



**LIKELY STORIES (Tracy Jane Comer, Nancy Rost and Dave Schindele)**  
**self-titled release, 2009 - Track lyrics/credits**

PSP 008 Porch String Music

[www.likelystories.us](http://www.likelystories.us)



Produced by Randy Green with Likely Stories  
Recorded/mixed/mastered by Randy Green, Randy's Recording ([www.randysrecording.com](http://www.randysrecording.com))

**1) A Matter of Time** (by Dave Schindele\*)

Dave: piano, vocals Nancy: keyboard  
Tracy: backing vocals Randy Green: percussion

Searching for the Sun - Know there must be one  
Just must be the other way  
Searching for that plan I scratched in the sand  
That the wind came through and blew away  
But it's a matter of time  
And matter and I'm overrated  
It's a matter of time 'til matter and I'm  
Separated  
Staring at the sky - No idea why  
Maybe I'm hunting for that patch of blue  
Staring at the sky, still no idea why  
Nothing but white noise coming through  
But it's a matter of time  
And matter and I'm exaggerated  
It's a matter of time 'fore matter and I'm  
Exonerated  
It's a matter of time and matter and I'm overrated  
It's a matter of time 'fore matter and I'm  
Liberated  
Searching for the Sun - Know there must be one  
Just must be the other way

**2) Golden Gate** (by Nancy Rost\*\*)

Nancy: piano, vocals Tracy: cello

Inspired, in part, by "Jumpers: The Fatal Grandeur of  
the Golden Gate Bridge," by Tad Friend, October 13,  
2003, The New Yorker.

Sunrise over sourdough in panoramic paradise  
Birds blow songs of Alcatraz in surreal serenade  
You can touch the clouds below  
Heaven never seemed so close  
But if you spread your wings and fly  
it's not a leap of faith  
From the Golden Gate  
When the music starts to swell  
You think they'll be your backing band  
Harp strings for eternity, a symphony in steel  
Get real  
It's really not a golden gate  
That's just an orange coat of paint  
And your whole life won't even rate  
a drop into the sea  
Where I live, the world is flat  
And you know, I'm OK with that  
Color me pedestrian, but I'm still on my feet

**3) Yellow Bike**

(music by Tracy Jane Comer, lyrics by Tracy Jane Comer & Randy Green\*\*\*)  
Tracy: guitar, vocals Nancy: piano Dave: backing vocals, percussion

Kure Beach, NC

Ten years old in '74, in a run down shack with a bathroom on the porch  
Free school lunch and hand-me-downs and a two-hour ride on the school bus into town  
But a view of the ocean from my window  
I loved to watch the tide just come and go, there alone  
Bought a fishing pole at the five-and-dime  
Never caught a fish, but I loved to throw that line  
Sittin' on the pier in the salty air, spinning daydreams to pass the time  
And I rode my yellow bike on that beach road  
'Never thought about where I might go - I just rode  
CHORUS: Riding, flying, on that road.....Laughing, smiling, all alone  
Living poor, but living free....Happy on that yellow bike, on that road beside the sea  
Hibernating in my room with my forty-fives and AM radio  
Leaving all the world behind, never wanting more than just that time alone  
The nighttime brought its dark and bitter haze  
But oh, how I loved those daydream days by the sea  
I wonder why I just can't understand why I'm sad that I was happy then  
Do I have such a better life today that I'll never have that bliss of yesterday?  
Twenty-six cats and two hamsters, the air thick with ten thousand fleas  
Waiting for that monthly check to buy one week's worth of groceries  
But I don't think that occurred to me life wasn't all that it should be  
We just lived [REPEAT CHORUS]

**4) This Ground** (by Dave Schindele\*)

Dave: piano, vocals Tracy: cello

I was heading Northward Winter coming on....I was setting forth toward the setting Sun  
That August dusk I drove that damned crammed rusty Datsun up a bright highway  
in an empty mood  
The day I found this ground only growing good  
There were small ripe plums and winesap apples and swift wind in the pines  
Cleansed my senses, cleared my tears, darned my threadbare mind  
Fens walked alone and unmown meadows left the mess I'd made behind  
I met early snows in full-grown woods, and Still found this ground only growing good  
It's why I put roots down - It's why I hold this ground  
This ground's only growing good  
Twenty-three that August dusk, I'm over fifty now, stepping just as hard  
on these patient fields and woods  
And still these parts do my heart such good - I stay around because this ground still does me good  
This ground blows the breath of life, this ground goes from death to life  
This ground just grows me back alive  
It's why I put roots down - It's why I hold this ground

**5) American Gothic**

by Nancy Rost\*\*

Nancy: piano, vocals Tracy: electric guitar

Put your black dress on and your black lipstick too  
We'll go strolling down the avenue discussing morbid topics....Let's do something gothic  
I love your ancient soul in its teenage incarnation  
You go to my head like strong libation, You intoxi- cate me, darling, you're so gothic  
Parenthetically, peripatetically, as we walk  
We'll be contrarian and sesquipedalian and make the neighbors squawk!  
I'm your work of body art  
You pierce me, love like a spike through the heart, I find the pain cathartic  
And oh, so very gothic  
Classes get out at three, come away with me down the hall  
Your face is greenish-white in the fluorescent light of Pleasant Valley Mall  
I'll feed you cinnamon rolls, my thorny rose  
We'll hit Glamour Shots and strike a pose looking misanthropic...Call it American Gothic



**6) My Own History**

by Tracy Jane Comer\*\*\*

Tracy: guitar, vocals Nancy: piano Dave: percussion

I'll take a picture, I'll take a letter  
 I'll take a powder, take a number  
 I'll take a shortcut, take a detour  
 Take the long way there  
 I'll take a pass, take my time, but take good care  
 I'll take a look, take some lessons, take a hint,  
 take some guesses  
 And take a chance at winning in this game called life  
 I'll write a novel, I'll write a song  
 I'll write a check, right a wrong  
 I'll write an email or a memo or a steamy love note  
 I'll sit right down and write my write-in vote  
 I'll write a chapter of my own autobiography  
 And write my own ending to the story

**CHORUS:**

You see I'm gonna take some action, be in control  
 And make my own decisions, never sell my soul  
 Won't wait for life to tell me what to do or who to be  
 I'm gonna be in charge of my own history

I'll make a cake, I'll make a wish  
 Make up my mind, make a list  
 I'll make it up to somebody, make it stop, make it go  
 And make myself heard, make it happen, make it so  
 I'll make a statement, make my mark,  
 make a point to know  
 And make up all the rules as I go  
 I'll get a grip, I'll get the joke,  
 I'll get a life, get up and go  
 I'll get away, get inspired, get a good night's sleep  
 Get myself up and get back on my feet  
 I'll get a handle on it all, and get my due  
 And get myself together and get rid of these blues  
 [REPEAT CHORUS]  
 I'll find the time, I'll find a way  
 And I'll find those keys that I lost yesterday  
 I'll find some peace and quiet, and I'll find myself  
 And find that old book I left there on that shelf  
 I'll find the map, find the road, find the meaning of life  
 And find true happiness, find what's right  
 [REPEAT CHORUS]

**7) Nicole**

by Dave Schindele\*

Dave: piano, vocals Tracy: cello

for Nicole Kidman

You burst on-scene a starlet - Skin of cream hair scarlet  
 Figure curved and statuesque, range thriller to burlesque  
 Thus was begun your unswerving quest  
 Not to take you to task, just a question to be asked  
 Mentioned in passing so as to see you whole  
 Is there a there for you Nicole without a role?  
 Where it's just you and your soul cast together?  
 Enduring painful shyness, tempering sharp slyness  
 'Til by all accounts acquired success, craft of fire and finesse  
 Quite simply now the best—Our new Princess of Monaco  
 But must you always spin and dart, confined within fine art?  
 Depart yourself for parts unknown?

Is there a there for you Nicole, without a role?  
 Where it's just you and your soul cast together?  
 Now pop-up paparazzi to avoid  
 Mortifying morning tabloids  
 All immortalized in celluloid  
 You're a Walk-of-Fame household name  
 At the top of your game  
 But where do retire to when you're too tired to  
 Aspire to your next role?  
 When you're all acted out and all you've acted out  
 exacts its toll?  
 Hope there's a there for you Nicole, without a role  
 Where it's just you and your soul cast together  
 Hope there's a there for you at last Nicole...

**8) Shamu**

by Nancy Rost\*\*

Nancy: piano, vocals Tracy: cello Dave: backing vocals

Inspired by a photo of Southwest Airlines' Shamu plane

What are you doing out on the runway gleaming black in the sun?  
 You taxi slowly, as if underwater, dreading the job to be done  
 Jonahs dabbed with ambergris tap their shoes impatiently  
 And you spin, and you spin, trying to rise  
**CHORUS:**  
 Shamu, I, too, feel like a fish out of water  
 Shamu, Shamu, we are aliens  
 Shamu, Shamu, I feel for you  
 But what can we do?  
 Communication should happen in murmurs  
 Not all this high-pitched chatter  
 There are too many words, and not enough that matter  
 But you were in the biz so long  
 Tou know the damn show must go on  
 And you spin, and you spin, trying to rise  
 [REPEAT CHORUS]

Sweat and tears are underrated; salt is all that we crave  
 We splash and we are elated riding wave after wave after wave  
 But you must set all that aside, ride the waves up in the sky  
 And you spin, and you spin, trying to rise  
 [REPEAT CHORUS]

**9) Silent Care**

music by Tracy Jane Comer, lyrics by Randy Green\*\*\*

Tracy: guitar, vocals Nancy: piano Dave: backing vocals

I think I'll take a walk tonight  
 Three days from full, should be some light  
 Got a thought or two to bring, figure out some things  
 See what I can find in this fog of my mind  
 And you're off with me, into the night  
 Into my time, into moonlight  
 Look around, the dark is mine  
 Ample peace, quiet sound  
 You feel my triumph  
 For none but me dim light is shone  
 And I wonder too, how can so much be left for so few  
 Who love the space, the pall, the haze  
 Who love the respite from the days  
 Who know themselves as lost but safe  
 For no one cares or sees their drift  
 From thought to thought, from cliff to cliff  
 Who is this who wanders there\  
 And never doubts that she should dare  
 And yes she does it all the time  
 And no one knows that this is mine  
 And mine is there, as yours is rare  
 With need of only one to share the calm of night  
 And silent care