



Bryan Toney - vocals, acoustic guitar
Tom Troyer - electric guitar, acoustic guitar, banjo, percussion, keys
Evan Campfield - electric and acoustic bass
Aaron Cummings - drums
Naomi Woods - violin and viola (Charlottesville)
Socrates Razo - cello (Charlottesville)

All songs written by Bryan Toney

Produced by Tom Troyer
Engineered, mixed and mastered by Tom Troyer
String arrangements by Tom Troyer
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SIMPLE NEEDS

The first thing I remember, singing "I Want to Hold Your Hand"
Riding my red tricycle inside the house when the rain began
Camping at the Peaks of Otter or at the beach come spring
Air and water sometimes chilly (memories warm everything)
Sitting alone in my bedroom, radio my best friend
Mowing lawns for the neighbors to have a little money to spend
Nothing made me so happy as to hear something new
Becoming inspiration for what I'd grow into
I don't need a better car, don't need a bigger house, I don't need that
much, but what I need, I need a lot of

Now the peaks are much bigger as are the family ties
The sounds are much clearer as are the bluer skies
I don't need a better car, don't need a bigger house, I don't need that
much, but what I need, I need a lot of

WONDERING

I think I know what I believe, but I'm conflicted every day
That sheltered life that you lead makes it easy to look the other way
Problems grow before our eyes, it should be clear enough to see
Yet I am always surprised when it happens to me
I am wondering, wondering, wondering all night long

After they stopped talking to me is when they started talking about me
They're probably talking about you too
It depends on the path you choose
Seats removed from the table are hard to get it back
They don't think that we are able, bad living on the wrong side of the
tracks
Keeps me wondering, wondering, wondering all night long

I tried my best, I gave my all, I followed rules before the fall
I got back up, I tried again, drank from the well but then fell in

If I hear it one more time, "thoughts and prayers are all you need"
They should step into my shoes and figure out how to feed
souls that have only tasted, broken hearts deceived
A future that's been wasted, a past no one believes
Keeps me wondering, wondering, wondering all night long

GIANT FOOTPRINTS

Walking down that narrow path, stepping over roots that have
tripped some before
Before we reached our destination, a storm brewed that shook us
to the core
Huddling to block the wind is what really mattered
I thought for you it was the same, barriers shattered

Voices crying quietly, never heard by those pedigreed
Speaking in whispers to themselves, not really saying what they believe
Dig deeper, you can see what's causing all the pain
A future meant to be, swept under the rug again

When doors are left open, they lead to expanded space
Some will never enter, they're much too busy running in place
Big hearts don't mean a thing when you find out they are cold
Stories can't make a difference when they're never told

The chorus cannot be complete if they're not taught to sing
Giant footprints in the snow will be gone by spring

Not a word to describe what you've done
Not a word to say how I feel, not a word is what I heard
Not a word always reveals
Not a word is what I heard, not a word, not a word

IF ONLY

The hardest thing to do in life is to find who you really are
It's always there behind the scene when you've travelled far
The second hardest thing you'll ever do is being happy with what
you find
It's not quite as easy as what you left behind
If only, if only...

If the face that others see is just a mask
And you wear it much too long but take it off when they ask
What's underneath will be gone, unrecognized
It's too late, the story's told, and it's full of lies

If only...the two saddest words
If only...you'd listened to what you heard, if only, if only...

You say you'll pick it up someday when you have the time
It's like riding a bike they say, it'll come back fine
Your fingers grow too soft and it hurts too much to hold
The pain is only temporary, the gain long foretold

If only...the two saddest words
If only...you'd listened to what you heard, if only, if only...
If only, if only, if only, the saddest words

BECAUSE

"Why can't I go play with him?" I used to ask my mom
"He's got a swimming pool, everyone thinks he's so cool
His parents do not care, why can't I go over there?"
Because, because, because

Why do I have to cry myself to sleep at night thinking about what I
could have been with a different light or a simple left turn or right
from the well-paved road of life?
Because, because, because
Because I can, it's easier to understand, because I can

Why have I just gone along, agreeing just to agree
even when I know it's wrong, swimming like a manatee
in waters that keep me warm but don't keep me from harm?
Because, because, because
Because I can, it's easier to understand, because I can

Why don't I speak up now when others won't say a word
afraid I'll lose a job or create family discord
or fall out of favor with that next door neighbor?
Because, because, because
Because I can, it's worth a try to take a stand, because I can

Why do I grow my hair? Why do I write more songs? Why do I act
like a younger man? Because I can

PRETTY FACE

Sally Mae didn't have much to say, always the quiet one
until she picked up that guitar
Every time she took the stage folks assumed
that girl got to that place not for what she could do
She was only there to improve the view
Writing songs that could make you cry, never meant for that 9 to 5
With looks like that could kill she was never lonely
People thought that she was only...a pretty face

Natalie didn't play with toys, she liked to take them apart
Punishment was what she got
All those pretty dresses didn't mean a thing
All those aces ashamed to bring home when momma and daddy didn't
understand
Could've been an engineer but none of the boys wanted to hear about
polynomy
They all thought she was only...a pretty face

Anthony never could see what others saw in him
He didn't finish that degree
Went back to his hometown, twenty years passed by
Whatever it was he found he left behind
on that Natchez Trace Parkway Bridge
Could've been a politician even after his transition
Didn't want to give no testimony
Only wanted to be Tony... a pretty face

We're all guilty don't need admission
Part of the human condition
We could close our eyes and listen more
But it's still hard to ignore...that pretty face

SOMEPLACE NEW

I was the last thing on my mind last night
when words I needed to find suddenly appeared
They always come if I go to someplace new

Replacements to the left of me
America to the right, Coltrane behind me
Faces reflecting what I need...someplace new

All roads are straight that lead from here
No curves or hills to block my view
You can tell where I'm going by what I've left behind
Off again to someplace new

I want to make you dance once again
I want to change your point of view
I want to make you cry
I want you to start looking for someplace new

All roads are straight that lead from here
No curves or hills to block my view
You can tell where I'm going by what I've left behind
Off again to someplace new

Someplace new with a different view
Someplace new to break through
Someplace new, it's tried and true
Someplace new for me, new for you

MORE AMERICAN

Dressed in black, don't know if can ever go back
to the place where no one says hello (no one says hello)
Cold as ice even in the summertime they all look nice
Might be the prettiest I've ever seen
It must be in their genes

More American, more American, more American
but no one says hello

Don't go to church but take the holiday
Don't go to work but get paid anyway for being there
Just like Peter Sellers' "Being There"
More American, more American, more American
but no one says hello

Now it's dark, it's a strain to see, where's that park?
All those naked statues look much different now
All those shiny people aren't so happy now
More American, more American, more American
but no one says hello

MORE OR LESS

I used to think if I bought again what I sought again I'd feel good inside
Instead it was the same old race to the same old place with a slightly
better ride
What other people saw in me was what I was pretending to be
I used to think places far away with names I could not say beckoned me
But with every time and every dime my bucket remained empty
No need to go above the clouds to find fields unplowed
The more I see, the more I ignore, the more I learn
More or less, less is more

I used to think accumulating friends and following trends would answer
my prayer
Is everybody really keeping track of what's in my stack? Do they care
what I share?
Four, five, six hundred or more, the best are at the core
The more I see, the more I ignore, the more I learn
More or less, less is more

More or less what I've come be is the part of me I was looking for
More or less what I've come to see is more than I asked for
The more I see, the more I ignore, the more I learn
More or less, less is more
I used to think if I bought again what I sought again I'd feel good inside

CHARLOTTESVILLE

"If you are not outraged, you are not paying attention"
is what she posted as she stood
Made me feel bad about feeling good
All it took was one loud voice
You know who I'm talking about

Pay attention, is what I need to do
No more pretension
I got the Charlottesville blues

She could've been my next door neighbor
He could've lived down my street
Either way I didn't see it coming
Now I've got a ringside seat

Pay attention, is what I need to do
No more pretension
I got the Charlottesville blues

I'd heard of them but had not heard them
They seem to be singing the same old song
Ego stroking and fear stroking
That you and I have ignored too long

I don't pretend to know all the answers
Figuring out the questions is hard enough
One thing I now know for certain
I'm sick and tired of all this stuff

Pay attention, is what I need to do
No more pretension
I got the Charlottesville blues

WHY

When I was a child in a simpler time
Rules were clear, the path easy to find
Voices we heard, we heard as one
Didn't live in fear, didn't worry about guns
As I grew older, technology
made life easier as far as I could see
What I took for granted was there no more
Voices chanted outside my door
Why?

Voices too many, choices too few
Only colors left are red or blue
That middle ground where things used to grow
Is like a DMZ, we're afraid to go
Why?

Now I hear voices I only want to hear
And they're not the same that others hold so dear
A tug of war with a rope coming unbound
Only insures we'll all fall down
Why?

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