



Every Town: More Songs from Michael Smith

by **Anne Hills**

Hand & Heart Music #2025 (released 10/17/2025)

Produced and recorded* at **NRS Studio** by **Scott Petito**

Co-Produced by **Anne Hills** and **Peter Erskine**

*except "Every Town" recorded "live" by **Bruce Roper** and

Drums & percussion recorded at **Puck Productions,**

Santa Monica, CA. **Aaron Walk** engineer

LYRICS & CREDITS

all songs by **Michael Peter Smith**

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1) **Ballad of Elizabeth Dark** (5:54)

Anne Hills: vocals

Scott Petito: acoustic guitar, bass and piano

Pat Fleming: electric guitar

(recorded at Belle Plaine Studios)

Let me sing you the ballad of Elizabeth Dark
I've been workin on it since the time
We hung out at this coffeehouse in Rogers Park
Like two kids at a five and dime
She would read Dostoevsky
By the yellow moon
That hung like an orange in the tree
While I worked on the words
To the mystery tune
Of Elizabeth Dark & me

This was back in the days of the folk music craze
Lenny and poetry and jazz
Cats and chicks snappin' their fingers
To Lord Buckley doing "The Nazz"
Kierkegaard, Ginsberg
Sartre, free love
Parties to cover the rent
We all wanted to be existentialists
None of us knew what the hell it meant

Now I take the EI to Loyola
And I walk along the Sheridan sand
Where the waves are breakin' over the jetty
Where the wind is like an icy hand
Fyodor says that the criminal
Always returns to the scene of the crime
Maybe I'll see Elizabeth D one more time.

Her hair was long and flowin'
A river of Zen down her back
We had spaghetti with Ferlinghetti
And wine with Jack Kerouac
Things were real cool
One day I came home from school
And Elizabeth Dark wasn't there
No river of raven zen hair
No Dark at the top of the stairs

Now I take the EI to Loyola
And I walk along the Sheridan sand
Where the waves are breakin' over the jetty
Where the wind is like an icy hand
Fyodor says that the criminal
Always returns to the scene of the crime
Maybe I'll see Elizabeth D one more time.
Sometimes I get out my old bongos

Reminisce about makin' the scene
Read my tarot, see my fortune from grounds
In a beat up espresso machine
I'm a beatnik lost in the future
Like a Model T Ford out in space
Still as in love with Elizabeth Dark
As the first time I saw her face

Now I take the EI to Loyola
And I walk along the Sheridan sand
Where the waves are breakin' over the jetty
Where the wind is like an icy hand
Fyodor says that the criminal
Always returns to the scene of the crime
Maybe I'll see Elizabeth D one more time.

2) **The Ghost of Lash LaRue** (4:58)

Anne Hills: vocals

Steve Gillette: background vocals

Cindy Cashdollar: lap steel guitar

Scott Petito: acoustic, 12-string, electric guitar, kalimba, bass

Peter Erskine: drums and percussion

Hamilton Sterling: thunder and whips

Late last night, high over Hollywood
Lights flickering on ... off ... deluding me, I almost hit a jet!
I was lost, caught in a dream so real,
I had that movie deal the one I knew I always could get

Now, the truth, King of the Golden West
Dark star of the silver screen
Will soon be blazing 'cross your afternoons
Lash LaRue riding the horse called Rush
You've seen the rest now dig the best now, it's Lash LaRue

I've seen the top, now I've seen the bottom,
Now I ride the wind high over Mulholland
On summer nights, when all the lights
Are lower than lower than low

My silver whip, my loyal companion
Rush, me, over Ventura Canyon
You'll hear my song wherever
The Santa Ana Blows

Now, the truth, King of the golden west
Dark star of the silver screen
Will soon be blazing 'cross your afternoons
Lash LaRue riding the horse called Rush
You've seen the rest now dig the best now, it's Lash LaRue

Hear how wild the wind tonight
And in the west dark horses lie
To foot, oh, father, look the thunder cloud
Horses black and deepest blue

Oh, my son, you know they say,
"When lightning flashes on a stormy day
It's the silver whip
Of the ghost of Lash LaRue

3) **Memory of August** (4:30)

(written for August "Gus" Pilant)

Anne Hills: vocals

Cindy Cashdollar: steel guitar

Clifford Carter: piano

Scott Petito: acoustic guitar, harmonium and bass

Peter Erskine: drums and percussion

The summertime is gone
The birds have way moved on
The kids have built a snow swan on the frozen lawn
And every breath's a diamond in the crystal air
And all the trees are naked huddled cold and bare
Whispering of summer's ways, honeysuckle yesterdays
Flowers dancing in the breeze,
Here's the wisdom of the trees:
The coldest winter ever seen could never freeze
The memory of August

The woods are still tonight
The clouds in silent race
The stars so cold and bright, the moon a Buddha face
Out on the snowy hill I see a family of deer
They turn into the wind and then they disappear
Whispering of summer's ways, honeysuckle yesterdays
Trails unwinding in the sun
Here's the mystery of the run:
They carry with them everyone a sleeping bee
The memory of August

The galaxies revolve
They wheel and dance and spin
And time since time begun began begins again
We circle through the universe in winter beds
We think we hear the angels singing in our heads
Whispering of summer's ways, honeysuckle yesterdays
Lemonade and window lace
Laughing eyes, a sunburned face
A million winters can't erase, for one who sees
The memory of August

4) **Vampire** (5:46)

Anne Hills: vocals

Mike Maineiri: vibraphone

Clifford Carter: piano

Scott Petito: guitar and bass

Peter Erskine: drums and percussion

In the dark of moon there is no light I'm free
I have no love to blind my eye for me
Dark of moon 's the time for flying
Far below the world is lying unaware
My soul is crying vampire, this is my song

Oh I love you all, you are beautiful to me
Though there's not a one among you who can see
Who among you understands it
Bloody mouth and bloody hands
That's all you know
But soon you'll know the vampire
And it won't be long
It won't be long before I'm flying
It won't be long before I'm flying

Your life's too short and love is gone too soon
Come with me and fly the dark of moon,
Life's not life if you must lose it
Death's not death if you refuse it
Who can blame you if you choose the vampire
Forever young

5) **Crazy Mary** (3:50)

Anne Hills: vocals

John Sebastian: harmonica

Clifford Carter: piano

Mike Maineiri: marimba

Scott Petito: guitar and bass

Peter Erskine: drums and percussion

In the lamplight, burning low
And dimly thru enchanted woods
She rocked beside the fire
That was never lit and as we ran on by
Pretending to be frightened
We would shout and laugh at Crazy Mary

Crazy Mary from Londonderry
Lives next door to the cemetery
How many lovers have you buried
We would shout running scared
Across the green and golden paths
That led us home, away from Crazy Mary

She would never answer us
Just smile thru the window softly
Wild-eyed and wild-haired
But we were sure that in the dark of night
She cursed us soundly, casting spells
And stuff to turn us into donkeys

So they went the summer years
One more fleeting than the last one
Rushing down the green and golden paths
Soon the woods were not enchanted any more
For we had grown. and
We'd forgotten, Crazy Mary

So it comes that older now
We stand upon this windswept moor
The lonely stone before us testifies
That Crazy Mary rocks and smiles
And dreams her dreams somewhere
But not where little kids can follow after

And on the stone these words: dear friend
Please write me down as one who loved
The raven-haired and laughing lads
Who swore that they would marry me
But soon their sons came running by
And here I lie forgotten, Crazy Mary

In the lamplight burning low
And dimly thru enchanted woods
We think about the sins that we commit
Along the green and golden paths
Of growing up, we light the fire
And say a prayer for Crazy Mary

Crazy Mary from Londonderry
Lives next door to the cemetery
How many lovers have you buried ...

6) **What's the Sea Done to the Sailor?** (3:50)

Anne Hills: vocals
Cindy Cashdollar: dobro
Clifford Carter: piano and organ
Scott Petito: guitars, mellotron, and bass
Peter Erskine: drums and percussion

When I go to sleep I dream of the love you've given me
Runs silent runs deep, long as you keep forgivin' me
For livin' out on the edge of the summer
Never takin' the time to wonder

What's the sea done to the sailor?
What's the sky done to the done to the dove?
What's the dream done to the dreamer?
What's the time done to our love?

My mind 's in a haze, the things that I see, are clear to me
I find I'm amazed some one could stay so dear to me
Even here on the edge of the summer
Where tan lines fade in to shades of sun

What's the sea done to the sailor?
What's the sky done to the done to the dove?
What's the dream done to the dreamer?
What's the time done to our love?

Lonely sailor on the stormy sea,
Many ports of call has he
Tide moon rises, seabirds cry,
Love is still a mystery in the sailor's eyes
Stormy winds they come and go,
Through in the night the harbor glows
Until the morning, but in the morning

What's the sea done to the sailor?
What's the sky done ...?
What's the dream done ...?
What's the time done ...?

7) **Sure Has Grown** (3:46)

Anne Hills: vocals
Scott Petito: electric guitar, harpsichord, piano and bass
Peter Erskine: drums and percussion
Jay Collins: tenor and baritone sax
Chris Pasin: trumpet

So long these street have waited here for you
These railroad cinders for your eyes
So bright the sun today,
You'd swear you could hear them say
Well, well, well
Could this be Helen and Gene's son?
Well, he sure has grown,
Yeah he sure has grown!

If you're walkin' up and down these alleys take your rosary
Underneath these churchyards miners died
So long the mass today
It's gonna be a hot, Sunday getaway
Guess I'll see'ya, don't you wish that you could stay here
Well, well, well
Could this be Helen and Gene's son?
Well, he sure has grown,
Yeah he sure has grown!

So long, the people wavin', so long
So long this sun of burnin' coal
So long to Father Tom,
You'll hear them years to come sayin'
Well, well, well
Could this be Helen and Gene's son?
Well, he sure has grown,
Yeah he sure has grown!

Wave to the people! Wave!

8) **Spoon River** (4:27)

Anne Hills: vocals
John Gorka: duet vocal
John Sebastian: harmonica
Clifford Carter: piano
Scott Petito: guitar and bass

All of the riverboat gamblers
Are losing their shirts
All of the brave Union soldier boys
Sleep in the dirt
But you know, and I know,
There never was reason to hurt
When all of our lives
Were entwined to begin with
Here in Spoon River

All of the calico dresses,
The gingham and lace
Are up in the attic with
Grandfather's derringer case
There's words whispered down in
The parlor, a shadowy face
The morning is heavy
With one more beginning
Here in Spoon River

Come to the dance, Mary Perkins,
I like you right well
The Union's preserved,
If you listen you'll hear all the bells
There must be a heaven,
God knows I've seen mostly hell
My rig is outside,
Come and ride through the morning
Here in Spoon River

9) **Portland Fancy** (4:21)

Anne Hills: vocals
Clifford Carter: piano
Scott Petito: electric & acoustic guitar, & bass
Peter Erskine: drums

Though the sea is rough and the winds are high
I will stay with her until she reach the harbor
I will stay with her and she will learn to love
The way I sail

Though the night is dark and the wind is cold
I'll keep watch with her until the sun comes streaming
I will stay with her and she will see that we
Are built for dreaming

So, goodbye, my Portland fancy
Goodbye, my Portland fancy
Goodbye

Though the sea is rough, and the winds are high
I will stand by her until some fairer weather
I will stay with her and she will learn to love
The way I sail

So, goodbye, my Portland fancy
Goodbye, my Portland fancy
Goodbye, my Portland fancy,
Goodbye

10) **Every Town (A Real Good One)** (3:01)

Anne Hills: vocals
Michael Smith: guitar

Hey down, derry down
Derry derry down down
Down down, derry derry down

Every town oughta have a folksinger,
A Woody Guthrie, a Pete Seeger
A rake and a rambler, a rovin' gambler
We had a good one but he's gone, gone, gone
We had a good one but he's gone

Every town oughta have a song seeker,
A twelve-string guitar player, a five-string banjo picker
A gypsy davy livin' in the neighborhood
We had a good one but he's gone, gone, gone,
Had a good one but he's gone

Yes'n every town oughta have a Win Stracke,
A Big Bill Broonzy, a Ramblin' Jack
For when the stars are bright
As the night is black
To ride the midnight special
Down a lonesome track

Every town oughta have a tarrier, a weaver,
A wild wild rover, a bold deceiver
Every town oughta have a true believer
We had a good one but he's gone, gone, gone,
Had a good one but he's gone

Yes, and every town oughta have a prodigal son
Who's just gettin started when the day is done
To lead 'em broken-hearted through the streets of
London town
Or down the down down derry down down

Every town oughta have a trail blazer
A Cisco Houston, a Tom Glazer
A star gazer, a hell raiser
We had a good one but he's gone, gone, gone,
Had a good one but he's gone

We had a good one but he's gone, gone, gone,
Had a good one but he's gone

Hey down, derry down
Derry derry down down
Down down, derry derry down

11) **We Become Birds** (6:03)

Adapted from *The Spiritual Life of Children* by Robert Coles

Anne Hills: vocals
Keve Wilson: oboe
Benjamin Fingland: clarinet
Garo Yellin: cello
Clifford Carter: piano
Scott Petito: upright bass
Allen Power: arrangement

Do you see birds on trees
How they leave to get a drink or a bite to eat
Fly away and others follow

And the whole day goes by
Birds and more birds
We become birds when we die
We fly away but we come back
We become birds when we die

When you're put here it's for a reason
Think of all the people the Lord hasn't sent here
I'm so happy I've been given this time here
Don't want to waste my time on this earth

And the whole day goes by
Birds and more birds
We become birds when we die
We fly away but we come back
We become birds when we die

He won't hand you
A piece of paper with a map on it, no sir
He'll whisper something
And at first you might not even hear
It may take time
You may make mistakes
But if you pray
He'll lead you to your direction

And the whole day goes by
Birds and more birds
We become birds when we die
We fly away but we come back
We become birds when we die

I know, because sometimes
I just want to lift off
Go right to the mesa and
And have a feast, eat our bread
Stand in a circle, hear my grandmother
Talk about our people

We become birds
We become birds when we die