



KEVIN GORDON

GLORYLAND

GLORYLAND



KEVIN GORDON: vocals, guitar **JOE MCMAHAN:** guitar, hammond organ **RON EOFF:** bass (tracks 2-11)
DAVID JACQUES: bass (track 1), trombone (track 3) **PAUL GRIFFITH:** drums, percussion (all tracks) **SCOTT MARTIN:** drums, percussion (all tracks) **RANDY LEAGO:** Wurlitzer piano (track 7); Hammond M-3 organ, tenor sax, trumpet (track 3) **JOSEPH HAZELWOOD:** marching snare drum (track 3) **MIA MCMAHAN:** guitar (track 3) **JOHN-PAUL FRAPPIER:** trumpet (track 3) **CHRIS WEST:** tenor sax (track 3) **SARAH SISKIND:** backing vocal (track 4) **REGINA AND ANN MCCRARY:** backing vocals (tracks 3,9) **STEVE POULTON:** backing vocals (tracks 2, 5, 6) **KAT JONES:** backing vocals (track 11) **RYAN NORRIS:** keyboards (tracks 1,3,4,6,8,9), celestaphone (track 4)

GLORYLAND

You might be a preacher
Broadcasting on a satellite
Miss Mamie's looking for an answer
Watches your program every night
Diamonds shine on your praying hands
She sends you all the money she has
Just to feel a little closer
A little closer to gloryland

You might be the president
Take a lot of power in your hands
You bend the laws to your advantage
Drive your armies to a foreign land
You say your cause is just
Lie only if you must
Just to keep them believing
They're on their way to gloryland

People keep believing, people keep deceiving
Am I my brother's keeper?

You might be a young man
Out of work in a war-torn town
Streets you walked as a smiling child
Blown to rubble, death and infidels all around
Drinking thirst, eating hunger
Praying to the east, and the mullah
Is the only one you can trust
Who gives himself in sacrifice
Passes the gate to paradise . . .
You walk into the market, cool wind across your face
Virgin visions in your head
And a bomb strapped to your waist
It's all waiting there, somewhere far from here
It's all waiting there, out there, somewhere in gloryland

©Kevin Gordon(Little Rain Music(BMI))

DON'T STOP ME THIS TIME

Tall pines and blue skies
I heard a song when the sound went by
Knew I had to have it in my hands
Bought an old guitar, Salvation Army store
Banging it out in a garage band

I got older, strapping that plank on my shoulder
It's miles and miles of the give and take
Get home, fall back in the comfort zone
Count the cash and stack the plates
Feed the wolf and say a little grace

Hold on, don't stop me this time
Don't stop me this time
There's daylight ahead

Straight whiskey and ripped jeans
I stared at her staring back at me
She was leaning on the balustrade
What a giver, took me all the way in to the river
The water's warm, the current's tame
Washed by love, forever changed

Now the old man wants to know
How I'll get my children grown
on a poet's hope, and a pauper's wage
He said you've had your fun
It's time you grew up, son
Time to put those dreams away

©Kevin Gordon/Gwil Owen
(Little Rain Music(BMI))/Turgid Tunes(BMI))

COLFAX/STEP IN TIME

I played trumpet in the band
In 7th grade, blasting out songs
At football games and fall parades
We'd ride the bus
To the small towns like Winfield,
Downsville, and Colfax—
in purple jackets and white slacks
We were the Braves—
We were the Jack Hayes Braves
Named after a dead administrator
And the noble ideal
Of the young Native American male--
School ambassadors
Of popular song and good will

Mr. Minifield
Was our director, skin the color
Of a brown paper sack, he was black
Trying to teach us white kids to play
But confronted every baton-breaking day
By juvenile delinquents like Danny Amos
Who locked himself into Minifield's office,
With my Ted Nugent double album--
Playing "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang"
Full-blast over the band-room speakers

And I remember Minifield, just sitting there
Staring out into the air
From the podium, smoking a Camel
Looking straight ahead
Imagining himself
Somewhere else, I'd guess
Where he'd be getting paid
More for less B.S.

Tomorrow morning
We'd be marching through
To what's ahead from what's behind
Just another step in time

Valerie
Played clarinet
13 going on 35, sexy
In a hard way like a 1st cigarette,
Bourbon spilled on a bare thigh--
(you could say she was ahead of the game)
She'd barely speak to me
So that two-hour ride
Felt like an all-day tense erotic dream,
Staring out at the pine trees and red clay,
And the country stores where inevitably
An old dough-faced man would be standing outside--
Staring at us like his life going by
And was that her leg, was that her leg
Just brushing against mine?

Riding on the bus
Sitting next to Valerie Thrash
Between what's ahead, what's behind
Just another step in time

The morning was cold
The silver bell of my horn shining back
Convex reflections of faces and hands
And the yellow smear of the bus
While I blew out my spit valve,
Put the wax on my braces--
We were getting ready to play,
Standing in line, moving in formation.
First up, a Stevie Wonder song called Sir Duke,
For Ellington (I didn't know that then),
"Chameleon" by Herbie Hancock--

"Jungle Boogie" by Kool and the Gang,
K.C. and the Sunshine Band—
"Get Down Tonight"--

That's when I saw them at the end of the block
Imperial Knights of the Ku Klux Klan
In their white dunce caps
And robes with red crosses
Embroidered on
Like gilded leaves on an automatic rifle
Or an image of the suffering Christ
Airbrushed on the side of a missile
In broad daylight; Donald Lovelady said
He thought they only came out at night—

Like an apparition
Blood-real in the silver sun
Between what's ahead, what's behind
Just another step in time

They were handing out tracts
To the Caucasian mothers and daughters
And fathers and sons of Colfax,
Laughing and joking, kneeling down,
Placing a gentle hand on a child's blonde head
Like Santa Claus, or the Pope
Like this was normal, like this was okay
Another doo-dah day down in dixieland
He didn't say a word,
Minifield didn't turn his head--
Just kept marching
Looking straight ahead
Looking straight ahead
Like there was somewhere better
He was going
But this was the only goddamned way to get there
Today, with his baton in the air
Looking straight ahead
Straight on . . . over that hill

©Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music(BMI))



PECOLIA'S STAR

I was raised up in the fields, hard work
Was just like breathing
Knowing nothing else
Wanting nothing more

Like morning brings the day, summer sun
Brought the cool of the evening
I'd watch the women sew and sing
Behind an old screen door

Tell me have you seen Pecolia's star
Eight points of diamonds
All the colors in between
You'd be safe and warm
Under Pecolia's star
Shining for all the world to see

Thimbles and thread, bag of rags,
Scraps of laughter
Mama's quilt like a flag
Of friendships unfurled

She said, "This is something good
From my hands to your hands, child--
This here will keep you walking
Straight 'cross a crooked world"



Since 1917 I've been a child of God
Yes, I've been on that hill, a long time

I don't never want for nothing, or nowhere
Stay right here with my people
Just give me Mississippi
You can have all the rest
As long as I can see, I'll be
Trying to thread that needle
With my mind on the Maker
Working to do my best

BLACK DOG

Good evening, neighbors
Good evening, sidewalk strangers
Good evening, police helicopter too
Tonight, my darling reads of the Queen
Children are lost in dreams, sirens throb down the avenue

There's a pulse pushing under my collar
And that collar feels like it's on the end of a leash
And that full moon's looking like my last silver dollar
Hanging there in the black air and out of reach

And all, all night long the black dog
Keeps barking at the back door
Wants to get out, wants to break away

We're married, mortgaged,
Full of doubt, out of storage
In a house that's seen a century of dust and dreams
How many men long dead have walked these halls thinking
There's another somewhere they'd like to see

Sometimes my life feels fated
Sometimes it feels like a random thing
Between the lucky and the dead
Twenty years in the same bed
I swear I don't know you like I should
Are we all right, baby? Are we good?
Can we keep it alive?

When morning falls fat like a gavel
When my beloved pulls the blind and the cord screams
And white light falls upon our hero
Sleeping off the pints of ale and the late late scene



TRYING TO GET TO MEMPHIS

This guy came to the door last night, said
Don't you remember me?
I cleaned your gutters last fall
Well, now the deal is, see
That's my wife in the car there—
And her daddy just died
And my tank's on empty
And I ain't got a dime

I'm just trying to get to Memphis
Just trying to get to Memphis
Just trying to get to Memphis
So she can say goodbye

Well sure enough there's a red car with the motor running
Parked on the street—
And there's a silhouette of a woman
Sitting still in the passenger seat—
I'm looking in his eyes, he's talking fast
I'm looking for something behind them, as he says
So you think you could help me out?

Well the question I asked myself
From behind a locked security door
What would Jesus do? If like me
He'd never seen this guy before—
Give alms to the poor
But the neighborhood watch captain said
You give something to one, you'll have them all at your door
So I said
I tell you the thing is, man—
I swear I got no cash on hand
But good luck to you
Even if it's true

BUS TO SHREVEPORT

I rode the bus to Shreveport
When I was 12 years old
My uncle Randy and his friend Hank
Were going to the ZZ Top show
Hirsch coliseum, man I couldn't wait
The worst sounding arena
In the whole United States
I was riding in the backseat
We were in Randy's Pinto
Goin down Hearne Avenue
We made a brief stop at a liquor store
They asked me what do you want—
Well, I'd never drunk before
So they brought me a bottle of yellow wine
I just stared at it on the floorboard
Parked at the fairgrounds
People were drinking, getting high
I lifted up that old blue nun
And tasted all she had to tell me
Ticket stub in my pocket
We got in before the lights went down
Already there were rednecks and hippies
Passed out on the ground
And the little band from Texas
Played it loud and like they should
Stranger sitting next to me
Smoking something smelling good
He held it out for me to take
Like a dare—I didn't know
If I should, if I could, so I just said no
We stopped for a burger on the way back home
A McDonald's packed with late night refugees
Drunk and stoned
Laughing over a big Mac

Everything was funny to me
Outside I saw them waiting
For Hank, Randy, and me
Latino boys in black leather
All just standing there
Said Hank had broke in line
In front of one of theirs
One guy punched him in the face
Two others tried to pin him down
Hank turned and ran back inside
They followed him right behind
Jumped the counter knocking trays
Of food on to the floor
The crewcut manager dude
Just yelled "take it back out the door"
Hank ran back toward the car
But they caught him and held him over the hood
Under an oblivious starry sky
They were beating that boy but good
Randy tried to talk to them
With reason and common sense
It was about like a de-clawed cat
Trying to climb a razor-wire fence
Blood sprayed over the white hood
Hank was passing out
Randy pushed me back in the car, said
Don't look up, don't get out
He reached down under the seat,
Pulled a black pistol out the dark
Said "don't you tell nobody,
Don't you ever say a word"
Randy laid that .38
Across the roof of the car
Said "everybody better get back,
and let my man go"
I was crouched down on the floorboard
Low as I could pray,

Seen a empty beer can under the seat
And a book on the KKK

Don't tell--whatcha done
Don't tell--anyone
Don't tell--
Don't tell--whatcha done
Don't tell--about the gun
Don't tell
Don't tell
For the last time, don't tell

©Kevin Gordon(Little Rain Music(BMI))

NINE BELLS

O my child
Welcome to the world
Such as it is
Such as it is

I ran through the woods
The green and the wild
Saw the river tearing at the bank
Like the fear in my heart
Fear at my heart

There's blocks of shadow
Between bars of light
Train on the trestle
Heading towards the night
And I feel like that--
Going where I can't see
But I know it's there
I know it's there

Sometimes I feel
Like a confidence man
And the truth is a secret
And the truth is a secret

Nine bells, and the blue sky rings
Shadows wither from under the trees
And I wrote this letter
Wrote this letter
Talking like you were standing here

©Kevin Gordon(Little Rain Music(BMI))

SIDE OF THE ROAD

I was five years old, must've been October
Saw a white field thru the windshield
Mama pulled over
Took me down there, so I could understand
She pulled off a boll of cotton
Pressed it to my hand
By the road, by the side of the road
We were standing by the side of the road

Church in the country burned to the ground
Congregation all gathered around
Preacher in his robes
Shining red in the sun
Held a sign that said
It's god's way everyone
By the road/by the side of the road
They were praying by the side of the road

Down the road to Jericho, Jesus came
Saw a stranger sitting in a tree and called him by name
He called him down, took his hand--
What comes around
Can change a man

Baghdad to Basra, supply-line mission
They were riding in silence, hoping and wishing
For a little bit of luck just to bring them back home
Who's watching you pass, Lord you never know
By the road/by the side of the road
Who's watching from the side of the road
By the road/by the side of the road
Who's waiting by the side of the road

TEARING IT DOWN

14 years old and a jug of wine
Parking lot, middle of June
I was feeling a brand new kind of fine
Threw that empty bottle to the man in the moon
Laughing so hard when it hit the ground

Tearing it down
Watching it fall
Like a hammer to the wall
Tearing it down

The ring on the finger on the hand that ran
Down that young woman's back
Glowed in a no-tell motel room by the highway
Where daddy ran it off the track
When mama found out—I can still hear the sound

In my hour of darkness
The clock stops as the angels retreat
Am I just another witness
To my own defeat?

Hey pretty mama with the red dress on
Let's take a ride out to the edge
You make me forget about a good one back home
Sipping tea behind my privet hedge
So love me like you love me
While we're lying here--

ONE I LOVE

It's hard to speak your mind these days
They're all trying to shut us up
I'm a-gonna keep on shouting, baby
Tell 'em you're the one I love

You and me got no say
In how this big world runs
They can do their worst, but first
I'm gonna tell 'em you're the one I love

Every morning, baby, I
Face the fire in the sky
Feeling lucky just to be alive
And I have to wonder why
Why it's never enough
To tell 'em you're the one I love

I'm gonna say it to you, talking on the telephone
Whisper low as a mourning dove
Whoever might be listening in
I'm gonna tell 'em you're the one I love

They might try to kill us, child
With their bombs, bullets and guns
They might try, but before I die
I'm gonna tell 'em you're the one I love

©Kevin Gordon/Gwil Owen
(Little Rain Music(BMI)/Turgid Tunes(BMI))

©Kevin Gordon(Little Rain Music(BMI))

DON'T TAKE IT ALL (BONUS TRACK)

Don't take it all away
Leave something behind--
Let it stay for awhile
Somewhere in my mind
Here where the kids would play
Til the sun went down
When I came back this time
They were nowhere around

I lost my luck now where's my saving grace?
Are you sure you came to the right place?

Don't take it all
Without one more chance
Though I know I might blow it
Faster than a second glance

Don't take it all away
Send your boys back home
Say what you need to say
Then leave me alone

I lost my luck, now where's my saving grace?
Are you sure you came to the right place?

Where the kids would play
Til the sun went down
When I came back this time
They were nowhere around

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Pecolia Warner photo by Dr. William Ferris; William R. Ferris Collection, Southern Folklife Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Booklet designed by Kevin Gordon; images from CD packaging were designed by Curt Perkins, Electric Ave. Design, Nashville, TN

©Kevin Gordon/Crowville Media



Tracking sessions recorded by Joe V. McMahan at Wow & Flutter, and Adam Bednarik at House of David, September 2008-April 2009

Overdubs recorded at Wow & Flutter, April 2009-March 2010

Mixed by Joe V. McMahan

Mastered by Gavin Lurssen, Lurssen Mastering, Los Angeles, CA

Single-speed glass master by Oasis

Design by www.electricavenuenashville.com

THANKS

Joe McMahan, all the musicians, Adam Bednarik, Richard McLaurin, Gwil Owen, Curt Perkins, Phil Brown, Mom, Tony Womack, Boo, Evan and Charlotte, and all of the fans who've been there for me/us on the road, patiently waiting for this record.

Special heavy thanks to all of the Gloryland sponsors who made the manufacture and promotion of this project possible.

See www.kevingordon.net for a downloadable .pdf booklet with lyrics and other information

- 1/ **GLORYLAND** (5:03)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 2/ **DON'T STOP ME THIS TIME** (4:10)
Kevin Gordon/Gwll Owen (©Little Rain Music(BMI)/Turgid Tunes(BMI))
- 3/ **COLFAX/STEP IN TIME** (10:25)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 4/ **PECOLIA'S STAR** (4:49)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 5/ **BLACK DOG** (4:41)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 6/ **TRYING TO GET TO MEMPHIS** (5:32)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 7/ **BUS TO SHREVEPORT** (6:17)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 8/ **NINE BELLS** (3:57)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 9/ **SIDE OF THE ROAD** (3:53)
Kevin Gordon/Gwll Owen (©Little Rain Music(BMI)/Turgid Tunes(BMI))
- 10/ **TEARING IT DOWN** (3:51)
Kevin Gordon (©Little Rain Music(BMI))
- 11/ **ONE I LOVE** (2:52)
Kevin Gordon/Gwll Owen (©Little Rain Music(BMI)/Turgid Tunes(BMI))

PRODUCED BY JOE V. MCMAHAN

WWW.KEVINGORDON.NET

GLORYLAND SPONSORS

The following people and organizations (along with four anonymous others) generously sponsored the manufacture, promotion, and distribution of the Gloryland record. THANK YOU.

Tony Abbott
Jim Adams
Jeff Ahlrichs
Craig Albright
Kevin Allen
Archadeck of Central Iowa
Bob Arnold
Axella's Vintage Clothes
Michael Baccarini
Harry Bainbridge
Jeff Baker
Mitchell Barnett
Martina Batan
Brian Bishop
Paul Blanton
Dwight Bode
Paul Botts
Martha Ann Brooks
P.A. Brown
Cate Bruni
Tom Caulfield
Carol Chandler
Jim Chandler
Marc Chechik
Gary Clague
Tom Comet
Jean Compton & Dain Dunston
Daniel Conn
Christopher Cooper
Chris Copeland
Jeff Corcoran
Kevin Crawford
Sara Crockrell

Harold Cross
Nancy Dallas
Duane Daugherty
Dan & Rebecca Davis
William Deese
Van DeLisle
John Denton
Lori Dolan
Shauna Downs
Alicia Doyle
Kila Englebrook
Tim Epperson
Bryan Farland
Ruairi Fennessy
Timothy Ferrin
Marianne Fisher-Giorlando
Jim Friscia
A & T Fundraising
Michael Gauf
Mark Gerking
Miles Goosens
Michael Gorman
Magnus Gottlander
Don Hamilton
Jeffrey Harris
Steven Hostager
John Hyson III
Jeff Inks
David Jackson
Angela Johnson
Tord Jonsson
Erwin Kanngiesser
Kenneth Kroack

William Kurtz
Larry Labow
Michael Lach
Mary Leanderts
Lisa Lowenberg
Ed Lull
Molly Lyne
Mark Mainwaring
Sara Martin
Martin Mazur
Nancy McCall
Peter McDonald
Beautyshop Media
Steve Menshouse
Michael Moore
Elizabeth Moran
Bertram Mourits
Mark Movic
Jack Murray
Daniel Murray
Mark Neal
Larry Newgent
Steen Nielsen
Stephan Nilsson
Lawrence Nitschke
Kensuke Omori
Richard Paige
Kelly Pardekoooper
Dave Parsons
Kyle Petersen
Rick Pittman
John Price
Matthew Quinn

David Relin
Chris Richards
Denis Rigaux
Randy Rodda
Mike Rollo
Debbie Rosso
Judith Rush
Bob Schwartz
Bill Shick
Dawn Simon
Larry Slavens
Sam Smith
Mike Sphar
Justin St. Clair
Greg St. Martin
Cathy Stayman
Jacyn Stewart
John Stites & Cyndy Long
Sandy Stoll
Tom Suhar
Zev Sunleaf
Gwen Surell
Jeff Swecker
Linda Torbert
Steven Triggs
Kelsey Waite
Ken Walker
Clay Ware
Ward Weems
Lee Anne Windham
Ray Wittenberg
Tony Womack
Kimberley Young