



# (1) THE EDGE of TEXAS

Rod Taylor & Peter Crook

Rod Taylor – lead vocal, guitar; Steve Garry – lead guitar, harmony vocal; Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal; Don Richmond – mandolin, dobro, fiddle, harmony vocal

Chording arrangement by Mark Wray (ASM-167, Arlington, VA) and Dr. Bob Klein (SM-111, Arlington, VA).

G C \*\* Am  
There's a certain kind of life - on the edge of Texas  
D C  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
That west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

G C \*\* Am  
A knock on my door - from a friend from long ago  
D C  
Said I'm headed out for Texas - won't you join me on the road?  
G C \*\* Am  
Ain't no rhyme or reason - just look what is lost  
D C D G  
So grab your bag and baseball hat - and some bread to cover costs.

C \*\* Am D G  
And we drove through the night - we were on the edge of Texas  
C \*\* Am D  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

[Guitar Break]

G C \*\* Am  
We stopped in Glen Rio - [for] some gas and souvenirs  
D C  
You know the kind that you can shake up - and the snow flies all around  
G C \*\* Am  
Like the snow from the cottonwoods - grows down by the river  
D C D G  
'cept those little tiny ducks were painted red and green.

G C \*\* Am  
We spent the day a-cruisin' - round Deaf Smith County  
D [1] C  
With plastic water bubbles and a handful of cigars  
G C \*\* Am  
Oblivious to time - with no sense of direction  
D C D G  
But to turn around would've been - just too damn hard

C \*\* Am D G  
And we drove through the night - we were on the edge of Texas  
C \*\* Am D  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

[Guitar Break]

C \*\* Am D G  
And we drove all the night - right on the edge of Texas  
C \*\* Am D  
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus  
G C \*\* Am  
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us  
D C D G  
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

C \*\* Am [2] C D G  
You say, a-comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

\*\* Standard "step" from C to Am (2nd string/1st fret and 5th string/2nd fret)

[1] "bubbles" Peter & Rod are referring to the "Snow Globes"

[2] This can be played as a straight D (like in the rest of the song), but Rod seems to be playing the << C \*\* Am >> sequence as a lead-in to the finale.

The Rifiers are:

Rod Taylor - guitar, high string guitar, lead and back up vocals  
Steve Garry - lead guitar, classical guitar, shakers, lead and harmony vocals  
Jim Bradley - bass guitar, harmony vocals  
Don Richmond - mandolin, fiddle, pedal steel guitar, guitar, banjo, snare drum,  
Weissenborn guitar, dobro, accordion, harmonica, lead and harmony vocals

## (2) STRANGERS

Steve Garry and Patrick Garry

Steve Garry – lead vocal, lead guitar; Rod Taylor – high string guitar, harmony vocal;

Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal; Don Richmond – pedal steel guitar, banjo, fiddle, mandolin

In the mornin' I remember, things you said  
Still runnin' through my head  
And how cold it was last winter  
How warm it was laying in a bed

Thousand miles come between us  
That don't make those tear drops start  
If we could have remained strangers  
Neither one of us would have a broken heart

Daylight comes again through my window  
Last nights dreams go sneakin' out the door  
Your sent is gone from my pillow  
And its absents makes me miss you even more.

Had I knew what you were thinkin'  
Now I realize I never was that smart  
If we could have remained strangers  
Neither one of us would have a broken heart

This old house needs some repairin'  
Weeds growin' up our front yard  
Seems yesterday heard you laughin'  
Catchin' fireflies in a Mason jar

Spendin' all my time with old memories  
Smokin' cigarettes and wonderin' where you are  
If we could have remained strangers  
Neither one of us would have a broken heart

If we could have remained strangers  
Neither one of us would have a broken heart

If we could have remained strangers  
Neither one of us would have a broken heart

### (3) WHO KNOWS WHAT TOMORROW MAY BRING

Henry Hipkens

Don Richmond – lead and harmony vocal, mandolin, fiddle; Steve Garry – lead guitar;

Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal; Rod Taylor – guitar, harmony vocal

Intro - |E7 |E7 |F E7 |Am

1st verse-

|Am | | |E7  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring, could be most anything,  
| | |F |E7 |Am  
A peaceful calm, an atomic bomb, who knows what tomorrow may bring  
|Am | | |E7  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring, these could be the last words that I sing  
| | |F |E7 |Am  
So say your prayers to the man upstairs and in the meantime let's just swing

Bridge-

|Dm | | |B7 |E7  
I don't mean to fiddle while Rome burns, no  
|Dm | | |F |E7  
I just mean forget your small concerns, oh  
|Am | | |E7  
Let's swing (let's swing), let's swing (let's swing), let's swing, swing, swing  
| | |F |E7 |Am  
Let's swing (let's swing), let's swing (let's swing), who knows what tomorrow may bring

Instrumental through bridge

2nd verse-

Who knows what tomorrow may bring, could be the latest thing  
A discouraging word, or a buffalo herd, who knows what tomorrow may bring  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring, the rhetorical oracle sings  
So say your prayers to the man upstairs and in the meantime let's just swing

Bridge

Instrumental through verse and bridge

Bridge

Tag-

|F |E7 |Am |F |E7 |Am  
Who knows what tomorrow may bring

#### **(4) TWILIGHT**

**Robbie Robertson**

Rod Taylor – lead vocal, guitar; Steve Garry – lead guitar; Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal;  
Don Richmond – Weissenborn guitar, accordion, mandolin, harmony vocal

Over by the wildwood, soft summer night.  
Lay in the tall grass, 'til the mornin' light  
If I had my way I'd never get the urge to roam.  
Young man serves his country, while an old man guards his home.

Don't send me no distant salutations  
Silly souvenirs from far away  
Don't leave me alone in the twilight.  
Twilight is the loneliest time of day.

Never gave a second thought, never crossed my mind.  
What's right, what's not. Ain't the judgin' kind.  
I can face the darkest storms up in the sky.  
But we all got certain trials, burnin' up inside.

Don't put me in the frame upon the mantel.  
Memories grow dusty old and grey.  
Don't leave me alone in the twilight.  
Twilight is the loneliest time a day.

Don't put me in the frame upon the mantel.  
Memories grow dusty old and grey.  
Don't leave me alone in the twilight.  
Twilight is the loneliest time a day.

Don't leave me alone in the twilight.  
Twilight is the loneliest time a day.

## (5) THE BALLAD of B.F. VANCE

Don Richmond © 2004

Don Richmond – guitar, fiddle, mandolin, lead vocal; Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal;  
Steve Garry – lead guitar, shakers; Rod Taylor – high string guitar.

Intro - |Am |C |G |D |F | | |G |E7 |Am | | |

|Am                    |C                    |G                    |D       |  
When the light is right on the Hermit Trail you can see the headstone there  
|Am                    |C                    |G                    |E    |E7  
A story scratched in native stone though there's few that know or care  
|Am                    |C                    |G                    |D       |  
'bout what happened up at timberline in the blood-red Sangre peaks  
|F                    |                    |G |E7 |Am |  
"B.F. Vance killd October 9,        1909 AD"

Bernard Franklin Vance came west in 1892  
The railroad had advertised free land and skies a-blue  
He settled north of Moffat, 80 acres on the creek  
Raising cattle, wheat and family, beneath the snowy peaks

Bridge –

|C                    |G                    |F                    |G       |  
Is it fate or fortune, circumstance or the cutting of the cards  
|Am                    |Em                |F                    |G       |  
That makes one man's life easy and another one so hard  
|F                    |                    |C        Em/B |Am |  
B.F. Vance, he couldn't say, he couldn't stop to wonder why  
|F                    |                    |G |E7                    |Am | | |  
He just knew that if he didn't work,    those he loved would die

Crazy Ivan had the diggings up on Hermit Pass  
Eating mountain sheep and marmot, no one thought he'd last  
The assay said the shine was pyrite, mica and feldspar  
But Ivan knew there was gold in there, he just didn't know how far

'07 brought grasshoppers, the next year there was drought  
The wheat barely replaced the seed, steers were all shipped out  
And it was plain to see without more food the winter would prevail  
So B.F. and his Remington, went to hunt the Hermit trail

Instrumental through verse

Well, Ivan was no evil man, he had a castle in the air  
He'd worked hard as any can, he was not about to share  
Any man with a rifle on his trail was a thief  
"B.F. Vance killd October 9, 1909 AD"

Repeat bridge, third line –

He just knew that he had to hunt, or those he loved would die

Repeat 1st verse

**(6) HUNGRY for YOU**

**Steve Garry and Patrick Garry**

Steve Garry – guitar, lead vocal; Rod Taylor – guitar, harmony vocal; Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal;  
Don Richmond – dobro, mandolin, harmonica

I'm watchin' the stars as they come out tonight  
As they go dancin' 'round the moon  
I realize I get lonesome inside  
When my memories get too close to you

You know lips like honey  
When your loves' full bloom  
I just can't hide my feelins' tonight  
Cause I'm helpless, hopeless, hungry for you

You've heard those old stories 'bout love and its glories  
But true love may never come true  
Can't bet on t'marrow, there ain't nothin' to barrow  
When you spent all you got to get through

Stead of wastin' my feelings,  
Gonna spend them all on you  
No, I can't contain, hold back or restrain  
Cause I'm helpless, hopeless, and hungry for you

I've been lost,  
I've been lonely  
Heart hurt and hungry  
Been everywhere that old cold wind blows

But back home there's someone  
Old friend and loved one  
Can patch up the holes in my soul  
So I'm headin' back to you babe

Lots of catchin' up to do  
I might be a little lazy  
Laid back and real crazy  
Helpless, hopeless, hungry for you

Helpless, hopeless, and hungry as hell for you



## (7) BOXCARS

**Butch Hancock**

Rod Taylor – guitar, lead vocal; Don Richmond – fiddle, dobro, mandolin; Steve Garry – lead guitar;  
Jim Bradley – bass

Well I gave all my money to the banker this month  
Then I got no mo' money to spend  
She smiled when she saw me comin' through that door  
When I left she said, "Come back again."

Well I watched them lonesome boxcar wheels  
Rollin' on the tracks out of town  
And it's on that lonesome railroad track  
I'm gonna lay my burden down.

I was raised on a farm the first years of my life  
Life was pretty good they say  
I'll probably live to be some ripe ol' age  
If death'll stay out of my way

Yeah, this world can have my money, my time  
But it sure can't have my soul  
That's why I'm goin' down to the railroad track  
Watch them lonesome boxcars roll

There's some big ol' Buicks at the Baptist church  
Cadillacs at the Church of Christ  
Well, I parked my camel by an ol' haystack  
I'll be lookin' for that needle all night

Yeah, there ain't gonna be no radial tires  
Rollin' down the streets of gold  
That's why I'm goin' down to the railroad track  
To watch them lonesome boxcars roll

Well, if you ever heard the whistle of a fast freight train  
And it's beatin' out a beautiful tune  
If you've ever seen the cold of the railroad tracks  
Shinin' by the light of the moon

Well, if you ever felt the locomotive shake the ground  
I know you won't have to be told  
Why I'm goin' down to the railroad track  
To watch them lonesome boxcars roll.

Yes sir, I'm goin' down to the railroad track  
To watch them lonesome boxcars roll

## (8) CRANES

**Don Richmond and Steve Garry**

Don Richmond – banjo, mandolin, dobro, snare, accordion, lead vocal; Steve Garry – lead guitar;  
Rod Taylor - high string guitar, harmony vocal; Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal

Intro - |D | |A/C# | |G/B | |A | (2nd time stop with ascending lick) :|

|D | |Bm |  
Today I caught the scent of earth as if for the first time,  
|Em | |D |  
And the cranes were calling me from far above  
|D | |Bm |  
I watched you throw open the window to the warm breeze  
|Em | |A |  
And I gave thanks for our life and for your love

**\*CHORUS\***

|G D/F# |Em G/D |A | |Bm | |A |  
Like the cranes that still return from the Bosque, bring the spring back up the Rio Grande  
|G D/F# |Em G/D |A | |Bm | |A |  
Like the water that runs down to the acequias, to spread the green across the bottomlands  
|Em | |A | |D |A/C# |Bm D/A  
Like the quickening of life and light returning, calls the seed to awaken and grow  
|G D/F# |Em G/D |A | |G |A |D(to intro 1st time) |  
So your love for me is like the springtime, and the sunshine that melts the winter's snow

Intro 1 time

As long as blood still fills the rivers in this body  
I can find the breath to speak your name  
I will celebrate the seasons of this lifetime  
Are the ribbons of our love this song proclaim

(Optional verse, not on CD)

Spring is like a morning that comes just once a year  
And brings another chance to start anew  
And as this earth circles the sun in their never-ending dance  
I give thanks the one I spin around is you

**\*CHORUS\***

Bridge –  
|F#m | |Bm |  
As long as blood still fills the rivers in this body,  
|F#m | |Bm |  
And I still have the breath to speak your name  
|Em | |A |  
I will celebrate the seasons of this lifetime  
|Em | |A | |(ascending lick as in intro)  
That are the rhythms of this song our love proclaims

Instrumental through verse and chorus  
Repeat chorus, repeat last line for tag  
Repeat intro, ascending accented lick to end

Yes, your love for me is like the springtime, and the sunshine that melts the winter's snow

**(9) I CAN'T STAND to SEE US CRY Steve Garry**

Steve Garry – lead guitar, vocal; Don Richmond – snare, pedal steel guitar, banjo, mandolin, harmony vocal, Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal; Rod Taylor – high string guitar

We were friends 'fore we were lovers  
Known you since you were a child  
Like sisters and brothers  
Though you got a while to \*\*\*\*\*

So I'm sittin' here disguise'n  
Troubled thoughts runnin' through my head  
The lack of words that need refinin'  
Ah, the better left unsaid

**\*CHORUS\***

Hang my heart on the lonely wind  
Goin' somewhere through the night  
If I told you that I love you  
Let me say goodbye, I can't stand to see us cry

We been through a lot together  
Broken hearts and \*\*\*\*\*  
Sunny days and stormy weather  
Everything that comes between

Heard that true love's everlasting  
Old friends get lost and gone away  
Hearts confused and so I'm askin'  
Should you go, or should I stay

**\*CHORUS\***

\*\*\*\*\* ol' highways \*\*\*\*\*  
Should we stop, or should we run  
That ol' river quit flowin'  
Could we swim or would we drown

That ol' lonely wind quit blowin'  
Goodbye heart \*\*\*\*\*  
That music quit playin'  
Would we hear another sound

**\*CHORUS\***

If I told you that I love you  
Let me say goodbye, I can't stand to see us cry  
I can't stand to see us cry

## (10) FLIP, FLOP and FLY

C. Calhoun, W. Turner

Rod Taylor – guitar, lead vocal; Steve Garry – lead guitar, harmony vocal;  
Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal; Don Richmond – pedal steel guitar, fiddle

When, when I get the blues, I get me a rockin' chair  
When I get the blues, I get me a rockin' chair  
Well, if them blues \*\*\*\*\* me, I'm gonna rock right away from here

When, when I get the blues, get me a rockin' chair  
When I get the blues, get me a rockin' chair  
Well, if the blues overtake me, gonna rock right away from here

Now when I get lonesome, I jump on the telephone  
When I get lonesome, I jump on the telephone  
Well, I call my baby, tell her I'm on my way back home

\*CHORUS\*

I said, flip, flop and fly, well I don't care if I die  
Well, flip, flop and fly, well I don't care if I die  
Well, don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye

Well, kiss me baby, hold it a long long time  
I said, kiss me baby, hold it a long long time  
Yeah, \*\*\*\*\* hits my head like wine

Here comes my baby, flashin' a new gold tooth  
Here comes my baby, flashin' a new gold tooth  
Yeah, she's so small, she can mambo in a pay phone booth

\*CHORUS\*

I'm like a Mississippi bullfrog, sittin' on a hollow stump  
Just like a Mississippi bullfrog, sittin' on a hollow stump  
I got so many women, I don't know which way to jump

\*CHORUS\*

\*CHORUS\*

I said, don't ever leave me don't ever say goodbye  
I said, don't ever leave me don't ever say goodbye

# (11) TANGLED UP in LOVE

Keith Urban and Vernon Rust

Don Richmond – banjo, lead vocal; Steve Garry – nylon string guitar, harmony vocal;

Rod Taylor – high string guitar, harmony vocal; Jim Bradley – bass, harmony vocal

(capo 2)

Intro – |Am | |D7 | :|

1st verse –

|Am | |D7 | |Am | |D7 |

You know the cards are stacked against this, as we surrender our defenses

|Am | |D7 | |G

And I've torn down all my fences just for you

|G(F#) |Em |Bm |C | |Am G(B) |C D |(repeat intro)

You feel it too, what do we do, do we run or see it through

2nd verse –

|Am | |D7 | |Am | |D7 |

The longer we're together, it just keeps getting better

|Am | |D7 | |G

And you hide your little love letters around the house for me

|G(F#) |Em |Bm |C | |Am G(B) |C D |G

And it's plain to see, that you'll always be, all I'll ever need

|G(F#) |Em |Bm |C | |Am G(B) |C D |(to chorus)

The webs we spun, wove into one, left us tangl-ed up in love

\*CHORUS\*

|C | |Bm | |Am | |G D(F#) G G(B) |C

You squeeze my hand, I understand, 'bout a wo-man and a man

| |Bm | |F | |D |(stop) |(to instrumental)

I love the way you make me feel, You got me tangled up in love

Instrumental through 2nd verse until -

|G(F#) |Em |Bm |C | |Am G(B) |C D |(to chorus)

The webs we spun, wove into one, left us tangl-ed up in love

\*CHORUS\*

Tangled up, tangled up

Tangled up in love

Tangled up, tangled up

Tangled up, tangled up

Got me tangled up in love

Tangled up, tangled up\*

\*REPEAT\* 4 times

Tangled up

Intro out

## **(12) FLIP, FLOP and FLY**

**(reprise)**

Rod Taylor – high string guitar, lead vocal; Don Richmond – accordion, harmony vocal;  
Steve Garry – harmony vocal, Jim Bradley – harmony vocal

(Flip, flop, fly)

When I get the blues, I get me a rockin' chair

When I get the blues, I get me a rockin' chair

(Flip, flop, fly)

Well, if the blues overtake me gonna rock right away from here

**\*CHORUS\***

Flip, flop fly, well I don't care if I die

Well, flip, flop and fly, well I don't care if I die

Don't ever leave me, don't ever say goodbye

(Flip - - - flop - - - fly)

IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP!

### **Liner notes:**

The only reason a bunch of guys like us are still here putting out music is for the love of the music and of the people that share that love with us. It's music that comes from where we come from – both from the high desert and mountain landscape of our home and from the background and experiences of our lives – sort of a laid-back high-energy gentle giant old blue-buffalo-grama-grassy, cowboy, folky, shake-a-leg with a smile sort of thing.

A rift is a split or a gap, sort of the like the Rio Grande Rift that we all live on or around. But this music is more about bridging gaps. For us the music is what ties all the different times and places together.

We hope you enjoy it.

We would like to thank the following for helping us to continue on with the music.

To our families especially our wives Teri, Kelly, Sarah and Patty. Our children and yes our grand children. You guys are the ones that most often get left at home but support us the most. We are truly grateful. You are our strength and for this you are truly loved. (It's a glamorous life ain't it?)

You have to cover a lot of music to do what we do. Many thanks to all of the songwriters whose material we play night after night.

To our fans and friends who are pretty much one in the same. When you smile we are smiling back. You give us the courage to get out here night after night. Your continued support is a big reason for this recording. We hope it brings you as much happiness in the automobile and at home as it does when you are with us. After all, it's all about the music!

IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP! IWGBTP!