

Feather Fingers

Malahat Highway ‡
Satisfied and Ticked Too †
Forecast: Bad Weather *
Only Trying To Say Goodbye *
Feather Fingers *
Hanging at Owl Creek Bridge ‡
Brother of Mine ‡
Remembering *
Can't Imagine Any Future ‡
Time To Heal *
Hooked On You *

‡ by Robert Carmichael & D'Arcy Wickham Copyright 2005 (SOCAN)
† by Mississippi John Hurt (Wynwood Music BMI)
* by D'Arcy Wickham. Copyright 2005 (SOCAN)

Producer Jason Fowler
Engineer Jeremy Darby
Executive Producer Robert Carmichael

All songs arranged and edited by D'Arcy Wickham and Jason Fowler.
Recorded at Canterbury Music Co. Toronto.

Mastering: George Seara, Phase 1, Toronto, January 2005

All profits from this recording will be going to the Bloorview
MacMillan Children's Centre, Toronto.

Special thanks to Roz Gelade (publicity), Greg King (photography),
Peter Mosley (design) and to Jason Fowler and Rob Carmichael whose
dedication and generosity made this project possible.

For more copies of this CD please contact D'Arcy Wickham at
www.darcywickham.com (416-975-9035) or for credit
card purchases call 1-800-563-7234 (catalogue # 3229-10)

Malahat Highway

Carmichael/Wickham

Down the Malahat Highway
By white rushing rivers
Over wooden trestle
The Sun in my eyes
It sparkles on the whitecaps
Blowing in from the Pacific
Eagle circles slowly
Above the Malahat Highway

Through rainforest tunnel
Past Kwakwaka'wakw totem
And rusted out old cars
Where children play
Between clear-cut mountains
Past stinking pulp mill smokestack
Into Desolation
Along the Malahat Highway

It's a mystery
How this road can be
Paved with all the tapestries of my life
Through each twist and turn
Another memory burns
Another lesson learned in paradise
A lesson learned in paradise

Winding down into the harbour
Through diesel fumes and cedars
I wait for the ferry
And another rain to start
We pull out across the water
As I lean against a bulkhead
The pounding of the engines
Match the pounding of my heart

It's a mystery
How this road can be
Paved with all the tapestries of my life
Through each twist and turn
Another memory burns
Another lesson learned in paradise
A lesson learned in paradise

Down the Malahat Highway
By white rushing rivers
Over wooden trestle
The Sun in my eyes
It sparkles on the whitecaps
Blowing in from the Pacific
Eagle circles slowly
Above the Malahat Highway

Malahat Highway

Rob and I wrote this song about the Malahat Mountain on the southern part of Vancouver Island. This rugged region of heavy forest and steep cliffs is traversed by one of the most beautiful roadways in the world. The Malahat is of great ceremonial significance to the Malahat First Nation whose ancestors used its caves for spiritual enhancement, and is one of their most sacred sites.

Satisfied and Ticked Too

Mississippi John Hurt

Well I'm satisfied and tickled too
Baby just to know that I'm in love with you
Well I'm satisfied and tickled too
Baby just to know that I'm in love with you
I am, Sugar I been

Well I'm goin' downtown with my hat caved in
Come back home now, baby with my pockets full of tin
Well I'm goin' downtown with my hat caved in
Come back home now, baby with my pockets full of tin
I am, Sugar I been

Satisfied And Ticked Too

I first heard this old country blues classic years ago, played in the traditional style. I wasn't sure who wrote it, but I loved it so much that I began to groove it up into a swampy kind of blues. We wanted it to sound like a back porch jam session.

Well the little red hen say to the little red rooster
"Rooster, you don't come around my chicken shack
as much as you use to, Rooster"
Well the little red hen say to the little red rooster
"Rooster, you don't come around my chicken shack
as much as you use to, Rooster"
I am, Sugar I been

Well I'm livin' in the country baby, high upon the hill
In the day I hear the crows, at night I hear the whippoorwill
Well I'm livin' in the country baby, high upon the hill
In the day I hear the crows, at night I hear the whippoorwill
I am, Sugar I been

Well I love you pretty Mama, Sugar you're the one
Put your arms around me, baby like a circle 'round the sun
Well I love you pretty Mama, sugar you're the one
Put your arms around me, baby like a circle 'round the sun
I am, Sugar I been

Well I'm satisfied, tickled too!

Forecast: Bad Weather

D'Arcy Wickham

Forecast: bad weather, cold front movin' in
Got a bad feelin' like I just can't win
Been searchin' through these rain clouds for a lining of silver
But all my predictions are just **Forecast: bad weather**

Can feel it in my bones, can feel it on my skin
Winds are picking up, there's a cyclone coming in
Can see it in your eyes, like a radar warning
Low pressure readings bringing heavy rains this morning

Chorus

You and I, we're like oil and water
Just no good at the day to day
Your slow burn and silence
Like tempests to my shoreline, torture me
Forecast: bad weather

Visibility zero, fog everywhere
Frost on my windows, I'm full of despair
My heart is breaking like trees in a storm
You're packin' your bags to leave for the sunshine

Chorus repeat

Bridge

Wish I could find an answer
Just can't take another lie
I need a new prediction
Of weather that's warm and dry

Chorus repeat

Forecast: Bad Weather

I was looking at the weather channel on TV one day and thought about the idea of how a relationship compares to the weather.

Only Tryin' To Say Goodbye

D'Arcy Wickham

I see you're smoking cigarettes again
You say you started back up yesterday
Got that goodbye look on your face
Got that goodbye look on your face

Called you up this morning
Angry words about the same old thing
You had that goodbye sound in your voice
Had that goodbye sound in your voice

Don't patronize me with sweet words
'Bout being friends and all the good times we had
Don't put the rush on me baby
Don't confuse me with how it's so sad
And what a great guy I am when you're
Only tryin' to say goodbye
Only tryin' to say goodbye

I see you've changed the colour of your hair
Got some brand new clothes and a shiny red car
Got that goodbye act about yourself
Got that goodbye act about yourself

And who's that fancy dude you're hangin' with ?
Whispering sweet things in your ear.
Is he the new man to take my place?
Is he the new man to take my place?

Don't patronize me with sweet words
'Bout being friends after all the good times we had
'Cause I'm learning some things about you baby
Seems I just don't feel that sad, so you can go ahead
Go ahead and say goodbye
Go ahead and say goodbye

Only Tryin' To Say Goodbye

The subject of relationships and regret seem to underpin many of my songs. In this tune I take a 'tongue in cheek' approach to all the things people say and do when they are splitting up.

Feather Fingers (Instrumental)

D'Arcy Wickham

Feather Fingers

I just liked the sound of these two words together. Not only is it wonderful alliteration - they seemed to suit the instrumental tune and the overall feel of this CD as well.

Hanging at Owl Creek Bridge

Carmichael/Wickham

This is the story of a southern planter
A gentleman known as Peyton Farquhar
Driven by dreams of military glory, he stole into Union territory
Dressed like a Fed in camouflage, his heart intent on sabotage
Now he stands on a plank above a swollen gorge
With a noose around his neck
Tied to Owl Creek Bridge

Water swirled below, he closed his eyes
Distracted by a sound he didn't recognize
Regular and slow like the tolling of a bell
He awaited every stroke like his own death knell
Slower and slower each second stretched
The sound that he heard was his own watch
All hope of escape was totally gone as the hangman sent him over
Owl Creek Bridge

Chorus

He saw life through a prism
Of 'daring-do' and hope
Perception was everything
'Til he reached the end of his rope

He fell through the dark as if already dead
And sank like a stone to the riverbed
The rope must have broke, how strange it seemed
To hang by the neck at the bottom of a stream
He struggled to the surface with a desperate thought
Lynch me ! Drown me ! Don't let me be shot !
By the five-score rifles on the ridge
Waiting for me to come up
Under Owl Creek Bridge

Cast upon a bank of glittering emeralds
A kind of Eden it did resemble
He followed a course by the rounding sun
Strange constellations, unknown tongues
He reached for her through the morning mist
Then a stunning blow sent him into the abyss
Peyton's neck snapped like a twig
As he swung beneath the timbers
Of Owl Creek Bridge

Chorus ...repeat

Hanging At Owl Creek Bridge

Rob based the lyric for this song on a classic Civil War fictional short story written by Ambrose Bierce called "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." The last half of the story – the dream sequence - takes place in the mind of the hero in the few short moments before his death. I tried to make the melody and guitar parts echo his inner struggle.

Brother Of Mine

Carmichael/Wickham

In a rusty truck looking down on the mill
An ocean breeze blows up the hill
Like a kiss
In front of the sleepy town where he lives
He knows he will never be able to give
Up all of this
To get ahead of the rush of the human race

A simple home, a steady job
All of this just suits him fine for now
Life just seems to drift along
The Coastal Mountains are a song
That fill up his soul and gives him enough to get along

The light that burns inside his heart
Illuminates every part of himself
Cuts as sharp as the point of a knife
And fills the space between every part of his life
Brother of mine

The cedar trees upon the hills
Guard the town like sentinels
Shadows cast by the moon's slow climb
Motionless and still, frozen in time

The light that burns inside his heart
Illuminates the world around that he sees
Colours and shapes are only a slice
Of the peace he finds in every part of his life

Brother of mine, brother of mine
You and I can never be the same, brother of mine
As I see your life frame to frame
My open eyes see the inspiration
And your love that helps me to carry on

In a taxi-cab looking down on the mill
An ocean breeze blows up the hill
Like a kiss
In front of the town where I used to live
I Wish I never had to give up
All of this
To get ahead of the rush of the human race
And that's a thing I've got to face
Brother of mine
Brother of mine

Brother of Mine

Co-written with Rob, this lyric was inspired his brother Rod but is dedicated to all brothers.

Remembering (Instrumental)

D'Arcy Wickham

Remembering

No matter how busy one gets, you should never forget about the one you love. This song was written for my wife Tess.

Can't Imagine Any Future

Carmichael/Wickham

Once we were lovers
Crossed by a star
Now the sky is empty
And I know just who you are
We fell in love
You left me way too fast
Can't imagine any future
Without you in my past

Can't forget your loveliness
Or the fragrance of your skin
Can't believe the sorry state
That you've left me in
Cold as steel
Feeling lifeless as clay
Can't imagine any future
Without you in my day

Waiting by the phone
Listening for the door
How could you be different now
Than you were before?

Said you'd never leave
But you left me standing there
Alone and empty handed
Not a hope, not a prayer
Come back to me
That's all I ask
'Cause I need you in my future
Like you were in my past
I need you in my future
Like you were in my past

Can't imagine Any Future

Written with Rob and inspired by his late wife, Janice.

Time to Heal

D'Arcy Wickham

A cup of coffee, a handshake greeting
The story's written all over your face
So disillusioned, sad and lonely
Natural things to feel
When your takin' the time to heal

I want to be a good friend to you
A safe harbour in a stormy sea
You say she's still just manipulating
And trying to make a deal
'Cause she needs the time to heal

Chorus

And I've been where you are my friend
And I know it's not much fun
Being all alone, every night
Don't forget the lights!
But the ghosts of our past will slowly fade away
And time remains the only cure, it's for sure

You laugh about all your ladies
But we both know you're not ready for that
Feeling needy, so impatient
To find a love that's real
But you still need time to heal

Chorus

The snow that falls holds a strange kind of beauty
Cold to the hands but warm to the heart
Just like love...so confusing
When you're breaking the bonds that seal
And you're taking the time to heal
When you're breaking the bonds that seal
And you're taking the time to heal

Time to Heal

A friend of mine was going through a rather bad marriage breakup. I've felt this kind of pain myself and it can be unbelievably hard. I urged him, at an early morning breakfast, to take a bit of time.

Hooked on You (Instrumental)

D'Arcy Wickham

Hooked on You

This song was written as pure self-therapy. I was feeling a bit blue. Picked my guitar and wrote this little happy tune. And, yes, I felt a whole lot better!
