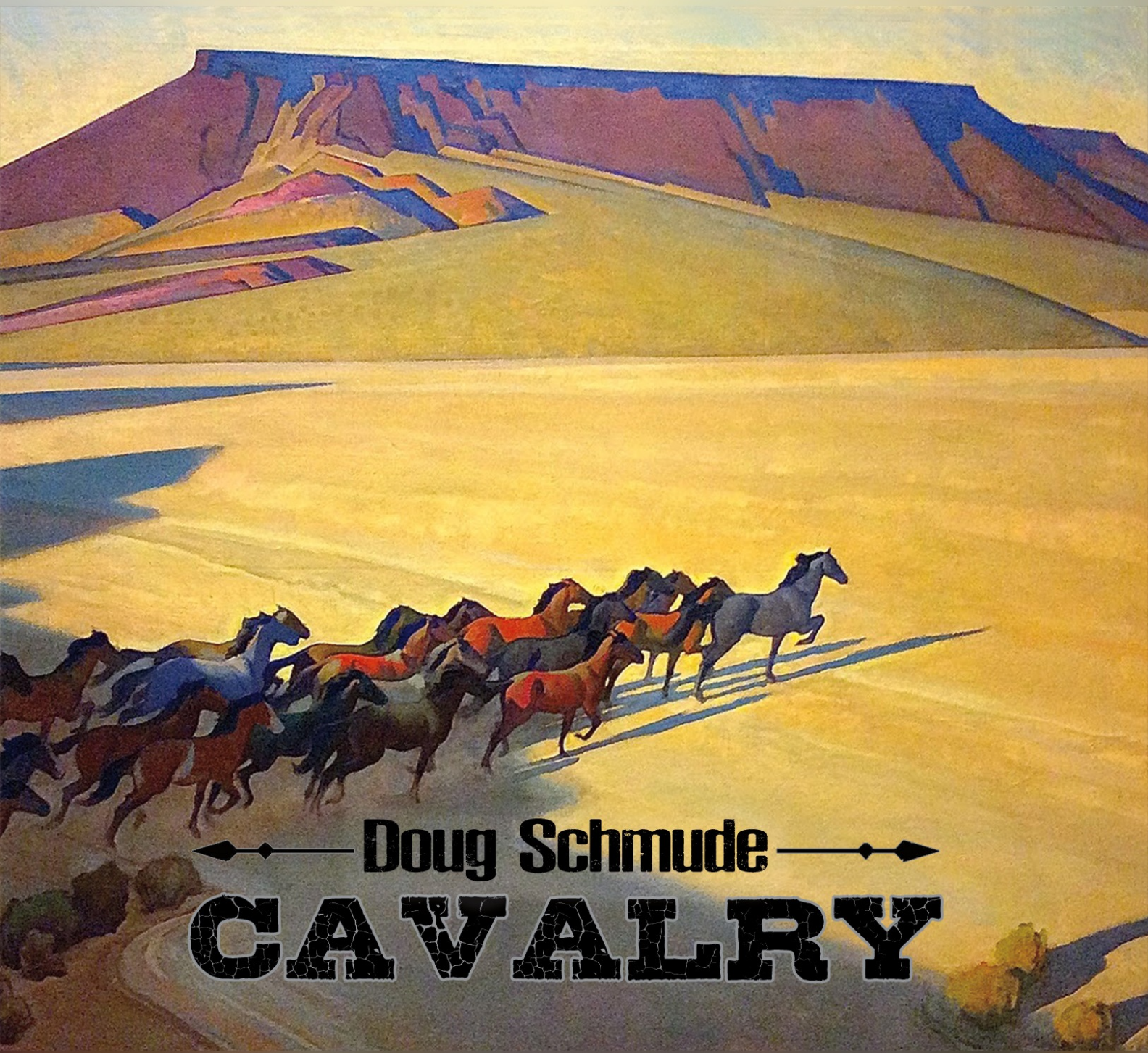
Doug Schmude
CAVALRY

1. Tumbleweed (Roll on) 3:34
2. Red Dirt Symphony 3:47
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6. Helen and Monty 4:40



All songs words and music by Doug Schmude
except Tumbleweed by Doug Schmude & Jason Deift
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Produced by Doug Schmude, Track 1 Produced by Doug Schmude & Jason Deift

Doug Schmude - Vocals, All Electric & Acoustic Guitars, Electric Bass Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo & Organ. Piano on Track 3

Brandon Allen - Drums on Tracks 1, 4 & 5

Jason Meekins - Drums on Track 2, 3 & 6

George Mason - Strings on Track 2

Doug Driesel - Upright Bass on Track 2

Jason Deift - Piano on Track 1

Chordy Teagle & Abby Schmude - Background Vocals on Track 1

All Artwork by Maynard Dixon, public domain: Cover: “Wild Horses of Nevada”, Back Cover: “Home of the Desert Rat”, Insert: “Riders, Horses, High Desert”

Recorded at the Old Mill, Irvine, CA Mastered by Jason Deift

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Tumbleweed (Roll On)

words and music by Doug Schmude & Jason Deift

You're just like a tumbleweed, upside down, inside out, you're gone
This life can be unkind, chew you up, spit you out, drag you down
So roll on, roll on, roll on 'til you find your way home
Find your way home, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way home

There's no telling exactly when you lost your way
You just woke one day empty as a beating drum
And in the end, just as it began, we're all strangers here
Keep your chin up, your eyes on the road and your windshield clear
And roll on, roll on, roll on 'til you find your way home
Find your way home, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way

Back to where you belong
There's no such thing as too far gone
So roll on 'til you find your way back home

Roll on, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way
Roll on, 'til you find your way home

Red Dirt Symphony

words and music by Doug Schmude

The wind comes whipping down off the Ouachita
I don't feel nothing, I don't feel nothing at all
For I'm a thousand miles away and more years than I can say
The fields of my youth have all been paved anyway
I got them long ways from Oklahoma blues

When the corners of the night come creeping in
I swear I hear tornado sirens on the wind
I sit up in my bed and I hold my breath
I don't hear nothing, nothing but this lonesome tune
These long ways from Oklahoma blues

When at last sleep returns to me
My dreams are accompanied
By a red dirt symphony

I remember days that lasted for weeks
How the fields turned to gold just before the sun went behind the trees
The first chill of fall, the scissortail's call
How easy it was to reach out and touch the moon somehow
I'm sure a long ways from Oklahoma now

Underneath the weight of all these days
Avenues and lanes, they all look the same
The moon it seems so far and the days end 'fore they start
The only thing I know, the only thing I know that's true
Are these long ways from Oklahoma blues

Cavalry

words and music by Doug Schmude

It's the moment of truth, the dominos fall
The thunder in the distance isn't the cavalry at all
It's a thousand drummers, their jaw set, out for blood calling in their debt
There's a quicksilver moon in the midday sky
Out to bear witness but not taking up sides
Suddenly I feel like I've been here before, in a fever dream or a vision of sorts

The curtain is drawn, the crowd looks on and I stand alone
I'll muster up my own cavalry, no one but me can save me
I'll muster up my own cavalry, muster up my own cavalry
No one but me is gonna save me now

The prairie is on fire, there's snow in the hills
The rivers down here are running dry still
The odds are I won't see the sunset but as long as I breathe I'll take that bet

The curtain is drawn, the crowd looks on and I stand my ground
I'll muster up my own cavalry, no one but me can save me
I'll muster up my own cavalry, muster up my own cavalry
No one but me is gonna save me now

There's nothing but static on the short wave, nothing coming across at all
I'm standing out here on the hard clay, they've all written me off

I'll muster up my own cavalry, no one but me can save me
I'll muster up my own cavalry, muster up my own cavalry
No one but me is gonna save me now

The Near Salvation of Butch Cassidy

words and music by Doug Schmude

Robert Leroy Parker, better known as Butch Cassidy
Had robbed 2 trains, 2 banks and a mining company by the time he was 33 years old
In the summer of 1900 he requested a meeting with the authorities
To discuss the possibility of amnesty in exchange for him swearing off his outlaw ways
This song is about that summer day and the near salvation of Butch Cassidy

I'm up here in Wyoming a place they call Lost Soldier Pass
Waiting on them lawmen to save me or kill me at last
I'm good with either I made peace with my conscience but I'm running low on whiskey and patience
All damn day I watched this storm roll across the Big Horn
With every drop of rain, every gust of wind, deeper goes the thorn
I scrawled them a note, though I ain't much for prose or rhyme
"They can all go to hell and wait for me this time."

I'm goin' to the hole in the wall, meet up with the gang
I'm gonna make them lawmen wish they never heard my name

I ride down into Lander as the light begins to fade, retribution playing in my mind 100 different ways
They can put me in chains, they can lay me on a cooling board but I won't be played a fool and I won't be ignored
I ain't ever shot a man and that's the truth of it but right about now it's taking all I got to keep my gun on my hip
Off in the distance I hear a train whistle blow, I snap my reigns and down the trail I go

I'm goin' to the hole in the wall, meet up with the gang
I'm gonna make them lawmen wish they never heard my name

One month after his failed attempt at a pardon
Butch and his boys robbed Union Pacific No. 3 outside Tipton, Wyoming
Shortly thereafter, Butch and his longtime associate, Harry Longabaugh, also known as the Sundance Kid
Boarded a steamship for South America
They lived a peaceful life down there for nearly seven years
Until the itch became too much and they robbed a silver mine high in the Andes Mountains
The Bolivian Army hunted Butch and Sundance like dogs
Until they were surrounded in a boarding house in a town called San Vicente
It was there, in the early morning hours of November 7, 1908, that Butch Cassidy drew his last breath

I'm goin' to the hole in the wall, meet up with the gang
I'm gonna make them lawmen wish they never heard my name

If There Ever Was a God Above

words and music by Doug Schmude

If there ever was a God above, he long since has abandoned us
If there ever was a God above, he no longer has a hand in us
I know this to be true when I lay my eyes upon you, when I lay my eyes upon you
We are all alone on this earth, we are all alone

If there ever was a prayer answered, those days are gone never to return
If there ever was a prayer answered, they now go ignored and unheard
I know this to be true when I lay my eyes upon you, when I lay my eyes upon you
We are all alone on this earth, we are all alone

If there ever was a heaven above, the gates have long been rusted shut
If there ever was a heaven above, it now lies barren and covered in dust
I know this to be true when I lay my eyes upon you, when I lay my eyes upon you
We are all alone on this earth, we are all alone

Helen and Monty

words and music by Doug Schmude

Helen and Monty pulled in to the Git'N'Go in the second to last Buick still out on the road
Monty went for Tic Tacs, Helen more of a Big Red gal
She put it on the counter and flashed her Fixodent smile
The kid at the register, well he didn't even look up
He was on his cell phone, probably trying to hook up
Monty wasn't having it, so he drew his 0.44
He said "Show some respect son and empty out that drawer"
And thus began the tale

Of Helen and Monty, America's most wanted nursing home refugees
With Velcro shoes and nothing to lose, feeling alive way past eighty-five
Life's too short to live too long, if you ain't having fun you must be doing it wrong

They never took more than they needed, they never hurt anyone
They never went anywhere without a loaded gun
They'd always put two in the ceiling just before leaving
For no other reason than they just liked the feeling
They'd been spending their sunset years playing stupid card games
With a bunch of other old folks who barely knew their own names
Helen wasn't having it, she couldn't take one more day
She knocked on Monty's door and said "Let's get on out of this place"
And thus began the tale

Of Helen and Monty, America's most wanted nursing home refugees
With Velcro shoes and nothing to lose, feeling alive way past eighty-five
Life's too short to live too long, if you ain't having fun you must be doing it wrong

Helen was the smart one and Monty, well he was just Monty
So Helen made the call, it was time to end their spree
They had no regrets they had a hell of a run
But dying in prison didn't sound like too much fun
So they ditched that Buick shuffled off hand in hand
And Helen and Monty were in the wind again

Helen and Monty, America's most wanted nursing home refugees
With Velcro shoes and nothing to lose, feeling alive way past eighty-five
Life's too short to live too long, if you ain't having fun you must be doing it wrong

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