

Cupid's Wheel

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1. Smitten

*An old-fashioned word for a new-found love.
Who could ask for more?*

You're not the kind of guy I thought I would fall for
You can't dance, you've got a funky snore
Your housekeeping keeps me at bay
The way you cook your food, my taste buds turn grey
But when I catch a glance from your twinkling eyes
You touch my heart with the soul of your smile
Words like this for me are not easily written
But honey I can say: I'm smitten with you

Six hours at a shot, never thought I would
Have a phone bill so expensive it made me feel good
And strumming on guitars in the middle of the night

I've come to know the joy of being sleep-deprived
And when I feel the warmth your lingering touch
Your voice in my ear, I like it so much
Words like this for me are not easily written
But honey I can say: I'm smitten with you

BRIDGE:

And Sometimes I get scared, is this what they call love
It reaches way down deep and sometimes it feels rough
We may stay in step or one or the other may fall
But I'd rather walk this way than go nowhere at all

I never thought that I'd write a love song
But now I see that my thinking was wrong
You've opened a brand new world to me
I dance to your music, move to your beat
And when you gaze at me with that goofy expression
The love in your eyes melts all my defenses
Words like this for me are not easily written
But honey I can say: I'm smitten with you

Deb Seymour: vocals, lead and rhythm guitars*

Nick Dallett & Liz Savage: harmony vocals

Peter Stokes: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

2. Twelve Shades Of Blue

Written on a long, lonely highway drive while listening to country radio

I once was a painter with a paint box of dreams
I colored my canvas with reds, golds and greens

But now all the detail has faded from view
And I'm left here looking at twelve shades of blue

CHORUS:

Twelve shades of blue paint a picture of this broken heart of mine
Still touched by the traces of love that you left behind
If I could but recapture the love we once knew
I'd make a rainbow from twelve shades of blue

And it all seems so empty, this life that I lead
In search of that someone who shares the same need
I once thought that someone might have been you
The vision has vanished into twelve shades of blue

CHORUS

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Liz Savage: lead country guitar

Dave Pascal: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

3. Cloudy Day

The sun never shines in a broken heart

I don't know why I keep on crying
The skies outside are blue and the sun is high
But old man stormy weather is with me today
And makes my heart a cloudy day

This chilly weather of late's become a habit
One I'd like to kick, to somehow move on past
it
But all those pressure zones just get in my
way
And make my heart a cloudy day

BRIDGE:

Cold front lingers on inside, with never-ending
rain and snow
Oh, please, Mr. Weatherman, for my sake,
won't you give this melancholy baby a break

I don't know why I keep on crying
The skies outside are blue and the sun is
high
But old man stormy weather is with me today
Wrapped around my heart and making it grey
It seems that since you left, he's just moved in to stay
And makes my hear a cloudy day and makes my heart a cloudy day



Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Nick Dallett: second rhythm guitar

Peter Stokes: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

Daniel Barry: trumpet

4. I Want It All

Why write personal ads?

Sigmund Freud was in some kind of void
When he asked the following question
What is it that these women want
That causes all this tension
Well, Sigmund, babe, other women's wants I won't endeavor to explain
But I can tell you what it is I want quite simple and quite plain

I want a man who's really tall who looks me in the eye
I want a man who's big and strong who's not afraid to cry
He's got to be a real dance king, give me flowers and romancing
It's not that I want everything, I want it all

I want a man who cooks and cleans who also earns the dough
I want a man who holds me tight but always lets me go
Careful with his money, I spend it all
It's not that I want everything, I want it all

BRIDGE:

You can't just fall in love these days, you've got to interview
To see who's got the most of what to do the job for you
I'm really not that picky, hey, the best of men have faults
But why should I settle for less than good when perfect's what I want

I want a man who's spiritual but not too very pious
One who knows when he can talk and when he should be quiet
When we make love he can be led, but he don't lie there like he's dead
It's not that I want everything, I said, I want it all!

I want a man who's really cute who looks good in my shower
 One who tells me what to do but gives me all the power
 Gives me lovin' without stopping, gives it everything he's got and
 It's not that I want everything, I want it all

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Alicia Healey & Liz Savage: harmony vocals

Peter Stokes: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

Nick Dallett: lead electric guitar

5. Trouble

Written on a cocktail napkin by my friend Brian Stuepfert and myself late one night...

I'm in trouble and trouble ain't the place I wanna be
 I'm in trouble and trouble ain't the place I wanna be
 I keep searching for direction but signs of trouble
 Are all that I see



On Monday I went out, I thought I'd take a ride
 Got halfway to good fortune when I found myself in
 trouble
 I'm in trouble and trouble ain't the place I wanna be
 I keep searching for direction but signs of trouble
 are
 All that I see

On Tuesday I went out, I thought I'd try again
 But when I got in trouble all the signs read 'dead
 end'

I'm in trouble and trouble ain't the place I wanna be

I keep searching for direction but signs of trouble
Are all that I see

On Wednesday, tried to detour, on Thursday I got stuck
On Friday I began to curse my rotten lousy luck
Still in trouble and trouble ain't the place I wanna be
I keep searching for direction but signs of trouble
Are all that I see

But by the weekend I got wise, good sense had taken hold
Instead of going through trouble, I took a different road
No longer in trouble 'cause trouble ain't the place I wanna be
No more searching for direction, no signs of trouble
Left for me

*Deb Seymour: vocals and finger-picking blues guitar***

6. Bars On Your Door

*This started out as a letter and got turned into a song.
I'm glad – I like the song better!*

You opened your window a small tiny crack when I came to knock on your door
The light that I saw so dazzled my sight, leaving me wanting you more
I reached out to touch, the shutters slammed shut leaving me no place to go
How long must I stand here outside while you put up bars on your door

Where is the threshold that leads me to you, a doorway that I can walk through
Or are you so long lost inside your own self that it's not known even to you
Heart like a fortress that no one can scale, a jail keeping you locked up tight
What would it take to get you to try taking the bars from your door

Once you were open and shared of yourself all who you were within
 Some a wall has been built between us with no
 way for me to get in
 If I were a locksmith with keys made of trust, would
 you let my love enter in
 Or will you forever stay hiding inside behind all the
 bars on your door

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Peter Stokes: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

Nick Dallett: second rhythm guitar

7. I've Woken Up (From You)

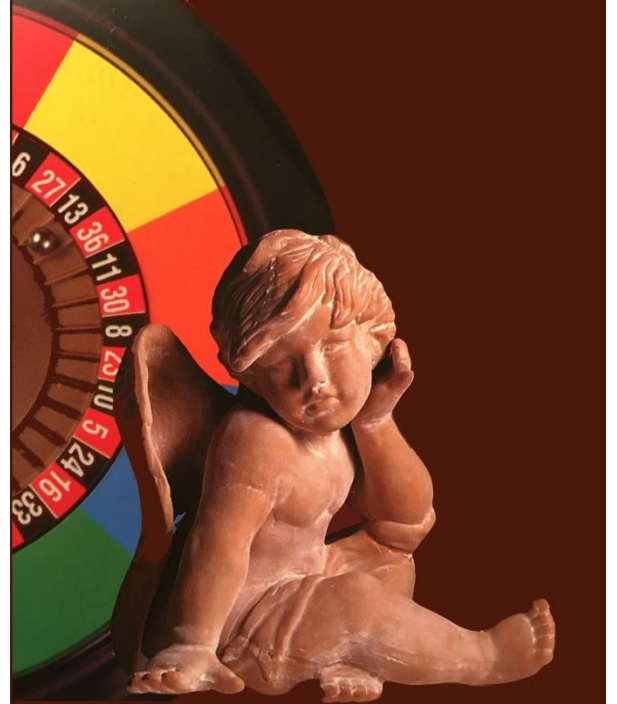
A song from the darker side of Cupid's Wheel

If I could write a song to turn the whole world blue, I'd write a song for you
 If I could play with words the way you played around on me, I turn out a lyric or two
 But I don't have the time to waste another word on you

You made a nightmare of my dreams of love come true and I've woken up from you

If I could make a meal of how you ate away my trust, I cook a feast for you
 If tears could turn to water and water into wine, I'd drink a toast to you
 But I don't have the time to waste another drop on you
 You made a nightmare of my dreams of love come true and I've woken up from you

If I could make you quake as so to shake you to the bone, I'd move the earth for you
 If lightning could strike leaving nothing in its trace, I cry a storm for you
 But I don't have the time to waste another tear on you



You made a nightmare of my dreams of love come true and I've woken up from you
Your love was a nightmare and I've woken up from you

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Peter Stokes: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

Paul Niemiec: lead electric blues guitar

8. Tropic Winds

A respite from life, a pleasant memory, the lingering sensation of a lover's touch

Stormy day clouds passing through the hollow echo of my empty room
I dream of islands misty on the sea, the sun-kissed night you gave your love to me
So lost and lonely in my world of grey waiting for the tears to wash away
I kiss the northern wind so chill and blue and send my love on tropic winds to you

Fruits of passion ripe with every move, we sambaed on the sand just me and you
Tangled limbs, heartbeats on the rise, gazing into summer stardust eyes
But promises won't keep another moon, winter enters paradise too soon
I kiss the northern wind so chill and blue and send my love on tropic winds to you

Stormy day clouds passing through the hollow echo of my empty room
I dream of islands misty on the sea, the sun-kissed night you gave your love to me
But promises won't keep another moon, winter enters paradise too soon
I kiss the northern wind so chill and blue and send my love on tropic winds to you

Deb Seymour: vocals

Nick Dallett: all guitars

Peter Stokes: bass

Will Dowd: shakers

9. Not Out Of The Woods

Passions of the heart are not limited to romance.

Sometimes our heart energy must be directed elsewhere.

This song was written during the 1993 Timber Summits

The logger said I'm sick of you environmental freaks
I've got a job I've gotta do so my kids can eat
I'm tired of you trying to take my rights away from me
As well as my job, way of life, my justice and my peace
Ain't had much schooling and these woods are all I know
The chain saws and the saw mills and the quotas I must show
I'm sick of all you shoving your ideas right down my throat
And if you keep on pushing me the blood's gonna flow

CHORUS

Not out of the woods, not out of the woods, not out of the woods
Oh no, not yet, we gotta stay, we gotta fight for all that we believe

You're cutting into my future it's plain that you can't see
The forest for all the trees

The environmentalist answered I don't think it's OK
To steal from tomorrow when you can't see past today
You say you'll keep cutting 'cause you've got mouths to feed
What happens when they've all grown up and you've left them no trees
It's more than just the owls, it's the future we must save
And that includes your job and mine, and all our children's fates
It seems you still need pushing so I'll push you to the brink
If that's the job I gotta do to get you guys to think

BRIDGE:

And up inside their concrete towers, the timber moguls laugh

A slap on the back, pass the buck on to the politicians and bureaucrats
 The spoils of division grease the money mill machines
 Never accounting for the end that comes from all their means

Coda: Where...where are all the trees? (2 xs)

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Liz Savage: harmony vocals

Peter Stokes: harmony vocals, bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

Nick Dallett: lead electric guitar



10. Up On Your Luck

*Like I always say, when the going gets tough,
 the tough go gambling.*

Hey Mister Runaway, don't run away so fast
 What are you running from, did you think you'd never get chance
 To get lucky in love
 I've seen you beat the odds at tougher things than this
 Fast cars, motorcycles, falling bricks are much more hit and miss
 A lot more dangerous

CHORUS

It's time to take a gamble, it's time to take a risk
 You, who play at sleight-of-hand, try your hand at this
 Place your bet on Cupid's wheel, this time you'll be up on your luck

One heart's a gamble, two can be a pair of loaded dice

But you'll never shoot the moon unless you give Lady Luck a try
Come on, your turn, you're up
I don't know who she was and I don't know what she's done
But how long you gonna let one bad hand stack the cards against finding love
Love with someone new

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Up on your luck, chase through the clover fresh with morning dew
Up on your luck, kiss under ladders, black cat's there too

Up on your luck, take my hand, we'll step on all the cracks
Throw some salt right over...over my shoulder....

Now I wouldn't waste my time singing you these words
If I didn't mean what I say and what I'm about to say must be heard
So listen up
It's you, you're the only one, the only one who'll do
So put me in your hand, let's make a deal to make this game one played by two
I'm feeling lucky on you

CHORUS

Deb Seymour: vocals, rhythm guitars

Alicia Healey: harmony vocals

Peter Stokes: bass guitar

Will Dowd: drums

Arnie Sugar: Dobro slide guitar

Well, gee whiz! It's done! And not without the emotional and musical support of the following people:

- *Peter Stokes, Nick Dallett, Caroline, Tadd, Chris and Sam Perkins, John R. Ford, Emma Bartholomew, Melanee Snow, the Monday Night Move Gang, Puget Sound Guitar Workshop, Joe Breskin, Virginia Arnott- Wald, Ted Wald, Janet Kelly and Chris Kulcheski*
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- *("Breathe! From the yes! and last, but not least, super-duper extra special thanks to David Pascal "It rocks!:"*

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** "Look Ma! I played lead guitar!"*

*** "And I fingerpicked all by myself too!"*