



1. Little ZENN Car

-2009, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)

Ignition's on, but she don't make sound as I push her pedal to the ground
I swear I've never had a ride like this before
"Zero Emissions, No Noise", she wows the girls and blows away the boys
They all ask how fast, how far how much

CHORUS:

*Little ZENN car rocks my world, she's a carbon-free green wheelin' girl
No gas, no oil, no joke, I never expected
To be cruisin' through the city streets on six lead acid batteries
I need some juice, I just connect it, my little car is all electric*

So you say you drive a Prius, but your still using gas & emissions inspections
you've gotta pass
While me & my ZENN blow past all those stations
Coming on home at the end of the day I just pull out the plug and plug her in in the
driveway
Go inside and pour myself a cold one

BRIDGE:

Oh, the cost is hard to bear...it's a penny to drive a mile from here to there...

So give up your guzzler, ditch the Dodge and shove that Chevy back in the garage
It's time to get current and go with the flow
My little ZENN car is here to say more like her are coming your way
Charge 'em up and get ready to roll!

CODA:

C'mon over, feel free to inspect it, my little car is all electric
Roll over oil, you best accept it: my little car is all electric



Deb Seymour: lead vocal, acoustic guitar
Kelly Paletta: drums
Alicia Healey: bass & backing vocals
Wes Weddell: electric lead & rhythm guitars

2. Say Yes

-2005, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)

You think the world is crashing 'cause you see nothing but
ashes
You think there's nowhere to run, that the only way out is
Armageddon
Well, I say stop all this talk of doom, I want a change in
attitude
I say, stand we me now and life up your voice 'cause I
know you know how to



CHORUS:

*Say yes! To a positive future! Say Yes! This we can nurture
Say yes! It can be done if you reach around and everyone to say yes!*

You say: "But how can I do this when all I do feels so useless
Death, war, destruction and poverty, it's dragging me down..."
I say stop looking backwards 'cause now it's forward that matters
Look to the rising sun and open your hearts to what can be done

BRIDGE:

Oh, the time is now to make opportunity
oh, and we know how to build community
Don't let them drag you down in negativity
Oh, the time is now

Deb Seymour: vocals & rhythm guitar, shakers, claves
Will Dowd: conga, carbon (Mexican) & udu (African clay pot) drums
Michael Guthrie: bass
Alan Kausal: backing vocals, lead guitar
Ron Dalton: backing vocals
Alicia Healey: marimba, backing vocals, more shakers

3. Mama Wears A Hard Hat

-1998, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions/ BMI)

CHORUS

*Mama wears a hard hat, mama wears work boots
Mama drives a fork-life and uses big tools
She's got a big voice, she can talk tough
To all the big boys, they listen up
She don't dress in diamonds and pearls
But mama is the queen of the working girls!*

Mama never was one to take any flak
Even when they said women don't work like that
Mama got the training, mama got the job
Mama is the one everyone counts on
She can build a building, she can build a bridge
She can build a roadway, she'll win the bid
And if you need a buddy to get you through a jam
You can bet your money, Mama: she's your man

Whistle blows and the sun comes up
Well she's out on the job site, getting things done
Tote that load, lift the bale,
Driving steel and pounding nails
Sweat is pouring off her brow
But she's flying high over broken ground
Pretty is as pretty does, does pretty work? (Yes she does!)

BRIDGE:

When Friday night comes around
She lets her hair all hang down
Mama love her friends and mama loves her kids
And Mama loves her man like nobody's business

Deb Seymour: vocals, acoustic rhythm guitar

Darren Reynolds: drums

Eric Frank: bass

Laurie Miller: electric slide & lead guitars

Alicia Healey: backing vocals



4. Girders of Steel

-2004, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)

It's an interesting question between you and I
Which path do we follow, which bridge do we try
The crossing is calling, pavement to heel
As we both start walking on girders of steel
As we both start walking on girders of steel

The pylons hold steady, solid in place
A truck rumbles by, the span starts to shake
The waters are churning, the danger is real
Can we keep our footing on girders of steel
Will we keep our footing on girders of steel

BRIDGE:

Construction in progress, a barrier cone
Can we push on past it, or give up, go home
Two hearts in the balance, each trying to decide
If the risk is worth taking on this journey untried

Bridges cross rivers, Point A to Point B
You're crossing over the road blocks to me
It's so unexpected, this wonder I feel
Walking with you on girders of steel
Walking with you on girders of steel
Walking with you...

Deb Seymour: vocals, acoustic guitars

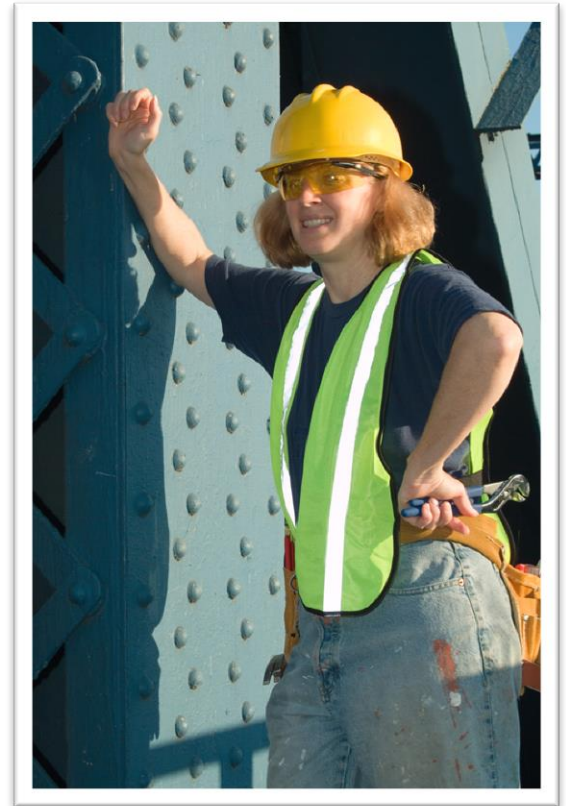
Will Dowd: drums

Bob Heinemann: bass

Laurie Miller: electric guitars & electric bow

Alan Kausal: backing vocals

Ron Dalton: backing vocals



5. Don't Mess With My Tools

-2006, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)



You say that's you're a handy man, that you know how to use

A hammer, a nail, you've gotta a pocket full of screws
You tell me you can help me with all my home repairs
That you've got all the know how and lots of parts to spare
Well, I don't see no hard hat and where're your working shoes?

If you ain't got a license, boy: don't you mess with my tools!

(But you say)"What about your plumbing? Girl, it seems that you have got
A spigot running cold when it should be running hot"

You say you'll show me how your snake can make my waters flow
That a little plunging action should tidy up my bowl
Well, I don't see no coveralls like whatcha s'posed to use
If you ain't got protection, boy: don't you mess with my tools!

BRIDGE:

I may be a woman, but I know a thing or two
'Cause I've done enough repairs from being with guys like you
So stay out of my work room, keep your fingers off my pliers
Hands off my breakers, no messin' with those wires

Okay, Okay, you say, you are right and I was wrong
I ain't no carpenter, I ain't no plumber, you knew that all along!
So let's not let these flying sparks give rise to more suspicion
C'mon, babe! Let's work it out! You know I'm a mighty fine electrician

Coda:

If you ain't got the no-how, boy, don't you mess with my...
If you ain't got protection, boy: don't you mess with my
If you ain't got a license, boy: don't you mess with my tools

Deb Seymour: vocal, acoustic guitar

Kelly Paletta: drums

Alicia Healey: bass & backing vocals

Joel Tepp: electric slide & Dobro guitars

Hop, Skip 'N' Jump

-1998, 2011

© Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)

Hey, pretty papa, why you standing so still, you're much too young to
be over the hill
Didn't your mama ever teach you something about how to shake & cut
the rug
It's time to light a fire under those feet, I'm gonna show you something
super sweet
C'mon baby time to loosen up, it's only as hard as a hop, skip, 'n' jump

CHORUS

*Hop, skip 'n' jump, baby, it's a start, dance your way into my heart
C'mon, baby, let me see you move and I just might fall in love with you*

When the band kicks in you're gonna feel an itch and then both feet
should start to twitch
Take my hand, hop on forward, skip around, jump back in that order
Put your arms around me, baby, two-step, ten-step, Cajun maybe
C'mon , honey, let's cheek to cheek: I wanna feel your heart move to the beat

BRIDGE:

Oh, the night is young and the band's just begun to play
Oh, and the road to love...is only a hop, skip 'n' jump away!

Deb Seymour: lead vocal

Will Dowd: drums

Bob Heinemann: bass

Peter Spencer: lead & rhythm guitars

Paul Elliott: fiddle

Alicia Healey: backing vocals



7. Chrissie's Hair

-2004, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)

Chrissie came to our house to live when I was three
The daughter of a family friend she's come to help take care of me
To me, she was a princess, though my parents both said no
But they were wrong, I knew she was: her long hair told me so

My mama wore her own hair short, insisting I did too
I'd cry at every haircut, but there was little I could do
But Chrissie'd come and comfort me, taking me upstairs
And pull out all her pins and bows and let me brush her hair

CHORUS

*When I brushed I was a princess, beautiful and bold
Tackling the "tangle monsters" with my magic brush and comb
As I comb through these days of old, unbraiding memories
Brushing Chrissie's hair was a world of love to me*

She taught me how to make pigtails, how to make a braid
Never minding if I pulled or the funny hairdos I made
Her hair wrapped around my fingers I would cradle off to sleep
Snug on Chrissie's lap, a haven safe for me

BRIDGE:

The years have come, the years have gone and I'm a woman grown
I've at many times had long hair of my very own
But sometimes late at night I wonder, where is Chrissie, where
And does she ever think of the little girl who loved her hair

CODA

Does she ever think of me?

Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar

Zak Borden: mandolin

Adrian Libertini: upright bass

Alicia Healey: backing vocals



8. The Can Man (Light Is On)**-1998, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)**

He's not much to look at, shabby, faded
Like a piece of punched-up leather someone used and threw away
He takes his trash can in and out of the dumpsite each day
Cashing in for what he can and taking other stuff away
I was working for the county doing surveys on the trash
Smoky diesels screaming down, drivers rude and fast
I wrote him off as crazy, wouldn't give him my time
'Til he caught me at a pause and looked me in the eye

CHORUS

The light is on, somebody's home.
Lean on me, sister, you are not alone
Open up your heart, share your heavy load
The light is on....

Three years ago they said, by now I should be dead
Spots the size of golf balls in my lungs and in my head
But Jesus came and now I'm here, digging in the dump
Rescuing souls in need whom others give up
People think they can own their home, their body or their lives
But these things are impermanent, I've seen the other side
So take care of what's holy, choose to do right
And when God comes and finds you won't you let His love inside?

He said "God bless and thank you" and to my surprise, he gave me a hug
And wheeled his battered barrel out, his daily work now done
The trucks still rumbled through the site, the drivers were still mean
But somehow down there in the garbage all this were washed clean
Now I don't know which path to God I'll walk over time
The Buddha, Jesus, or the Goddess, someday I'll decide
But I now know there's a love out there that crosses all those lines
And if I ever feel in doubt, the "Can Man" is who I'll think about



Deb Seymour: vocals, guitar
Will Dowd: drums
Bob Heinemann: bass
John H. Weeks: violas and violins
Ron Dalton: backing vocals

9. You're Right

-2003, 2011 © Deborah B. Seymour (Herkimer Productions)

You say I've got challenges that I ought to beat
 You're right, you're so very right
 That I ought to handle them rather than weep
 You're right, you're so very right
 You say I'm too sensitive, pensive and glum
 I'd be better off if I'd loosen up
 Well you're right, you're right, you're so very right
 You've righted yourself right out of my life!

You say that my cooking is off-beat and crazy
 You're right, you're so very right
 And how I do dishes proves that I'm lazy
 You're right, you're so very right
 You say my driving is frightful indeed
 You say you drive better though you always speed
 Well you're right, you're right, you're so very right
 You've righted yourself right out of my life!

BRIDGE

Say, Mister Righteous, what is it you've got
 That you're right, always so right
 That you're always right and I'm always not
 Right, not very right
 If love's a democracy so like you say
 Then why are you taking my rights away
 But you're right, you're right, you're so very right
 You've righted yourself right out of my life

You say that you're better living alone
 Well, you're right, so very right
 That you never loved me, I should have known
 Well, you're right, so very right
 I deserve better, that's what you say
 Someone to love me who's willing to stay
 Well you're right, you're right, you're so very right
 You've righted yourself right out of my life!



Deb Seymour: vocals & finger snaps

Michael Guthrie: bass

Alan Kausal: backing vocals

Ron Dalton: backing vocals

Scott Ross & John H. Weeks: more finger snaps

10. Roger's Jig**-1994, 2011 © Deb Seymour**

"Some folks, they play tunes from County Mayo, but here, we play tunes from County General", thus said my dear friend Roger Bergen with a smile when I played him this composition at his bedside where he was undergoing chemotherapy at the time. Thus, the name "Roger's Jig", for truly it captures Rog's dancing spirit and warm, generous nature.

William Pint: octave mandolin**Deb Seymour: lead & rhythm guitars****Felicia Dale: penny whistle & bodhran**

11. Words**-1994, 2011 © Deb Seymour**

Seems I never learn to speak the voice within my heart
Til too much time in passing leaves me no choice but to start
These are words I've meant to say but never knew quite how
If you don't mind I'd like to try and tell them to you now

I love the way you look at me a sparkle in your eye
You always see the best in things even in the worst of times
Your loving touch upon my hand keeps me on my feet
Your voice is music to my ears when I'm too tired to speak

Your thoughts are treasures in the sand when I'm lost in the drifts
You faith has carried me out of the darkest depths
Like a fire-lit cottage on a cold and doubtful day
In your hear I have a place where I am warm and safe

BRIDGE:

But no words I know come close in trying to describe
How much I miss you in this silence that's been left behind

So I sing this to the moon I sing this to the stars
I swear on any stack of words, no matter where you are
If we chance to meet again I won't let time disappear
Or let my words of love be silenced by my fear

Deb Seymour: vocals & guitar**Adrian Libertini: acoustic upright bass****William Pint: octave mandolin****Felicia Dale: penny whistle**

CREDITS AND THANK YOUS

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All songs recorded at Elliott Bay Recording Company, Seattle, WA, & engineered by Scott Ross, except:
Drums & bass on "Girders of Steel", "Hop Skip, 'N' Jump" and "The Can Man" recorded at Triad Studios, Bellevue, WA, and engineered by Eric Janko and produced by David Pascal; Guitar tracks on "Hop, Skip, 'N' Jump" also at Triad;
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Additional vocal over-dubbing by Alicia Healey at the Winter blue Room, Seattle, WA

All photos by Ron Dalton except the electric car shot by Deb Seymour.
Artwork & graphic design by Deb Seymour.
CD fabrication by DiscMakers

The song "Mama Wears a Hard Hat" is dedicated to the memory of Bonnie Jean Rankin 1967-2003.
The songs "Roger's Jig" and "Words" are dedicated to the memory of Roger Evan Bergen 1957-1994
You are both missed.

Lyrics, chord charts (and sheet music for "Roger's Jig") available at www.debseymourmusic.com

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