

Not Sure How I'll Eat but I'm not Picking Your Peaches

a homemade EP by Levon Walker

Wrong as the Right

Levon Walker- vocals, acoustic guitar, organ, piano, wurlitzer, percussion, bass
Scott Lashinsky- resonator and slide guitar
written in Virginia Beach, VA, recorded in Bristol, TN/Tazewell, VA

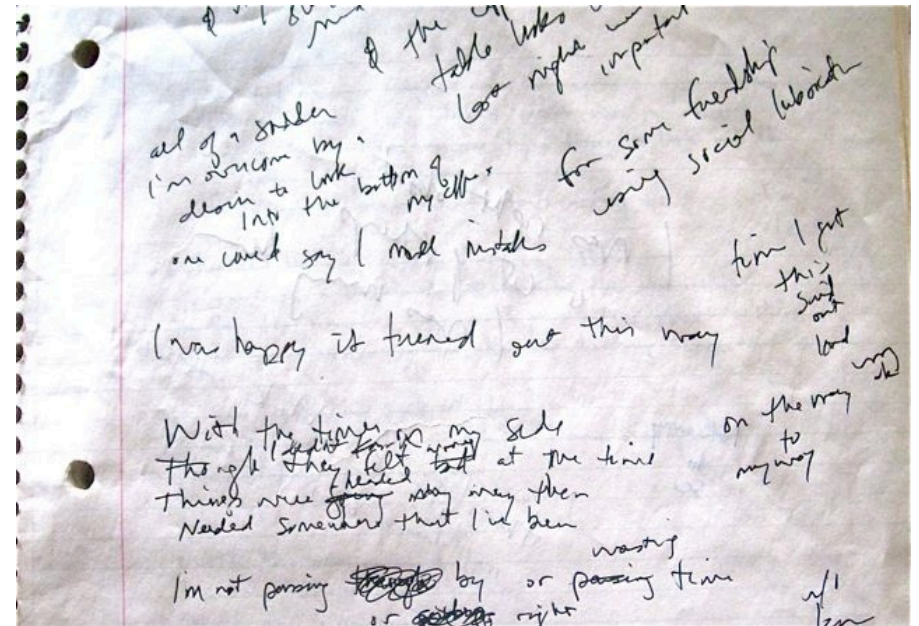
A heavy subject for a morning yet to open Coffee table looks like last night was important As I stare into my coffee cup My still sleepy mind starts acting up It's time I got this said out loud I was right about a lot of things I was wrong about Some would say I made mistakes I was happy it turned out this way With the times on my side I didn't know me at the time On my way to my way then Needing somewhere that I've been I'm not passing by or wasting time or always right or afraid to try The idea scares me that I'm blinded by another Grabbed my pocket book and stuck my foot in brick and mortar Proud that I could jump so high Not knowing what I had defied It's time I got this said out loud I was right to be wrong about a lot of it

She Won't Let Them

music co written by James Cameron

Levon Walker- vocals, acoustic guitar, organ, piano, bass, synthesizers
written in New York, NY/ Virginia Beach, VA, recorded in Bristol, TN/ Tazewell, VA

Union Square we were there with our best of wares You played your paintings and I gambled by guitar And they weren't buyin it no they were salesmen themselves Or they had somewhere to go She can do as she pleases for she's free She could use someone to see No she's not out to get her way all the time But she could use it now and then She won't let them take it away Little darlin close your eyes And when you open them you'll find I know you sought enough and thought of what you'd like When you can't find me I'm behind you in it too I'm the one to be the one for you By now you know the deal you done I regard myself a fortunate one To have a story starring you



The Girl Who Hangs her Clothes in the Rain

Levon Walker- vocals, classical guitar, wurlitzer, organ

Barrett Holloway- drums

Knox Janowick- man whistling at 2:38

written and recorded in Tuxtla Gutierrez, Mexico/ Madisonville, KY

Yesterday I saw you reading in the shade I was close enough to learn your puppies name Far enough to wander in your gaze From the corner I was walking down the lane Will your garden grow because it hears you sing? Your basket overflows with pretty things I would love to follow you and help you in the kitchen but it's cloudy and I'm walking down the lane To the girl who hangs her clothes out in the rain Do you mean to put some color on the grey Or are you merely stubborn in your ways? Give the sun a job to do and it may I'm a dog lover myself And there's a book I'd recommend you on my shelf If you garden needs attention I would love to lend some help While I'm walking down the lane by myself Yesterday I saw you reading in the shade I couldn't get the nerve to ask your name Couldn't even lift my hand to wave But tomorrow I'll be walking down the lane

Questions

Levon Walker- vocals, classical guitar, wurlitzer, organ, piano, bass, percussion, synthesizers

written and recorded in Knoxville, TN at the Mason Jar

Lackadaisical whimsical illogical am I Indefinable refinable open mindable am I And I have one question of you Will you take me will you take this heart of mine Excitable insightful delightful are you Embraceable graceful beautiful are you And you have one question of me Will I show you that I love you every moment passing by? I ask you the same thing that you're asking me Don't make up an answer just say what you mean Gone are the days that we investigated into this We became one and the same despite our difference In-separate deliberate inordinate are we Genuine through thick and thin bound within are we There's only one question for lovers to choose I ask only for you

Knoxy Salsa (Instrumental)

Levon Walker- classical guitar, piano, synthesizers, percussion

written and recorded in Tuxtla Gutierrez, Mexico



Uncle Pete's Clock

Levon Walker- vocals, classical and acoustic guitars, organ, piano, rhodes, bass

Scott Lashinsky- mandolin, resonator guitar

Jack Fretwell- harmonica

Unlce Pete's Clock at 1:55

written in Shelbyville, KY, recorded in Bristol, TN/ Bealeton, VA/ Washington D.C.

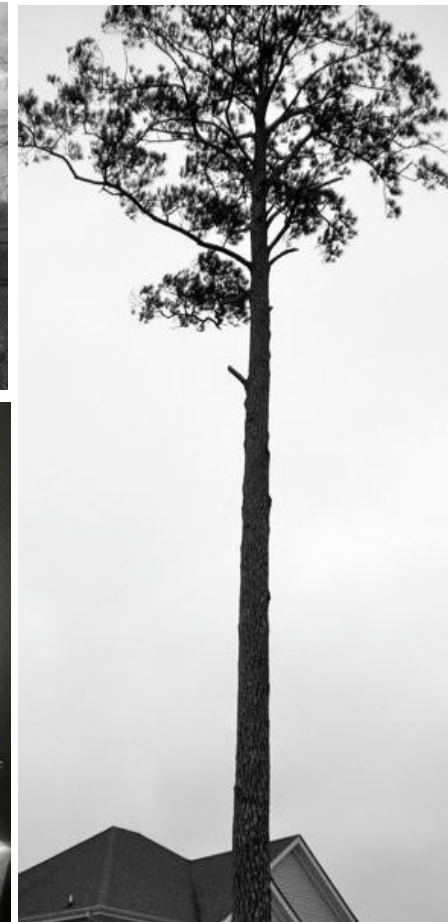
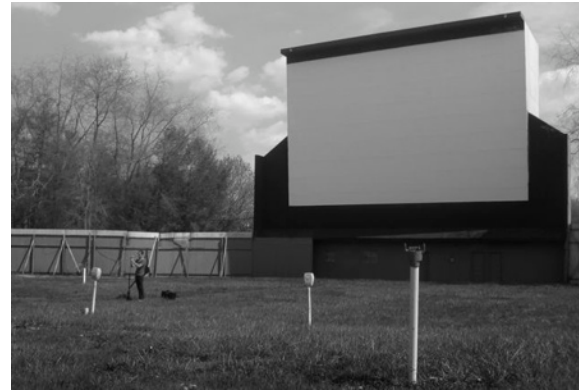
We who were born yesterday we haven't cut it out Haven't fallen down enough I fear I'd say that many times we pulled a favor in Or had a better chance to win by sex or skin We who were born yesterday we'll have it in our hands Be busy with the plans we made from here I hope it's better in our 1984 Than token social gospels we've seen before We who were born yesterday can't take all the blame Like a river can't be tamed by those downstream It's a shame that a no good dog he doesn't know his name Only knows he came like all the yesterdays I hope it's better and there's parts I would repeat I'll keep my eyes wide open and I'll move my feet Clocks will strike and hammers fall, the iron oligarch Sovereign patriarch upon the wall If you wake in a marble cave don't try and conversate Better walk away under another name Don't be caught on the borderline of brotherhood and hate Throw me in an open grave Put me in a better place I hope its better time is borrowed They'll look back for answers in a day or so We who were born yesterday we'll get a chance to play We will point the way We will have a say We who were born yesterday we'll have it in our hands Just a little sand and a breaking wave I hope it's better and I hope to find That hope was worth the effort and faith was right

D.C. al Fine

Levon Walker- vocals, piano, acoustic guitar, bass, synthesizers

written in Knoxville, TN for the wedding of Dustin and Cortney Addair, recorded in Tazewell, VA

I want you to know I don't know about tomorrow All I am saying is yesterday I had my own way Now we are ours I will be glad to come home to you Morning arise and wake you as I kiss your eyes I've never been here before and you will have to let me learn I will make a life with you And conversate away our everydays You never ask more from me than everything And why shouldn't you oh one I love have all you need? I could rehearse a thousand times and miss a line Or let go my fingers and improvise Let's make it up as we go and promise not to presuppose



Pluralists

Levon Walker- vocals, acoustic guitar, piano, wurlitzer, organ, bass
written in Virginia Beach, recorded in Tazewell, VA/ Bristol, TN

Lets all be pluralists and turn off the TV We'll seek the common good embrace diversity There's more than one way to see there's mine and yours Through the eyes of me Lets all be moderate and make a bubbly bath We'll keep it cool enough that nobody gets mad Keep your hands where I can see em Don't touch my freedom Lets be conservative and have a casserole By default it is a dish we all should know I didn't change it and you can't blame me It was always the recipe Lets all be liberal and hope it goes away We're all intelligent enough to work and play Use your mental faculties and make the check out to me Lets be libertarian and get out of the way Your dog pooped in my yard but that's for you to say I'd like for you to come and clean it and say you're sorry and mean it Lets all stand in the middle and try to find the center We'll call it middleism and anyone can enter Look to the right and left twice and cross the street You're on the other side and that's all that it means Did you go somewhere?

Cover Art by Ashley Addair

Special thanks to: Glen, Sheila, Dustin, Cortney and Juanita Addair, the Aguilar family, Edwin Aguilar, Ben Bannister, Frankie and Rebekah Campbell, James Cameron, Diana Santiago Diaz, Douglas Denzine, Jack Fretwell, Melanie Friedman, Sandy Greek, Erin Greer, Richie Haines, Barrett Holloway, friends at Interlink English, Knox and Emily Janowick, David and Travetta Johnson, Scott Lashinsky, Amilkar Gutierrez Martinez, Buck Rutledge, Mitch Stewart, John Suarez, James Trimble, Mike, Tanya, Ryan, Ashley and Phil Walker, Lindsay Winters and Jessica Wendt

Listening note: this project was recorded throughout a nomadic walkabout lasting from July 2009 to June 2010. It was tracked primarily in basements with a laptop mic and mixed in Garageband with instruments found or borrowed along the way. Check noroomforhipsters.com for the full back story.



Dedicated to the basement studio engineer in you, or maybe under you

