

1. SIMPLE THING

(ROEBUCK)

2. IN GOD'S COUNTRY

(U2)

3. SONG THAT JANE LIKES

(MATTHEWS/ROEBUCK)

4. IMAGINE WE WERE

(MATTHEWS/ROEBUCK)

5. TOUCH

(ROEBUCK)

6. WAVES DRIFT ASHORE

(ROEBUCK)

7. ONE WAR

(MATTHEWS/ROEBUCK)

8. HALF THE TIME

(ROEBUCK)

9. SUBWAY

(ROEBUCK)

Tribe of Heaven, *Imagine We Were* was begun in 1989 by Mark Roebuck, with then fellow bartender Dave Matthews. They created a rich, folk-acoustic sound, woven with dark, sometimes melancholy themes. The finished product included nine songs, five written by Mark Roebuck alone, three written by Mark Roebuck and Dave Matthews together, and one a cover of U2's "In God's Country". Greg Howard added keyboards on "Imagine We Were" and "Half the Time". Mike Rosenski played guitar on "Touch". the recording was done locally in Scottsville, Virginia on 8-track reel to reel at the home studio of Greg Howard during two sessions separated by about six months.

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**Recorded at Greg Howard Studios 1989-1990**

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Simple Thing :

And oh he was a lantern but they closed their eyes  
And oh he offered them heaven but they chose to die  
Oh the burden of knowing what cannot be said  
was laid on him like a stone

That grew heavy only once he was dead  
Meet me tomorrow I must get away  
Because I feel like I've waited too long in this place

God its such a simple thing  
to pick up your bags and your things  
Just leave

And oh maybe the times aren't half as bad now  
Yes and oh maybe the lies aren't half as sad now  
But I want us to live and I want us to know  
Because I dreamed of a place  
and I want us both to go

God its such a simple thing  
to pick up your bags and your things  
Just leave

-Mark Roebuck

In God's Country:  
Desert Sky, dream beneath a desert sky,  
The rivers run but soon run dry,  
We need new dreams tonight

Desert Rose, dreamed I saw a desert rose,  
Dress torn in ribbons and in bows,  
Like a siren she calls to me

Sleep comes like a drug  
In God's Country  
Sad eyes, crooked crosses

In God's Country  
Set me alight, we'll punch a hole right

thru the night  
Everyday the dreamers die  
See what's on the other side  
She is liberty, and she comes to  
rescue me  
Hope, faith, her vanity  
The greatest gift is gold

Sleep comes like a drug  
In God's Country  
Sad eyes, crooked crosses  
In God's Country

Naked flame, she stands with  
a naked flame  
I stand with the sons of Cain  
Burned by the fire of love  
Burned by the fire of love

-1987 U2

Song that Jane Likes:

And in plays to write the wire in  
I'll come round again  
Torching time and talking rhymes in  
I'll come round again

Would you like to play,  
With the thought of a friend in a  
distant passing stage?  
While you lie around  
With your hands up and out  
So resigned you will fall down

While you around here play  
Wild on the warm and far away  
While you around here play,

The days keep so  
in tidy lines

Would you like  
Holding hands v  
spades?

While on the d  
All of the captai  
Still he and the c  
I hope it isn't yo

Yes I'll be back r  
Yes I'll walk in t  
And we'll find th  
That we were ch

And in plays to  
I'll come back ag  
Torching rhyme  
I'll be back again

With this resign  
The letter I sign

--Dave Matthew

Imagine We Were:  
It was cold. I was v  
It was dark and in t  
in the distance I sav  
He got to his knees  
bleeding.  
He began to pray to  
I could not see.

And if we touch no  
Are touched by no  
As if our hands were  
through the wall

ribbling themselves  
o play with a fool  
ith a one-eyed jack of  
k they sing  
o's cards are kings  
Queen are lost at sea  
a and me  
ound again  
me with you old friend  
at place  
used from so long ago

rite the wire in  
ain  
and talking time in

s and Mark Roebuck

alking.  
ne street lamp  
another.  
and they were

something  
one and in return  
ne  
passing right on

And if we walk like shadows  
Not feeling our feet on the ground  
Could it be we are dead?  
Imagine we were.

I think we just got lost  
The last time we went dreaming  
And now are trapped outside the past  
Like whispering ghosts.  
I feel you next to me  
But I'm feeling nothing at all  
Nothing at all  
Could it be we are dead?  
Imagine we were  
Imagine we were.

--Dave Matthews and Mark Roebuck

Touch:

Sister--Was it summer that we played 'til we  
couldn't go on? Falling broken on the ground  
as they called us to come  
In the evening we would run  
To the field of the wind  
Catching voices from the air we would tuck  
them within  
For sound was hope and hope had died  
Leaving the rest  
Hold me, come morning  
Hold me Touch me  
For touch is the feeling we don't really want them  
at all

I remember lying down in the grass in the rain  
In the distance we could hear someone howling  
in pain

For sound was hope and hope had died  
Leaving the rest  
Hold me, come morning  
Hold me Touch me  
For touch is the feeling we don't really  
want them at all

In the darkness there are hands  
clutching nothing but truth  
Come with me beneath this rock  
And I'll show them to you  
For light is hope and hope has died  
Leaving the rest  
Hold me, come morning  
Hold me Touch me  
For touch is the feeling we don't really  
want them at all  
Touch is the feeling we don't really want  
them at all

--Mark Roebuck

Waves Drift Ashore:  
Waves drift ashore  
And wash away the white dress  
in days when you were young in  
And wiped the tears of darkness  
crying eyes  
And cleansed away the fears be  
empty eyes Where have you g  
Birds dip and glide  
Silently they scan the barren sk  
And waters dark and deep  
You didn't see me nor did you  
Oh why was it you never realiz  
How far you'd gone?  
And how the waves embraced y  
You lay down between them, d  
my eyes, Swallowed up so quick

That I just had to run away.

Will I ever see you?

Forever is a longer time than we can know.

Sleeping softly in the ocean's silent womb,

I won't disturb you telling of my simple woes

And how a young boy dreamed the same dream

long ago, And still today

And how the waves embraced you

You lay down between them disappearing from

my eyes, Swallowed up so quickly that I knew

That I just had to run away.

One War: --Mark Roebuck

Smoke of the children cast on the fire

this flame it is rising Hey catch

Catch it now The wind blows only out

of time.

Scatter these ashes. Scatter the masses.

One war is over. One war is just

beginning now.

Lord of the fall, save us all

Cause if we have to save ourselves--

Well I don't want to think about it.

I'm more ashamed than I am frightened.

My heart is as dark as the blackest night.

Smoke of the children Staining the sky.

One war is over' One war is just

beginning now.

Time. Rolling lines. Burning sky.

Quick descent upon us all. And I don't

want to think about it. I'm more ashamed

than I am frightened. My heart is as dark

as the blackest night. Smoke of the children

cast on the fire. This flame it is rising

Hey catch, catch it now. The wind blows

only out of time. One war is just beginning now

--Dave Matthews and Mark Roebuck

Half the Time:

I called an old friend on the phone, I was

tired and alone. We talked of how the times

had flown Feeling tired And so alone

Half the time we're telling them a lie

We're telling them a lie

When we say we'll never say goodbye

We're telling them a lie

Why can't you believe what you have done

It took you all the way To number one

Cause now I play the small sad halls

She said And you can bet, she said

There'll always be an empty row.

Half the time we're telling them a lie.....

Subway: --Mark Roebuck

And the world was new. Black crows on a

wet field bid it morning. And I lived in this

world with you. And we moved through the

days like haunted children do. the days of

the lies would come But for now we were safe

in our silent kingdom Merely wandering on

and on While the crows sang of evil angels

Coming soon

Goddamn the lies Goddamn the way things are

Goddamn the ones who said we owed it to them

Like a train on a trestle storms

Flat back on a broad street Heading

under Flashed honor while duty cried

to think these were words that were

worth defending

Goddamn the lies --Mark Roebuck

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the atom

fear of



records

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*fear of the atom records*