

Things I've Only Told My Dog

© 2016 Rich Reardin – All Rights Reserved

All songs written by Rich Reardin

All vocals and instruments by Rich Reardin

except on "ACIM Blues" – Jeff Terrell (solo guitar)

except on "Better Days" – Cary Morin (intro guitar)

except on "A Day On The Lake" – Dean Batstone (backing vocals, guitar)

Tomàs Enguidanos (Upright bass, dobro, mandolin)



Mastered at Real to Reels Recording / (Cr2)3 Media
Bloomington, Indiana
Distributed by Deep Dog Records 2019
runtime: 46:26

- | | |
|---|------|
| 1. A Day On The Lake
(Feat: Dean Batstone)
(Feat: Tomàs Enguidanos) | 4:51 |
| 2. Better Days (Feat: Cary Morin) | 4:15 |
| 3. I Don't Need To Be Saved | 5:23 |
| 4. Finding Quiet | 5:00 |
| 5. Run Some More | 5:26 |
| 6. Hello Always | 4:22 |
| 7. My Spring Cleaning Days About Faced Me to the Flip Side of Love | 3:58 |
| 8. ACIM Blues (Feat: Jeff Terrell) | 6:15 |
| 9. Shopping Cart King | 3:25 |
| 10. The Truth | 3:36 |

A Day on the Lake

Rich Reardin 10-25-15

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

Follow me down by the water, to where my soul's inclined to drink
in the blue sky above when the ripples below start whispering to me
Well I'm free out here on the water, where the foam is kinda deep
and the waves spread out in a circle around the quiet in me

Moon falls down as a curtain goes up on a day on the lake
no sense of time when you're feeling sublime just floatin' away

Let's take a walk in the forest, where the sun peeks through the leaves
with a promise of daytime riding so high enveloping me
'cause I'm free out here in the open, from the things that bring me down
I can focus my mind as my footsteps arrive with a cracklin' sound

Sun goes down as the firewood drowns in a smoky new way
warm by coals while the Milky Way strolls over familiar ground

You'll be findin' me here Sunday mornings, where the whitecaps preach to me
of another new day that's been blowing away with the wind in the trees
I'll be floatin' out here on the water, like an eagle flyin' free
if you could look through my eyes you'd be seein' the skies just agreein' with me

Open the door cause there's always some more purty flowers outside
out in a world where colors unfurl the sun's take on the light
Out on the Lake
Out on the Lake

Better Days

Rich Reardin 8-9-15

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

Featuring Cary Morin (guitar)

Better days were all behind me til' I found a way
to break the karmic chains that seem to bind me in my mind
that kind of pain that leaves you dumb and blind
and layin' down instead of flying to the sky

better days on their way
better days
better days on their way
better days

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

I Don't Need To Be Saved

Rich Reardin 4-13-13

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

I don't need to come home,
'cause I'm right here where I am,
There's a reason for the rain
It's such a shame that I thought I had to pray for it

If you lay out on the ground
it'll change who you are
just to gaze up at the sky
it seems so far, but in time you'll know it's really not

I don't need to be saved
by anyone else but me
'cause I'm feeling all the pain
it's mine to claim, and it's mine to give back up

If you climb up to the top
turn around and look back down
to the place where you think you are
you're really gone. You're not still down there at all

Solo

I don't need to be sure
it's enough to be cured
of the notion that I can
know who I am, when there's really no name for me.

In the stillness of the dark
there glows a little spark
The last ember of who I am
becomes aware of an ordinary breath of air

Finding Quiet

Rich Reardin 10-10-16
©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

She drove down on a lonesome road just to find her a quiet place
to rest her mind then maybe to find some peace and amazing grace

Where the earth meets mind and nature sings silent to a girl in a troubled state
where her deep desire for some pure clean water is drawn in a figure eight

*Hills in fog and rivers in mist
bring teardrops down when she's in their midst
Autumn calls but a quiet remains and it seems to fall like rain*

She found graves on a dead end road of children all come and gone
all laid low in a cemetery every one was turned to stone

Where the body meets earth and brother nature
tell stories of the lives untold and her deepest wish
was only for her daughter to see through her own blindfold

LEAD

She spends hours playing digital cards and her game's always solitaire
while the onerous dragon she's trying to break blows smoke rings into the air

where wind meets fire and old Chris Squire
sings yours is no disgrace and Yes long distance runaround
brings you back to a better place

*Hills in fog and rivers in mist
bring teardrops down when she's in their midst
Autumn calls but a truth remains and it seems to fall like rain*

She found hope on an open road and cover from a wicked storm
hiding out in a cemetery on the day when she was reborn

A sunangel sings and tells her about things and all in a new soundwave form
the life of a mother is when you discover
it's ok if you do transform

Run Some More

Rich Reardin 12-13-14

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

Love is hard when I just can't touch your face or hear your voice,
locked down there's no escape with a bar right through my door
hard time, got a ten year flop for my crime of wanting more
a chain gang and a big mistake add a hot rail to my score

I'm off in a rush, serving my orange crush
wagging my tale, serving my stretch in jail
I'm wanting to run, I'm carving my wooden gun
I'm slingin' some ink, to a tear running down my cheek

it's a natural thing to be wanting to run some more
it's just a matter of time 'till I'll be evening up the score
in this river of time there is many a moon to think,
and I'm thirsty for more now with nary a drop to drink.

walk alone on a yellow brick road going down to nowhere fast
slam down, to a hole in a ground, all without no tater mash
my yard dog through thick and thin sits beside me standing fast
with good time, I'll appeal parole and will hit the bricks at last

rub o' the brush, playin' up to a royal flush
a good throw of the dice, is sweeter at twice the price
and seven card stud is covered in lifers blood
walking the brink is slamming it in the clink

It's a natural thing to be wantin' to run some more
it's just a matter of time 'till I'll be evening up the score
in this river of time there is many a moon to think,
and I'm thirsty for more now with nary a drop to drink.

SOLO

It's a natural thing to be wanting to run some more
it's just a matter of time 'till I'll be evening up the score
in this river of time there is many a moon to think,
and I'm thirsty for more now with nary a drop to drink.

Hello Always

Rich Reardin June 3, 2014

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

I saw your face in my photograph
you're younger then, it makes me laugh
through the lens you are always there
without a care, to take me back

tick tock goes the clock on my wall,
tappin' to time, I've seen it before
circling 'round a familiar way
delivering me a brand new day, again

Goodbye old days
Hello always

So now I see as the world goes round
the time we spent was so profound
It takes me back to those golden times
and on into bright sunshine, again

Guitar solo

So now the end of a perfect day
as if there weren't enough to say
I say bye to the stars at night
and on into bright sunshine, again

Goodbye old days
Hello always

My Spring Cleaning Ways About Faced Me To The Flip Side of Love

Rich Reardin 4-29-15

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

I found some pain that I'd swept beneath my living room rug
beneath my brain were remains of the days I was living in a fog
but now my spring cleaning ways about faced me to the flip side of love

I found some dust bunnies lounge in every corner in shame
a hangin' out with some fragments of my mind that could never ever change
but now my spring cleaning ways cleared me up from my instant karma stains

SOLO

There was a deep dark companion and by God I didn't know that he was there
I found a freeloadin' stranger gazing out from my own glassy stare
but now my spring cleaning ways mopped me up, now I haven't got a care

ACIM Blues

Rich Reardin 4-13-15

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

From you I got A Course In Miracles blues
From you I got A Course In Miracles blues
It ain't so hard to do I just sit right down and think of you

With you I got the Course In Miracles blues
With you I got the Course In Miracles blues
and if you're asking why, why I sing the blues
it's for you

You said you'd let love
Let it lead you the way
impossibly seeking pleasure with your body without finding pain
So I loved you baby
'till you stabbed me to the bone
I guess you learned the miracle of love means being all alone

From you I've got the Course In Miracles blues
From you I've got the Course In Miracles blues
I know you don't feel a fool as you explain that it wasn't me, but you

'Cause you got A Course In Miracles blues
Yeah, you got A Course In Miracles blues
you better care for others, too, if you want them to care for you in truth

you stepped on my love and ground it to dirt
blind to see my sunshine's turn into a world of hurt
You're afraid of God 'cause you fear your brother man
as your precious Course In Miracles denied you who I am

SOLO

So you step back to let God lead your parade
where personal liability is never in your way
I guess it's easy to choose only what you wanna see
while you're precious Course In Miracles
still denies you any life with me

Shopping Cart King

Rich Reardin 4-13-15

He rolled out of his daybed
put his hands up to his head
now his number one is number two
he does not weep
goes to sleep
another day
gone away

Be careful what you bring
'round the shopping cart king
he was swearing to be good
but was lying where he stood
Now standing by the bench
with a worn out monkey wrench
with no tricks up his sleeve
'cause he practiced to deceive

His cold grey suit was wrinkled
and he smelled of barley rye
a mirror's gospel truth cast in his eyes

Step into the dream
of the shopping cart king
he's promised to be cool
and to not miss any school
to always take his turn
and to try and try to learn
to figure out the clues
and to always pay his dues

The Truth

Rich Reardin 5-9-16

©2019 Deep Dog Records / (Cr2)3 Media

I can talk to you I just can't talk to nobody else

you know those things we never say out loud
it seems so plain to me there is no doubt
it's so plain to see cause it's been shining down on you and me

'cause I relate to you I can't relate to nobody else

so true that we should really write our own book
'cause it's the truth no matter how it will look
it sticks to me like glue while it's rejected by them old fools

the truth can spurt and spill out on your shirt
but then you just can't hide and still be true to your life
so now it's way past time to choose

Solo

I can shine to you I don't shine to nobody else

we never ventured here from in no crowd
or spoke too softly 'cause it weren't aloud
they'll raise such a fuss 'cause they'll be judgin' and controlling us

I can talk to you I can't be talkin' to nobody else

so won't you come out with me, take another look
just like the gambles and the chances we took
it's time we lived it out in another ways
true to the prospects of a fresh new day
then in a summer breeze we'll be standing like some tall trees

the truth can spurt and spill out on your shirt
but then you just can't hide and still be true to your life
so now it's way past time to choose