

The Blue Butter Pot



If the wind
2016

01 - Bootblack Michael

Bootblack Michael is twelve years old, 6 hours a day
He works on shoes at Wilmington, in his own way
Whom does he work for all alone, no one can tell
Bootblack Michael is twelve years old

Are these his sisters who sell newspapers?
Has anybody been startled by these girls?
Right now ev'rywhere on earth we still hear cries and tears
I can't ignore them, can you bear all their fears?

Rich countries knew that at the early last century
Tell me how long will last childrens slavery
Who knows? Who knows?

One hundred years ago, children in chains
Worked in the woollen mills and cotton fields
Miners, farmers, charcoal lost in machines
Exploited childhood doesn't make any sens

By now it's not the same, we gave them weapons
They do not play no games, they have no reasons
Well he's a soldier and he's twelve years old
He has to shoot on sight as he's been told

Rich countries knew that at the early last century
Tell me how long will last childrens slavery
Who knows? Who knows?

Enough is enough ...

02 - Yo Pedro!

Some people light up a room just by walking in.
Wotcha Pedro ! What are you doing? How's it going?

He lost his hair, maybe that's why he's cool
His friends and family only make him feel good
He obeys no one, his smile is his passport
His people follow him 'cause he never fears the worst
Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro's like that!
Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro's like that!

The universe turns and he sails through
He shines all around even when he's feeling blue
Sometimes he speaks loud but there's no problem
He's joking and we're laughing and we're feeling awesome

Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro's like that!

Hey hey hey, never overeager
Hey hey hey, he's like that
Hey hey hey, never overeager
Hey hey hey, he's like that

We use to deal the butter and he's got the pot
(You) don't need a long time to see that guy is hot
He loves to joke but don't mess with him
I'm sure you don't wanna see the man get mean

Yo Pedro, yeah, Yo Pedro's like that!
Yo Pedro, Yo Pedro's like that!

Some would say that he's rather silly
But at least his Moto is "happiness"
No perfume, pierced ears, surfer necklace
He never ever wears a suit but he's got class

Yo Pedro's like that!

Hey hey hey, never overeager
Hey hey hey, he's like that
Hey hey hey, never overeager
Hey hey hey, he's like that

03 - Hangman's noose

All along my life, I've been so lucky
I've had the finest wife, happier than anyone could be
We were jammin' every night, after we met our hundred friends
Ev'rything should have been right, but every good thing has to end

I've lost my love, I won some sadness
I've lost my job, now I'm homeless
Watch to the left, watch to the right
The moment has come to give up the fight

We were living in Deadly town, North west Colorado
With an hour car journey, you could reach The Big Old Reno
Here my troubles began, for what I fell so low
Gambling makes one man's joy, it made all my sorrow

I've lost my love, I won some sadness
I've lost my job, now I'm homeless
Watch to the left, watch to the right
The moment has come to give up the fight

What you gonna say, I just tell you my blues
I got what I deserved, choking on a hangman's noose

I hung around to find money, creeping all the time
I began to chat up the broads, I had to make them mine
Seven days a week, I was playing all along
During three long months, no way to go back home



04 - I give you five

First time I saw him, he and his temper,
We can't say that he pleased me.
He talked cash, had cheeky answers,
His fankness reached insanity.
Always thirsty, heavy drinker,
He played music to tope for free.
Always ready to pull the trigger,
He couldn't stand rivalry.

But from my heart, I give you five.

Put a bottle, on the table,
He won't leave until it's dead.
Who's that man, who's that rascal,
who's not even able to reach his bed.
I made my mind at the time,
Without trying to understand

That this man, behind his grime,
Just needed another hand.
So from my heart, I gave him five.

I give you five.

*Let me tell you a story
Now we keep a goin' together, side by side,
In a two men's bluesy rocky combo
I'm talking about this rogue, you, old hand,
One I hope I'll keep close in my heart to the end.*

First time I saw him, he and his temper,
We can't say that he pleased me.
He talked cash, had cheeky answers,
His fankness reached insanity.
Tonight a bottle, on the table,
We won't leave until it's dead.
We're the men, we're the rascals,
And we don't quit 'til it's dead!

But from my heart, I give you five.

À la mémoire de Sacha pour qui...

05 - If the wind

We're on Thursday & I can't turn it off, turn it off, turn off my heart...

We're on Thursday & I can't turn it off, turn it off, turn off my heart...

Today I am weak

And I can hide my weakness

So perfectly that you can't see

What I feel when it's you that I see

I'm not a liar

Cause I don't tell what I feel

In that dark fire

of being what I wanna be

No, my deep sorrow ain't no good for anyone

And I'll keep you from this blow anyhow

The day before

I left you in town

All I dreamed for

Was to keep you in my arms

But time has come

As it comes everytime

Hurting and draining my heart

blowing and breaking my hopes

Some say

That to be alone is be free

And I can't blame them

'Cause it's all I wanna be

No, my deep sorrow ain't no good for anyone

And I'll keep you from this blow anyhow

No, my deep sorrow ain't no good for anyone

And I'll keep you from this blow anyhow

We're on Thursday & I can't turn it off, turn it off, turn off

But if the wind,

Brings this song to your ears,

And if this song,

Finds a way to your heart,

And if your heart,

Your whole body, feels like that,

Hear me, Baby

With you, I wanna be free every night

No, my deep sorrow ain't no good for anyone

And I'll keep you from this blow anyhow

Anyhow, anyhow, anyhow

I'll keep you from this blow anyhow

06 - Higher ground

(Stevie Wonder/Ellen McIlwaine)

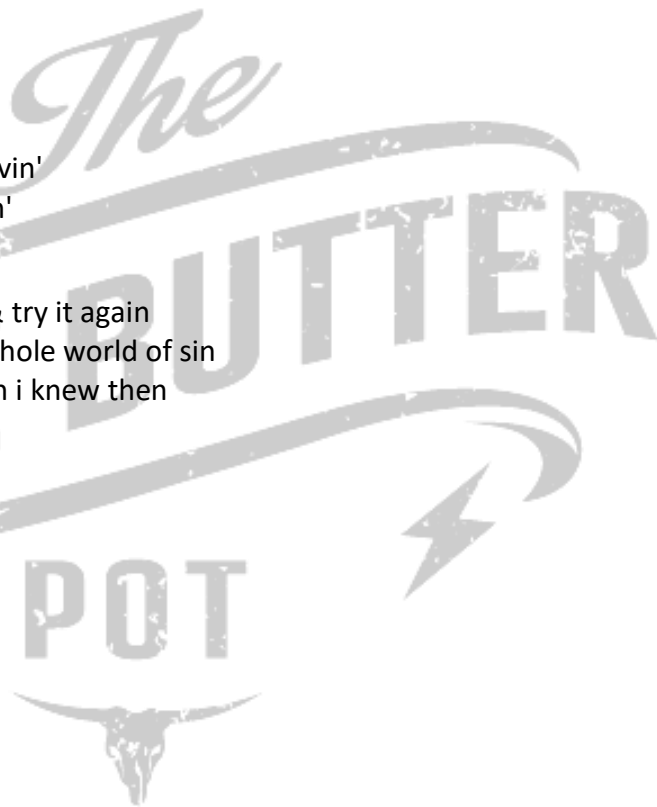
People keep on learnin'
Soldiers keep on warrin'
World keep on turnin'
Cause it will not be for long

Powers keep on worryin'
While your people keep on dyin'
World keep on turnin'
Cause it will not be for so long

& I'm so darn glad he let me come & try it again
Cause the last time I lived it was a whole world of sin
& I'm so blind glad I know more than i knew then
Gonna keep on tryin'
Till i reach the highest ground

Lovers, please keep on lovin'
& you Believers, we need your believin'
But you Sleepers, got to stop sleepin'
Cause it will not be for so long

& I'm so darn glad he let me come & try it again
Cause the last time I lived it was a whole world of sin
& I'm so blind glad I know more than i knew then
Gonna keep on tryin'
Till I reach the highest ground



07 - Who'll be calling

who'll be calling
who'll be calling

Horses turned wild
Raindrops on my shoulders
'way back home or stand
The miles flying by
The way back isn't so fine

Well it hurts, well it hurts,

Well, Magda, dry your tears, I say
I can't stand you suffering
Horses turned wild
Raindrops on my shoulders
'way back home or stand
The miles flying by
The way back isn't so fine
Well it hurts, yes it hurts



09 - *You gonna hate me*

I gave you time, you gave me love
I used to think that we were a kind of
Ready to live a real story
Pick up a chance and leave no worry

You gonna hate me
You gonna hate me
You gonna hate me

I met your parents, I met your children
I met your friends, we were just fine
But I'm no maid, I am no savior
I wont get nailed, I am no father

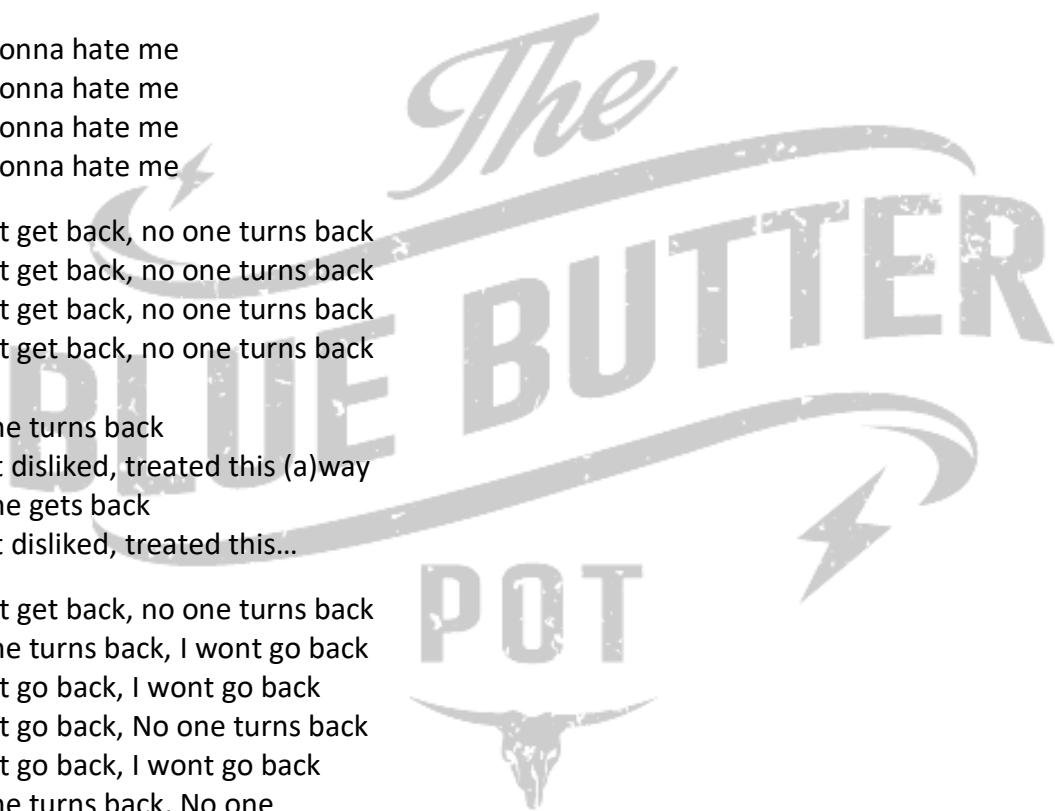
You gonna hate me
You gonna hate me
You gonna hate me
You gonna hate me

I wont get back, no one turns back
I wont get back, no one turns back
I wont get back, no one turns back
I wont get back, no one turns back

No one turns back
to get disliked, treated this (a)way
No one gets back
to get disliked, treated this...

I wont get back, no one turns back
No one turns back, I wont go back
I wont go back, I wont go back
I wont go back, No one turns back
I wont go back, I wont go back
No one turns back, No one

No one turns back
to get disliked, treated this (a)way
No one gets back
to get disliked, treated this ...



10 - Hippy Girl

'went down to the crossroad, one loaf and goat's milk cheese
'didn't know where to go, no money, no ideas
A long-haired hippie crossed my way and called me out
"Com'n take a trip with me", 'didn't know what he was talkin'
'bout

Then I took off so high (bis)
Wandering on cloud nine (bis)
I became her lover, she became my mistress,
The hippie girl, she couldn't
The hippie girl, she couldn't
The hippie girl, she couldn't pass me by
she couldn't pass me by

And I heard that little voice, calling and pressing me to
Keep up and chat with that new fellow, I had nothing better to do
Then I followed this dude, I ain't tellin' you no lies,
To the place where he led me ("*So nice!*"), I couldn't believe my
Eyes

Then I took off so high (bis)
Wandering on cloud nine (bis)
I became her lover, she became my mistress,
The hippie girl, she couldn't
The hippie girl, she couldn't
The hippie girl, she couldn't pass me by
she couldn't pass me by

At that point, we arrived, I found heaven on earth,
He offered me a glass of wine, and then came the hippie girl,
My newly funny buddy whispered in my ear,
Yakety yak, you gotta go man, go! This is love, it's crystal clear!

Then I took off so high (bis)
Wandering on cloud nine (bis)
I became her lover, she became my mistress,
The hippie girl, she couldn't pass me by
The hippie girl, she couldn't pass me by
The hippie girl, she couldn't pass we by
She couldn't pass me by

11 - At night time

Santo Domingo, Seventeen ninety one, At night Time

A Mambo priestess, Cécile Fatiman
A hundred witness, And Dutty Boukman
She's all dressed in white, But the pig is black
A sacred knife blade, Lightning in the dark

At night time, all hopes were born

Freedom is calling them, As a severe dream
Voodoo ceremony, Give you high potency
It's time to drink blood, Become invincible
Just like a flash flood, Here comes the battle

At night time, all hopes were born
At night time, all hopes were born

Slaves rumbling on, On Haiti
The shadows are free, They slip easily
It's night time, Hope's being born
At night time, They run for freedom

At night time, all hopes were born
At night time, all hopes were born

Insurgents rise, black horses running
Voodoo in the air, General uprising
Get together, African tribes
They're invulnerable, until the end of time

Other leaders
Other countries
Other colors
Down on their knees
...



12 - *Ain't got no / I got*

What I've got?

Why am I alive
anyway?

Oooh

Yeaaaah

What I've got?

Nobody can take away

What I've got

Soul, blood, fingers and legs

Got my Freedom

Nobody can take away my life

I got life, my soul, my blood,

gonna keep it, and,

all the bad times too like you,

Oooh what Have I got

I Got Life



13 - *Rough patch*

In the middle of a winter tour, me and friends
On a sunny day in the mood of the mountains
That's when my mother called to say my dad is dead
And the only thing I could do was shakin' my head

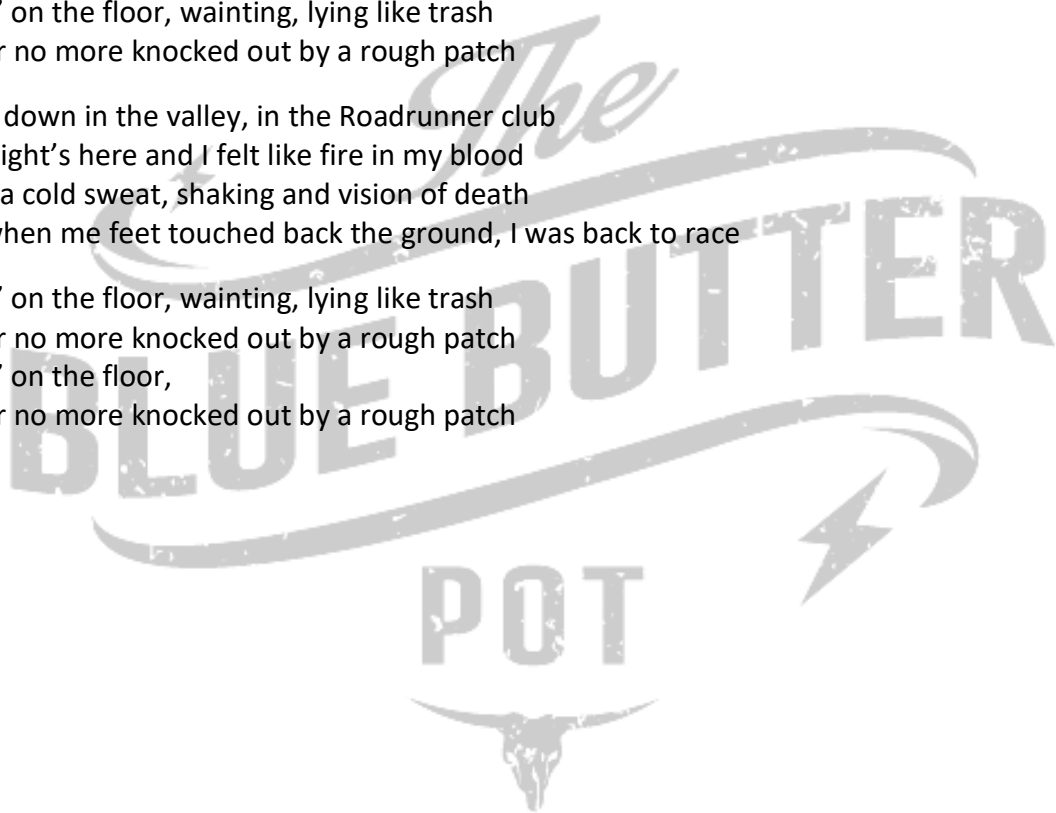
Sittin' on the floor, waiting, lying like trash
Never no more knocked out by a rough patch

One time is not enough, so it came twice
Two women o'mine looked at other guys
Don't ask me why, I couldn't tell what I did wrong
But now I don't need much before I'm gone

Sittin' on the floor, waiting, lying like trash
Never no more knocked out by a rough patch

Now, down in the valley, in the Roadrunner club
The night's here and I felt like fire in my blood
I had a cold sweat, shaking and vision of death
But when me feet touched back the ground, I was back to race

Sittin' on the floor, waiting, lying like trash
Never no more knocked out by a rough patch
Sittin' on the floor,
Never no more knocked out by a rough patch



14 - Solar Gnawa

The story talks about people from the desert
Specially where mother earth gave birth to all of us
Under the sun, we're all brothers and sisters
Trance beyond the borders
Women shaken by spasms and
Men jumpin' high as if the ground was burning their feet
And it sounds like TAKATA TAKATA Mmh Mmh
TAKATA TAKATA Mmh Mmh

No matter if you sing we God,
No matter if we sing a land,
No matter if you sing we hero,
No matter if we're black, white, red or yellow
Men who beg for food, Fugitive and possessed
We trip and we celebrate
We have no fear, we have no hate
And this rhythm that makes just like TAKATA TAKATA Mmh Mmh
TAKATA TAKATA Mmh Mmh

Move with us and lets make that brotherhood
Of serene minds, singing and dancing on this rhythm
that sounds like TAKATA TAKATA Mmh Mmh
TAKATA TAKATA Mmh Mmh
Come on a horse, come on a Camel
Come on a goat, a cow, a donkey,
Whatever you want,
We are solar,
We all can be solar

POT



15 - Death come creeping

Lyrics : Charley Patton / Music : Stefan Grossman

Oh hush, Oh hush, somebody is calling me
Oh hush, Oh hush, somebody is calling me
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?

Oh death, Oh death, done stole my mother and gone
Oh death, Oh death, done stole my mother and gone
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?

Don't move my pillow until you turn my bed around
Don't move my pillow until you turn my bed around
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?

I lost my friends, lost my home
don't know where I'm going'
Roamin' ghosts are all around
filling the fields outta town

Lost my dad, lost my mom
Death left me all alone
Don't even know wher'I come from
The devil took me in his kingdom

God told Nicodemus he must be born again
God told Nicodemus he must be born again
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?

Oh death, Oh death, done stole my mother and gone
Oh death, Oh death, done stole my mother and gone
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?
Oh my lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?

