

BRET MOSLEY

# Light & Blood



FEEL THE LOVE, Y'ALL



photo: James Mahon

## Well and Good (B. Mosley)

Come a brave, grown girl and I will play  
Ain't gonna be no more half-assin'  
A year full 'a days unlived and it's on me  
While the rebound litter swirled  
I caught the ball and got the longin' honors  
You said, "I'm thinkin' of you."  
Well, ain't that one fine howdy-goddamn-do  
'Cause I ain't heard a word but how you  
Cannot include me

You barely made love with me but still  
foresook some fear here and there  
'Til I got too close and you were scared to get seen  
Hauled ass and got mean as hell  
With me leaning blind, bearing down, caving in  
Carrying my little-boy longin'  
Right where my balls had been  
Choosing to loose myself 'stead of you  
Might've cheated us both out something

Knew I didn't want to wade in but jump and swim  
Thinking time can't afford me more  
Suffering my resistance to full-on lovin'  
Yank your slack go on away, come back and maybe see  
Thou and the one that got away  
And it's all well and good by me  
Maybe someday could've grown where you cut it  
Could've loved you forever but it  
No longer makes me or breaks me

...and they say, "If it sticks to the wall it's done."

## Preachin' Blues (Son House)

I'm gonna get me religion  
I'm gonna join the Baptist church  
I'm gonna get me religion  
I'm gonna join the Baptist church  
I'm gonna be a Baptist preacher  
So I don't have to work

One deacon jumped up  
And he began to grin  
One deacon jumped up  
And he began to grim  
He said, "I don't know but believe I might  
Go back to barrel-housing again"

And then one sister jumped up  
And she began to shout  
One sister jumped up  
And she began to shout  
She said, "I'm so glad that all this  
Corn liquor's going out"

Another deacon jumped out  
He said, "Sister why don't you hush!"  
Another deacon jumped out  
He said, "Sister why don't you hush!"  
Woman, you know you drink corn liquor  
And your lying is a horrible disgust"

When I heard that I was in the pulpit  
Just jumping up and down  
I was in the pulpit  
Just jumping up and down  
"Brothers and sisters in the corner,  
I'm Alabama bound.

I packed up my suitcase  
And tore off down the road  
I packed up my suitcase  
And tore off down the road  
Goodbye, church. May the  
Good Lord bless your soul

I wish I had me a Heaven  
A little heaven of my own  
I wish I had me a Heaven  
A little heaven of my own  
I'd guarantee all the pretty women  
A happy home

I'm gonna preach these blues  
Choose my seat and sit on down  
I'm gonna confess my blues  
Choose me seat and sit on down  
If the Spirit comes I might  
Jump right up and down

## Raindrop (B. Mosley)

I'm gonna miss wigglin', Raindrop  
Saw the first turn of Fall on a beachbound train  
Thinking about how your belly;s buttoned  
And your toes be sparkling  
And you saying, "Sit up with me"

Yes, Ms...guess I still I like you a little bit  
But not like apple pie  
This scent ain't prone to fade  
Maybe "maybe" is all I'm going on  
I don't reckon so  
I see the match in musings holding sway

Spin it into you  
Pin a grin to it  
Send it into the wind  
And then believe in it  
Clean through the screen  
Door-slammin'drama scene  
Though it seems in the throws so woeful  
You can go and simmer down the Mitote  
For example, look to Bean 'til you know it.

Yes, Ms...guess I still I like you a little bit  
But not like apple pie  
This scent ain't prone to fade  
Maybe "maybe" is all I'm going on  
I don't reckon so  
I see the match in musings holding sway

Gonna have to uncinch,  
Unsaddle, unbridle right now  
Let it ride out the gate  
Outa sight up until  
Enough space, the right place  
Take a taste and then somehow  
Now we find out how to shine out  
It will be thrillin', I'm sayin'

Yes, Ms...guess I still I like you a little bit  
But not like apple pie  
This scent ain't prone to fade  
Maybe "maybe" is all I'm going on  
I don't reckon so  
I see the match in musings holding sway

# Too

(B. Mosley)

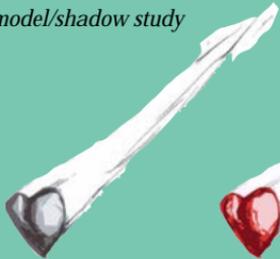
You must learn one thing  
You must learn one thing  
This world was made to be free in  
Give up all the other worlds  
Except the one to which you belong  
Give up all the other worlds  
All the other worlds  
Except the one to which you belong  
Sometimes  
Sometimes  
It takes darkness and the sweet confinement  
Of your aloneness  
To learn that anyone or anything  
That does not bring you alive  
Is too small for you  
That anyone or anything  
That does not bring you alive  
Is too small for you

I'm not trying to be different  
Am I different to be trying?  
Somewhere I swear  
A Bodhisattva's chuggin'  
On a beer alone and cryin'  
He'd be reeling from the feeling  
Of the fearing and praying  
On our own kind  
A witness weeping still and silent  
While his dream abides the time

# (HE)ARTWORK EVOLUTION



*clay model/shadow study*



*sketch & scan*



*final with/hand-drawn tail*

# Leavin' Here (B. Mosley)

Living in the city, no tree no sky  
Oh my word ain't heard  
No crickets in the a long while  
The concrete island and the plastic style  
Hey, there's another pair of  
Over-loved and under-pitied hipsters  
I believe that's Miss and Mister Shitty Disposition  
I'd be wishing they believed in anything at all

Leavin' here to be gone away  
Far away is too near  
Yesterday ain't soon enough  
Breathin' easy in the free clean breeze  
Land sakes, the cloth that I am cut from

Young, dumb, hip middle-class  
White people by the buttoad  
Yuppies piled in faster than the Towers imploded  
Now it's all been polished up  
And dolled up and sold  
For the zombie fops to shop in  
Who can't afford hello no more...no howdy-do  
Their so faux cool, they rule  
Up in the greatest town on earth  
Where I found there's a dirth of anything  
Vaguely resembling greatness, considering  
Greatness is a mountain  
Greatness is a sea, The Unstruck Sound, The One  
Man, greatness can't be  
Pounded out of the pavement  
Greatness ain't made, it ain't even found  
It finds you and shines through

Leavin' here to be gone away  
Far away is too near  
Yesterday ain't soon enough  
Breathin' easy in the free clean breeze  
Land sakes, the cloth that I am cut from

Ya'll can get on after it,  
I give you my blessing  
I'm guessing that I can't be stressing  
Over this hear mess no more  
Gonna stoke my sould in the moonlight  
Gonna practice what I preach  
The sun and cactus gonna teach me  
And I remember who I am

Leavin' here to be gone away  
Far away is too near  
Yesterday ain't soon enough  
Breathin' easy in the free clean breeze  
Land sakes, the cloth that I am cut from

# Water Girl

(B. Mosley)

I can't say that I don't want it  
Then damned if we ain't naked on the floor  
Rollin' around with your teeth in my shoulder  
I hold her down she'll bring it more

I cried that I wanted this for so long  
I fire so I'm to get stirred and I'll storm  
I'm a liar to say that  
I could just swim the shore  
I'm going under, please  
Hold me up and carry me forth

You know things but you don't show it  
Shows me that other woman don't know  
Shit from shinola  
Fandango on the waer  
Swayin', and you're saying to me,  
"Stay in my legs"

I cried that I wanted this for so long  
I fire so I'm to get stirred and I'll storm  
I'm a liar to say that  
I could just swim the shore  
I'm going under, please  
Hold me up and carry me

Home hungry  
Wantin' for the unreal honey  
In your long, strong tender legs  
In a sense it's innocence  
I'm only betraying a lonely train wreck

Seein' you walk I feel the ground singin'  
A star be steppin' on the stones  
Reach inside and touch you deep  
So sweet to me, I'm reelin'  
Who says that I'm not home

I cried that I wanted this for so long  
I fire so I'm to get stirred and I'll storm  
I'm a liar to say that  
I could just swim the shore  
I'm going under, please  
Hold me up and carry me forth

Hey, Water Girl you curve my world  
You swirl my thirsty desert soul  
It's time I told you  
You're the only one to ever  
Cross the border and leave me whole

I cried that I wanted this for so long  
I fire so I'm to get stirred and I'll storm  
I'm a liar to say that  
I could just swim the shore  
I'm going under, please  
Hold me up and carry me forth

## Run It Again (B. Mosley)

It ain't at all about who's gonna run the world  
Choose the fear, you lose the love  
So get to divining the demons  
Who do the pushing and shoving  
Drillin' spillin' holes to melt the poles  
We're gonna shit and fall in it 'fore we know it  
Where is there? We're on a sphere.  
Every time is now and everywhere is here

Haul in the women and the men  
Huddle up god a'mighty let's run it again  
Or just leave it to the trees and seas to sort it out  
We are the takers and the keepers  
Given to deceiving our own blood and light  
Spiteful tumbling like a pair of dice

What with what is happening  
What will come around?  
We gonna wake up and wonder  
Or keep sleeping unsafe and unsound  
Can't withstand the mystery  
If'n the question outruns the answer  
Seen a wrinkle on the planet  
Pumping surf into the jungle, winning hands down

Haul in the women and the men  
Huddle up god a'mighty let's run it again  
Or just leave it to the trees and seas to sort it out  
We are the takers and the keepers  
Given to deceiving our own blood and light  
Spiteful tumbling like a pair of dice

Smitty said, "Hit 'em right square  
in the Adam's Apple."  
And, "Kick their butts 'til their  
noses bleed buttermilk."  
What are we learning?  
Smitty hauled off and backed a  
tractor over his own heart  
Under the ground the wheels are turning

'Cause there ain't never been  
a winnin' warrior  
Nunca nada but losing about it  
But get a woman to feelin' the power  
And get a man to feelin' the love  
Ya turn loose of the rope and it's actually  
Quite a bit sweeter without it  
Fall in the puddle in the middle together  
With one more tug

Haul in...

# Barnfire (B. Mosley)

I'm gonna jump on the raw side  
Gonna break my clock I swan  
I'm on fire in a rain storm  
Chokin' while I'm shinin'  
The way I fly by  
Figured the same gone time  
On my way in the window  
Got a handjob and a stop sign

Get away from that slobbering father  
And farm out all those listen to me's  
Set my blood on fire and burn the barn down  
Turn the whole thing lose  
I'm gonna get it all but said  
And if the words are gonna fail me  
I'll just sail along this lonesome road alone  
Either way gonna be really fine really soon  
Since the barn burned down  
Now I can see the moon

Get away...

Before my big alone time  
I seen a way for it to come to something  
My own picture show  
Worried waste afraid to thump on it  
Begin to sop up the real-born  
Chalk up and spot your cue  
Get on top and make room  
For the shot that we know we're due

She's up in the air where I found her  
Crying for trying  
Firing right into the ground  
Hanging off the time  
I'm not about a piece of pie  
See how shy I get  
Bust open my bubble just to hear it  
Suppose there's no telling yet

ALPINE, TX

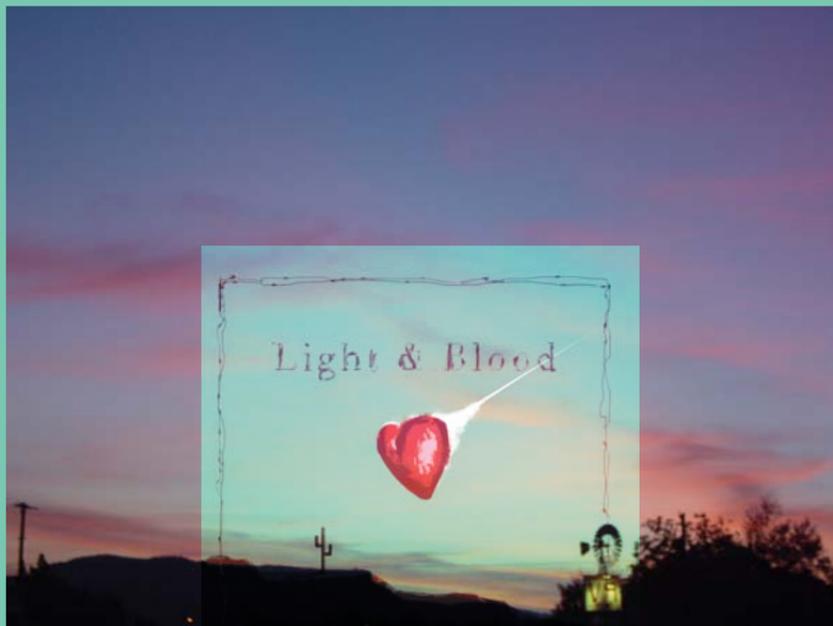


photo: Bret

## Deliver Me (B. Mosley)

Deliver me now to my grown reasons  
Let me dissolve to light and blood  
Patience, I dare not crucify the our  
Yield up time gonna sing down the road

Pay off the child's mind behind us  
On the way home to hope and grace  
Everything never been said getting tied up in sorrow  
Walking on the bones of worry and shame

Lacking the fruit of thy womb I come to stillness  
And you try to run from the wind  
My sould lights the day come calling  
Hollering, "Bring me home again"

Fallen and burned I come to my calling  
A penniless clown where the road don't go on  
Upon my bones I say no more women  
'Til there's one that don't me to need  
Nothing of my own

## Step Up (B. Mosley)

I ain't pourin' my heart in no hole in your soul if you spit it out. Kinda gotta get a little further back 'cause I'm steppin' up wide feelin' no fear 'cause I'm here like I'd rather get busted up tryin' to live before I die. Can't leave anywhere 'til I go there I swear. Found out it's about gettin' rid 'a your silly little fears. Step up and come right here. Step up so what you're scared. Step up and share your tears. Step up I know you hear me. Womens can you hear me? Long as you live in fear, stiff and scared you're gonna fuck up every man's life who comes near. Even a man who could stand up and see and believe in the need to feel you. You give life just by smiling and kill it and defile it by closing your heart. Can I get an A(men)? Can't be gettin' the ducks beak to butt 'til Woman learns to let the man love 'em up close enough to heaven in a rocket sled I said, girl. Bring your sins. Just bring 'em on in here. I'm not the promised land, just a man. But I fit in your hand - letcha hold me if you think you can afford to feel a lotta Right Now. 'Cause that's how I bring it. A smart piece of meat, and candid treat. Don't wanna forget it. Step up... You wanna be known don'tcha? Won'tcha own it? You're only gonna live so long so hold control or shine out. Either or. What's it gonna be? 'Cause I believe I'll dive in your eyes and start up a fire. Take you ridin' higher than you thought you could ever go. Feel your soul moanin'. Seein' you be here like you mean it. Lover, just gotta uncover the things that fly inside you. My, my. Don't blame a man if you can't stand still for the feelin' that you're real. And you're thrillin' me. Open your eyes when you cry out. It's about Now and Time's a big fat lie. I could pin you down but I found we got a better chance of headin' home if you stand on your own two feet and jump when I do. Up in sky where the why and the who groove. Move your soul. There's a whole mundo we don't know 'til we go and we go there together. 'Cause we can't begin to dig within beyond without each other. Too big for one to know or go alone about unloved. Same kind of thing as when the Rain and Sun give up the colors. Step Up...

## Supermartyr (Willi Jones, Jonathan Spottiswoode and Trevor Exter)

As soon as you arrive you're planning your getaway  
As soon as you arrive you're planning your getaway  
You're hobbling on your favorite ball and chain

Virtue is just repression waiting to go bad  
I said virtue is just repression waiting to go bad  
So you say you're just a warm-blooded lad

Oh you bore me so, go rip that M off your chest  
And wave goodbye to the sorrows  
For you are destined to be a lover in this life

The Lord he gave you two feet for walkin'  
The Lord he gave you two feet for walkin'  
He showed you how but you were busy talkin'

Oh you bore me so, go rip that M off your chest  
And wave goodbye to the sorrows  
For you are destined to be a lover in this life  
You bore me so, go rip that M off your chest  
And wave goodbye to the sorrows  
For you are destined to be a lover, destined to be a lover  
Destined to be a lover in this life

## Climbing The Floor (B. Mosley)

Born to hopeful children, a worried little man.  
The Trail of Tears and Viet Nam and goddamned Ayn Rand.  
So often overwrought, lost off in thought by the time that I turned nine.  
Bet a dollar to a donut, I would never be fine and now I'm

Climbing the floor and gettin' over it.  
And gettin' on down.  
After all, I'll be standing tall or fallin' down or crawlin.  
It's all on the ground.

I been knocked down and I been left alone.  
I been caste out, I been sung about, and I been loved up on.  
And I been rollin' in the dough for no more than sittin' on my butt.  
Now I could no more pay back what I owe than I don't know what, and I am

Climbing the floor...

Had a lot and lost it.  
A lot of what I don't know.  
Bet I do know that I been sittin' pretty and you know  
I been lying lo(w) and behold it all together come apart  
Found it hard to get ahead.  
Got a heart instead and started

Climbing the floor...

## Amazing Grace (John Newton/traditional)

Amazing Grace how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me  
I once was lost but now I'm found  
I was blind but now I see

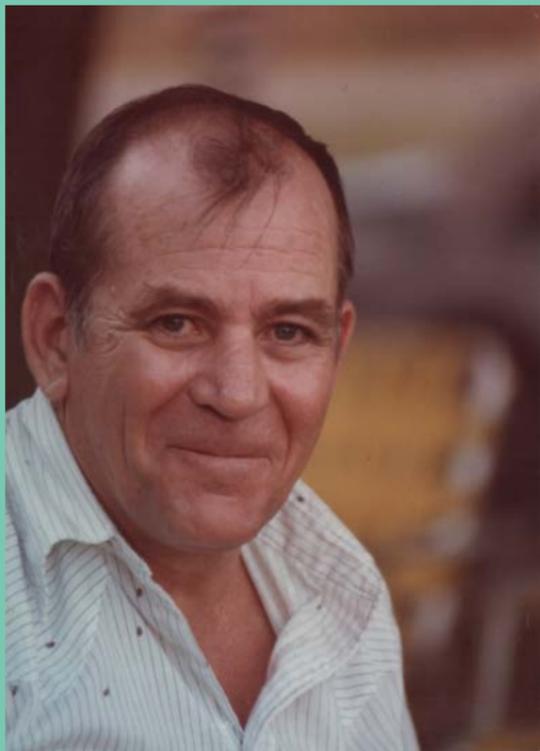
And it was Grace that taught my heart to fear  
And Grace my fears released  
How precious then, that Grace appeared  
In the hour that I first believed

Through many dangers, toils and snares  
We have already come  
And it was Grace that brought us safe thusfar  
And 'ol Grace is gonna lead us home

The Lord has promised good to me  
His word my hope secures  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as my ol' life endures

And when this heart and flesh shall fail  
And mortal life shall cease  
I shall enjoy within the veil  
A life of joy and peace

When we've been here 10,000 years  
Bright shining as the Sun  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun



*"If you live life with a safety net, you're gonna need it."*

—Burt Mosley (1935 - 2006)

Well and Good  
Preachin' Blues  
Raindrop  
Too  
Leavin' Here  
Water Girl  
Run It Again  
Barnfire  
Deliver Me  
Step Up  
Supermartyr  
Climbing The Floor  
Amazing Grace

WMW 002



Recorded on 3/21/07 & 3/22/07  
at Flymax Studio/Woodstock, NY  
by Pete Caigan

Mixed by Roman Klun  
Mastered by Fred Kevorkian

Bret Mosley - vocals/dobro/stompboard

guests:

Jason Novak - harmonica (2, 3 & 5)  
Chris Zaloom - pedal steel (5, 8 & 10)  
lead guitar (7)  
John Luther - bass (10)

All songs by Bret Mosley except:  
Preachin' Blues by Son House (Bug Music)  
Supermartyr by Trevor Exter (BMI)  
Amazing Grace by John Newton/traditional

Produced by  
Bret Mosley and Chase Pierson  
Artwork and layout by Bret

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[www.bretmosley.com](http://www.bretmosley.com)

*In loving memory of Burt Mosley (1935 - 2006)*

*Thank you...  
Mom, Bart, Shelley, Lisa  
Dennis, Stevie, Nick, Robert  
Trevor, Seth, Reese, Mat, Julia  
...August*

**WMW**  
WOODSTOCK MUSIC WORLD