



Shannon Wofford

Three wishes

For my Mom, the one

and for David, Christopher and Elijah Rock for showing me my might

Never without God, my family, Nell, Lorraine, Jane, Temple and Taylor

Big Gratitude to The old Mineshaft, Aaron, Paris Match, Wendy, Coran Capshaw and Trax, Jeff Bagby, Jay Darmstadter, Haines, The Dave Matthews Band, Ron Lessard, Spencer's 206, Charlottesville Music, Eugene's piano, Joia, Darrell Rose, Leland Nakamura, Johnny Gilmore, Ross Spears, Jeffrey Grosfeld, Michael and Becky, and all you healers out there.

Songs by Shannon Worrell (BMI) ©1994

Vocal and Acoustic guitar by Shannon **Additional vocal arrangements**

on "Not Athena" and "Eleanor" with Haines, Sherry and Joia **Photographs** by Alexandria Searls

Sleeve Design by Thane Kerner and Shannon Worrell **Logo** by Tim Hussey

Management Chris Tetzeli (804) 961-8382

Super Duke Music P.O. Box 4017 Charlottesville, Virginia 22903

ELBOW TO ELBOW

I've watched this thing from the beginning and I've watched both sides to see who's winning

I've watched you climb up, fall down, skin your knees without a sound no sound

Now don't you get the wrong impression. It's not another one of my self-impressed digressions

I've seen the fruit, rotten on the vine and I've seen your eyes, their broken lines

You say there's some kind of magic here, some root, some river running deep and clear

But I say if you step up to the river's edge you'll see there's no water there, just a dangerous ledge

Elbow to elbow and three rungs down, you're on the ladder of love, headed underground

beaded underground to wander down underground to wander sky

Shoulder to shoulder and five miles high, on the ladder of love in a darkening sky

Let's take a walk on by the bowery, we'll wag our arms and talk of how we came to be two girls

Sixteen flights above this city, two girls afraid of getting old and lone

Well lonely is a word I use without the moon, lonely is a word I'm hearing much too soon

I wear my blue badge of solitude and I know these words aren't doing any good

Mythology has played a trick upon us all: to think that love isn't too far, too far to fall

O No, I'm bad, I'm bad, getting better it's all love, you bow down

Dave Giegerich *oboe* Kristin Asbury *voal* Fred Boyce *banjo* Matt Tifford *cello* White *foot*

ELEANOR

She said give me perspective, give me peice of mind is the world so selective, so lopsided, so unkind

Way back in Virginia, way back in my history, she said, there's an empty armed, empty

Handed girl is that me, she said and I said you're no empty shell

You're the brightest and the loudest heavenly bell

Plucked from the sky like a diamond plucked from the sky like spring's new leaf

Whether it's God's will or my wish it happened

You were plucked from the sky like a dragonfly

You're almost an angel, Eleanor

She turns to her father, his head in a book, she says why even bother, he don't look up
Still, he thinks he knows me well, he thinks he knows this heart, he's memorized my mind

He's just memorized some lines

You're the brightest and the loudest, heavenly bell Nell you know

Tim Reynolds *mandolin* Sean Michael Dargon *bagpipes* David Matthews *ocul*
Steve Sidley *bass and keyboard* Matt Tifford *cello* Timm Biery *drums*

WONDERTWINS

Form of a bucket of water form of a pail of sand

Form of the prodigal daughter, peregrine falcon, cormorant

Whether it's on the ground or up above, I need a little push, a fatherly shove

Something to hover in my head, maybe a lover in my bed, more like a brother

Something to hover in my head

Form of a Jedi fighter, Obewankenobi's girl

Fix me up with a bowl of faith give me a brick to tie me down

To any body's church, any body's state

With a bag full of answers or a big block of lead

Give me one God, two gods to hover in my head

Form of a bicycle form of a spinning wheel

Overseas correspondant, movie maker, mover shaker, battle sargeant, front of the field

Put a gun in my hand, put a pen in my hand, put your hand in my hand

One god, gimme two, two gods gimme three, three gods to hover in my head

I want something to stick and I'll stay

Tim Reynolds *electric guitar* Leroi Moore *saxophone* Kristin Asbury and John Alagia *vocals*
Houston Ross *bass* John Trupp *drums, percussion* Johnny Gilmore *snare* Timm Biery *big bat*

SEE JANE

With these trees half turning, a branch in summer, another one burning
Like they can't decide to stay or surrender to November
Wanting not receiving light wanting not receiving love
If they could see my little lady, see my baby Jane
See my little lady she'd put them back together
Wanna make some promises, forge some trust with an unknowing stranger
With the world upon me like this but the answers never happen to me
Rarely happen when I'm wanting not receiving light, wanting not receiving love
Until I See Jane
See my little lady I see my baby Jane
See my little lady she puts me back together
When I'm wanting all blades and silence, I let that poison in my home
She'll watch me as I unravel, then she'll fasten me back muscle and bone
Fix me

Shannon Worrell *electric guitar* Matt Tifford *cello*

John Alagia *piano* David Matthews *viola*

NOT ATHENA

Since I was five years old, thought I sprung out of the top of my daddy's head
Sugar coated and biscuit round, I landed upright to the ground, not a mark on me
They said you look like him, you talk like him, you walk like him, you're gonna be just like him
But I know I'm not Athena, I know I'm not Athena 'cause I'd peel my armor, peel it back,
Bow and arrow, horse and pack I'd loose my armor for you
Loaded up with ammunition, a box of lead for intuition, sawed off shotgun, a twenty two
Commit a homicide to prove my love for you
It may be easy to be my God in the mountain air, Parnassus fair
But can you manage with no disguise, no bulls, no swans, no covered eyes, no tricks down here
This immaculate conception has proved to be nothing but divine projection,
Put a helmet on my head, silver sword beneath my bed so in my dreams
My enemy is dead, always dead my head's to heavy from all that

John Alagia *electric guitar* Steve Sidley *bass* John Trupp *drums and percussion*
Kristin Asbury and Sherry Rivet *vocals* Matt Tifford *cello*

TO THE QUICK

I'm dragging the ball now both my arms are ropes unbound

I'm willing to fall now break my face and bite the ground

I could wind back up and lift my head, carry this ball, empty my bed

Undo your eyes undo you

If I don't want your hands on me, if I don't want your love on me

If I don't want your mouth on me, better put myself to bed early

And watch a movie Notorious the feeling you give, the feeling I get

Is better than glorious when it's in my thighs, it's inside me

Are you gonna shove me all the way

Are you gonna push me that hard

Or are you gonna throw me back in

Catapulted all the way to the quick

It's only a trick mama said, you play it on him and he plays it on you

You're getting a kick from it all, it's chemical, it's arsenal

The brain fires the message you need it you need it

The body replies feed it, feed it

It's not in the stars, it's not in the skies

But when a siren sleeps a fury cries out and says

When I work too hard I become familiar

Then I've said too much and you wish for stillness

Are you gonna go now or later

Tim Reynolds *slide guitar* Steve Sidley *bass and keyboards* Kristin Asbury *vocal* John Trupp *drums*

ONE WINDOW

I've got these three bridges

None touch the ground

I shouted out, I shouted out three wishes

None made a sound

You come to me say look for the horizon, get even girl, but I'm upside down

I just want one window where I can see you from

You don't have to speak for me, speak for yourself

You don't have to weep for me, I'll weep for myself

Just come around each afternoon, surrender once a day

I'm fastened here to my sturdy little chair, you stay over there, armslength away

I just want one window where I can see you from

I just need a view

Matt Tifford *cello*

WITNESS

He's on my window ledge, not bird, not god, not from the dead
He's working on my heart, He's sleeping in my bed
He's played this trick on me, I can't see him in the daylight
I only hear him say wait for dark and then I might show
I might show or I might sing, might lay my head upon your breast
Just take a breath, hold my hand, take this love it's heaven blessed
He can walk on water, he doesn't make a sound, he's on my back
Tied and bound and I said go away, I want to shed my witness
Blood and bones have kept me here, corridors, familiar trees
Mother says expose yourself to ward off this complacency
I thought if I keep my doors shut tight, all I have will be my own
If I keep to only key buried deep beneath this home
Bring me whispers without words, berries from the winter woods
Lay me down in tangled vines, say your first child will be mine
Bring me immortality, weightlessness and second sight
Take me elbow fist and knee, hold these hands with all your might
You can walk on water, you never make a sound, you're on my back
Tied and bound I said don't go away, I don't want to shed my witness
Don't want to shed my skin

Tim Reynolds *electric guitar* Steve Sidley *bass, piano, and keyboards* Fred Boyce *banjo*
Mark Roebuck *vocal* John Trupp *drums*

Sample of Bellini's "Norma" sung by Rosa Raisa, 1917

Elbow to Elbow

Eleanor

Wondertwins

See Jane

Not Athena

Snakebite

To the Quick

One Window

Witness



Produced by John Alagia and Shannon Worrell

Recorded by John Alagia and Doug Derryberry in Black Cat Lodge, Weepers, Eugene's living room, Trax's bathroom and at Rutabaga Studios. Mixed by John Alagia at Rutabaga Studios in Arlington, Virginia. "To the Quick" and "Eleanor" mixed by Bob Dawson and John Alagia at Bias Studios, Springfield, Virginia.

Mastered by Dave Glasser at Airshow, Springfield, Virginia.


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SHANNON WORRELL • THREE WISHES

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three wishes

Elbow to Elbow • Eleanor • Wondertwins
See Jane • Not Athena • Snakebite
One Window • To the Quick • Witness

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ScepterBooks



Witness

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One Window

To The Court

Not Alpha

See Jane

Wonder Twins

Eleanor

Elbow to Elbow



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