WE WANT ALL THE -SAME THINGS

ERIN PROPP & LARRY ROY

1. EACH HIDDEN JOY

Lyrics Inspired by Pablo Neruda's poem, "The Invisible Man", as translated by Margaret Sayers Peden

Give me all the joys, each hidden joy Your secret doors, your happy noise For if not told, how will we know?

Give me every hope, I will transform
As your love becomes mine
And all you know will live in me
Don't pass me by

For I am seed carried on your breeze, carried on your breeze

Let not these scatter like the leaves, scatter like the leaves

LARRY ROY: guitars
ERIN PROPP: vocals

JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass

LARNELL LEWIS: drums
WILL BONNESS: piano

ROGERIO BOCCATO: percussion

2. HELLO MORNING

Hello morning, how do you do?
Please give me another minute or two.
The dream I had is still coming through and I could use some time to get it out of my mind.

- I'll change the sheets and open up the doors, breathe the air we left from the night before. I think I'll tell you now: I can't give anymore and I could use some space to confess my mistakes.
- Oh, for once to be ready, knowing the rules before I break them!
 Oh, to be set free from the in-between,
 to wake up wiser and on the other side of things!
 I used to know the words that could change your heart.
 Now I talk to an empty room while sunlight fills it

LARRY ROY: guitar & dobro

ERIN PROPP: vocals

JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass

LARNELL LEWIS: drums
WILL BONNESS: piano

SHANNON KRISTJANSON: flute, alto flute

KEN GOLD: alto sax, tenor sax, clarinet, bass clarinet

JIMMY GREENE: soprano sax

3. WE WANT ALL THE SAME THINGS

We traced the stars 'til dawn
truth-or-daring away our heart and our pride
down monkey trails and merry-go-rounds
past the old folks' home and the magasin général
and chased each other through cedar trees
and made make-believe and shared dreams and enemies
and tested our wits by the fire at night
and around boys we liked
and made a backyard paradise.

So why can't you follow my dreams and make me the one who makes you believe in love?

I think we want all the same things; if you would open your eyes and remember when...

You opened your mouth to share the secrets of you there was a time when I was the only one in the room.
And yes, we fought, but we forced ourselves to be kind,
just two silly girls learning how to be human over time.
And now, two empty chairs on a porch in spring
remind me of the days when we had everything.
And now, I see a rose-coloured hope in these things,
though the soft blooms of youth have long withered and changed.

Now the cedar trees have grown in at the knees and beg me to see that it's not meant to be - you and me on a porch in spring.

LARRY ROY: guitar
ERIN PROPP: vocals
MIKE DOWNES: acoustic bass
LARNELL LEWIS: drums
STEVE WILSON: alto sax

4. FARTHER ON

I drive all the way to Shoal
Leave a trail of coloured stones
Pass old Husky, their tobacco is sweet but thick as skin
Covers me from within

I'm a cloud of smoke by the shore
Where grasses sing through peace and war
When I leave, I slam the door
Pass the cowboy at the gate
He's watching me run away

Maybe farther on, every stone Lthrow will be an altar we build on Maybe farther on, I'll turn around to find something, something to build on

Don't call home; let him lie in wait
Won't give in or take the bait
If love's a freedom, why do we stay?
After all these years
Feels like freedom disappears

Pass the cowboy at the gate
Soft, the open door awaits
May we sing through peace and war
If there's room for our mistakes
Forgiveness leaves no price to pay

LARRY ROY: guitars

ERIN PROPP: vocals

JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass

LARNELL LEWIS: drums

WILL BONNESS: piano

JOEY LANDRETH: slide guitar

5. RECOMEÇAR

Music by Humberto Piccoli Lyrics by Erin Propp

He said, "what you say is what I will say, and this is how we shall begin"
He said, "what you love is what I will love, and this is why we'll never end"
So mean what you say and love who you love.
And I will know when you step on my shores.
This will be your land, here's an open door.
So go where you go, 'cause we are your home.
We'll always sing the songs you know.

LARRY ROY: guitar
ERIN PROPP: vocals
MIKE DOWNES: acoustic bass
LARNELL LEWIS: drums
WILL BONNESS: Rhodes
ROGERIO BOCCATO: percussion

6. THE LIGHT

Like a saint I raise my hands: a witness in a foreign land.

I will be the one blinded by the rising sun.

If you can change your mind, you'll change your heart, so I offer up my darkest parts, 'cause you don't know how dark you've been 'til you let the light creep in.

He said, "Who do you come from? Where do you belong?

I don't remember you without your greys and your blues."

I said, "Things change! You won't find me sitting in the back row watching time go."

'Cause you don't know how dark you've been 'til you let the light creep in.

It's my Damascus road; it's everything I've known.

You won't remember me when the light comes in.

LARRY ROY: guitar & dobro

ERIN PROPP: vocals

JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass

LARNELL LEWIS: drums
WILL BONNESS: Wurlitzer

7. GIVE ME MORE

Give me more, for that is what I want - More to be, more to breathe.

Ever felt the need for air? Like there has to be more someplace, somewhere. Maybe in another house, or another town, or another year? Give me more of anything you've got, more than what I find right here in the house I meant to build with rooms I hoped to fill.

Love me more; I think it's what I want. Come fill my cup.

I'm full of love and full of fear - the oil and water of our years.
I look to where I've been but I don't know where I went.

Come on over and live a little come on over and give Come on over and give a little come on over and live

Show me more of everything I'm not, everything I could be.
Lover, Fighter, dancing in the ring. New words, new songs to sing.

That's fire, that's fire in his eyes; he's on fire from the inside.

Living in freedom, there's nothing he can't take,

with too big a heart for you to break.

There's hope in his blue eyes and the faith that we live by...

LARRY ROY: guitars
ERIN PROPP: vocals

JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass

LARNELL LEWIS: drums
WILL BONNESS: Wurlitzer

8. SO FAR AWAY

Written by Carole King COLGEMS-EMI Music Inc.

So far away, doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore
It would be so fine to see your face at my door
But it doesn't help to know that you're just time away
Long ago I reached for you and there you stood
Holding you again would only do me good
Oh, how I wish I could
But you're so far away

One more song about moving along the highway Can't say much of anything that's new If I could only work this life out my way I'd rather spend it being close to you

Traveling around sure gets me down and lonely.

Nothing else to do but close my mind

I sure hope the road don't come to own me

There are so many dreams I've yet to find

ERIN PROPP: vocals

JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass
LARNELL LEWIS: drums

WILL BONNESS: Rhodes

JIMMY GREENE: soprano sax

9. TELL HIM

Written by Lauryn Hill Obverse Creation Musicc Inc.

Let me be patient, let me be kind

Make me unselfish without being blind

Though I may suffer, I'll envy it not

But endure what comes, 'cause he's all that I got

Tell him, tell him I need him, tell him I love him

And it'll be alright

Now I may have faith to make mountains fall
But if I lack love, then I am nothing at all
I could give away everything that I possess
But if I lack love, then I have no happiness
Now I know that I'm imperfect and that I'm not without sin
But now that I'm older, all childish things end

Now I won't be jealous and I won't be too proud
See love is not boastful and love is not loud
Tell him I need him, tell him I love him
And everything's gonna be alright

Now I may have wisdom and knowledge on earth
But if I speak wrong, what is it worth?
See, what we now know is nothing compared
To the love that was shown when our lives were spared

LARRY ROY: guitars
ERIN PROPP: vocals
JULIAN BRADFORD: acoustic bass
LARNELL LEWIS: drums

10. THE NEARNESS OF YOU

Written by Hoagy Carmichael and Ned Washington
Sony ATV Harmony

It's not the pale moon that excites me
That thrills or delights me
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you
It's not your sweet conversation that brings this sensation
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you

When you're in my arms and I feel you so close to me
All my wildest dreams come true
I need no soft lights to enchant me
If you would only grant me the right to hold you ever so tight
And to feel in the night
Just the nearness of you

LARRY ROY: guitars
ERIN PROPP: vocals
MIKE DOWNES: acoustic bass
LARNELL LEWIS: drums
WILL BONNESS: piano

SHANNON KRISTJANSON: flute, alto flute KEN GOLD: alto sax, tenor sax

JOEL GREEN: trombone MIRON RAFAJLOVIĆ: trumpet

11. ANGELS GATHER THERE

For Jimmy, Nelba, Isaiah & Ana Grace Márquez-Greene

One thousand pieces lined up in a row, graciously stepping aside as she goes.

They sent home the army and brought a choir in to sing her to glory.

And they tread softly while you're unaware that angels gather there
they're hedging the yard.

You've never heard of a story like this, where everything stops at the sight of her stillness.
You breathe in the moment and choke on the curse.
And they whisper softly while you're unaware that angels gather there they watch o'er you now.

300 million wake up from a dream!
The red waters part as you walk through the sea
with the law on your shoulders; a hope you weigh over and over and over.
And you tread softly while you're unaware that angels gather there yes, they hold back the tide.

Open Jordan! Find your feet at the shore, sit and weep a while more, sing the glory once more.

Help her, she's falling on two tender knees. Kneel there beside her and wallow in mire for a while 'til she knows that some things never will go.

And you speak softly while you're fully aware that angels gather there.

Yes you speak softly while you're fully aware that angels gather there.

We know that angels gather there...

LARRY ROY: guitar & dobro

ERIN PROPP: vocals

KARL KOHUT: acoustic bass

LARNELL LEWIS: drums

WILL BONNESS: piano

JIMMY GREENE: soprano sax

SHANNON KRISTJANSON: flute, alto flute

KEN GOLD: alto sax, tenor sax, clarinet, bass clarinet

JOEL GREEN: trombone

DERRICK GARDNER: trumpet

12. À LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

17th Century Traditional Translation by Larry Roy

À la claire fontaine, m'en allant promener J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle que je m'y suis baigné

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne, je me suis fait sêcher Sur la plus haute branche un rossignol chantait

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai

Chante rossignol, chante, toi qui à le coeur gai Tu as le coeur à rire, moi je l'ai à pleurer

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai

J'ai perdu mon amie, sans l'avoir mérité Pour un bouquet de roses que je lui refusai

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai

Je voudrais que la rose fût encore au rosier Et que ma douce amie fût encore à m'aimer

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, jamais je ne t'oublierai At the clear spring, As I was strolling by I found the water so lovely, That I stopped to bathe

Forever have I loved you Never will I forget you

Under an oak tree's leaves I allowed myself to dry And on the highest branch A nightingale sang

Forever have I loved you Never will I forget you

Sing nightingale sing You with a jubilant heart Your heart brings you to laughter Mine brings me to tears

Forever have I loved you Never will I forget you

I lost my beloved Without deserving it Over a bouquet of roses That I refused to give her

Forever have I loved you Never will I forget you

I wished the rose
To remain on the rosebush
And that my dearest love
Continue to love me

Forever have I loved you Never will I forget you

LARRY ROY: guitars
ERIN PROPP: vocals



MIXED BY: Larry Roy & Don Benedictson

ENGINEERED BY: Don Benedictson, except for saxophone on track 3 by David Stoller at Samurai Hotel Recording; Rogerio Boccato for himself at Glass Doors Studio; Joey Landreth for himself at Sandbox Recording; Jimmy Greene for himself in his home studio.

PRODUCED BY: Larry Roy

MASTERED BY: Guy Hebert at Karisma Mastering

PHOTOGRAPHY BY: Mike Latchislaw

DESIGN BY: Roberta Landreth



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