC - everyone's waking

Life is a mystery - life can be wonderful
You've got your history, you've got your inner girl
She's still inside your skin, just a little less estrogen
Let your next chapter begin with a . . .

Hot flash, for hundreds of years past
Your momma had them, and her momma had them
And her momma had them, and her momma had them
Hot Flash, you're crumbling down like smoke and ash
You can be sure there - is no cure
We'd even pay cash, but here comes a news flash
We're so sorry dear, it's not hot in here . . . it's you!

~~~~~  
**(from Babes' HORMONAL IMBALANCE 2006)**

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Larry Cook-Bass, Acoustic & Elec Guitar  
Debi Smith, Nancy Moran, Deirdre Flint-BG Vocals  
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

#### 4. THE TABLE

©2012 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI  
(For my father William Fingerett 1922-2010)

Year after year family gathers here  
The tables set  
Kids running around, the noisy sound of life  
Holidays come and go  
We're watching children grow  
Candles are all aglow, blessings everywhere

You never knew that time could move so fast  
Before your eyes  
Somehow you blinked and 30 years flew by  
Seasons bring new life in  
Those kids are having kids  
A new generation lives  
The old one's gone, it passes on

Take your seat at the head of the table  
You've become the next in line  
It's your time, to give of your heart

As best you're able  
You help the next one learn  
So they can take their turn, when you are gone

You look behind you toward the kitchen  
See the table where  
You and your cousins sat not long ago  
As children we're unaware  
Of our parents' hopes and fears  
They were shielding us those years  
Till we were grown, and now we're grown

Now we sit at the head of the table  
We've become the next in line  
It's our time to guide with our hearts  
As best we're able  
We help the next one learn  
So they can take their turn, when we are gone

Year after year the family gathers here  
The tables set  
Kids running around, the noisy sound of life  
Honor the young, the old  
Treasure each story told  
Those are the secrets we need to know  
That history holds us to this table

~~~~~  
(from Babes' MID LIFE VICES 2012)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Sally-Piano, Orchestral Synth, Vocal

5. JEWISH KID BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY TALKING BLUES

©2010 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Back in 1954, down in Chicago, by the south shore
Baby girl is born that Christmas morn
Oh here comes drama
Of those Christmas babies that arrive
She's one of the lucky- in the first five
Wins free diapers, a whole year's supply
Oh got a happy mama
The hospital nurses were more than delighted
To help with the names they get all excited
Name her Mary Carol? Or how 'bout Christine
There's always Judy or Josephine
You know, use the letter J in honor of
Shhh the baby Jesus

But the parents were having none of that
So they gently replied to avoid a spat.
Oh, thank you for those names

We're not Christmas people, so if it's all the same
We thought we'd go with something Jewish
Something Hebraic-we'll call her Esther Shandel
That's quite a handle for a brand new baby
A trend was starting in the 1950's
Names were getting Americanized
Down sized, de-ethnized
A futile attempt to depolarize
And so the family decides to be
Translatin' - Truncatin' - ultimately - assimilatin'
So the beautiful and biblical name of Esther Shandel
Gets homogenized on down-they call her Sally
That would be me

Now being born on Christmas really sucks
I got a lot to say and you can trust
My litany will be very long
For years I've tried to write this song
I'm a cranky old broad with no decorum
I'm stealing licks from a talking blues forum
It's my turn to have my say cuz I'm a
Jewish kid born on Christmas day
I'm a Jewish kid, Jewish kid born on Christmas day

I remember back, when I turned five
No birthday party would ever jive
No little friends could come around
Cuz the Jewish ones had all left town
They went to Florida
Christmas break at Bubbes' house
And the Gentile ones?
Well, come on' . . . it's Christmas!
Back then gas stations and
Movie theatres were closed
There was nothing open goodness knows
Just one rickety Chinese restaurant
Happy birthday Sally - have whatever you want
What do I know, I'm five
They give me rice and a fortune cookie!!

On our way back home from eating Chinese
We'd drive up and down the icy streets
Peeking into windows, see Christmas trees
We'd have us a contest
Which side of the street had the best Christmas lights
Sparkly houses lit up bright
But I'm a little girl, I start to cry,
I don't understand why
The Baby Jesus is out in the cold
In the front yard manger, covered in snow
Why didn't they bring him in
Where it was nice and warm-near the fireplace
Where the stockings were hung
Let him open presents with the girls and the boys

Give him Christmas cookies - let him play with toys
I'd give him my fortune cookie, my fortune said
Learn many languages-go far
I wanted to learn to speak Catholic
And go to Christmas
'Cuz I'm a Jewish kid, Jewish kid
Born on Christmas day

I turned ten in 1964
I was miserable down to my core
Radio and TV were a horrid bore
Remember? Before cable?
Radio blasting choirs from the Vatican
TV humming with off the air patterns
Christmas people rushing everywhere - for us
Alienation and despair
There was nothing to do but sit and wait
And wait and wait, and wait
As the world came to a screeching halt
Mid day on December 24th
Folks said don't worry kids it's over soon
Felt like we were lost, marooned
Thankful our cousins from Skokie would visit
Aunt Lill was planning on bringing a brisket
She called to say they were out of gas
Stations were closed they'd have to pass
Oohhh Happy Birthday Sally
My mom starts to bake a cake
We're out of eggs. OY!

Well, really I could go on and on
No doubt this is one depressing song
Truth is no one forgets my birthday
Cuz they know it's a drag and they all call to say
Hey what a drag, and I say, Yeah, thanks
And then I ask them what theyGot for Chanukah
Cuz now, this year, it's also Chanukah - Damn!

I get birthday calls on Christmas Eve
So now I call it Birthday Eve
Just a chosen few get Birthday Eve
Who? - I'll tell ya!
Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Buffet
Annie Lennox and Sissy Spacek
I wonder if they all get birthday presents
Wrapped in Christmas paper
*"Look, it's Charlie Brown with Lucy and Linus
Dressed as the three wise men
Standing over Snoopy as - the baby Jesus"*

In spite of myself, I've grown up
Trying not to be a bitter adult
But the biggest mishigas of all

Is when I'm out shopping at the mall
I've had a lovely time perusing
My credit card is perched for using
The cashier asks for my ID, I hand it over
He takes a peek and then I hold my breath
As I wait to see if he notices. Yep, he notices
Stand back, here it comes, every time
"OH, YOU'RE A CHRISTMAS BABY"

Right then and there I have to make a choice
To just say thanks, or raise my voice
And let loose with my talking blues
But hopefully I'm smart enough to choose
To just let it go - turn the other ear
Because that's what the Baby Jesus would do
He too was a Jewish kid, Jewish kid
Born on Christmas Day!

~~~~~  
**(finally released by me 2015!)**  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Molly Pauken-Bass, Guitars, Drums  
Sally-Guitar, Vocals

#### **6. THESE ARE THE THINGS** ©2009 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

This is the song I meant to write  
When you were very small  
This is the tune I had in mind  
But you took off to crawl  
I stopped short to catch you  
Had to pull you down from ledges  
I followed close I hovered there  
Just to save you from sharp edges  
These are the things that mothers do  
And I guess they always will

This is the song I meant to write  
When you turned seventeen  
There were some words I had for you  
But you were nowhere to be seen  
You'd be dancing out on ledges  
I was told to keep my distance  
Then you grew up in spite of me  
Finding beauty, grace and brilliance  
These are the things that young girls do  
And I guess they always will

I knew this day would have to come  
I'd have to let you go

I held you in my open hand  
So you'd have room to grow  
Someday you will do it too  
It's just what women do

Here I sit - I'm finally with  
The song I meant to write  
Nothing standing in my way  
No one needing me tonight  
You've left home, I'm on my own  
Heart to heart we're bound together  
I know I did my best, you did the rest  
It appears we raised each other  
These are the things that women do  
And I guess they always will  
And I guess we always will

~~~~~  
(from Babes' DIVA NATION 2009)
Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Sally-Piano, Vocal

7. WOULD A, COULDA, SHOULD A ©2012 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

I've got a problem with my ass
Thought I'd like to lose it fast
I heard about a diet plan
That's gonna help me do this
Cayenne pepper, lemon juice
Then you make a cabbage soup
There's nothing here for me to chew
They must be kidding
I bought the stuff and I got to work
In the kitchen I'm a jerk
Surely I can make a soup in a 10 quart pot
It was pretty healthy I agree, looky here calorie free
Did I make it past day 3? No, no, no, no I think not!
CHORUS I woulda, I coulda, I shoulda, but I didn't
I didn't, no, I didn't, hmmm

I found a 24 hour gym, up all night - come on in
Insomniacs can now get thin, oh baby sign me up
I commit to get all buff and strong as
Soon as I'm done singing this song
I'm gonna hit the gym at the crack of dawn
And I'm not kidding
I'm up early moving slow
I bitch and moan, still I go
Maniacs with gym bags in tow
Filling up the parking lot

I see pretty women and pretty guys
Pairs and pairs of perfect thighs
In my ratty sweats do I go inside?
No, no, no, no I think not!
CHORUS

I knew that I shoulda - almost I coulda
Really I woulda, except for because
I was gonna and I meant to
I wanted when I went to
I realized I was supposed to
Somehow I no longer chose to!

I'm the boss of me, I'm oppositional
Telling me what to do is bull
I've got twenty voices inside my skull, negotiating
I'm a baby in a high chair banging my spoon
Doing only what I want to do
They're telling me to grow up, I keep meaning to
I'm gonna get right on it- nah!
CHORUS

~~~~~  
**(from Babes MID LIFE VICIES 2012)**  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Molly Pauken-Bass, Drums, Mandolin, Elec Guitar  
Marcy Marxer-Electric Guitar  
Marcy Marxer, Debi Smith, Deirdre Flint-BG Vocals  
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocal

### **8. WILD BERRIES** ©1983 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

A young girl on the highway stranded in the snow  
December south of Cleveland, Ohio  
I'm stopping out of pity for a stranger I don't know  
Just a young girl on the highway  
Like me so long ago  
I check my rearview mirror and I'm taken by surprise  
By silver studded strands of hair  
In the bangs around my eyes - oh, my eyes

She's frail but she is handsome just 19 or so  
Dropping out of Antioch and drifting like the snow  
On her way to Boston  
To make dinner for some friends  
Guess to where I'm off to next she said  
India - like the wind I'm off and running  
I'm alone there is no race  
I saw a silver studded diamond pin and  
A smile upon her face - oh, her face - it said  
CHORUS Come with me, go with me

We will be free birds again  
You'll see, just like me  
We will be free birds and when  
You fly there's no time only  
Your wings and your free

She speaks of her adventures - Alaska and the ice  
Wild berries on a doorstep in springtime paradise  
I'm off to the city to window shop downtown  
I make a little money - like a slave it ties you down  
But this spirit right beside me  
She's off to see the world  
And my silver studded memory longs to be  
Just like this girl - oh this girl - she says  
CHORUS

My free bird generation has come and gone  
What's left behind  
But a young girl on the highway  
The last berry on the vine  
Our lost forgotten causes lie deep within her eyes  
Where berries grow on doorsteps there in paradise  
And I look into her garden  
I see myself upon that vine  
I see silver studded dew that falls on berries  
Lost in time - lost in time CHORUS

~~~~~  
(from ENCLOSED 1983)
Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Dr. G. Roger Davis, Arranger & Conductor
Richard Bell-Cello
Tim Mika-Viola
Clare Bell-Violin
Dean Rousch-Harp
Kent Larmee-French Horn
Randy Hester-Flute
Allen Cample-Trumet/Flugle Horn
Steve Secan-Oboe
Sally-Piano, Vocals

9. LET 'EM GO ©1991 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Let 'em go, let 'em be
They'd maybe like to have a look around
To see what they can see
Let 'em go, don't make them stay
There's an open door waiting for them
They'd like to go that way
CHORUS
You gotta let them go

You gotta let them go
You gotta let them go
When they want to go

Don't keep them here - nothing you can say
It's a selfish heart
That longs to love for one more day
They need to go, they see the light
Shining on the silence - the grace
The peace of mind CHORUS

Set them free, cut them loose
Give the gift of kindness a traveler can use
Let 'em go, let 'em be
Send them off with love
Send them off with dignity.

~~~~~  
**(from UNRAVELED 1991)**  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Tom Martin-Bass, Percussion  
Dan Green-Vocals  
Sally-Acoustic Guitars, Vocals

### **10. LONG LONESOME ROAD** ©2009 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Some might say the world's a lonely place  
With heartache all around you  
Moon and stars hover high above  
No love looks upon you  
Close your eyes to catch your breath  
Your spirits start to falter  
You've done all that you can do  
To make love come true  
You might as well try to walk on water  
Inside your head you think about  
What's been said you - couldn't work it out  
Why don't you let it go, all you really need to know  
You are not alone  
CHORUS I see that long and lonesome road  
You'll be walking down  
I will walk along - I will be right beside you

Each morning you awake with the same heartache  
Another day another worry  
Trouble won't let up on you  
Your heart and soul are growing weary  
You're tired of being strong, being on your own  
Lost your courage - lost your backbone

There's no rush straighten up  
Take your time, I'm here to lean on  
I've got your heart right here  
That's what friends are for  
Together we'll get there, better than before.  
Why don't you let it go, all you really need to know  
You are not alone CHORUS

You can count on me night and day  
You must believe me when I say  
I won't let you down  
Together we can turn this around  
YOU, you are not alone CHORUS

~~~~~

(from Babes' DIVA NATION 2009)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Larry Cook-Acoustic & Elec Guitars, Drums
Debi Smith, Nancy Moran, Deirdre Flint-BG Vocals
Sally-Piano, String Section Synth, Vocal

11. BREAKFAST DISHES

©1997 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Breakfast Dishes how I wishes
Someone would do all my dishes

All we had was cereal, cream of wheat is terminal
All those globs, combustible on breakfast dishes
He forgot to strain the juice
Now I'm chiseling the pulp loose
Sandpaper that's what I'll use on Breakfast dishes
Breakfast Dishes how I wishes
Someone would do all my dishes

Morning coffee clears the mind
But what to do with coffee grinds
I'll use them twice
Just saves time from breakfast dishes
Scrambled eggs in a frying pan, little bit of cheese
Mushrooms from a can
You ain't never-never gonna see ham
On breakfast dishes

Egg-a-muffin over here, egg-a-muffin over there
Get that granola out of my hair
Cholesterol be flyin' everywhere
Not on breakfast dishes

Coffee cake my favorite thing
Entemann's makes my heart sings
A sugar buzz and I take wing from breakfast dishes
Breakfast Dishes how I wishes
Someone would do all my dishes

Private dinner for two late last night
I served first class vitals to Mr. Right
We left the table - we did not touch a bite
VIOLA, now they're breakfast dishes
Breakfast Dishes how I wishes
Someone would do all my dishes

~~~~~

**(Redux 2015 Version)**

Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Molly Pauken-Bass  
Sally-Vocal

#### **12. THE BALLAD OF HARRY & ESTHER (HE LOVED HER SO)**

©1991 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

He met her in college, there in the ballroom  
He met her while learning to dance  
He was inwardly awkward and she was outgoing  
She seemed to be spinning so fast  
Always up tempo, always one step ahead  
Again and again she'd say no  
He wanted her for his partner  
But she moved on with another  
But still he loved her so

There in the frat house, now they were seniors  
He met her while drinking a beer  
He was painfully quiet  
She was drunk, loud, and boisterous  
Crazy, but they married that year  
She was a noisy girl, she railed in high decibels  
And he always went with the flow  
Then came the babies, she got fat, she went crazy  
But still he loved her so  
True love, true love  
It's strong like a diamond, strong like her tears  
True love, true love, it's a mystery - a mystery

There in her bedroom, he opens her window  
She's caught in that season of change

She feels so hopeless, so ugly and fruitless  
To him her beauty remains  
He sometimes wonders how he ever caught her  
He knows that he'll never let go  
But she tries to test him  
She will nag and upset him  
But still he loves her so  
True love, true love  
It's strong like her diamonds, strong like her fears  
True love, true love, it's a mystery - a mystery

There on the front porch, all alone after supper  
He met her just closing his eyes  
She passed on before him  
The one girl who adored him  
She ordered him home one last time  
They were always together  
She was always demanding  
He wasn't one to say no  
He wanted her for his partner  
And in that ballroom he joined her  
Because he loved her so

~~~~~

(from UNRAVELED 1991)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Dr. G. Roger Davis, Arranger & Conductor
Luis Biava-Cello
Rhonda Frascotti-Violin
Kenechiro Matsuda-Viola
Sally-Piano, Vocals

13. DO ME, SHOW ME, BUY ME, LOVE ME, GIVE ME ©1974 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music BMI

CHORUS
Do me, show me, buy me, love me, give me
Don't forget to tell me that you need me
Do me, show me, buy me, love me, give me
All the world, cuz I'm your girl
Do me, show me, buy me, love me, give me
Right now! When? Right now!!

When I was just a baby, I was a dandy
Mama said I was as sweet as sugar candy
Growing up a nice girl comes in handy
When you're in the market for a man...to
CHORUS

When jumping rope and hopscotch was my hobby
I vowed that I would give my heart to Tommy
But Tommy vowed to give his heart to Bobby
Do you think it's something that I said . . . Like
CHORUS

Well, do me, show me, buy me, love me, give me
They say everybody has their price
I want a love to care for me forever
I guarantee that I will treat you right
Just not every night

I went to college just to catch a husband
Mama said, " You can't come home
Without a husband"
I stayed in school I couldn't get a husband
All I gots' a PHD Hmmmmm!
In women's studies!

How could I forget about the 60's
I burned my bra and bought a van to be a hippie
Like for sure, it was a total out of body experience
Cuz now I take my trips with MASTERCARD!
Do me, show me, buy me, love me
Do me, show me, buy me, love me
Do me, show me, buy me, love me
Give me right now, when?
Right now!

~~~~~

(new 2015 Version)  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Larry Cook-Acoustic Guitars, Bass  
Sally-Acoustic Guitar, Vocals  
Kathy Matthews- "Right Nows"

**14. ASK ANY MERMAID**  
©1983 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

Out on the ocean, up on the high deck  
Under a clear sky, sunburn  
Snd wanting more  
I'm sorry I've never done this before  
Isn't it crazy I'm not even sea sick  
It's up with the sails out with your laughter  
It's the freedom you're after  
I think I'll go and find me some men

Talk like a sailor, act like a sailor  
Brag and boast and tie on a big one  
And like the waves we'll all go  
Dancing, rolling, crashing

Down to the shore, oh look at me  
I'm out on the sea, it's such a wonder  
I've fallen under a mermaids spell

The smell of the ocean, everyone's hungry  
Cast out your lines, down with your fishing pole  
What could you possibly catch  
In a net with those holes  
Pardon me captain you must be mistaken  
You chop their heads off I'll do the pots and pans  
Good lord- we'll fry them up as soon as we can  
The sun's taken off, music's the ransom  
I've got the squeezebox  
Who's got the mandolin  
I think the time is right to find me some men

Sing like a sailor, act like a sailor  
Brag and boast and tie on a big one  
And like the waves we'll all go  
Dancing, rolling, crashing  
Down to the shore, oh look at me  
I'm out on the sea, it's such a wonder  
I've fallen under a mermaids spell

Out on the ocean, up on the high deck  
Under a clear sky, sunburn, and wanting more  
Sorry I've never done this before  
Sorry I've never done this before

~~~~~

(from **ENCLOSED Credits**)
Recorded at Amerisound Studios
Dan Green-Engineer
Larry Cook-Guitars
Bob Sunda-Fretless Bass
Andy Smith-Drums
Walter Neil-Congas
Joe Ong-Vibes
Frank Pierce-Rhodes
Sally-Guitar, Vocals

15. MY FRIEND ELAINE
©1998 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI

My friend Elaine, slept in a Volkswagon Beetle
A convertible red one
Parked under Bremerton skies
My friend Elaine loved her vegetables
With the peel on
With seeds in her teeth, and juice on her chin
She played one mean mandolin, my friend Elaine
My friend Elaine hails from up there in Buffalo

Where the wicked winds still blow
Though long ago she escaped
My friend Elaine loved her beer with the next one
Drank tequila with every other one
She played one angry mandolin, my friend Elaine

Twenty years later where is she
Twenty years later, I feel her with me
Twenty years later, I sit with the memory
Of a renegade gypsy, a young girl, a ghost

My friend Elaine made her living on a tugboat
Made her home in her pocket
While cooking for sailors
My friend Elaine, was the rarest of rare birds
She'd take off with no word
Hey, where ya goin' Elaine?

Twenty years later I'm still here
Twenty years later, I worry with fear
That in twenty more years, I'll lose my memory
Of a renegade gypsy, a young girl, a ghost

My friend Elaine, took to singing and sailing
From Cape Town Africa
New Zealand, back to Zaire
Then today comes a photo
From a soiree in Uganda
She was decked up in a party dress
Yes, that would be my friend Elaine

She was posing in a black satin formal
With a white beaded collar
That hung off her shoulders
She stood by a table laid for a banquet
In big hair and makeup
It's looking like dry-dock, Elaine

Twenty years later, she's right there
Twenty years later, no signs of fear
And in twenty more years
I will pull out this picture
Of a beautiful gypsy
This elegant renegade
No longer a young girl
No longer a ghost
She made landfall in lilies
My friend Elaine

~~~~~

(from **MY GOOD COMPANY 1998**)  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
And Omni Studios, Nashville  
Dan Green-Engineer

Gary Lunn-Bass  
Stephen Brewster-Drums  
Tom Roady-Percussion  
Larry Cook-Acou & Elec Guitars  
Sally-Piano, Orchestral Synths, Vocals

#### 16. PRIVATE PLENTY

©1998 Sally Fingerett & Tom Paxton  
Green Fingers Music, BMI/ Pax Songs, ASCAP

#### CHORUS:

I lay me down surrounded by the glory  
I lay me down surrounded by the glory  
I lay me down surrounded by the glory  
Of my own, private plenty

There's a rock and there's a hard place  
Where everybody spends some time  
Cold rain on a sad face  
More worries on a troubled mind  
I believe there's a secret place  
Waiting deep within  
You never know just what you'll find  
You might discover peace of mind  
CHORUS

We're all walking in the desert  
Stumblin' underneath the sun  
Suffering from the same hurts  
Thinking we're the only one  
Never knowing of that secret place  
Waiting deep within  
Never taking time to find  
Just a little piece of mind  
CHORUS

You know the world is bound to spin  
With or without you  
Let it go, look deep within  
What more can you do  
But go lay down surrounded by the glory  
Of your own, private plenty  
Give a little gift of love  
From your private plenty  
~~~~~

(from *MY GOOD COMPANY* 1998)

Recorded at Amerisound Studios
And Omni Studios, Nashville
Dan Green-Engineer
Gary Lunn-Bass
Stephen Brewster-Drums

Tom Roady-Percussion
Larry Cook-Acou & Elec Guitars
Michael Hester & The Hood Choir
Tibby Porter, Matt Seward, Janell Cummings
Sally-Guitars, Vocals

17. THE RED MAN

©1983 Sally Fingerett, Green Fingers Music, BMI
(Dedicated to Red Skelton)

Come Tuesday
I would dream away-right through a school day
It was a fool's day for me
Come Tuesday, we'd have dinner at half past six
Wrap the foil on the antennae get the TV fixed
To watch the Red Man, we'd watch the Red Man

Oh mama, please let me stay up late
Kadiddlehopper just found the bar
Mama I want to be a star
Wanna make 'em laugh
I wanna make the people laugh
Just like the Red Man

Come Tuesday
I'd ignore the ringing of the phone
I'm never home when I'm with the Red Man
Come Tuesday, I'd remember all I'd hear
I'd practice in the mirror
To be the Red Man, just like the Red Man

Oh mama, please let me stay up late
Kadiddlehopper just drank the bar
Mama I want to be a star
Wanna make 'em laugh
I wanna make the people laugh
Just like the Red Man

Last Tuesday, I had a fitful dream
There was no Red Man
There was no laughter anymore
And all the babies lately being born
Would never know the clown
Or the love that went down-come Tuesday

Oh mama, please let me stay up late
Kadiddlehopper just left the bar
Mama I want to be a star
Wanna make 'em laugh
I wanna make the people laugh
Just like the Red Man

Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight
And may God Bless, Red Man

~~~~~  
(from *ENCLOSED* 1983)  
Recorded at Amerisound Studios  
Dan Green-Engineer  
Rich Bradburn-Synth  
Larry Cook-Bass, Guitars  
Frank Pierce-Drums, Vocals, Synth  
Sally-Piano, Vocals, Synth

