

**MAURICE TANI/JENN COURTNEY  
77 EL DEORA**



**THE CROWN &  
THE CROW'S CONFESSION**

# 77 EL DEORA

## THE CROWN & THE CROW'S CONFESSION



•1•

*(I Just Dodged a)*

### **Bullet**

*(3:54) (Tani)*

*Pedal Steel: JA*

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We need to talk

–She said

I've been thinking

–That's not good

I've got something I find

very hard to say

I think your great

–Go on..

You're really special

–Here it comes

It's just that I don't think of  
you and I that way

I just dodged a bullet  
I heard it whizzing by  
I just dodged a bullet  
I'm one lucky guy  
The call was close but adios  
Sayonara and then some  
I just dodged a bullet  
So where did this blood  
come from?

We've had some good  
times –Yeah  
And it's been fun –Yeah?  
But now that your sober I  
find that we've grown apart  
Baby, it ain't you  
–Ah, not this line...  
No really, Sugar, it's me  
–that's the one!  
I need some space so I can  
suffer for my art

I just dodged a bullet  
It's a dangerous locale  
I just dodged a bullet  
I'm one lucky gal  
The call was close but adios  
See ya later and then some  
I just dodged a bullet

So where did this blood-  
come from?

Bawlin' brawlin'.  
Police callin'.  
Neighbors poundin'  
on the wall  
Hearts breakin', achin'.  
Long nights awake  
I guess I'll miss you after all

I just dodged a bullet  
Love's a loaded gun  
I just dodged a bullet  
I'm the lucky one  
The call was close but adios  
See ya later and then some  
I just dodged a bullet  
So where did this blood  
come from?



•2•

## **Push Me Away**

(4:05) (Tani)

Piano: JP; Organ: JH

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Push me away  
Hold my love at bay  
Make me lose before I win  
Push me away then pull me in

Crack that window  
Get some air flowing into to  
this room  
Oh my skin glows  
From my head down to my  
toes

-with a rosy bloom  
Peel those sheets back  
Try a new tack  
Take one on the chin  
Push me away  
Push me away  
Push me away  
-Then pull me in

Don't make this easy  
I don't know what I'd do  
with easy  
Better to tease me

-and lead me astray  
It's a secret you should know  
In the best scenario  
To pull me in -Push me away



•3•

## **Radio City**

(3:53) (Tani)

Piano: JP

---

This really is nowhere

There's a red dirt scratch up  
the mountainside  
Eight miles long  
and one car wide  
My old Buick's at the top  
In a gravel parking lot

There's a fifty-foot trailer  
and a hundred foot mast  
A fifty thousand watt  
clear channel blast  
Across the western states  
I'm a voice without a face

Graveyard shift  
-Midnight to six  
All night drivers and  
the urban hicks  
I'm pullin' down the feed  
But I'm burying the lead

Out in the distance  
I can see the lights  
Dotting the horizon  
on the clear nights  
Are you listening?  
We're taking calls  
This is Radio City

Top of the hour  
-it's the Lovers Line  
But no caller's had a heart  
as broke as mine  
I whisper in your ear  
As if only you can hear

I say those things I should  
have said  
I go where I feared to tread  
But I know that it's too late  
to negotiate

Out in the distance I can  
see the lights  
Dotting the horizon  
on the clear nights  
Are you listening?  
We're taking calls  
This is Radio City

I was a fool to flee from love  
I don't know what I was  
scared of  
But look at where I am  
This really is nowhere

A million words won't  
win you back  
A million tears  
turned my heart black  
Still the words leak  
from my pen  
And the tears start up again

Out in the distance I can

see the lights  
Dotting the horizon  
on the clear nights  
I hope you're listening  
I wish you'd call  
This is Radio City



•4•

**Rain**  
(4:24) (Tani)  
Additional Orch.: MM

---

I've been out walking in the  
shadow and light  
Just like we used to do each  
Saturday night. I  
retrace the path  
-redo the math  
and wish that we could have  
a full rewrite

I deconstruct the work  
from preface to end  
and all the choices  
we could never defend.  
all I could get -aid and abet  
all of the capital I had to spend

Rain -Rain is battering  
the windows  
and the room is aglow  
as you whisper to me on  
the radio

Stuck on the tarmac  
for the redeye flight  
Final departure out of  
Hades tonight  
The hours pass  
-The showers last  
I'm lost in limbo lit by run-  
way lights

I check my messages and  
find some missed calls  
Two from one number but  
no message at all  
I can see the -Caller ID  
Says it's the pay phone at  
The Wailing Wall

## Chorus

The sky cracked open  
since you've been gone  
I know it's over  
-but the storm plays on

Still the ashes smolder  
and the embers flare  
the ache hangs heavy  
-heavy in the air

Down at The Wailing Wall  
they're clearing the bar  
I cruise the parking lot  
and look for your car  
I drive til dawn  
-Maybe you're gone  
I get the feeling that  
you've not gone far



•5•

## Get Up!

(3:45) (Tani)

When I was young  
– I found a drug  
It was stronger than coke  
or any heroin blush  
And it was free  
– what a buzz  
Nothing could top that  
adrenaline rush

Use a left – use a right  
There's a rush with a punch  
thrown with all of your might  
A painter paints  
– A poet writes  
We all do what we can  
but a fighter just fights

Get up – Or stay down  
If you can get to your feet,  
we can go another round  
It ain't the belt  
- or the crown  
It's the thrill of putting you  
back on the ground

I met a girl – We fell in love  
And for the love of that woman,  
I put down the gloves  
But there's a fire  
– I don't speak of  
Something so base, I'll  
never rise above

Get up – Or stay down  
If you can get to your feet,  
we can go another round  
It ain't pride - or profound  
It's the thrill of putting you  
back on the ground

There's always one  
– in every crowd  
Usually blitzed,  
obnoxious and loud  
He wants his shot  
– Though he's plowed  
To be a big man and make  
his drunken friends proud

I look at her  
– she looks at me  
and I can see in her eyes,  
she's wondren', "What's it  
gonna be?"



•6•

## **Dancing with Devils**

(4:20) (Tani)

Flugelhorn: SS

---

Goodbye. Goodbye.  
I never thought that I  
Could love enough  
to feel this much pain

We live, we love  
and push comes to shove  
The sadness just  
comes with the terrain

Tattered and torn  
My letters lay stillborn  
Confessions  
Now left unconfessed

and on -the floor  
littered with still more  
Expressions  
Now left unexpressed

The heat rises up  
from the dry desert floor  
and swirls the dust to the  
sky  
Twisting and turning  
my sorrow is burning  
and dancing with devils am I

I had -a dream  
A crow came to me  
Her feathers  
as black as the night

"Come now", said she  
Her words a melody  
We spread our  
black wings and took flight



•7•

## **Shattered**

(3:46) (Crooks-Tani)

Piano: RC, Drums: JH

---

I met a man, needled & inked  
every other day for a year,  
tattooed gods from head to toe  
He was shattered don't I know

When you're shattered,  
there isn't one place  
When you've shattered  
and fallen from grace  
When you're shattered,  
there isn't one place -you  
won't go

How did this happen? How did  
he get through?  
All he had seen and all that he  
knew unraveled  
and then he came unfurled  
Waving to all, he waived off  
the world  
He was shattered -don't I know

*Chorus*

The quiet rage, the losing score  
His buckled knees, and  
esprit de corps  
His broken self becomes decor  
Like mirror shards across  
the floor

Sugar skulls,  
more fragile than eggs  
Crack the shells  
—the question begs  
When you're shattered  
that's how it goes  
When you're shattered,  
don't I know  
When you're shattered,  
don't I know



•8•

**Fire on the  
Mountain** (Revisited)  
(3:49) (Tani)  
Drums: CF

---

There's a fire on the mountain  
And it'll be here by the break  
of day  
There's a fire on the mountain  
Grab what you can carry away

Grab the baby. Grab the cash.  
Grab the photos. Grab the stash.  
Grab the beauty.  
Grab the grace.  
Grab the things you can't  
replace

*Chorus*

Grab the memories.  
Grab the vision.  
Grab your illusions.  
Grab your religion.  
Grab your history.  
Grab your past.  
Grab the things you think will  
last.

Grab the clubs  
— Grab the diamonds.  
Grab the Fillmore  
and the Ryman  
Grab tradition, superstition,  
intuition, inhibition  
Grab the Martin and the Tele  
to your soft white underbelly  
Down the back stairs  
in the night air.  
Can you hear it comin' there  
there there's a fire....

Grab the here. Grab the now.  
Grab the know. Grab the how.  
Grab the sweat. Grab the tears.  
Grab the things that disappear.



•9•

## **Green or Brown**

(4:22) (Tani)

Guest Vocal: CF

Drums: TS

-----  
Watch out for the  
broken glass  
It's scattered down the hall  
I guess we took a fall  
Was it a hit or a miss?

Seems like they combed  
the place  
And what they couldn't take  
Looks like they tried to break  
What kind of life is this?

It's just the cost of  
doin' business  
But nobody's dead  
And it's just the ink that's red  
Green or brown  
There's no finer marijuana  
in this end of town  
Green or brown  
And there's only us and  
this perfect night,  
as the sun goes sinking down

Joe Friday's up the street  
He's been there every day  
Watching my doorway  
With a long black lens

In his black sedan  
Who's he think he's  
gonna fool?  
We'll play it cool  
'til his eight hour shift  
finally ends

Jesse hasn't left  
But she's made it clear  
She won't be sleepin here  
In this place from now on

And I know I ain't no prince  
To live with on some days  
I better change my ways  
Before that girl is gone



•10•

## **County Fair**

(5:27) (Springsteen)

Piano: RC; Perc.: JR

-----  
Every year when summer  
comes around  
They stretch a banner 'cross  
the main street in town  
You can feel somethin's  
happenin' in the air  
Well, from Carol's house up  
on Telegraph Hill  
You can see the lights going  
up out in Soldiers Field  
Getting ready,  
for the county fair

County fair, county fair,  
Everybody in town'll be there  
So come on,  
hey we're goin' down there  
Hey little girl  
with the long blond hair  
Come win your daddy  
one of them stuffed bears  
Baby, down at the country  
fair



## ***The Outside to the In*** (3:33) *(Tani)*

---

Now you'll be hangin' tight  
when we hit the top  
And that rollercoaster's  
ready to drop  
And your braggin', how you  
wasn't even scared  
Well baby you know I just  
love the sound  
Of that pipe organ on the  
merry-go-round  
Baby, down at the county fair

Now it's getting late before  
we head back to town  
We let that fortune wheel  
spin around  
Come on mister tell me  
what's waiting out there  
On our way out  
we steal a kiss in the dark  
Hope we can remember  
where our car's parked  
Baby, out at the county fair

I thought at some point  
experience would make this  
stuff seem clear  
But the more I get the more  
points of view I hear  
Now as far as I can see  
One thing on which we all agree  
The opposite sex  
...is a mystery

### *Chorus*

At the north end of the field  
they set up a stand  
And they got a little  
rock and roll band  
People dancin'  
out in the open air  
It's James Young and the  
Immortal Ones  
Two guitars, baby  
bass and drums  
Just rockin',  
down at the county fair

Off down the highway there's  
the last stream of cars  
We sit a while  
in my front yard  
With the radio  
playin' soft and low  
I pull you close to my heart  
And we lean back and stare  
up at the stars  
Oh I wish, I'd never have to  
let this moment go

That knowing nod  
—That little wink  
The subtle cue  
— the missing link  
I have no clue on what  
you're thinkin' in there  
Come on baby, take me  
from the outside to the in

They say two-way  
communication's key  
At least that's the way they  
say it's s'posed to be  
Now as far as I can see  
And I'm sure your exes all  
agree

### *Chorus*



If you're an open book ...  
you're a mystery

That knowing nod -  
-That little wink  
The subtle cue  
— the missing link  
I have no clue on what  
you're thinkin' in there

What lies behind that  
cryptic smile  
What truth belies that  
guileless style  
Just show your cards  
-They're all wild tonight  
I ain't no psychic, you're  
gonna have to clue me in  
Come on baby, take me  
from the outside to the in

Let me in on the secret  
- in on the joke  
I can find my way through  
the mirrors and smoke  
Stumblin' through the dark  
on the outside looking in  
Honey, just let me in



•12•

## **Cowboy** (Inst.)

(5:10) (Tani)  
Pedal Steel: DP;  
Piano: JP

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Songs ©2010 Maurice Tani, Tanitone  
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Produced by Maurice Tani

DDD: High Quality Digital Stereo  
The WIR Compact Disc Digital Audio  
System offers the best possible sound  
reproduction - on a small, convenient  
disc. Its remarkable performance is the  
result of a unique combination of digital  
storage and laser optics. With proper  
care, this Compact Disc will provide a  
lifetime of listening enjoyment. Desert

### **Desert Star**

*There are dozens of short, unremarkable cul-de-sacs in this nouveau riche bedroom community. Quiet lanes, lined with lush manicured lawns in front of expensive desert homes with huge picture windows, flooding them with light and sunny suburban optimism.*

*But there's a dark spot on El Deora Court. If there's a bad side of this town, the dilapidated ranch style home at #77 is the kernel from which it grew.*

*The brown, overgrown front yard and rusting heap of old Cadillac in the driveway had always irritated the neighbors, while the permanently drawn curtains caused their tongues to wag, but today all hell had broken loose. Now the single, short block that is El Deora Court is packed, bumper to bumper with police vehicles and news trucks, as dozens of the city's finest remove box after box of evidence from #77 . . .*



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