



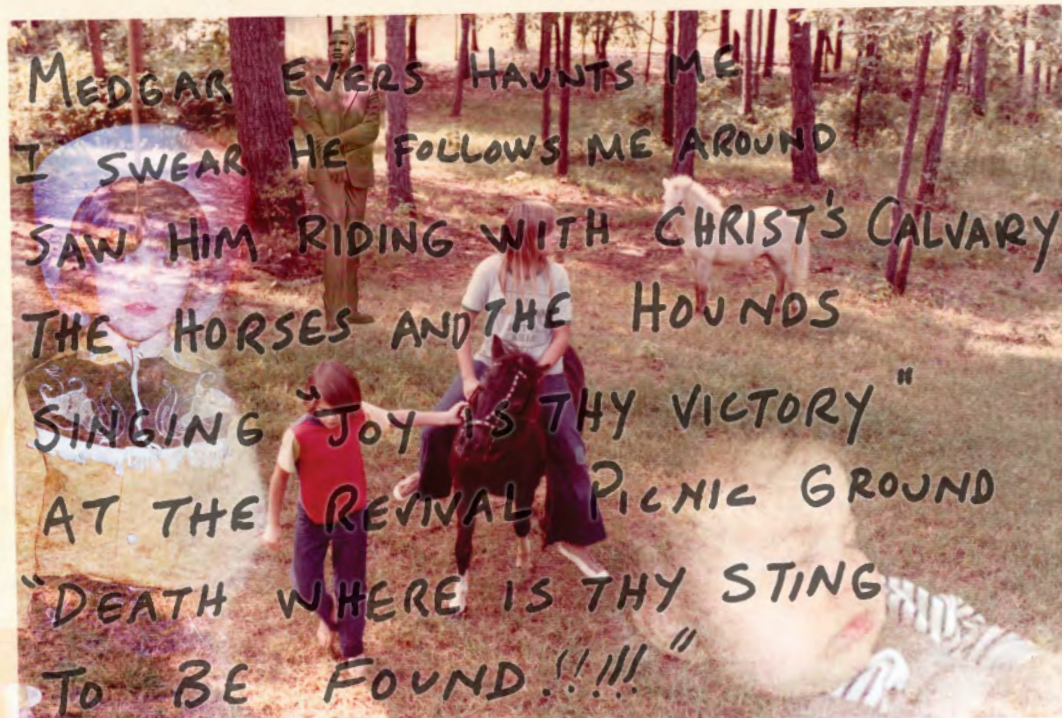
**AMY RAY**

**IF IT ALL  
GOES SOUTH**

1. JOY TRAIN
2. CHUCK WILL'S WIDOW
3. THEY WON'T HAVE ME
4. FROM THIS ROOM
5. TEAR IT DOWN
6. A MIGHTY THING
7. SUBWAY
8. COWBOYS AND PIRATES
10. MUSCADINE

**PRODUCED BY BRIAN SPEISER**

**RECORDED AND MIXED BY BOBBY TIS**



MEDGAR EVERS HAUNTS ME  
I SWEAR HE FOLLOWS ME AROUND  
SAW HIM RIDING WITH CHRIST'S CALVARY  
THE HORSES AND THE HOUNDS  
SINGING "JOY IS THY VICTORY"  
AT THE REVIVAL PICNIC GROUND  
"DEATH WHERE IS THY STING  
TO BE FOUND!!!!"

#### Joy Train Credits

Amy Ray-Vocal & Electric Guitar

Jeff Fielder-Electric Guitar

Matt Smith-Acoustic Dobro

Daniel Walker-Hammond B3 & Wurlitzer

Adrian Carter-Fiddle

Kerry Brooks-Electric Bass

Jim Brock-Drums

Alison Brown-Banjo

Hannah West, Mary Bragg, Becky Warren-Backing Vocals

Jeff Fielder, Adrian Carter, Daniel Walker-Additional Backing Vocals

## JOY TRAIN

Stuck behind a chicken truck, my baby sleeping in the back  
Driving out the demons as the feathers blow on past  
Burning up the sky, two crackers in the summertime  
Dwelling on the cage while life flies by  
"Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll!"

Action Jackson all the way to that Mississippi town  
Where Medgar Evers haunts me, I swear he follows me around  
Saw him riding with Christ's Calvary and the horses and the hounds  
Singing "Joy is thy victory!" at the revival picnic ground  
"Death where is thy sting to be found!"

"Sixteen miles to that Memphis jail," the sheriff tells me with a smile  
He said, "I made a hundred trips, it's quiet, I'm bored right now."  
Miss Drew got down, dancing with James Brown  
She said, "In '63, I was a society queen."  
They say, "Everything is fine," two crackers giving me the low down  
But if it's trouble they want, it's trouble they will find  
"Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll... Papa's got a brandnew bag..."

Action Jackson all the way to that Tennessee town  
Where Martin Luther haunts me, I swear he follows me around  
Singing, "Death where is thy sting to be found!"

Dream little child, dream until you can't  
Caped crusaders and hapless chance  
Don't get caught squandering the good times  
Dwelling on the cage while life flies by  
"Roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll, roll Jordan roll!"

Action Jackson all the way to that Mississippi town  
Where Medgar Evers haunts me, I swear he follows me around  
Riding with Christ's Calvary and the horses and the hounds  
Singing "Joy is thy victory!" at the revival picnic ground  
"Death where is thy sting to be found!"

I open my window, Spring is on the bloom  
I'm burying the bones, I'm coming home, make me some room  
I'm jumping on that Joy Train, y'all make me some room

## CHUCK WILL'S WIDOW

Even a sad song is better than no song at all

First Chuck Will's Widow of the season  
I just figured out that lonely bird's reason  
For sleeping all day and singing the same song all night long.  
Poor Will is gone, the sadness is defeating  
That aching in your heart, surely bears repeating  
But it takes all day to gather up the strength to sing this song

I get lost, sad and lonely  
So I count the stars above me  
And I sing when I should be sleeping  
'Cause that's when the world hears my weeping

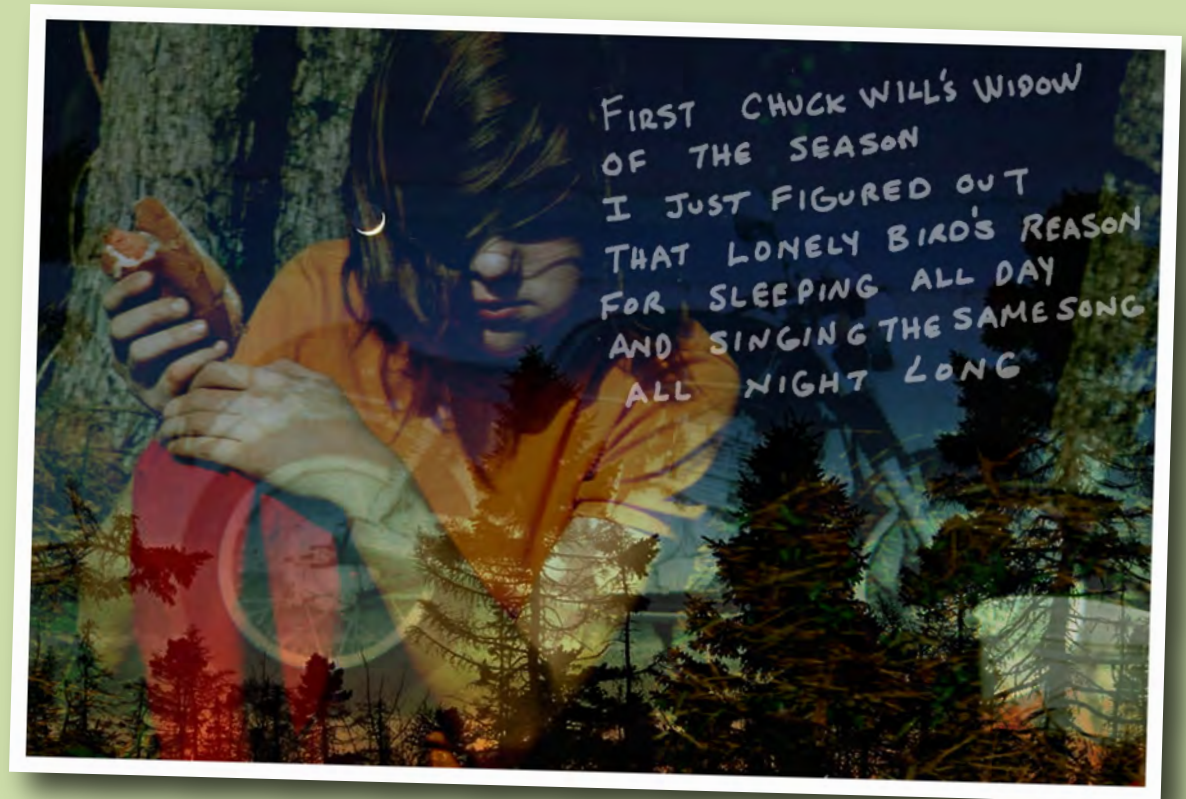
My neighbors been shooting, they can't get enough  
Maybe I'm just a "Billy Goats Gruff"  
'Round midnight it'll get tough when it gets quiet  
It's just some old tin cans and a buckshot gun  
I should be flying down the road in the warming sun  
Park my motorcycle when the day is done and say goodnight.

But I get lost, sad and lonely  
So I count the stars above me  
And I sing when I should be sleeping  
'Cause that's when the world hears my weeping

Even a sad song is better than no song at all

Lose your will, lose your destination  
Voices in your head keeping you guessing  
If it all goes South, count it as a blessing, that's where you are  
Yeah that's where, where you are

If you get sad, lost and lonely  
You can count the stars above you  
And you can sing when you should be sleeping  
'Cause that's when the world hears your weeping  
Yeah, you can sing when you should be sleeping



Chuck Will's Widow Credits  
I'm With Her  
Sarah Jarosz-Vocals & Mandolin  
Aoife O'Donovan-Vocals & Acoustic Guitar  
Sara Watkins-Vocals & Fiddle

Amy Ray-Vocal  
Jeff Fielder-Dobro, Mandolin, Clavinet, Drums & Percussion  
Daniel Walker-Accordion  
Kerry Brooks-Upright Bass  
Jim Brock-Congas

## THEY WON'T HAVE ME

They won't have me, but I love this place  
The rural life is broken and the farmland's gone to chaff  
My hands are idle and my mind needs rest  
The toil of the decent and the sleep of the best

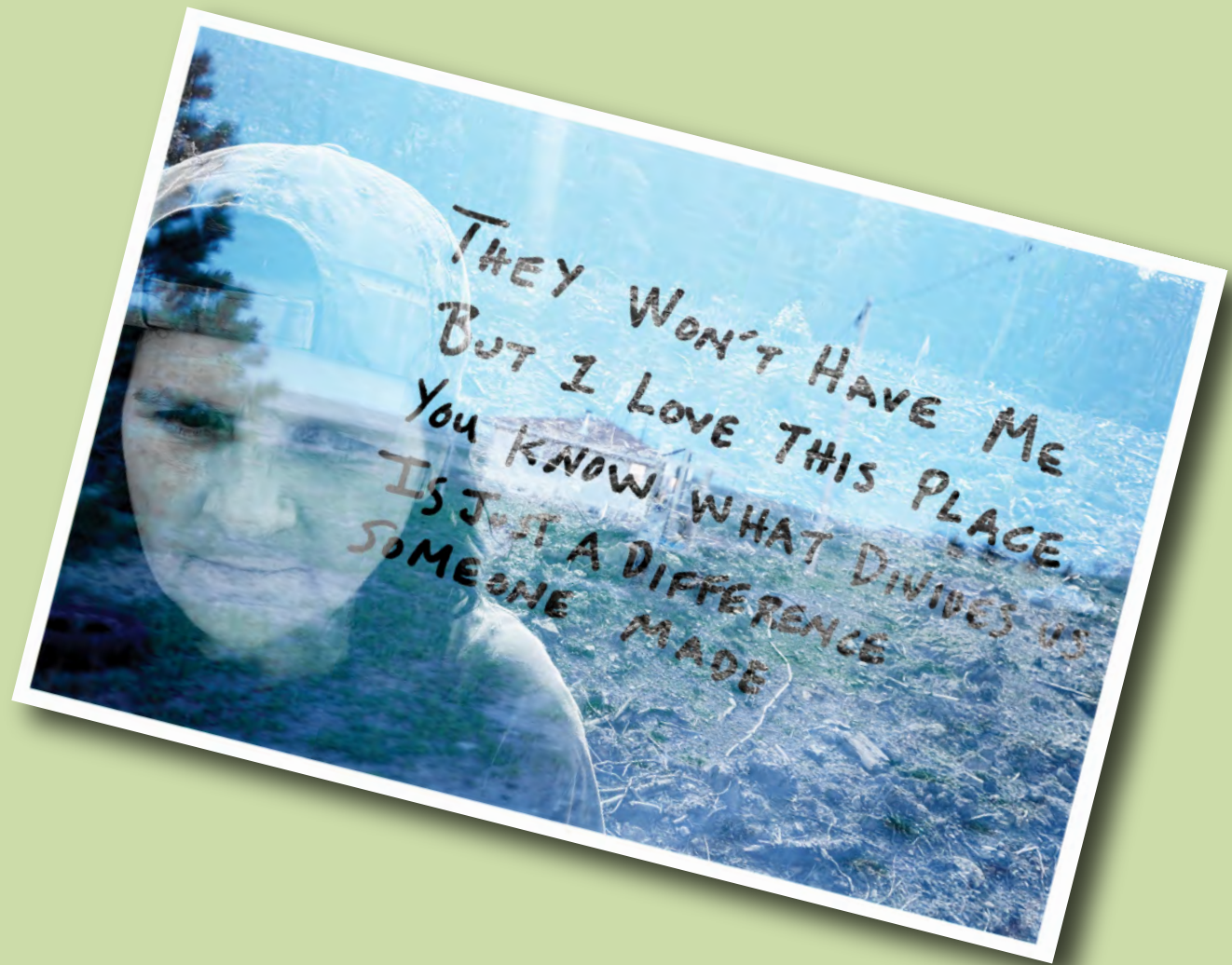
I sit in diners with all the old men  
And they talk of work cause it's all they ever did  
And they gave their hearts to Jesus and got serious  
And they gave up their drinking and they worked for this  
Nothing, nothing

All this love to offer, all this love to waste  
All this love to offer, all this love to waste

Lame dog on the highway where the old road used to be  
You know what divides us is just a difference someone made  
Some got tired of trying, some were just too scared to stay  
We gave ourselves to nothing and we let 'em have their day

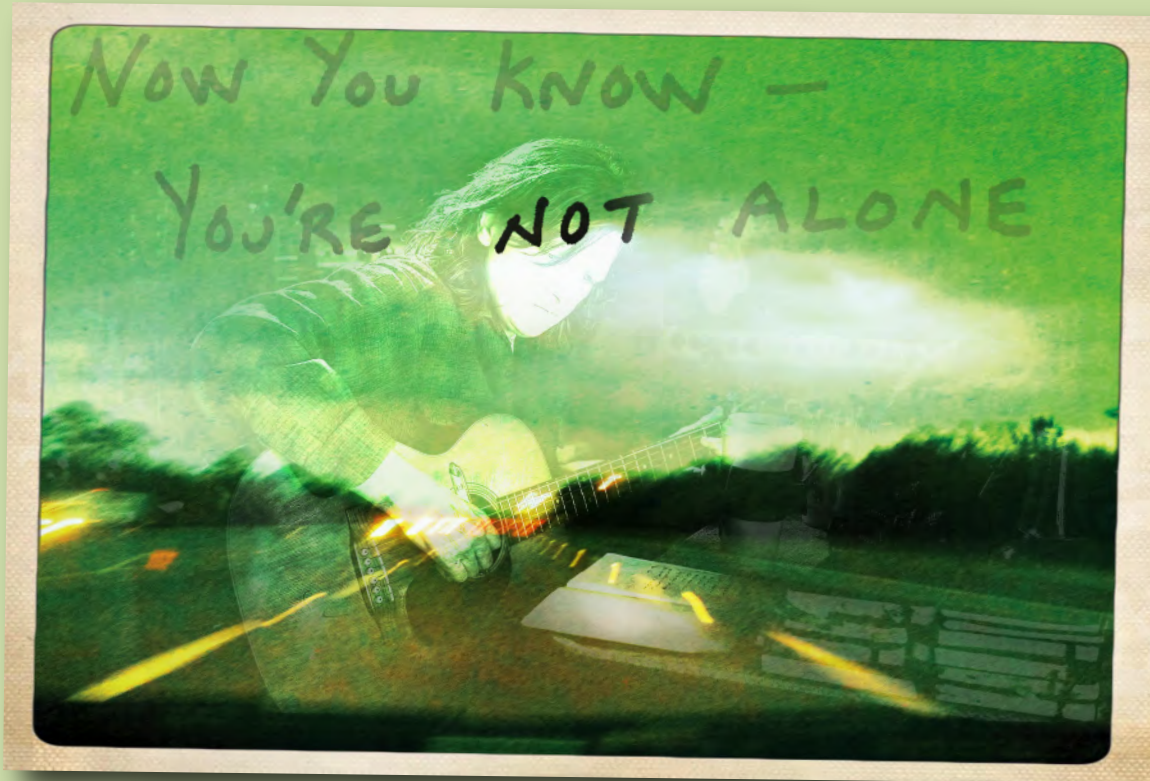
Who's gonna do the planting, who's gonna pray for rain?  
Who's gonna keep the farmland from the subdivision man?  
Nothing, nothing  
Nothing, nothing

And it's all this love to offer, all this love to waste.



### They Won't Have Me Credits

Amy Ray-Vocal, Acoustic & Electric Guitar  
Jeff Fielder-Dobro, Acoustic & Electric Guitar  
Daniel Walker-Hammond B3  
Adrian Carter-Violin & Electric Guitar  
Alison Brown-Banjola & Banjo  
Kerry Brooks-Upright & Electric Bass  
Jim Brock-Percussion & Drums  
Sarah Jarosz-Mandolin  
Hannah West, Mary Bragg, Becky Warren-Backing Vocals



## FROM THIS ROOM

From this room I can see you  
Rolling through darkness paved with lights to meet the morning dew  
And you're drifting and dreaming of an anchor that can hold you  
And let you wander in the waves while life unfolds for you

Anyone can sing this song, it's been written a million times  
I wanna tell you- You're not alone  
I wanna tell you- It ain't no crime  
To hold it up when you need it most, in the darkness don't let it go  
While you are sleeping on that long, long road

Anyone can sing this song, it's been written a million times  
The way we watch our life unfold and the love comes down the line  
I want you to have this light, hold it up in the darkest night  
While you are sleeping on that long, long road

Someday soon when you rest it will haunt you  
How the days just make their mark and pay no mind to you  
And it's true that time need not invoke you  
Yeah, but your life is a thread that weaves and binds you through

Anyone can sing this song, it's been written a million times  
Now you know you're not alone and you know it ain't no crime  
So hold this up when you need it most, in the darkness don't let it go  
While you are sleeping on that long, long road

### From This Room Credits

Amy Ray-Vocal & Electric Guitar  
Natalie Hemby-Vocals  
Phil Cook-Acoustic Upright Piano  
Jeff Fielder-Slide Electric Guitar & Celeste  
Matt Smith-Pedal Steel Guitar  
Daniel Walker-Wurlitzer & Mellotron  
Adrian Carter-Acoustic Guitar  
Kerry Brooks-Upright Bass  
Jim Brock-Drums & Percussion

## TEAR IT DOWN

You say, "I miss the old ways,  
but not like that dog-whistling fool of a king."  
Don't cha know that old Dixie Land  
Is more than dirt roads and simple ways

Tear it down, tear it down  
That ragged cross of race

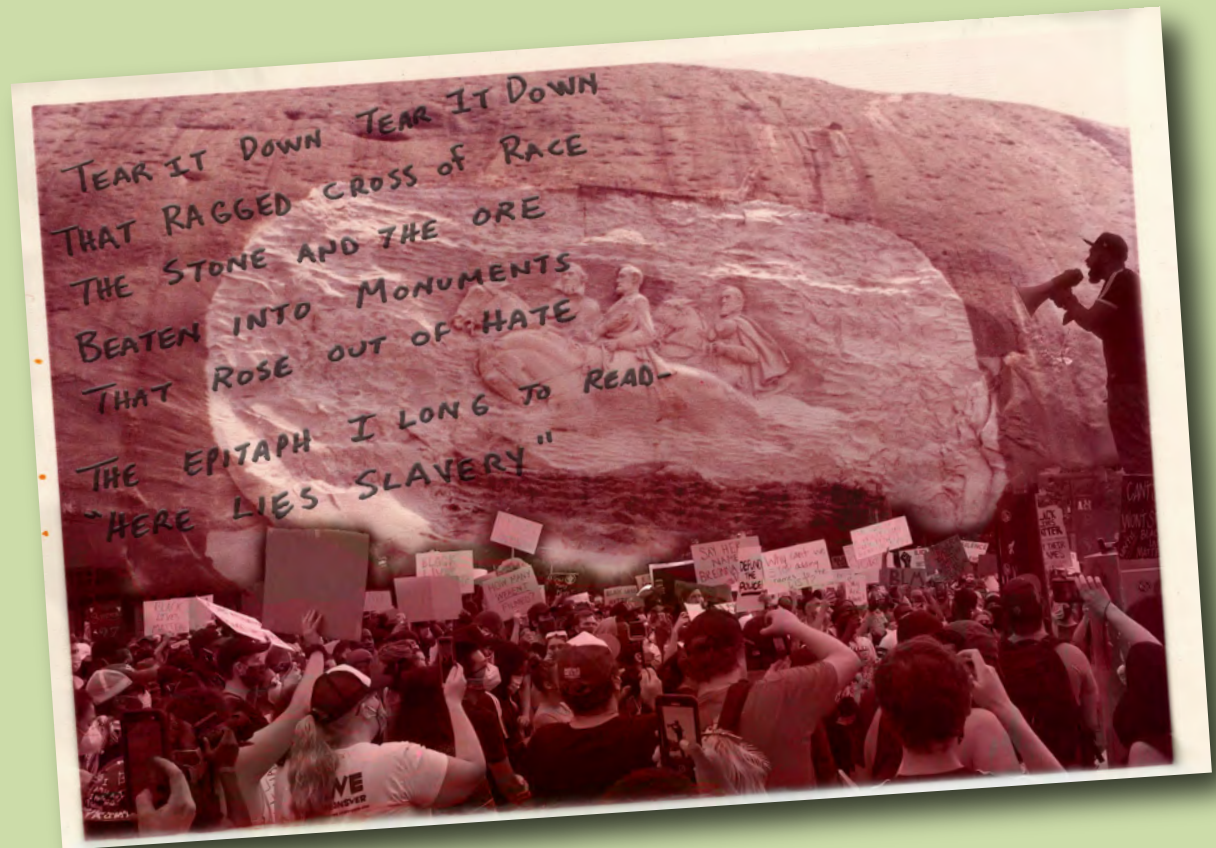
I don't guess that we deserve all this, beauty and the light  
The way the firefly returns in June, as dusk sings her lullaby  
All the lives that fertilized and the manifested hand  
The human bondage that provides the bounty of this land

Tear it down, tear it down  
That ragged cross of race  
The stone and the ore beaten into monuments  
That rose out of hate

I was that lonely kid in old cinemas  
Watching Gone with the Wind  
Tradition runs the core of me  
The Song of the South, whistling "Dixie" again  
Oh, that tune lived and breathed in me, and it wants to live again  
But we must fight with all our might to kill that racist hymn

Tear it down, tear it down  
That ragged cross of race  
The stone and the ore beaten into monuments  
That rose out of hate

The epitaph I long to read is: "Here lies slavery"



### Tear It Down Credits

Amy Ray-Vocal  
Allison Russell-Vocals  
Julie Wolf-Grand Piano  
Jeff Fielder-Electric Guitar  
Matt Smith-Pedal Steel Guitar  
Adrian Carter-Violins  
Kerry Brooks-Upright Bass  
Eric Eagle-Drums  
Brian Speiser and Madalyn Stefanak-Backing Vocals  
Strings arranged by Adrian Carter



## A MIGHTY THING

Don't fear the gun, fear the man  
That's what they taught me that when I was young  
Don't hate the sinner, hate the sin  
I add it up, it don't make sense

They dipped my head into the Holy Well  
To save me from the fires of Hell  
Saying, "Jesus died so you could shine  
You can't beat that deal!"

They say walk your talk, but when I walk  
I stumble on what I say  
How can my words be mightier  
When my fear gets in the way?

They dipped my head into the Holy Well  
I held my breath I was scared as hell  
Jesus died so I could shine  
You can't beat that deal

But the boyfriend at the football game, the teacher at the gym  
They taught me how to hate myself  
How could I shine?  
I cannot win

There's a battle cry for my insides  
My moral compass—it is a mess  
I'm bound to find out in the end  
That I failed their doggone test

They dipped my head into the Holy Well  
They couldn't save me from myself  
If Jesus died so I could shine  
How come my light—it grows so dim

I fear the gun, I fear the man, Oh, my insides I fear especially  
I fear the boy walking down my road, even though I know he fears me  
Because a bullet is a mighty thing, a teacher is a mighty thing

### A Mighty Thing Credits

Amy Ray—Vocal and Acoustic Guitar

Jeff Fielder—Electric Guitar, Baritone Electric Guitar & Vocal

Sarah Jarosz—Mandolin and Vocals

Alison Brown—Banjo

Daniel Walker—Hammond B3

Adrian Carter—Fiddle

Kerry Brooks—Upright Bass

Jim Brock—Drums



## SUBWAY

For Rita Houston

In the Geminid shower you flew away through Orion's sky  
The maverick queen of our galaxy  
Play these tunes I wrote for her  
You and your golden ear and flare for words  
Tell us how you hung the stars

Cause I am useless in this aging hour  
Of broken pipe dreams in a skyline of water towers  
I crave the night, can't shake it from my sight  
You knew me every time, you knew me every time

On the way, I fell for every mountain range  
Every endless sky, every painted pony plain, every arrowhead this kid could fly  
On the hoof, I found New York, getting groomed for some big tour  
Holding hands with girls down the streets and avenues

Make it count in the music biz  
And that's what you did, but me, I am still wandering  
Cause I crave the trying, can't shake it from my mind  
You saw me every time, you saw me every time

Don't take the subway baby  
"Let's just walk," we'd say," 'til our longing turns to day"  
Remember when Alphabet City was a wilderness to you and me, before Rudy had his way

And they kept it all shut down from Jones Beach to the Mercury Lounge  
After you left, the shit really hit the fan  
So we took it to the streets, crying "No justice, no peace!"  
"All for one, one for all, here comes the show, turn on your radio!"

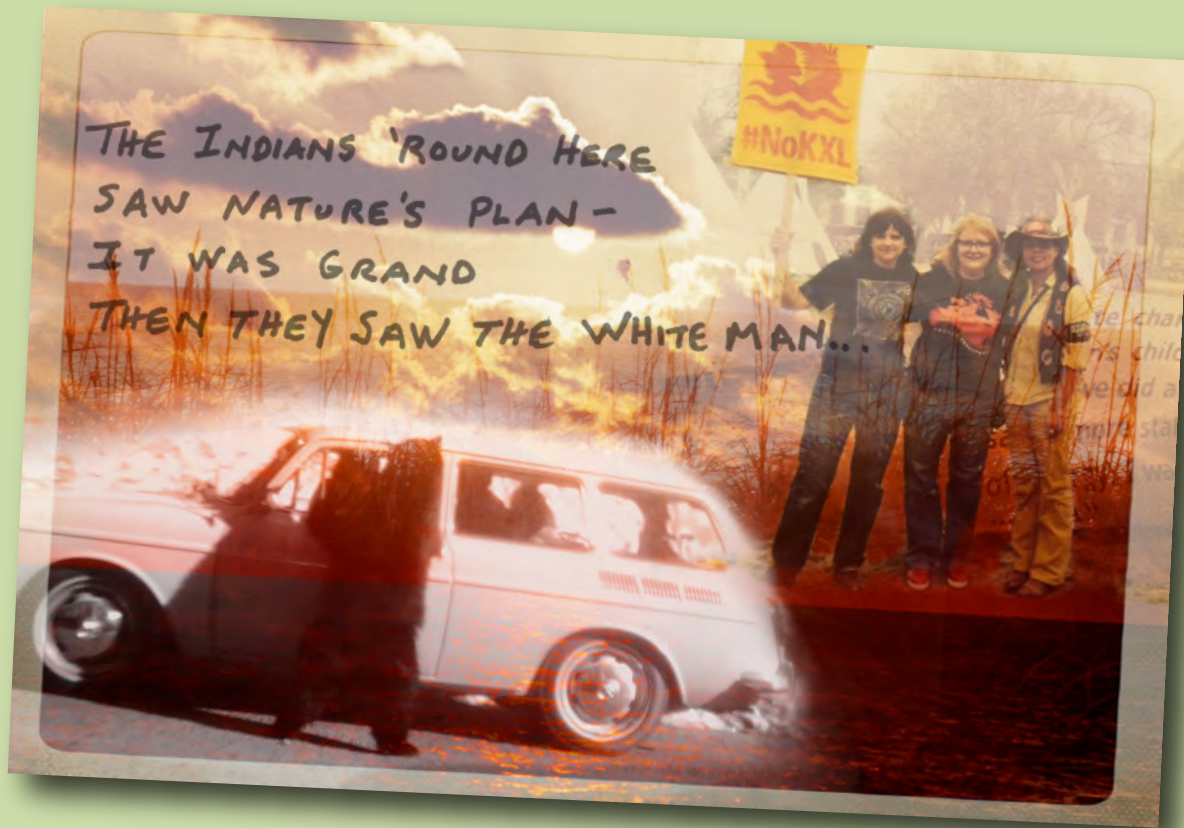
Yeah we took it to the streets, "Freedom is not free..."

Don't take the subway baby  
"Let's just walk," we'd say," 'til our longing turns to day"  
Remember when Alphabet City was a wilderness to you and me, before Rudy had his way

This Georgia girl has got it bad for New York

Subway Credits  
Amy Ray-Vocals & Acoustic Guitar  
Brandi Carlile-Vocals  
Jeff Fielder-Rhythm & Slide Electric Guitar  
Matt Smith-Pedal Steel Guitar  
Daniel Walker-Grand Piano  
Kerry Brooks-Bass  
Jim Brock-Drums  
Cara Fox-Cello  
Claire Whitcomb-Viola  
Eleonore Denig-1st Violin  
Adrian Carter-2nd Violin  
Gabe Dixon-Rhodes Piano  
Strings arranged by Gabe Dixon





Cowboys and Pirates Credits  
Amy Ray-Vocal & Acoustic Guitar  
Jeff Fielder-Electric Guitar  
Matt Smith-Pedal Steel Guitar  
Daniel Walker-Upright Piano  
Adrian Carter-Fiddle  
Kerry Brooks-Electric Bass  
Jim Brock-Drums  
Alison Brown-Banjo  
Greg Griffith-Acoustic Dobro  
Jordan Hamlin-Trumpet  
Ray Mason-Trombone  
Hannah West, Mary Bragg, Becky Warren-Backing Vocals

## COWBOYS AND PIRATES

Pirates are here, it's hard to write a Cowboy song  
Water is plenty and salty, red tide coming on  
Everybody's drinking, the fish ain't biting  
Coquinas in the bucket, waiting to die  
It's high noon... rising tides

All these beaches are crawling with fools breaking Mama's rules  
If we don't clean our shit up soon it's all gonna go boom  
The Indians on this coast, they saw food and sand... Nature's plan  
Then they saw the White Man... damn

I'm falling asleep in delirium, I'm sick as a dog at a mountain lodge  
I'm in luxury's lap, rain tap tapping on my balcony  
While the Miners and Cowboys are drinking their stout  
The Pirates come in and clean it all out  
It's high noon... busted times... Rocky Mountain high

All these mountains are crawling with fools breaking Mama's rules  
If we don't clean our mess up soon this boom town'll go boom  
The Indians in these hills, they followed elk through the Aspens-Nature's plan  
Then they saw the White Man... damn

We've had long days of summertime, tall cotton, homesteaded river time  
Brought home the bacon and the Bonnie Blue, singing, "We all did what we could do..."  
And now we're rounding up the Indians, running out the Mexicans  
Now I can see that we're in the weeds, high noon beating down hard on me

All these fields are crawling with fools breaking Mama's rules  
If we don't clean our shit up soon it's all gonna go boom  
The Indians round here they saw Nature's plan, and it was grand  
Then they saw the White Man...

## MUSCADINE

I got a dog, likes Muscadines  
Eat 'em from the road, eat 'em from the vine  
He ain't picky rain or shine  
Walk with me any ol' time

I got to go, he don't mind  
Mary come around, it'll be fine  
All he wants is a hand that's kind  
Could be Mary's, could be mine

All he wants is hand that's kind  
All he wants is hand that's kind  
All he wants is hand that's kind

I wanna be grateful for what is mine  
And when it's not, be satisfied  
Take these two halves, make 'em rhyme  
Leave this world better than the way I found it

I got a dog likes Muscadines  
Used to bark at the owls at night  
Now his world is dark and quiet  
But he walks with me, he don't mind it

I got a feeling old lang syne  
Is stealing my sleep, leaving me pining  
Why can't I love my valentine  
Leave that Clementine behind

Why can't I love my valentine  
Why can't I love my valentine  
Why can't I love my valentine

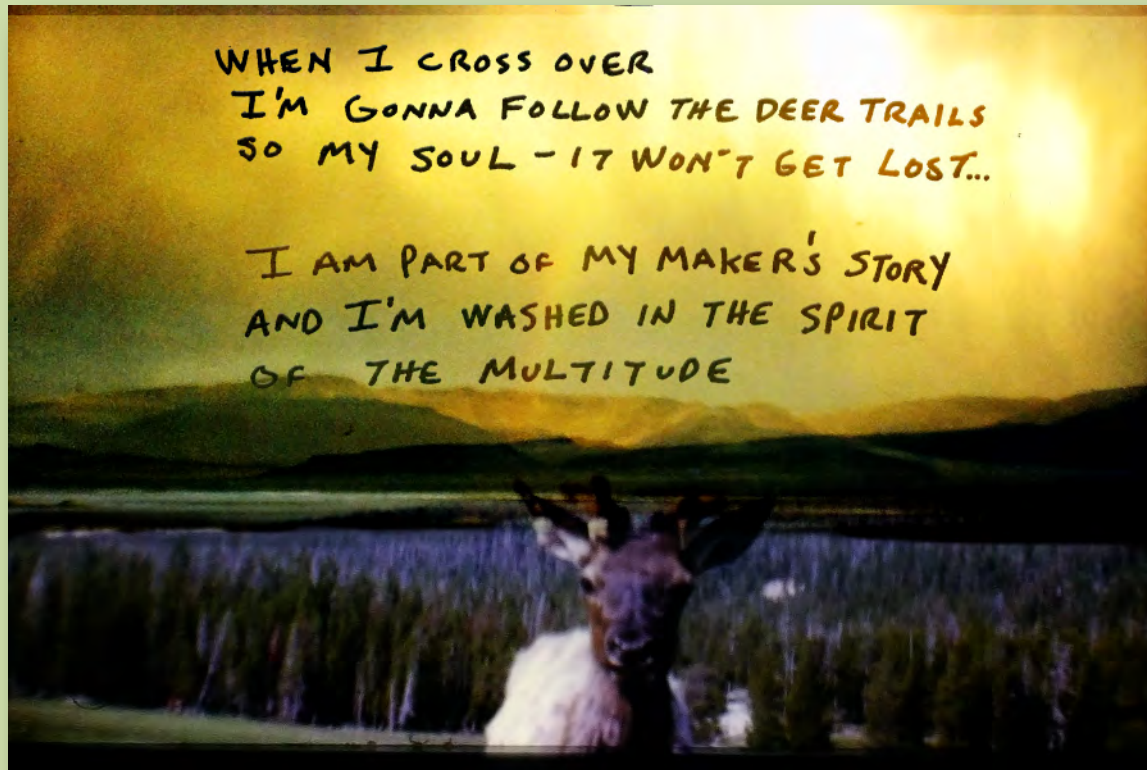
I wanna be grateful for what is mine  
And when it's not, be satisfied  
Take these two halves, make 'em rhyme  
Leave this world better than the way I found it

Marry me by the old woodbine  
Sweet as honey, strong as twine  
You're the only love that I couldn't unwind  
Maybe this heart will get in line

The only love that I couldn't unwind  
The only love that I couldn't unwind  
The only love that I couldn't unwind

Muscadine Credits  
Amy Ray-Vocal & Acoustic Guitar  
H.C. McEntire-Vocals  
Jeff Fielder-Dobro and Upright Piano  
Matt Smith-Pedal Steel Guitar  
Adrian Carter-Violins  
Brian Speiser-Rhodes Piano  
Kerry Brooks-Upright Bass  
Jim Brock-Drums & Percussion





#### North Star Credits

Amy Ray-Vocal & Electric Guitar

Phil Cook-Vocal & Acoustic Piano

Michelle Prather, Courtney Campbell, Ashley Charisse Mackey-Vocals

Jeff Fielder-Electric Guitar

Matt Smith-Pedal Steel Guitar

Daniel Walker-Hammond B3

Adrian Carter-Fiddle

Kerry Brooks-Electric Bass

Jim Brock-Drums & Percussion

## NORTH STAR

When I cross over, I'm gonna follow the deer trails  
So my soul-it won't get lost  
Creek bed to the river, where I drink my water  
Rest for my journey on the banks of the Etowah

Everyone before me, those that come after  
May we all find our way through  
I am part of my Maker's story  
And I'm washed in the spirit of the multitude

Oh my soul, I'm gonna wait for nightfall  
Find the North Star to lead me on  
'Cause it's brought so many to freedom  
They were more deserving, but still I know

Everyone before me, those that come after  
We will all find our way through  
I am part of my Maker's story  
And I'm washed in the spirit of the multitude

Now if I fly, I'm gonna heed the bird songs  
So my wings they know their place  
In the Great Migration to the new horizon  
Where our better angels and justice reigns

Everyone before me, those that come after  
May we all help each other through  
To a land that knows no suffering  
Without the mercy and the healing balm  
Everyone before me, those that come after  
May we all find our way home

All songs written by Amy Ray ©2022 Aray Songs/Songs of Universal, BMI  
Except "North Star"—Lyrics by Amy Ray, Music by Amy Ray and Phil Cook (Phil Cook Music, LLC)

Produced by Brian Speiser  
Additional Production by Jeff Fielder, Amy Ray, and Phil Cook

Recorded by Bobby Tis at Sound Emporium, Nashville, TN  
Assistant engineer—Skyler Chuckry

Recorded on a Studer A827 24 Track on 2" tape at 15 ips.  
\*except "Chuck Will's Widow," Tear It Down," and "Muscadine"  
recorded to 96k 24bit files and transferred to 2" tape at Swamp Raga Recording, Jacksonville, FL.  
All songs mixed to 1/2" tape at 30 ips.  
Vinyl and Digital mastered directly from the 1/2" mix tapes.

Mixed by Bobby Tis at Swamp Raga Recording, Jacksonville, FL to a Studer A80 ½"  
Mastered by Adam Ayan at Gateway Mastering Studios, Portland, ME  
LP mastered by Kevin Gray from the original master tapes

Additional Mixing by Brian Speiser, Jeff Fielder and Amy Ray  
Supplemental Recording by Jeff Fielder at Waterfielder Studios, Seattle, WA  
Aoife O'Donovan recorded by Darren Schneider at The Audio Temple at Full Sail University in Winter Park, FL  
Sara Jarosz recorded by Gary Paczosa at Minutia Studio, Nashville, TN  
Brandi Carlile recorded by Nathan Yaccino at Northern Lights, Maple Valley, WA

\*Tear It Down recording credits  
Piano recording engineered by Julie Wolf at Bird & Egg Recording in Richmond, CA.  
Assisted by Nino Moschella.  
Electric guitar recorded by Jeff Fielder at Waterfielder Studios, Seattle, WA  
Strings recorded by Adrian Carter, Atlanta, GA  
Pedal Steel recorded by Kevin Boggs, Asheville, NC  
Bass recorded by Kerry Brooks, Charlotte, NC  
Drums recorded by Eric Eagle at Skoor Sound, Seattle, WA  
Allison Russell recorded by David Spreng at NightBird Studios in West Hollywood, CA

\*Muscadine recording credits  
Dobro and piano recorded by Jeff Fielder at Waterfielder Studios, Seattle, WA  
Strings recorded by Adrian Carter, Atlanta, GA  
Pedal Steel recorded Rick Cooper, Asheville, NC  
Bass recorded by Kerry Brooks, Charlotte, NC  
Drums recorded by Jim Brock, Charlotte, NC  
Rhodes recorded by Brian Speiser, NYC  
Harmonies recorded by H.C. McEntire, NC  
Transferred to tape at Swamp Raga Recording, Jacksonville, FL

Alison Brown appears courtesy of Compass Records  
I'm With Her (Sarah Jarosz, Aoife O'Donovan and Sara Watkins) appears courtesy of Rounder Records  
Natalie Hemby appears courtesy of Fantasy Records  
Allison Russell appears courtesy of Fantasy Records  
Sarah Jarosz appears courtesy of Rounder Records  
Brandi Carlile appears courtesy of Low Country Sound / Elektra Records  
H.C. McEntire appears courtesy of Merge Records

Album Art and Design by Denise Plumb @ Three Star Smoked Fish Co.

Photography by Amy Ray, Phil Cook, Larry Ray, Sr., Larry Ray Jr., Lisa Sullivan, Mary Manthei, S.H.S. yearbook staff, and friends

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#### Thanks

Carrie Schrader, Ozilline Schrader-Ray, Frank Youngblood, Robert Kahn; The Ray Family and all its branches; Brian Speiser, Bobby Tis, Jeff Fielder, Jim Brock, Matt Smith, Kerry Brooks, Adrian Carter, Dan Walker, Phil Cook, Alison Brown; Skyler Chuckry, Juanita Copeland and Sound Emporium; Ryan Murphy, Madalyn Stefanak; Susan Tedeschi and Derek Trucks; David Trucks; Adam Ayan and Gateway Mastering; Kevin Gray; Denise Plumb and Three Star Smoked Fish Co; Emily Lichter, Dylan Yellowlees, Carla Parisi; Spirit of Kofi Burbridge; Jordan Hamlin, Gabe Dixon, Sara Jarosz, Sara Watkins, Aoife O'Donovan, Natalie Hemby, Allison Russell, Hannah West, Mary Bragg, Becky Warren, H.C. McEntire, Brandi Carlile; Michelle Prather, Courtney Campbell, Ashley Charisse Mackey; Cara Fox, Claire Whitcomb, Eleonore Denig, Ray Mason, Eric Eagle, Julie Wolf, Greg Griffith, Tekla Waterfield, Shooter Jennings, Susan Tanner; Lee T and Norm; Parker-Shockley Family; Pullen Family; Emily, Tristin and Cleo; Schrader-Holmberg-Johnson Family; Davis Bauman and family; Angie Carlson, Cathy Lyons, Russell Carter; Dina Dusko, Frank Riley and High Road Touring; Jordan Powell, Ayappa Ponnappa Biddanda; Lisa Love and The Georgia Music Foundation; Brent Cobb, Carolyn Snell, Mark Chalecki, Garry West and Compass Records; Lyris Hung, Lucy W. Roche, Lisa Sullivan, Mike Lennon, Eli Gay, Linda Newmark, Erika Stagles; Kenny Cresswell and Avatar Events Group; Mike Rose, Beckie Campbell, Blair Woods; Lisa and Willard Arbour; The War and Treaty; Amanda Anne Platt and The Honeycutters; Danielle Howle and her band; Kim Ruehl; Foy Tootle and Julie Best; Chuck and La La; Mary Manthei; Dawn, Gaston, and Oshen; Jeff and Sue Hughes; Maggie Payne-Orton, Freedom White Plume, Schaune Griffin; Cooper and Evan Carter; Eric Joy; Grant Samuelson at Shunyata Research; Michael Fremer; Rick Gasparini and Transcontinental; Rick Hashimoto and RTI; Shamrock High School friends; Giacomo Buonafina; Winona LaDuke and Honor the Earth



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