

I. JUST CIRCUMSTANCE

Whitney Rose: Vocals
Lisa Pankratz: Drums
Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar
Brad Fordham: Bass
Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar, Baritone Guitar, Octave Mandolin
Gurf Morlix: Electric Guitar, Slide Guitar
Matt Hubbard: Wurlitzer, Piano
Nichol Robertson: Electric Guitar

LYRICS

She didn't know what she was gonna do
She was doing it alone, that she knew
Four weeks till she had to surrender
Nineteen, first offender

She'd have done anything for that boy
Save his life, leave hers destroyed
It didn't matter who was really to blame
She was never gonna give his name

'Cause all her life it's been the same
No pomp, just circumstance
They all say "bless her heart"
She never had a chance

She flipped a coin and hoped for heads
A few more nights in her own bed
She wasn't getting any sleep at night
She couldn't look her mama in the eye

She should have known what would happen next
She spent her last ten dollars and she took the test
Now she's off to pay for all that blow
Turns out she's not alone

'Cause all her life it's been the same
No pomp, just circumstance
They all say "bless her heart"
She never had a chance

The bed's not much worse than what she had at home
She's 16 weeks and starting to show
There ain't no one to lean on
Her mama's sick and that boy is gone

Three years move pretty slow
When you're sittin' there staring at a cell window
She didn't hold her when she had the chance
Just straight into the happy couple's hands

'Cause all her life it's been the same
No pomp, just circumstance
They all say "bless her heart"
She never had a chance

2. HOME WITH YOU

Whitney Rose: Vocals
Lisa Pankratz: Drums
Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar, Steel Guitar
Brad Fordham: Bass
Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar
Gurf Morlix: Electric Guitar, Slide Guitar
Matt Hubbard: Mellotron
Nichol Robertson: Electric Guitar

LYRICS

See you there across the room
I can't believe I came here with you
You laugh, I smile
Still trying to catch your eye
This has been a real good night
But I've got one thing on my mind

I wanna go home with you
Be alone with you
Maybe sit out in the yard and get stoned with you
I wanna make you laugh
Make you a nightcap or two
I wanna go home with you

Clock strikes midnight
I see you get another glass of wine
Don't drink too much
'Cause later on I'll wanna make love
You've been my man for so long
It blows my mind how much you still turn me on

I wanna go home with you
Be alone with you
Maybe sit out in the yard and get stoned with you
I wanna make you laugh
Make you a nightcap or two
I wanna go home with you

Instrumental

I wanna go home with you
Be alone with you
Maybe sit out in the yard and get stoned with you
I wanna make you laugh
Make you a nightcap or two
I wanna go home with you

3. BELIEVE ME, ANGELA

Whitney Rose: Vocals
Lisa Pankratz: Drums
Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar, Steel Guitar
Brad Fordham: Bass
Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar
Gurf Morlix: Electric Guitar, Backing Vocals
Matt Hubbard: Wurlitzer
Josh Owen: Electric Guitar

LYRICS

I wanna hate your every move, every single inch of you
Call you names and key your car reveal the woman that you are
'Cause that man was mine
I had his kids, became his wife
I'll just leave you alone so he
Can do you just like he did me

Believe me, Angela
Believe me, Angela

I got some years on you, I know him better than you do
And better than you ever will, you're just an evanescent thrill
Just run away while you still can
Shine your boots and wash your hands
Find someone who's gonna stand by you

Believe me, Angela
Believe me, Angela

Instrumental

Angela, I like that name
I know you're not who I should blame
I talked it over with my friends
And went and keyed his car instead

Believe me, Angela
Believe me, Angela
Believe me, Angela
Believe me, Angela

4. IN A RUT

Whitney Rose: Vocals
Lisa Pankratz: Drums
Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar
Brad Fordham: Bass
Rich Brotherton: Electric Guitar
Matt Hubbard: Piano

LYRICS

I'm walking and I don't feel my own feet
My clothes don't fit, it's getting hard to breathe
This is just a phase and it's all gonna be ok
I hear it every damn day

I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut
I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut
Don't ask me how I got this way
Oh that's asking too much
I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut

The whisky don't do what it used to do
I don't got what it takes to make it through
Folks have all been telling me that I don't look the same
Ain't that a shame!

I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut
I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut
Don't ask me how I got this way
Oh that's asking too much
I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut, I'm in a rut

Instrumental

Chorus out

5. A HUNDRED SHADES OF BLUE

Whitney Rose: Vocals

Lisa Pankratz: Drums

Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar

Brad Fordham: Bass

Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar, Tenor Guitar, Nylon String Guitar

Gurf Morlix: Electric Guitar

Josh Owen: Electric Guitar

Matt Hubbard: Accordion

LYRICS

I know a hundred shades of blue

Yes I do, yes I do

If I described each one to you

What would you do? What would you do?

Would you understand?

Or would you reprimand each of those hundred shades of blue

I know a hundred shades of blue

Yes I do, yes I do

Turns out they're not just passing through

So what will you do? What will you do?

Would you run away or stay and hope for better days?

Without a hundred shades of blue

Instrumental

I know a hundred shades of blue

Yes I do, yes I do

I want more color in my view

I wanna be like you, just wanna be like you

I'd walk to the cafe and sit and read up on the news

Free from those hundred shades of blue

6. I'D RATHER BE ALONE

Whitney Rose: Vocals

Lisa Pankratz: Drums

Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar

Brad Fordham: Bass

Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar, Banjo

Matt Hubbard: Organ, Piano, Mellotron

Nichol Robertson: Electric Guitar

LYRICS

When'd it get so hard to talk to you?
It used to be so easy
Now I daydream about the things you used to say
You made room for me to stand with you underneath your umbrella
And I wanted to be closer to you still

But now you don't even look at me
Your empty gaze goes past me
These days are killing me slowly
I'd rather be alone than lonely

Nights I screamed at you, you screamed at me
We messed up our apartment
I slammed the door to walk the city streets
Now we're out at sea, it's you and me alone, we work in silence
Just trying not to hit the ocean floor

'Cause now you don't even look at me
Your empty gaze goes past me
These days are killing me slowly
I'd rather be alone than lonely

Instrumental

Now you don't even look at me
Your empty gaze goes past me
These days are killing me slowly
I'd rather be alone than lonely

I gave you too much of me
To be here in your cheap seats
These days are killing me slowly
I'd rather be alone than lonely

7. YOU'D BLAME ME FOR THE RAIN

Whitney Rose: Vocals

Lisa Pankratz: Drums

Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar

Brad Fordham: Bass

Gurf Morlix: Electric Guitar, Backing Vocals

Matt Hubbard: Wurlitzer

LYRICS

Today is not your day and you say that every day
And you're looking right at me
'Cause when you hit a wall it's never your own fault
And I know whose fault it'll be

'Cause you'd blame me for the rain
You'd blame me for the rain
I'm on my knees for sunshine every day
You'd blame me for the rain

You're too good for your job
You think you should be the boss
But you weren't dealt a fair hand
And you were so cool back in high school
I came and messed up your plans

'Cause you'd blame me for the rain
You'd blame me for the rain
I'm on my knees for sunshine every day
You'd blame me for the rain

Instrumental

You'd blame me for the rain
You'd blame me for the rain
You'd blame me for the rain
You'd blame me for the rain
I'm on my knees for sunshine every day
You'd blame me for the rain

8. THROUGH THE CRACKS

Whitney Rose: Vocals
Lisa Pankratz: Drums
Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar, Steel Guitar
Brad Fordham: Bass
Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar
Gurf Morlix: Electric Guitar, Slide Guitar
Matt Hubbard: Organ, Wurlitzer

LYRICS

Through The Cracks

It didn't take me long at all to get used to living alone again
After all the times we talked about it would you believe I finally got a king size bed?
It's funny now to think about the people who we were back when we met
And our brand new book of empty pages waiting for the stories they would get

But life is a rodeo
And we both let go

We fell through the cracks of something mostly good
What we had it wasn't broken
Just cracked like aging wood
That has seen a lot of rain
A lot of sunshine too
No pieces to put back
We fell through the cracks

I wish we didn't live so close that I can run into you on the street
I wish I wasn't scared sometimes that we both just gave up on something great

It was mind over heart
Some call that smart

We fell through the cracks of something mostly good
What we had it wasn't broken
Just cracked like aging wood
That has seen a lot of rain
A lot of sunshine too
No pieces to put back
We fell through the cracks

9. DON'T GIVE UP ON ME

Whitney Rose: Vocals

Lisa Pankratz: Drums

Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar

Brad Fordham: Bass

Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar, Tenor Guitar

Matt Hubbard: Mellotron

LYRICS

Don't know what your mama told you
But I know what mine told me
When you find a thing worth fighting for
You fight until you bleed

That was all that I could think about the night I fell for you
Was like a dream came true

Don't give up on me
If it's the last thing that you do
Don't give up on me
I won't give up on you

If I could go back I would have made things easier for you
Giving you a reason to leave was the last thing I meant to do
But it ain't if, it's when the devil asks you for a dance
And you don't mean to, but you give him your hand

Don't give up on me
If it's the last thing that you do
Don't give up on me
I won't give up on you

Don't give up on me
If it's the last thing that you do
Don't give up on me
I won't give up on you

10. BETTER MAN

Whitney Rose: Vocals
Lisa Pankratz: Drums
Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar
Brad Fordham: Bass
Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar
Matt Hubbard: Piano, Organ

LYRICS

I had a dream that you were made of clay
I was shaping you just right
I tore away your insecurities
And put some kindness in your eyes

But I don't know if you want to
And I don't know if you can
Be a better man

I wish that I could see your entire life
Watch it like it's something on tv
I'd pay really close attention to
All the plot revealing scenes

'Cause I just wanna hold your hand
I want the world to understand
Why I'm still by your side
I wanna prove my own self wrong
Find the switch and turn you on
And see you really can
Be a better man

Instrumental

Lift the curtain now and show yourself
Come and step into the light
At first I'll be afraid to look
Too scared to open up my eyes

'Cause I don't know if you want to
And I don't know if you can
Be a better man

11. THANKS FOR TRYING

Whitney Rose: Vocals

Lisa Pankratz: Drums

Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar, Steel Guitar

Brad Fordham: Bass

Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar

Matt Hubbard: Organ

LYRICS

Turns out you're not the one I'll call my great love

But thanks for tryin', thanks for tryin'

There wasn't room for me in that life you lead

But thanks for tryin', thanks for tryin'

What you're sellin' I ain't buyin'

But thanks for tryin'

You couldn't keep me down, you couldn't keep me quiet

But thanks for tryin', thanks for tryin'

You couldn't fool me with those blue angelic eyes

But thanks for tryin', thanks for tryin'

You were never good at lyin'

But thanks for tryin'

Instrumental

You didn't ruin my life by saying goodbye

But thanks for tryin', thanks for tryin'

No I'm not broken by the things you did me

But thanks for tryin', thanks for tryin'

I'm not home alone and cryin'

But thanks for tryin'

12. WE STILL GO TO RODEOS

Whitney Rose: Vocals

Lisa Pankratz: Drums

Dave Leroy Biller: Electric Guitar

Brad Fordham: Bass

Rich Brotherton: Acoustic Guitar, Ukulele

Matt Hubbard: Harmonica

LYRICS

We ain't got a fancy car
But we held hands and walked the streets of Rome
We pay rent to keep a bed
It's fine 'cause with eachother we are home

A baby's cry don't keep us up at night
Maybe that'll change, maybe it won't
But we still go to rodeos
To ride the ferris wheel and eat sno cones

Yeah there are lot of things that we ain't got
Lots of things that we ain't
We've got something different of our own

Instrumental

A diamond ring don't mean a thing
Comes off like it's just a fake tattoo
But now and then two good friends
Fall in love just like me and you

Yeah there are lot of things that we ain't got
Lots of things that we ain't
We've got something different of our own

Yeah there are lot of things that we ain't got
Lots of things that we ain't
We've got something different of our own

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