

LIVE FROM THE TOOTH

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THE TOOTH



PHILSONGS II

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The song lyrics on this page are from the first CD issued at Philmont,
and sold by the “Tooth of Time Traders”, or the Philmont Staff Association.

The lyrics are: “As-sung on the CD’s”.

Send lyrics corrections, additions, or comments to:
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Recorded “Live from the Tooth”

(Well, actually at Rocky Mountain Scout Camp under the Tooth) during the 2001 PSA Reunion. Featuring Greg “Doc” Walker, Rod Taylor, Eric Voss, Todd Conklin and Warren Smith. Collectively, this eclectic group of musicians is referred to as the “Philmont Legends”.

Showcasing an authentic Philmont campfire with a mix of traditional and more “modern” campfire songs, this CD is sure to delight and please. Regardless of when you were last in New Mexico, the years will slip away and you will be magically transported back to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

Cover art by Dawn Chandler (all rights reserved).
Recording and engineering by Chris “Jag” McLaughlin.

I believe I now have most of the song lyrics correct, however I still must put in most of the commentary.

LIVE FROM THE TOOTH - PHILSONGS II

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IWGBTP! I Wana Go Back To PHILMONT! IWGBTP!

(1) Introduction *Todd Conklin, et al*

(2) Momma Don't 'Low (Allow)

Gene Autry and Smiley Burnett

Mama don't 'low no harp playing 'round here
Mama don't 'low no harp playing 'round here
I don't care what Mama don't 'low
Gonna play my harp anyhow
Mama don't 'low no harp playing 'round here

...loud singin'foot stomping... ...bun squeezin' ...
...guitar playin'harp playing... ...loud singin' ...

(3) West Texas Cowboy (ME and MY UNCLE)

John Phillips

Em
Me and my Uncle went ridin' down
G Em
From Colorado, West Texas bound,

We stopped off, in Santa Fe,
G Am
It bein' part, just about half way
C D Em
And besides it was the hottest part of the day.

We led our ponies into a stall,
Went to the bar boys, bought drinks for all,
Ten days in saddle, no body hurt,
It bein' summertime, took off my shirt,
And I tried to wash off some of that dust and dirt.

West Texas cowboys, all over town,
With gold and silver, they's loaded down,
Just in from roundup, don't seem a shame,
And so my Uncle starts a friendly game
High-Low Jacks and the winner takes the game.

Right from the first boy, Uncle start to win,
West Texas cowboys, they's mad as sin,
Some say he's cheatin', aw but that can't be,
Cause my Uncle, 'bout as honest as me.
I was honest as a Cimarron boy can be.

One of them cowboys, he starts to draw,
I grabbed a bottle, cracked him on the jaw,
I shot another, he won't grow old,
In the confusion, Uncle grabbed that gold,
And we high-tail it down to Mexico.

Well God bless cowboys, God bless gold,
God bless my Uncle, God rest his soul,
He taught me well boys, taught me all I know,
Taught me so well boys, that I grabbed that gold,
And I left my Uncle lying dead by the side of the road.

(4) Apples and Bananas

Frank Scott

I have been asked to do kind of a special number; it's emotional and meaningful and certainly always... tears me up. I hope you find it as emotionally tasking as we do. This is a song for the little ones in the group, but the big ones can enjoy it as well. It's a song called Apples and Bananas. Have any of you been to the Apples and Banana experience before? OK well, join right in will ya', try to get it loud. This is definitely a sing-along and there is no excuses, and I know where you are, who you are, and where you are sitting.

It goes like this:

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas (2x)

Got it? Lets try it together it's not that hard, I think we can make it. Ready?

Oh, I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas

Got it? Pretty meaningful isn't it, kind of emotional. We can take this great song even better if we use the vowels, how many of you remember what the vowels are? Listen up for me, ready? A-E-I-O-U... and some times Y, just in case you remembered. Can any of you do the Pirate Vowels? (gruffly) A-E-I-O-U, just mixing it up a little. (My vowels would be E! IOU, A?) Now what happens when the vowels say there long sound*****

I like to ate ate ate, I like to ate ate ate ay-pples and banay-nays (2x)

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat ee-pples and banee-nee-s (2x)

I like to ite ite ite, I like to ite ite ite i-pples and bani-ni-s (2x)

I like to oat oat oat, I like to oat oat oat o-pples and bano-no-s (2x)

I like to oot oot oot, I like to oot oot oot oo-pples and banoo-noo-s (2x)

I like to eat eat eat, I like to eat eat eat apples and bananas (2x)

(5) Colfax County Dream

Stephen Lewis & Richard Broyles

Well, the flies are buzzin' around the 'simmon tree
Dog sleeps by the door
Me, I'm sittin' on a Texas front porch
Wishin' I was gone
Well sink's clogged and the rent is due
Roses give up and die
Well you see babe, there ain't no place in Lubbock, a mountain boy can hide

*** CHORUS ***

And I miss you Rocky Mountains in the early days of spring
Summers sear and the Texas heat is killin' everything
In my mind, I see the aspen... and the clear blue tumblin' stream
Just a lonesome Texas boy with a Rocky Mountain dream

Well they say it's nice to live here
Good ol' boys this is where they're at
Land is good for cotton and the cows grow sleek and fat
Maybe if I'd never climbed a mountain three miles tall
And kissed the sky good mornin', I might not mind it here at all

*** CHORUS ***

Just a lonesome Lubbock Texas picker, with a Colfax County dream
Just a lonesome Texas boy with a Rocky Mountain dream

Lyrics help by
Rex K. Loftin
Philmont Staff Assn.
Staff—75, 76, 77

(6) Got My Mojo Working

Preston Foster

Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you
Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you
I want to love you so bad, 'til I don't know what to do

Got a gypsy woman, boy giving me advice
I got a gypsy woman now, giving me advice
I got a whole bag of tricks; I keep right here on ice

* CHORUS *

Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, Got my mojo working,
Got my mojo working, but it just don't work on you

I'm going down to Louisiana, get me a mojo and...
I'm going down to Louisiana, to get me a mojo and...
I'm gonna have all you people bankin' on my demand

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

Origins:

The song was originally recorded by Ann Cole in the 1957. She learned it from a demo record by the composer, Preston Foster. Muddy Waters toured with her and liked the song; he added some lyrics of his own and recorded it himself - at first claiming authorship as well.

(7) WINTER OF '29

Stephen Lewis

"Winter of '29" was written in 1973 by Steve Lewis, who was then a Staff Member at Cipher's Mine. It's become a traditional song at Clear Creek.

G

'Twas the winter of '29

Me and Jake we was a-riding the line,

C G

I'll tell you boys it was cold now.

Came across a bit of frost,

Nearly lost my beaver and hoss

F C G

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

G

Well, I wish I coulda' got a whole pocketful of Texas sun.

G

Looked around for a restin' spot,

Fingers so cold you couldn't tie a knot.

C G

Settled down for a long cold restless snooze, boys.

Came the time that the white moon rose,

Heard a sound, it nearly froze my toes

F C G

A big ole brown bear, a grizzly bear, Ole Griz!

D

So I jumped out there in the knee-deep snow,

C G

And I swung my rifle 'round.

D

Caught him in the chin just below the nose,

C D

Went a-bellowin' like a hound, ya.

G

Jake woke up from the noise outside,

Said he'd never had a better sleep in his life,

C G

Put on a pot of that coffee boiled black as night, boys.

Packed up the mules like we always do,

And headed on down to the rendezvous,

F C G

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

F C G

Well, I wish I coulda' got a whole pocketful of Texas sun.

And it was fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

It seem like friends are always talkin' 'bout the Texas sun.

A fine time dreamin' of the Texas sun.

Me, ya' know I'm always dreamin' of the Clear Creek sun.

(8) Milk Cow Blues

Kokomo Arnold

Well, I woke up this morning
Looked out my door
I could tell it was my milk cow
Could tell the way she lowed

If you've seen my milk cow
Please drive her on home
'Cause I ain't had no milk an' butter
Since that good cow's been gone

Well, you gotta' treat me right, day by day
Get out your little prayer book, get down on your knees and pray
'Cause you gonna need my lovin', need it someday
Ya' and you'll be sorry for treating me this way

Sail on, sail on, sail on little girl sail on, sail on,
I sail on, sail on little girl sail on,
Your keep right on sailin' till you lose your happy home

Well good evening; don't that sun look good going down?
I said, well good evening, don't that sun look good going down?
Don't your baby look so lonesome, when your Philmont lover ain't around?

Well, I tried everything baby to get along with you
Now I'm gonna tell you what I'm going do
I'm gonna stop all my grieving, honey, leave you alone
If you don't think I'm leaving big mamma, just count the days I'm gone

'Cause you ain't gonna see, ain't gonna' see my sweet face no more
Ya', you'll just be wondering where in the world I've gone

Well, I woke up this morning
Looked out my door
Well I could tell it was my milk cow
Could tell the way she lowed

If you've seen Crooked Creeks' milk
Please drive her on home
'Cause I ain't had no milk an' butter
Since that good cow's been gone

No, I ain't had no milk an' butter (2x)
Since that good cow's been gone

(Somehow I don't think that song is about a milk cow)

Roots of this song:

Originally recorded as Milk Cow Blues Boogie in the 1930s by Kokomo Arnold, and adapted by Robert Johnson as Milk Cow Calf's Blues. Elvis's version was recorded as a single in January 1955 as part of The Sun Sessions. It has also been recorded by Bob Wills, Eddie Cochran, numerous others, as well as our very own Rod Taylor

(9) 10/27/79 (RUNNIN' With The WIND) Greg (Doc) Walker

“Doc” Walker was attending Medical School in Boston in October of ‘79, when he wrote Runnin’ With the Wind. It’s about a reunion with Staff Members Jason Mascitti and Ken Block.

Chording arrangement for this one goes to Mark Wray (ASM-167, Arlington, VA) and Dr. Bob Klein (SM-111, Arlington, VA).

G Em C G
Sittin’ in old Boston town, lookin’ at the city lights
G Em C D
Rememberin’ those days gone by, those Rocky Mountain nights
C D G ** Em
And I think of two young Philly boys, two aspens in the wind
C D C D G
We walk along those trails again, those Colfax County friends

* CHORUS *

G C D G C D G
You gotta run with the wind, Follow tumblin’ streams,
C D G Em C D G
Soar above the hills of green, and live your mountain dreams

G Em C G
Tell about the city life, sittin’ around a campfire’s glow
G Em C D
One sings forgotten miners’ songs, the others listen low
C D G ** Em
And a quiet magic fills the air, as the embers fade away
C D C D G
And now there’s three young cowboys, sharin’ memories of today

* CHORUS *

G Em C G
Friends are joined from all about, from all across this land
G Em C D
A common memory binds us all, a place that’s truly grand
C D G ** Em
And this moment always lives with us, as a smile begins to form
C D C D G
On each young weary traveler’s face, and the hearts begin to warm

* CHORUS *

G Em C G
So sing a song for special friends, and shed a tear for old
G Em C D
For here stand those two aspen trees, their leaves have turned to gold
C D G ** Em
And as for me, I’m just an Ozark boy, with a memory in my mind
C D C D G
Of this summer’s night we all once shared, in a place that’s lost in time

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

Ends with G G G* G*

** Standard “step” from G to Em (1st string/3rd fret and 6th string/2nd fret)

C ** Am D G
And we drove through the night - we were on the edge of Texas
C ** Am D
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus
G C ** Am
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us
D C D G
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

[Harmonica Break]

C ** Am D G
And we drove through the night - right on the edge of Texas
C ** Am D
Where chili enchiladas come with nopalito cactus
G C ** Am
And that west Texas wind - keeps blowin' to remind us
D C D G
That comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

C ** Am [2] C D G
Yes, a-comin' or a-goin' - it knows right where you are.

** Standard "step" from C to Am (2nd string/1st fret and 5th string/2nd fret)

[1] "bubbles" Peter & Rod are referring to the "Snow Globes"

[2] This can be played as a straight D (like in the rest of the song), but Rod seems to be playing the << C ** Am >> sequence as a lead-in to the finale.

(12) GEORGETOWN

Gerry Spehar

C Am
Sitting on a white stone bridge
F G C
'bout a mile from Georgetown, Colorado.
C Am F
Looking at a mountain meadow that's
G C
changing, golden brown to shadow.
F C
Hundred yards behind my back is a bar
G Am
I'd like to go and drown my sorrow
F C
Carry my mind to an easier time,
G Am - F - G
Far side of tomorrow.

* CHORUS *

GFC F G C
And the river, she flows on around the bend.
Am F G
On down to Denver, where she meets a friend,
F G C
Then they sail together 'til they reach the sea.
Am F G C
Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

Now I heard there's a man a ways up the road
Knows just how to sing and play the guitar.
Sittin' on the edge of fame and fortune,
Could have made himself a very big star.
Ridding 'round cities in a big Cadillac
Showing all the ladies a smile.
But he took all the money and he gave it right back
Kept his happy heart awhile.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.
Wish I was the river, Lord, and the river was me.

(13) PARADISE

John Prine

* note -- another way to play this tune is to use the "A" chord in instead of A7.

Like always, play it how you want.

D G D
When I was a child, my family would travel
 A7 D
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were born.
 G D
There's a backwoods old town that's often remembered
 A7 D
So many times that memories are worn.

* CHORUS *

D G D
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muehlenberg County,
 A7 D
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay.
 G D
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
 A7 D
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

Well sometimes we'd travel right down the Green River.
To an abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes, and we'd shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles is all we would kill.

* CHORUS *

Well the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land.
And they dug for their coal 'til the land was forsaken,
And they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

* CHORUS *

When I die let my ashes float down the Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester Dam.
I'll be half way to heaven with Paradise waiting
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

* CHORUS *

* CHORUS *

"Airdrie" is the proper spelling of the word, and pronounced:
"a (long a) dre (long e)", after sending out several queries,
to people in Muehlenberg County

(14) Smokestack Lightning

Chester Burnett (Howlin' Wolf)

(I believe the above information from the CD is incorrect)

(14) Mystery Train

Lyrics & Music:

Herman Parker & Sam Phillips

Train I ride, sixteen coaches long
Train I ride, sixteen coaches long
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home
Train, train rollin' round the bend
Train, train rollin' round the bend
Well that big bad train won't be comin' again

Well train, sixteen coaches long
Mystery train, sixteen coaches long
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home
One more time
Well it took my baby and it won't be comin' home

(15) Night Rider's Lament

Michael Burton

(Key of C)

C F C

While I was out a-ridin'

C G

The graveyard shift, midnight 'til dawn

F C Am

The moon was as bright as a readin' light

G C

For a letter from an old friend back home.

* CHORUS * variation # 1

C F G C

He asked me, "Why do you ride for your money,

F G C

Why do you rope for short pay?"

C F G G Fdim-Dm

"Ain't getting nowhere and you're losing your share.

G G7 C

Aw, you must have gone crazy out there."

Last night I ran onto Jenny
She's married and has a good life
Sure missed the track
When you never came back
She's a perfect professional's wife.

* CHORUS * variation # 2
She asked me, "Why does ride for his money,
Tell me why does he rope for short pay?"
"He ain't getting nowhere and he's losing his share.
Aw, he must have gone crazy out there."

But they've never seen the Northern Lights
Never seen a hawk on the wing
Never seen spring hit the Great Divide
No, they've never heard old Rod Taylor sing.

Well, I read up the last of my letter
Tore off the stamp for "Black Jim"
And Bill Doerr rode up to relieve me
He just looked at my letter and grinned.

William Doerr was on the 1976 Staff

* CHORUS * variation # 3
He asked me, "Why do you ride for your money,
Why do you rope for short pay?"
"Ain't getting' nowhere and you're losing your share.
Aw, they must have gone crazy out there."

But they've never seen the Northern Lights
Never seen a hawk on the wing
Never seen spring hit the Great Divide
And they've never heard old Doc Walker sing.

But we all have seen the Northern Lights
We've all seen a hawk on the wing
We've all seen spring hit the Great Divide
And we've all heard ol' Todd Conklin sing.

And we've all heard ol' Todd Conklin *moo!*

(16) TAKE ME HOME COUNTRY ROADS

**John Denver, Bill Danoff
& Tiffany Nivea Danoff**

Almost heaven West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, blowin' like a breeze

Country roads take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
Take me home country roads

All my memories gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrops in my eyes

Country roads take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
Take me home country roads

I hear a voice in the morning how she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road I get the feelin'
That I should been home yesterday, yesterday

Country roads take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
Take me home country roads

Country roads take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
Take me home country roads
Take me home country roads
Take me home now, country roads

(17) PHILMONT HYMN

Introduction

Todd Conklin Greg Walker

(18) PHILMONT HYMN

John (J.B.) Westfall

D G D D G D
Silver on the sage, starlit skies above

A D G D
Aspen covered hills, country that I love

D G D D G D
Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

A D - G - D
Out in God's country, tonight.

Bm G D
Wind in whispering pines, eagle soaring high

A D G D
Purple mountains rise, against an azure sky

D G D D G D
Philmont here's to thee, Scouting paradise

A D - G - D
Out in God's country, tonight.

**May God Bless Waite Phillips
He certainly has Blessed us...**

For GOD and Country and the BSA... David

IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP! 87714 IWGBTP!