



KEVIN GORDON **TILT AND SHINE**

Fire at the End of the World
Saint on a Chain
One Road Out (Angola Rodeo Blues)
Gatling Gun
Right on Time
DeValls Bluff
Drunkest Man in Town
Rest Your Head
Get It Together



Fire at the End of the World

(Kevin Gordon)

Me and Billy, seventeen
Sitting in class, feeling bored and mean
In came the teacher, said we had a guest
She introduced the sheriff, and put off the test

He talked about pot, how folks grew their own
Statistics were given, slides were shown
Pills, powders, LSD
I found out what all that would do to me

 Around here things stay pretty slow
 Hound dogs sleep in the middle of the road
 Gotta shuck the oyster to find the pearl
 And I heard about a fire at the end of the world

Didn't know what we were doing, but we were gonna get it done
Headed down Louisiana highway 1
Life's a magazine; the pages start to curl
Down there by the fire at the end of the world

Drove straight south til the road met the water
Split a half a gram, & a hit of good blotter
Every bit of evidence was gone
Sitting on the hood feeling it coming on

 There it was, a gold flame in the black velvet sky
 Over the refinery so wild and high
 That's when a parish deputy appeared
 Asked what we were doing down there

He stared at Billy, he stared at me
I mumbled something about what we came to see
I give the devil neither the credit or the blame
I was just down there looking for that flame

Sometimes you just want things to tilt and shine—
Change it up a little bit inside your mind.
You gotta shuck the oyster to find the pearl
I heard about a fire at the end of the world

Saint on a Chain

(Kevin Gordon)

I grew up right down the road
Never had too far to go
Making it here your chance is slim
People leave this town, you won't see 'em again
Mama died in '93
This silver medal she gave it to me
St. Christopher 'round my neck
Wherever I go, my soul he protects

Every river's a daughter of a dirty rain
But see how it shines
Water's moving like the blood pushing through my veins
See how it shines, like a saint on a chain

Heather was so sweet to me
Her daddy owned some property
Maybe my drinking was a little much
She turned cold to my touch
That story about another woman,
Maybe it was true--
Heather put together 2 and 2
She kicked me out and changed the locks
On my motel door now the sheriff knocks

After work I take my lonesome down
With a Percocet and a double shot of Crown
But the higher I get, the harder it seems
To get back to that place that floats like a dream

One hand on the wheel, doing 85
And all my trouble just flies on by
I want to forget everything I know
I want to close my eyes and just let her go
Rearview glow of the city bright
Angel of death got no headlight
And you who'd protect me, I ask no more
Just carry me 'cross, to that other shore

One Road Out (Angola Rodeo Blues)

(Kevin Gordon)

Six white horses here to ride
A man don't need but one
Crack that leather across her back
Send him over the sinking sun
Hear that crowd roar when Johnny
Took a bull's horn in his side
He's on his back in the mud, boys
Took a stretcher for a ride

One road in, one road out
One road in, one road out

I was drinking Crown with the deputy
Down at the Old Camp Bar
Watching them guards come in off shift
Rain falling over the yard

He said "everyone's a preacher--
Inside a prison cell--
If they ever leave here living
They leave Jesus in the jail
Leave their Jesus in the jail"

One road in, one road out
One road in, one road out

Gatling Gun

(Kevin Gordon)

If I had a rocket-ship and a Gatling gun
I'd fly all the way up to the sun
Shoot it full of holes til I put out the light
Fall back to the ocean and call it a night

Gonna call John Henry, help build me a railroad
Straight through the coal mines, pick up a big load
Dig a hole to China, and ride em on down
Keep sinking low til I come out on higher ground

I still see her there
How the river wind plays her hair
Gold in fallen light
Right by my side

I could take a razor to my blank stare
Bleed out every memory of her in there
Toss my eyes like dice to the sky
But I'd come up empty, still asking why

I still see her there
How the river wind plays her hair
Gold in fallen light
On the levee by my side
Giving me her time
The wild meadow of her mind
The bloom of her soft kiss
Why can't it stay like this?
And nothing less--

These days nothing stays the same
But my tongue remembers the shape of her name
Love is free, and free to roam
But I can't quit no matter how far away she goes

Right on Time

(Kevin Gordon/Gwil Owen)

I got 57 dollars, 400 miles
A little prayer to whisper to the ceiling tiles
A cold clear morning blaring through the motel blinds
I hear the call but the speaker's blown
And I'm a long way from home
I'll be there, right on time

Two kids and a wife, that makes three
People who don't know what to make of me
Blowing through the doors with my four chords and my rhymes
Chasing down the next hundred bucks
Dying for love, praying for luck
I'll be there, right on time

I'm gonna be there, right on time
Gonna be there, right on time
Come on, trouble, tell me what you know
I've heard it all so long ago
I'm gonna be there, right on time

Sometimes I wake up and don't know where I am
North of Baltimore, south of Destrahan
Dreaming my lover was with me here in 209
I'm not sure just where I'm bound
But I sure am covering ground
And I'll be there right on time

I'm gonna be there, right on time
Gonna be there, right on time
Gold streets and pearly gates
Someday heaven won't have to wait
I'm gonna be there, right on time
Right on time

DeValls Bluff

(Kevin Gordon/Joe McMahan)

Old iron trestle
Stripes of shadow
Over the hood of the car
It bubbles with rust
It's a wonder to trust
You read the sign, but do you know where you are?

Stair-step crack crawls
Cinder block wall
Highlines over ponds and pines
Catfish wind blows cold
With stories untold
Idle time is a friend of mine

Out of the pen
Back here again
Cutting logs, cutting hogs, cutting pine
I was staying on the straight
But I like how that out-of-state
Escalade like a clean blade shines

Old DeValls Bluff
Is good enough
Pigmeat falls off the bone
See you come, see you go
But you never know
What might happen around here

Frogs in the night
Ain't no riverboat light
Still water don't talk much
Newspaper headline
From weeks gone by:
The death of the Star City judge

Drunkest Man in Town

(Kevin Gordon)

Quiet streets, most folks are asleep
In the tavern there's laughter
In the company you keep
They're buying another round
For the drunkest man in town

You've come so far, on a stool in a bar
You stuck with it til the devil paid you
With a bleeding star
He's grinning as he drowns
The drunkest man in town

 Come the dawn, something's missing
 Morning flies without a friend
 Not long ago you were laughing like
 The night would have no end

To confess you'll be the first
You're happiest at your worst
Miles from where grace abounds
The drunkest man in town

Whiskey was fine; now you're draining the wine
One hand on the bottle, still clinging to the vine
Leading you straight to the ground
The drunkest man in town
Someone pull the curtain down
On the drunkest man in town

Rest Your Head

(Kevin Gordon)

Stars above the clouds tonight that I can't see
Pictures swirling up in my head say what you mean to me
You're a thousand miles away
You get tired this time of day
That bad feeling ain't all it seems
Baby rest your weary head and dream

Work is good but wants to steal away our time
Hours and frustrations lead to nothing but
Paper dollars and thin dimes
It's here and then it's gone
So we labor on
Polished shoes and Listerine
Baby rest your weary head and dream

Rest a while
Hear that laughing river flow
When I find it I'll follow it
As far as it goes

Cool wind in the shadow of a redwood tree
I can't see that bird but I'm a fool to think
It's singing just for me
Whipporwill or mockingbird
Lonesome song ain't got no words
But I think I know what it means
Baby rest your weary head and dream

Rest a while
Hear that laughing river flow
When I find it I'll follow it
As far as it goes

And that bad feeling ain't all it seems
Baby rest your weary head and dream
Baby rest your weary head

Get It Together

(Kevin Gordon/Gwil Owen)

So you lost your papa in the highway fog
A copperhead bite took your old hound dog
I know you're taking it hard
Three days laying drunk in the yard
Staring down heavy weather
Can you get it together now?

You hunger for the lover who threw you away
But you're cheating on the one who's never strayed
She's still on the threshold waiting
First plane home's the one I'd be taking
Your fate's light as a feather
Better get yourself together now

When you gonna get your shit together
Might be now, might be never
When you gonna get your shit together
Might be now, might be never
Better sit right down and get it together now

It's a sad world, full of joy
You can let it take you down,
Let it take you down--
Or get back up in it
And get it together now

You got a conscience clear as a winding stream
Your life flows by in a fever dream
While the ice melts and oceans rise
Is it too late, or can't we try
As this world we're killing fades to the sweet bye-and-bye
To stand up and make it better
Can we get it together somehow?

Produced & engineered by **Joe V. McMahan**
Recorded at **Wow & Flutter, Nashville, March 2017-March 2018**
Mastered by **Gavin Lurssen, Lurssen Mastering, Los Angeles, CA**

Kevin Gordon vocal & guitar, all tracks; tenor guitar, #6
Joe V. McMahan guitar, #1, 2, 4-7, 9; bass, #1; harmony vocal, #2; steel guitar, acoustic slide guitar, #4
Ron Eoff bass, #4, 6, 7, 9; harmony vocal, #7
Paul Griffith drums, #3, 6, 7, 9
Rob Crowell keyboards, #2, 4, 5; piano, #7, 9
Johnny Duke guitar, #6
Jon Radford drums, #1, 5
Joshua Hunt drums, #4
Ian Fitchuk drums, percussion, #2
Eli Bearid bass, #2
Laura Mayo harmony vocal, #5
Aaron Lee Tasjan harmony vocal, #4, 9

Cover image **Tintype photograph** from Frank Hamrick's book *My Face Tastes Like Salt* - frankhamrick.com

Back cover photo **Frank Hamrick**

Other photos of KG by **Jacob Blickenstaff, Brooklyn, NY**

Graphic design by **Keith Brogdon, Thinking Out Loud Design, Nashville**

Aaron Lee Tasjan appears courtesy of **New West Records**

Kevin Gordon uses D'Addario strings, Fender guitars and amplifiers, and Shubb capos

Joe McMahan thanks **Tom Spaulding** at D'Addario/Planet Waves

Thanks to **Bill Hutchison, Nick Loss-Eaton, and Val Hersey (& all at Mongrel Music)**.

A deep and sincere thanks to everyone who sponsored the making and release of this record.

Thanks to **Joe McMahan**, to everyone else who brought their incredible talents to this recording, and to those in life or memory who inspired the songs presented here. This record is dedicated to the enduring legacy of our dear friend **David Egan**.

KEVIN GORDON

TILT AND SHINE

1 Fire at the End of the World (4:08)

Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music/BMI), admin by BMG)

2 Saint on a Chain (5:46)

Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music/BMI), admin by BMG)

3 One Road Out (Angola Rodeo Blues) (2:57)

Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music/BMI), admin by BMG)

4 Gatling Gun (4:01)

Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music/BMI), admin by BMG)

5 Right on Time (3:36)

Kevin Gordon/Gwill Owens(Little Rain Music/BMI),
admin by BMG /Turgid Tunes(BMI), admin by Bluewater)

6 DeValls Bluff (3:56)

Kevin Gordon/Joe V. McMahan(Little Rain Music/BMI),
admin by BMG /Joe McMahan Music(BMI)

7 Drunkest Man in Town (3:01)

Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music/BMI), admin by BMG)

8 Rest Your Head (3:39)

Kevin Gordon (Little Rain Music/BMI), admin by BMG)

9 Get It Together (3:10)

Kevin Gordon/Gwill Owens(Little Rain Music/BMI),
admin by BMG /Turgid Tunes(BMI), admin by Bluewater)

Produced by **Joe V. McMahan**

Recorded at **Wow & Flutter**

Mastered by **Gavin Lursen**

CROW 4005

kevingordon.net

© 2018 Kevin Gordon,
All Rights Reserved