

The Weather's Turning

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All songs written by Rich Reardin

All vocals and instruments by Rich Reardin



Mastered at Real to Reels Recording / (Cr2)3 Media

Bloomington, Indiana

Distributed by Deep Dog Records 2020

runtime: 36:40

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|------------------------------------|------|
| 1. Underwater | 5:35 |
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Underwater

Rich Reardin 6-29-1986

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana (2-23-2020)

Seven winters we have been
living on this land with it's little harvest
now we're underwater
we're living underwater
now we are free again
now we are free again
now we are underwater

Seven summers we have wondered
if the next one will be warmer
our forefathers were shortsighted
now we are free again
now we are free again
now we are underwater

Seven winters we have wandered
in the desert searching out for something alive
(we can't find it, we can't find it, we can't find it)
now we are free again
now we are free again
now we are underwater

Getting Poison Ivy

Rich Reardin 3-27-2009

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

My dreams and my hopes were floating in the deep blue sea
Up in the sky with a cloud and a feather, and a green fir tree
My eyes were open and wide in the middle of a bright blue day
If it could always be that way

I heard a giggle in the dew from a dribble of a Hawthorne flower
Caught in the glows of the light in the shivers of the sunrise hour
Off of the back of a turtle in the middle of a great green pond
Those stars shine on

My ice cream melts to a river in a sidewalk crack
As I was flown to the ends of the world in a grocery sack
When it all was a danger in the riddle of my younger days
That's where I stay

My Brain Frozen

Rich Reardin 11-6-2012 (election night)

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

I saw a cold wind blow
away across the plain through broken
rows of corn that brushed the sky
and painted meadows yellow gold
and turned away
from praying for a little rain
when darkness came and
dawn it blushed its reddish glow
it gave away the secrets of snow that comes
down
way down
just to stick to the frozen ground

I gaze up at the galaxy
that hangs above the naked trees
and memories of faded forms of
summer rainbows make me warm
with hopes for more
upon that happy hunting ground
another yearly ring around
the rosey solar evening gown
the vestal virgin wore

I fixed upon a winter stare
that hides below the frigid air
filled underworld of windy pearls that
spray a snow and swiftly whirl
me upside down
up into the Northern Lights
solar winds that shroud the night
of perfect polar majesty
that melts back into me

City of Silk

Rich Reardin 10-20-2007

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

I was born in the heart of the City of Silk

when the streets and the sun and the sky
where the color of milk
and I knelt on the ground in the shadow of the Great Falls spray
where the voice of the river sings on to the end of my days
on and on
on and on
So soon we've come to the river of time

This house dates back to a '29 deed
come forth through the cause and effect
of the fruit and the seed
met down at the corner junkyard of a lot unleashed
by the riverbank treadless tires scream out for relief
on and on
on and on
So soon we've come to the river of time

48 times around with a buzz in my ear
from a rock band and a gunshot and a full shedded tear
my memories wear and all in a Big Bamboo tube
threadformed in a figure eight endless options menu
on and on
on and on
So soon we've come to the river of time

The Weather's Turning

Rich Reardin 8-19-2007

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

Line of the rising snow melts up to a sky
born to the beat of an engine
Knock of the piston gun
you can turn to run but you can't hide for the weather's turning
Summer breeze waiting there
for a chance to blow down through your hair again

Land of the midnight sun
with a morning cold
warmed to the price of a gallon
Summer breeze waiting there
for a place to go and the window is closed again
(land of the midnight sun)

Summer breeze waiting there
for another way to play the day away again

Maya the Hawthorne flower
goes to the fields and the woods
just to play in the sunshine rays there
Summer breeze waiting there
for a curtain to rise and for light to come again
(land of the midnight sun)

Line of the rising snow melts up to a sky
born to the beat of an engine
Knock of the piston gun
you can turn to run but you can't hide for the weather's turning
the weather's turning (midnight sun)
you can't hide for the weather's turning (the midnight sun)
you can't hide for the weather's turning (the midnight sun)
you can't hide for the weather's turning (the midnight sun)

Shoombalalup

Rich Reardin 1-13-2007

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

I saw a light in her, she rained it back on me
we got tickets to fly, we knew it was for free
I led her down the isle, she led me to believe
we would have a window seat

See the earth below me now, it's mighty fine
I can see ten thousand clouds across my mind

We landed on the ground, back to our hometown
back the world we shared, back to the easy chair
back to the dishpan scrub, back to the paycheck stub
all for a window seat

I am looking down on mountains from the sky
I can see the valleys from my second sight

I'm still in love with her, she's still in love with me
I gave it all for her, she gave it all for free

I was a fool to care, she was a fool to believe
we would have a window seat

She is leaving me with all this going down
I can see her now, my world is upside down

I was a loving man, she was a loving girl
I had a business plan, she had flags to furl
we were fools to care, we were fools to believe
we would have a window seat

She is seeing me with a veil across her eyes
'cause I can see tomorrow's blinding sunny skies
I can give you now a little hard advice
you can never ever live it over twice

No Thoughts

Rich Reardin 7-22-2006

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

I sit down and close my eyes
identifying with my empty mind if I can
No self, just a beating heart
I look no farther than the other side of my thoughts
Cause no thought is a good thought
When you try to blow
And the candle just won't blow away

Now and then
I look out, with a heavy heart
at the good life staring me down
And on the path
I walked before
i see myself
waiting at the door
to it all
And maybe if
and in the end
I see the light
and be with it up in the sun

I sit down
and close my eyes

identifying with my empty mind
if I can
No self
just a beating heart
I look no farther
than the other side of my thoughts
Cause no thought
is a good thought
When you try to blow
and the candle just won't blow away

Dark and Scary

Rich Reardin 9-22-2008
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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

dark and scary - I can't believe
so dark and scary - how the wind just blows flows through the trees
it's dark and scary - all the things that I once knew
so dark and scary- once I remembered
but I don't know who is dark and scary
it's dark and scary
that I can't be seen even when you look directly at me
maybe I'm dead but I just don't know
everything's weird now I just walked through a wall

it's dark and scary - that I am alone
it's dark and scary - how my silence becomes a loud moan
it's dark and scary - maybe I sleep a breathless dream
it's dark and scary - my aspiration is only not to be so it's dark and scary

There's a man that I once knew
His house is black and it's scary, too
when he haunts I really don't mind
getting zoned out anytime

it's dark and scary – my mind stops at the speed of light
it's dark and scary – outer things have turned new shades of white
it's dark and scary – and in my basement comes my black white skunk
it's dark and scary – fed fat by the skullcap monk
I can't believe
so dark and scary - how the wind just blows flows through the trees

it's dark and scary - all the things that I once knew
so dark and scary- once I remembered
but I don't know who is dark and scary
we just saw a light that came from Mars
from a band with two thousand guitars
down by a river by the Frisco Bay
even Bob Weir doesn't know what to say
it's dark and scary – the full moon becomes a young girls face
it's dark and scary – down the hallway at a ghostly pace
it's dark and scary – through the door with an oaken thud
it's dark and scary – she drags my reason through the dark black mud of
Can't see – anything
don't wanna be – but I am
so very dark – so very
dark – it's very, very, very
black dark – dark
dark black – dark
black - dark - black
big black clouds coming down
and it's very, very – dark
blind black dark – very not nice -
very, very - black dark - very dark
can't hardly see anything – black -
dark black

Abandon All Unwholesome Actions

Rich Reardin 9-16-2007

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

Abandon all unwholesome actions (if you want me to, I will)

Why do we live?

Now better still

why do we die?

Why do we live a lie?

Abandon all unwholesome actions (if you want me to, I will)

Why do we breathe?

That web we weave

to catch all thoughts

to not be brought to mind

Abandon all unwholesome actions (if you want me to, I will)

But if you want me to go down and take what I can get from everyone

I won't do it
'cause living wrong ain't living right and I'm gonna stick to it
stick to the way I'm trying to live with a... with American heart
and a dream for everyone
and a hope for everyone to be happy
that's why I dream

Abandon all unwholesome actions (if you want me to, I will)
Why do we love
the sky above
what have we found
here on the ground?
Abandon all unwholesome actions (if you want me to, I will)
Why do we kill?
And better still
Why do we hate
why do we stake our lives on it?
Abandon all unwholesome actions (if you want me to, I will)

John Prines COVID-19 in Dm

Rich Reardin 4-07-2020

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Recorded at Real to Reels Recording Studio in Bloomington, Indiana

This is an instrumental that I composed and recorded the evening that I heard John Prine had passed away from complications due to COVID-19 on April 7, 2020. I got to meet John quite a few times through my friend Jason Wilber, John's longtime lead guitarist. John was, of course, an amazing songwriter and performer, but his generosity, wit, and general all around good guyness will be what I'll always remember most.