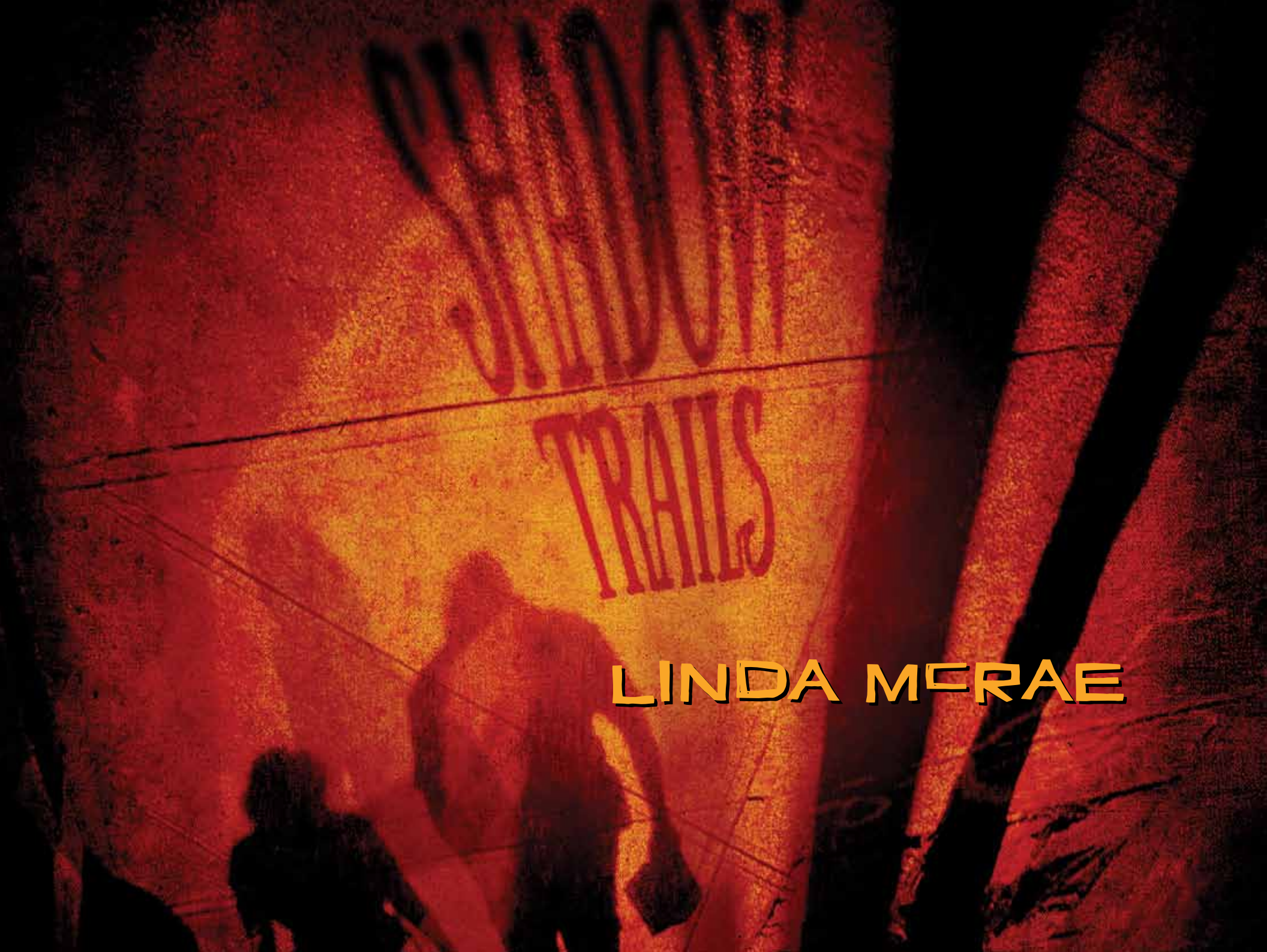

LINDA McRAE

1. CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING 3:45
2. CHARLIE PARR 3:32
3. LONG SHADOW TRAIL 4:01
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10. SIDEWALK PRINCESS 3:40
11. SINGING RIVER 4:02
12. HANNAH 4:59

Produced and Mixed by
STEVE DAWSON

Tracks # 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11 MAPL Tracks # 7, 8, 9, 10 MAPL Track 12 MAPL

LINDAMCRAE.COM / BOREALISRECORDS.COM

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Canada Council for the Arts / Conseil des Arts du Canada
FACTOR Canada

MUSICIANS:

LINDA MCRAE: Guitar, Banjo, Accordion, Vocals
STEVE DAWSON: Guitars, Pedal Steel, Banjo on Hannah, Backing Vocals
JOHN DYMOND: Acoustic, Electric Bass
GARY CRAIG: Drums, Percussion
STEVE O'CONNOR: Keyboards, B3, Wurlitzer

SPECIAL GUESTS:

RAY BONNEVILLE: Harmonica (Track # 5, 11)
FATS KAPLIN: Fiddle (Track # 7, 9, 12)
M.C. HANSEN: Backing Vocals (Track # 9)
GEOFFREY KELLY: Whistle (Track # 12)
KERI LATIMER: Backing Vocals (Track # 1, 10)
LAURIE LEWIS: Backing Vocals (Track # 5)
GURF MORLIX: Backing Vocals (Track # 3)

Produced and Mixed by **STEVE DAWSON**
Engineered by **TIM VESELY**
Recorded at *The Woodshed*, Toronto, ON
Mastered by **GRAEMME BROWN**, *Zen Mastering*

Art Direction, Design, Layout & Shadow Photography:
A MAN CALLED WRYCRAFT
wrycraft.com
Long Legs Shadow photo by **EVANGELINE ELSTON**
Linda photo by **JAMES WHITMIRE**

1. CAN YOU HEAR ME CALLING

© L. McRae

My Mom and Dad laid the groundwork for my future giving me the love and support I needed and I couldn't have asked for better parents. Mom and Dad eventually divorced and remarried and their new partners Ray (Mom's husband) and Doreen (Dad's wife) became part of our family too. My dad passed away at the age of 63 (Doreen passed away a year later) and I sure miss them both. My mom turned 80 this year! I can't thank you enough Mom for your encouragement and believing in me. This song is for any parent who wonders if they did enough… mine did, all four of them. I love you all!

You were skin and bone knobby knees, runny nose
Three in the back seat no air-conditioning no heat
Fighting with your brothers all the way to the folks'
Piggy in the middle never sat by the window

Can you hear me calling?
I'm the wind through your door
I'm the living room flickering light
When you called on me I was 6'4
But I was high as a kite

When you were growing up did you have enough?
With your little girl glasses and your sack cloth clothes
I drank too much I pissed it all away
I wish my life wasn't such a cliché

Chorus

The dog in the backyard barks all night
I'm right here just on the other side

Chorus

And I wish I could have done more
I could have done more
Oh I wish I could have done more
I could have done more
I could have done more

2. CHARLIE PARR

© L. McRae / S. Dawson

Charlie draws from past masters and seeing him play at the 2014 Porcupine Mountain Festival had a huge impact on me. Steve came up with some great chord changes for this one. Thanks Steve!

Piedmont Picker deep frets
Porchboard bass on deck
Steel strings, wet guitar
We believe in wishing stars
What's behind your glasses Charlie Parr?

Eyes closed big surprise
Audience twice its size
Saw the wonder fill his heart
In the rain under tarps
We came to see you Charlie Parr
We're here to see you Charlie Parr

Fueled by your father's stories and
a treasury of field recordings

Lino cut front and back
Rooster crowin' red and black
Bought the record put it on
Heard you play your lonesome song
Lost in the rhythm all night long
In those deep grooves all night long

Singing Hills of Porcupine
Reinvented mountain time
Dark past brand new start
He hopes to heal the scars
Helping the homeless Charlie Parr
Help the homeless Charlie Parr

Fueled by your father's stories
and Mance Lipscombe recordings

Hurtin' songs from the hip
Reinvented Mississipp
No one like him near or far
Hearing him play lit a spark
I want to play like Charlie Parr
Learn to play like Charlie Parr

3. LONG SHADOW TRAIL

© L. McRae

Evangeline Elston's photos "from the long shadow trail" were the inspiration for this song. Thanks Evangeline! This song would not exist if not for you!

Shadows need light
As a kid I was told mine
Was sewn to the soles of my feet
With little girl spins we'd throw our wishes to the wind
I swear I heard her heart beat

Evangeline talked of where she'd been
Every time the sun disappeared
She'd watch the little girls spin
Collect their wishes from the wind
And chase away the shadows they feared

On the Long Shadow Trail
On the Long Shadow Trail

So when the sun's gone and some other one
Sees her shadow and hears her heart beat
I'll give a little girl grin
I'll cast my wish upon the wind
For the sun and its heat
To sew Evangeline back to my feet

On the Long Shadow Trail
On the Long Shadow Trail
Shadows need light and as a kid I was told mine
Was sewn to the soles of my feet

4. WHY CAN'T WAYLON

© L. McRae

Out of the mouths of babes. Thanks Denise Williams for sharing this story and Dana and Andy at Cuervo Acres for spreading the gospel. Thanks Moose for your wisdom!

Kids can say the darndest things in innocence and truth
For kids are surely filled with wisdom
Long before they've paid their dues
Pull up a chair and set a spell for I know one such kid
Bottle fed on tunes they called him Moose
And he skid right off the grid when he said

If Jesus can come back why can't Waylon?

He was only four years old and to him it made perfect sense
Hypnotized on Saturday nights by the rhythm and the pen
For his mom and dad passed down their music
Put the tools in his tool kit
Now he takes the reins singin' "I Like Trains"
And skids right off the grid when he says

If Jesus can come back why can't Waylon?
When times get tough the words ring through my head
If Jesus can come back why can't Waylon?
Why can't he come back from the dead?

So keep that guitar in your hand
'Cause you make perfect sense
And always trust your cape when you're jumpin' off the fence
'Cause we need you to remind us 'cause sometimes we forget
To pop a vein singin' "I Like Trains"
And skid right off the grid now let's sing

If Jesus can come back why can't Waylon?
When times get tough the words ring through my head
If Jesus can come back why can't Waylon?
Let's all sing him back
Oohoo oohoo oohooo

5. WHEN LOVE IS A GAME

© Willie P. Bennett

Willie P. recorded this song in Winnipeg with Jaxon Haldane. A wonderful writer, a great picker and a heck of a nice fella, Willie sadly passed away in 2008 and the song was never released. We miss you Willie!

Love is a game nobody wins
Risk your self-respecting heart
And gain an everlasting shame
It can break your will
If you don't let go of the shame
Nobody wins
When love is a game
Nobody wins

When love is a game nobody wins
The deck is stacked against you
The fix is already in
You may think you're holding all the cards
But you'd better think again
Nobody wins
When love is a game
Nobody wins

6. MY MAN

© L. McRae / S. Dawson

My man he's a real good man... James Whitmire is his name.

I love my man he's real a good man
I love my man he's real a good man
I love my man he's real a good man
The things he does with his two hands
I love my man he's a good man

I love my man he's got a great big heart
I love my man he's got a great big heart
I love my man and his great big heart
He knows I'll never tear it apart
Well my man he's a good man

My man drives me in his car
My man drives me in his car
My man drives me in his car
He drives real slow but we go real far
My man he's a good man

My man he don't mess around
My man he don't mess around
My man he don't mess around
He don't wanna end up six feet down
My man he's a good man

My man put no chains on me
My man puts no chains on me
My man puts no chains on me
Just a wedding ring says "leave her be"
My man he's a good man

7. DOUBLE STAR

© L. McRae / J. Whitmire

Thank you James for always being my rudder and my yardstick when it comes to everything in my life including songwriting. Your help took this one to a whole new place!

Driftin' old Dan his deep rooted stubble
Etched by past scrapes and blue scars
Years of convictions stare from deep sockets
They found each other in this cut-n-shoot bar
"Corina" he cried through the spitting and snorting
"You're the only girl I ever loved"
As Lucky Strike stained workingman's fingers
Shook fists at the stars above

Come as you are to the Double Star, wish on the stars above
You won't find champagne or caviar but you may find the one you love

She thought back to the day she first met him
And got rid of her old single bed
As the terrycloth towel soaked up what spilled over
From the glasses perched high overhead
Minimum wage didn't pay for the days
The groping and lewd comments did fly
Tonight some drunk stranger made a pass at his woman
Without thinking Dan hit the guy

Chorus

A man of few words Dan tended his wounds
Then fell back to their shack east of town
She cried a few tears remembering the years
She'd waited for him to cool down
Her key in the door and the creak of the floor
He looked up from his chair as she passed
Through all the pain he knew that she loved him
Next day they'd start over again

Chorus

8. FLOWERS OF APPALACHIA

© L. McRae / K. Blackburn

We met Ken, an inmate at New Folsom Prison through the Arts in Corrections Program. Thanks Ken for sharing your heart and beautiful words. It's an honour to know you.

Wood-smoked winter mornings lay heavy on my mind
Memories of paradise and the life I left behind
The music of the mountains makes my heart content
And the flowers of Appalachia still have the sweetest scent

When I looked though eyes of youth my world was black and white
But looking through the eyes of age I see I wasn't right
But the music of the mountains makes my heart content
And the flowers of Appalachia still have the sweetest scent

I longed to see the city life feel the rhythm of the street
Now I long to be back home I'm getting traveling feet
The music of the mountains makes my heart content
And the flowers of Appalachia still have the sweetest scent

I'll climb up on old Piney Top and have a look around
I'll fill my lungs with mountain air and make a joyful sound
The music of the mountains makes my heart content
And the flowers of Appalachia still have the sweetest scent

When I've run my final race and darkness seals my eyes
Just lay my bones beneath a stone and mark it "here he lies"
Where the music of the mountains makes his heart content
And the flowers of Appalachia still have the sweetest scent

9. JESUS OR JAIL

© L. McRae / J. Whitmire / M.C. Hansen

Jesus or Jail was inspired by the film "Searching For The Wrong-Eyed Jesus" directed by Andrew Douglas and narrated by Jim White. James and I had been working on this for some time and had some great lyrics. While on a tour of the Yukon, MC helped whip the music into shape.

Got no use for living, guess it's just my way
I was shown the way out when I ran out of faith
Clouds of dust a'whirlin' I light my cigarette
I'm a drifter on this highway hustler under the skin

Idle mind breathin' away the end
Drinkin' from a paper bag, Devil's in there somewhere
Don't catch my eye evil lies within
Odds are stacked against us no one ever wins

Thirst hangs heavy one more promise to break
Here at the crossroads which road do I take?
Two voices one heads one tails
Two choices Jesus or jail

10. SIDEWALK PRINCESS

© L. McRae / J. Whitmire

This song was inspired by a poem written by Andre "DMAC" Howard Jr., a talented inmate at New Folsom Prison. It was also inspired by the hearts of the men in blue in Vancouver's downtown eastside. Thanks Al Arsenault and the Odd Squad Productions Society for all you do.

Her grocery cart holds all her stuff
Cans and bottles she has so much
Turn away don't look, turn again maybe she's gone
She has a name she's the homeless one

She's rich in her mind rich in her soul
Rich with hope her cardboard box is home
Dumpster in the alley a few gifts for the night
A stranger's handout another day she's alright

The corners of her mouth upturned
Twinkle twinkle little star
Upturned towards her God
I wonder where you are I wonder where you are

Standing on the corner 'neath the neon light
Church bells are ringing Silent Night
Dinner at the mission all the trimmings too
Served by three wise men dressed in blue

Chorus

With a crown on her head and a twinkle in her eye
The princess laughs at passers-by
From her sidewalk throne on this Noel
She's rules her kingdom outside the Empress Hotel

The corners of your mouth upturned
Twinkle twinkle little star
May you always be in the arms
Of an angel wherever you are

11. SINGING RIVER

© L. McRae

I heard the story of Te-lah-nay (pronounced Tee la nay) and the singing river in the compelling documentary "Muscle Shoals" directed by Greg Camalier. Most of us know about the "Trail of Tears" but l learned while researching her story that during these massive enforced relocations Native Americans were forced to wear numbered octagonal metal tags stripping them not only of their dignity but also their given names. Te-lah-nay's tag read U.S. on one side and #59 on the other. They called the soldiers who handed out these tags "Shiny Buttons." Tom Hendrix, Te-lah-nay's great-great-grandson, has built a 1 1/4 mile long stone wall in Florence, AL near Muscle Shoals. The wall is made from 8 ½ million pounds of stone, a stone for every step she took on her five-year journey.

I am a Yuchi (Euchee) healer Daughter of the Sun
Woman With the Dancing Eyes born above the shoulder bone
Of the Tennessee River Valley where I was taken from the shoal
My five-year walk began and the river sang me home

One day in May we were forced to leave never to return
The spirits were defenseless against Shiny Buttons thirst
With a metal tag numbered "59" they stole my dignity
The one thing I missed most their rivers did not sing

Singing river sing me home

I slipped away one morning I prayed with every step
Great Spirit if you'll guide me I'll be forever in your debt
On the dark path of The Devil's Backbone please give my feet wings
As I retrace my steps cross the Trail of Tears I'll hear my river sing

Singing river sing me home

Somewhere 'cross the river there's a voice so pure and true
If you can hear her you're one of a chosen few
All things shall pass on earth only the stones remain
My five-year walk began now I'm back in my birthplace

Singing river sing me home

I am a Yuchi (Euchee) healer Daughter of the Sun
My five-year walk began and the river sang me home

12. HANNAH

© L. McRae / M.C. Hanson

Thank you M.C. The music you came up with and the lyrical help really made this song come to life! Thank you Aunt Marg for all your beautiful poetry. We miss you. I would never have known about Hannah's story and her legacy had it not been for you. Hannah, we never met but your spirit is in my bones!

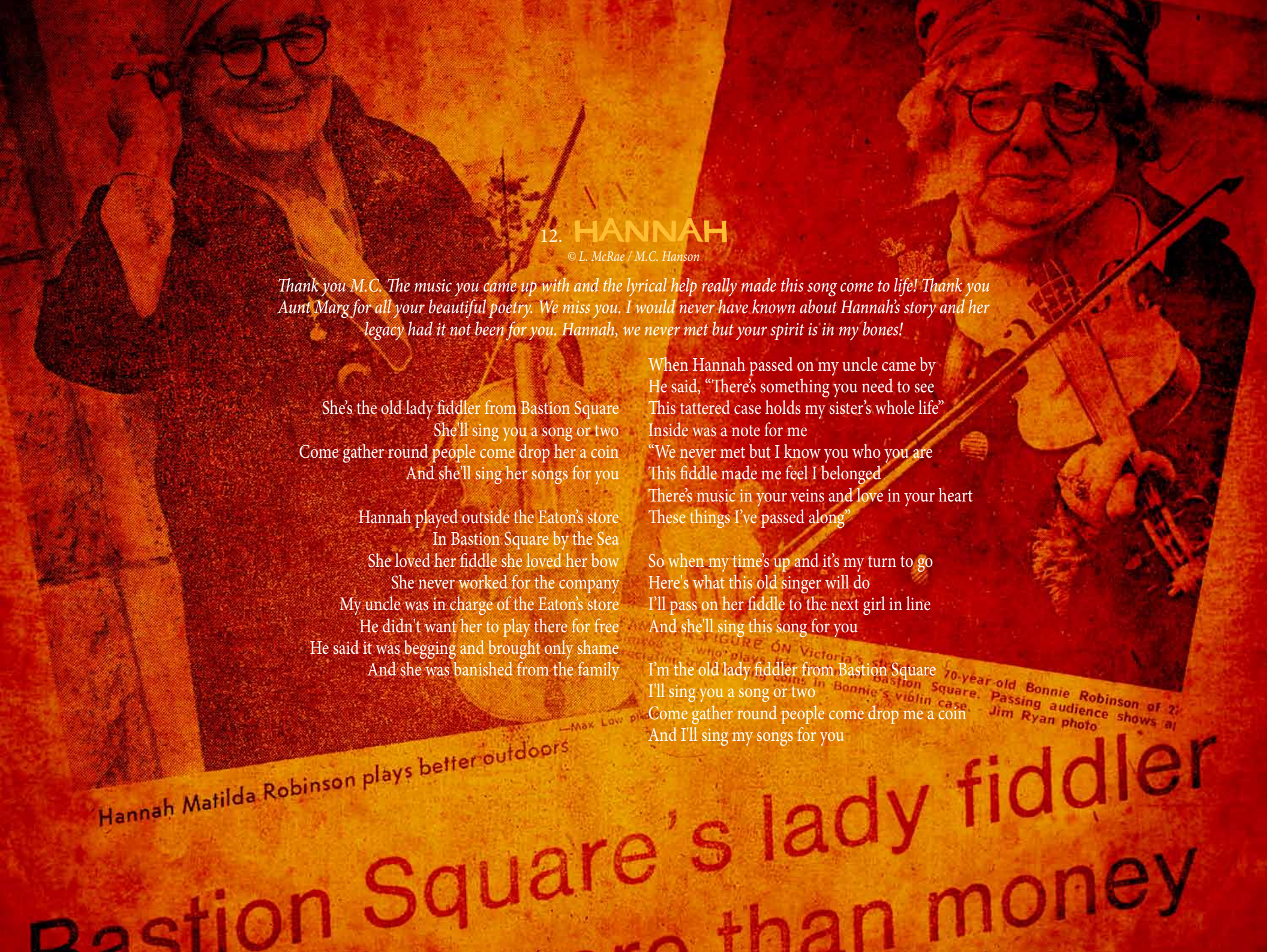
She's the old lady fiddler from Bastion Square
She'll sing you a song or two
Come gather round people come drop her a coin
And she'll sing her songs for you

Hannah played outside the Eaton's store
In Bastion Square by the Sea
She loved her fiddle she loved her bow
She never worked for the company
My uncle was in charge of the Eaton's store
He didn't want her to play there for free
He said it was begging and brought only shame
And she was banished from the family

When Hannah passed on my uncle came by
He said, "There's something you need to see
This tattered case holds my sister's whole life"
Inside was a note for me
"We never met but I know you who you are
This fiddle made me feel I belonged
There's music in your veins and love in your heart
These things I've passed along"

So when my time's up and it's my turn to go
Here's what this old singer will do
I'll pass on her fiddle to the next girl in line
And she'll sing this song for you

I'm the old lady fiddler from Bastion Square
I'll sing you a song or two
Come gather round people come drop me a coin
And I'll sing my songs for you



The songs were written by:
Tracks 1, 3, 4, 11 - L. McRae (SOCAN/SESAC)
Tracks 2, 6 - L. McRae (SOCAN/SESAC) & Steve Dawson (SOCAN/BMI)
Track 5 - Willie P. Bennett (SOCAN)
Tracks 7, 10 - L. McRae (SOCAN/SESAC) & James Whitmire (SOCAN/ASCAP)
Track 8 - L. McRae (SOCAN/SESAC) & Ken Blackburn
Track - 9 L. McRae (SOCAN/SESAC) James Whitmire (SOCAN/ASCAP)
M.C. Hansen, (KODA)
Track 12 by - L. McRae (SOCAN/SESAC) & M.C. Hansen (KODA)

THANK YOUS

Thank you so much Steve for taking these songs to a whole new level. Your creative genius is all over this thing!

It's an honour to have all these wonderful musicians on this recording. Thanks so much for lending your talents to these songs.

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Radio DJ for getting it heard,
Music Fan for attending a show,
for buying our music and taking it home.

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