Prelude (Evening Train)

Gonna ride the evening train
Gonna ride it all night long
Gonna hear the whistle blow
Then I know I'm gone
No turning back
Evening train rushing down the track
Fatman

Come tomorrow, I got a lot of plans
Come tomorrow, I'll change my world
Come tomorrow, I'll know what to do
and when to do it
And I'll remove the sword from the stone
CHORUS
but tonight, this eternal night
which seems to last forever
stay with me, if you would,
if you please, if you can
spend some time with a fatman
Come tomorrow, I'm gonna move myself
Come tomorrow, I'll seek a cure
but today, I guess I like sitting here
and soon I'll fall asleep for sure
CHORUS
I want to cross over
I want to cross over the water
but the ripples in the ocean
and the shifting of the sea
has hypnotized me
Come tomorrow, I got a lot of plans
CHORUS

ROB: GUITAR SOLOS
BILLY: TELECASTER RHYTHM
JAN: LOOP PROGRAMMING

End Of The Day

It's a funny misunderstanding I carry around in my head
A conundrum that couldn't be true
In a world that doesn't lack for trouble and dread
I've been chosen for the chosen few
CHORUS
And I remember every night I'd pray
For a miracle to come my way
And now it seems I find myself on a regular basis
Resting in your arms at the end of the day
I am looking at pictures taken of you and I
There is love in your eyes no doubt
But how can beauty and grace possibly be mine?
No I can't quite figure it out
CHORUS
It is funny to wake up and find you're not alone
And you were never dreaming at all
I will make this my study in gratitude
Somebody heard my call
Cause I remember every silent night
Wondering what the heavens would say
And now it seems I find myself in a privileged position
Resting in your arms at the end of the day

IAN CRON: BACKGROUND VOCALS
ZEV KATZ: ACOUSTIC BASS
Evening Train

Gonna take the 7:10 to Boston
get to South Station 'bout 11:45
Gonna take the 7:10 to Boston
get to South Station 'bout 11:45
Evening Train take this tired, tired man
and bring him back alive
see my Grandpa drove the steam train
til the diesel came around
Then my Grandpa drove the diesel train
Providence to Boston - back on down
Evening Train, stop in Providence
I gotta get out and kiss the ground, that sacred ground
CHORUS
Gonna ride the evening train
Gonna ride it all night long
Gonna hear the whistle blow
Then I know I'm gone
No turning back
Evening Train rushing down the track
Now my Grandma rides for free, now that Grandpa's gone
Grandma rides for free, now that Grandpa's gone
She likes to ride the Evening Train
She likes to ride it all night long
She says sometimes she feels him
when the wheels start to crank and groan
She says sometimes she feels him
when the wheels start to crank and groan
She use to love to blow the whistle
he loved to hear the engine moan
CHORUS
Now my Grandpa thought that music
was straight from heaven above
my Grandpa thought that music
was straight from God in his heaven above
but the sound of a train in the middle of the night
Now well..... that's true love.
CHORUS

DAVID - ALTO SAX SOLO
BILLY - SLIDE GUITAR
MARC - STEAM TRAIN ELECTRIC GUITAR
VIVIAN CHERRY - VOCALS

Tiny Hands

She's got tiny hands
She can't really speak a word yet
Why does she command such rapt attention?
Often cries, often screams
At the littlest commotion
And her bad dreams are the end of the world
Sentimental man, why are you convinced
She holds the answers?
She's purity precious, cuddly sweet
But the world turns on
CHORUS
It's her tiny hands
How they open my eyes
She's got tiny hands
And she rubs my nose in the real thing
in the real thing
She's got tiny hands
When she claps, they often fail to meet
And even when they do
They don't make a sound
She's got small shoes
But a sizable smile
And she shines that light
Wherever she goes
Sentimental man, why do you believe
Your sons and daughters
Will grow up to be
Messengers of hope and doctors that find a cure?
CHORUS
BRIDGE
She's an open book, she's an open door
She's an open invitation, a proof of the equation
A little less is a little more
She's got tiny hands
They make messes all over the place
She's got tiny hands
and she scratches my face
She's got tiny hands
And she's always surprised
That I'm still there
When she pulls those hands from her eyes
Where else would I be?
I kept with the real thing

ROB - TOY PIANO
MARC - ELECTRIC TENOR GUITAR AND TIPPLE
BILLY - MAIN MELODIC ELECTRIC GUITAR
Another World

I wanna be plastic, I wanna be plastic
I wanna be easy to use, long lasting
I wanna be plastic
Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone
I'm not hopeless, I'm trying, but my dreams are dying
I wanna be attractive, I wanna be decorative
I wanna be reasonable, low budget
I wanna be plastic
Manufactured, wrapped in cellophane
I wanna be tied up, sitting on a shelf
I wanna be plastic
Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone
I'm not lifeless, I'm breathing, but my heart is sleeping
I wanna be resistant, I wanna be immortal
I wanna look like gold or silver
I wanna be synthetic
I wanna look like gold or silver
I wanna withstand the heat
Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone, tired of blood and water
Tired of sights and sounds, grinding teeth, the pecking order
Am I jaded??? Well.............. sorta
I wanna be..... plastic

ROB- ELECTRIC GUITAR SOLOS
MARC- DINOSAUR GUITAR
BILLY- WEEPING GUITAR
JAN- LOOP PROGRAMMING

A portion of one of the loops appears courtesy of Spectrasonics - Distorted Reality

VANEESE THOMAS- VOCAL ON BRIDGE
MIKE HARVEY- ALL OTHER BACKGROUNDS
WILLIAM WOODWORTH- ENGLISH HORN
SHAWN- ORIGINAL LOOPS

I wanna be plastic, I wanna be plastic
I wanna be liquid, shaped in any way
I wanna be molded, transparent
I wanna be plastic
Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone
I'm not hopeless, I'm trying, but my dreams are dying
I wanna be attractive, I wanna be decorative
I wanna be reasonable, low budget
I wanna be plastic
Manufactured, wrapped in cellophane
I wanna be tied up, sitting on a shelf
I wanna be plastic
Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone
I'm not lifeless, I'm breathing, but my heart is sleeping
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Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone, tired of blood and water
Tired of sights and sounds, grinding teeth, the pecking order
Am I jaded??? Well.............. sorta
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I wanna look like gold or silver
I wanna withstand the heat
Cause I'm tired of flesh and bone, tired of blood and water
Tired of sights and sounds, grinding teeth, the pecking order
Am I jaded??? Well.............. sorta
I wanna be...... plastic
Don’t Let Me Fall

Don’t let me fall, Don’t let me fall
As a stone falls on the hard ground
Or a snow flake, when the snow turns to freezing rain
Don’t let me fall, don’t let me fall
Don’t let my hands dry as the twigs of a tree
When the wind beats down the last leaf
CHORUS
Come near to me, help me to know thy ways
Help me to understand
Come near to me and somehow, if you can
Hold me gently, in the palm of your hand
Don’t let me fall, Don’t let me fall
Like a bird trembling terrified
On a windowpane, in a hurricane
I have asked you for so much, and I know I’m bound to stumble
But like a blade of grass in a distant field
Let me bend to the side, as the storm blows by
CHORUS
If my feeble prayer can reach thee
Won’t you guide me, I entreat thee
Let me follow you sincerely
O my savior, if you hear me
Don’t let me fall

MARC- GHOST TRAIN ELECTRIC GUITAR

I Slept 12 Hours

I met you in the classroom, you turned your head away
But I kept my eyes on you and I followed you around all day
I slept twelve hours baby, I want to sleep some more
Cause when I sleep I dream, ‘bout how it was before
Years later in a dusty room, I caught you looking at me
I went home and prayed dear God, with that woman’s where I want to be
I slept twelve hours baby, I want to sleep some more
Cause when I sleep I dream, ‘bout how it was before
You agreed to see me
You said once will do
But I leaned over and I whispered in your ear, “Baby I’m in love with you and I have been since I was a little boy.
Baby won’t you be my valentine?
I’ll be your bundle of joy.”
We got a place with a couple of rooms, took a trip to the church
You told the preacher you would take my name
This was the end of your search, for love
Through rivers and valleys
Lord knows how many men
But baby now you’re gone, out there searching again
I slept twelve hours baby, I want to sleep some more
I slept twelve hours baby, I want to sleep some more
Cause when I sleep I dream, ‘bout how it was before

BILLY MASTERS- BILLY MASTERS
VIVIAN CHERRY- VOCALS

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09
Meet Me By The Riverside

Some people are certain, take a look at St. Paul
Winding down to Damascus
Well... he heard the clarion call
Some people have the answers, others aren’t so sure
Some people souls are breaking and their doctors have found no cure
CHORUS
Well... if you’re askin’ me, I will serve my Lord with pride
Still I’m telling you, when I pass on through
I hope that he meets me by the riverside
Some people want protection
Some are afraid of the dark
Some people get brains so big
They don’t even want to light a spark
Some people want to spend their days
With other people like them
Some people say there is no hope
and if there ever was, they can’t remember when
CHORUS
Well I believe, some day there’ll be no choice
And I believe even the most cynical will get one last chance to rejoice
Some people forgot the last words, the Nazarene, he said
“Peter won’t you feed my sheep and tell the people that Love’s not dead”
CHORUS
Yeah if you’re askin’ me
I say that the merciful stream is wide
Still I’m telling you, when I pass on through
I hope that he meets me by the riverside
I hope that he meets me by the riverside
I hope that he meets me by the riverside

BILLY MASTERS - BILLY MASTERS
When I Was A Child

My grandfather used to drive the train
From Providence to New Haven
One year when I was in school
He rode with me back home from Boston
He said, "Son, you're wearing black
and listening to the blues
Who told you you don't know a thing
Unless you're full of bad news?"

CHORUS
When I was a child, When I was a child
I spoke like a child, I acted like a child
I thought like a child but I believed like a child
Now that I'm a man, I wonder,
will I ever believe that strongly again?

My Grandfather said, "Son, I'm an old man
and soon will not be here
You don't think I've got a million questions myself.
Murky waters only the Lord might clear.
But as I grow closer to that meeting by the by
I grow more and more certain
That his arms are open wide."

CHORUS
I think I need a hymn. (bridge)
When we got down around Bridgeport
He told me 'bout a train wreck in the 60's
Train went down off an elevated track
Taking businessmen, students and families
and when his story was told
I asked him if he ever thought the heaven's were cold
He said "Son, to tell you the truth,
I have loved my creator since the days of my youth."

CHORUS

BASHIRI JOHNSON - PERCUSSION ORCHESTRA
ROB - MICHAEL CARD’S SOBELL ACOUSTIC GUITAR
How well I know, that fountain’s rushing flow
Although it is the night
It’s spring is hidden, even so
I guess from whence its’ sources flow
Although it is the night
Its’ origin no one knows
But that all origin from it arose
Although it is the night
Although it is the night
And I can’t make heads or tails
of anything in front or behind me
The night
and no matter what I try,
confusion surrounds me
Still how well I know, that fountain’s rushing flow
Although it is the night
I know there is no other thing so fair
Earth and heaven drink refreshment there
Although it is the night
Full well I know its’ depth no man can sound
No ford to cross it can be found
Although it is the night
Although it is the night
It’s weighty and wide and seems like it’s never ending
The night, It’s deep and it’s dark
Makes you lose faith in the morning
Still how well I know, that fountain’s rushing flow
Although it is the night
Its’ clarity unclouded still shall be
Out of it comes the light by which we see
Although it is the night
Hear it calling out to every soul
Drink these waters, relinquish control
Although it is the night

CHORUS

Although It Is The Night
drawn from translations of St. John of the Cross


Concertmasters: Carl Goretsky and Pamela Stifin/Orchestra: The Nashville String Machine


Vocals: Vaness Thomas, Vivian Cherry, Sharon Collins, Dennis Collins, Curtis King, Mike Harvey, Ian Cron, Meridith Struhl, Choir of Saints and Friends: Choir Director Dianne Ellis, Bonnie Kelley-Young, Valerie Maze, Amanda Fry, Lynn Witty, Janne Mathes, Sharon Alogna, Lori Klausen, Brenda Jacobsen, Devon Ellis, Mary Marcel, Gillian Patrick, Tammy Mathes

All orchestration and arrangements written and conducted by Rob Mathes. All songs written by Rob Mathes. © 2002 Maybe I Can Music (BMI), River Oaks Music (BMI). Don’t Let Me Fall partially based on a translation by Kathryn Hellenstein of a Russian prayer by Katiya Malodonsky from Women In Praise Of The Sacred. Edited By Jana Hirschfeld. Published By Harper Collins ©1994. Another World uses a spiritual transcribed by Eve Jessye and modernized by Al Young drawn from the same collection (Women In Praise Of The Sacred). Although It is The Night verses based on various translations of a poem by St. John Of The Cross, most prominently the translation by Roy Campbell...
DEDICATION

This recording is dedicated to Arthur Ballou, my grandfather who died in 1983 at the age of 82. He was an engineer on the rails as these songs testify. He drove steam trains and he drove diesel trains. More importantly, he lived a life of love that seemed to be never failing. He was not a complainer. He suffered hardship and sorrow and never lost his faith somehow. My mother shares a good bit of his incandescence. She lights up the world sort of like he did. This is for you Grandpa.
SPECIAL THANKS:

to Johnny Montagnese, owner of The Carriage House for being the patron saint of musicians, to Phil Ramone for your belief in my talent and your encouragement, to Vanessa Williams for your endorsement of my music which led to so many blessings, to Phil Nash and Tim Young for incredible support and advice, to John Kelly for years of unparalleled wisdom, friendship, and goodness, to lan Cren for prayers, great counsel, and faithfulness, to Jan Folkson for your tireless dedication and for making this record possible, to Billy Masters for your huge heart and your incredible guitar playing all these years, to Charlie Manzold who told me to get on with it for goodness sake, to Rich Knutzen for musicianship, fine keyboard playing and a great attitude all these years despite the fact that I play on the records, to Chuck Royce for patience and grace, to Steve Rice, Rick Cza, Chad Segura and Stacey Wilbur at EMI CMG for being so cool and so supportive, to Lynn Morrow, Jill Dell’Abate, Geoff O’Connell and Bridgett O’Lanin for the details, to Janie Vest for hard work and kind words, to the staff at AVATAR for your help with no strings attached, to Michael Macari and EagleVision for making a permanent record of the Christmas Concerts against all odds, to Mick Guzauskas for taking this record on and treating it as if it was important in some way, to Mark Mandelbaum for incredibly musical engineering and personal dedication, to Jeff Kievit for the years and for giving me the kick in the pants I needed, to Dianne and T.D. for always being there when I need you with your usual excellence and attention to detail, to Grandma Ballou for teaching me things I didn’t know about Grandpa and for love in general, to Joan and George Mathes for being the best parents one could ever hope for and to the rest of the Mathes-Kelley family for love unsurpassed, to Emma, Sarah, and Lily for giving me more joy than I have ever known, and last and most: to Tammy: You know you are the love of my life. This record is dedicated to Grandpa but is equally for you.
It was a privilege to work with the incredible musicians on this record. In particular, Shawn, Billy, Marc, Will, Jeff Kievit and myself, through years of concerts and studio sessions, have become a band. It feels like family. I thank all the vocalists and musicians who made this record such a rewarding experience for me. You people are inspiring.

One note on the recording. As an arranger, I am most often called upon to write String and Horn charts at the last minute right before a song is mixed. This is because people feel that Strings and Horns are the final touch to add before the song is put to bed so to speak.

In planning this recording I realized that a number of my favorite arrangers often did things in the opposite fashion making the orchestration a much more integral part of the recording process. Three examples come to mind immediately. They are: George Martin, whose arrangements for the Beatles will forever serve as everybody’s example of arranging perfection in Pop music, Paul Buckmaster, who arranged all the great early Elton John songs where the orchestra was recorded either at the same time as the band itself or right after, and Nelson Riddle, whose charts for Frank Sinatra were inseparable from the song itself and where everything was obviously recorded live. It is because of these peerless examples that I wrote the orchestrations before recording started and the orchestral sessions were done early on right after the rhythm tracks.

THANKS AND A WORD ON THE MUSICIANS:
...and as always, thanks and praise to God:

“If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. The night is as bright as the day, for darkness is as light to you.”

Psalm 139: 11-12

Total timing is 60:05

The historical train photographs in the CD package were done by the legendary photographer O. Winston Link. They can be found in his book "Steam, Steel, and Stars" published by Harry Abrams Inc. ©1987 Thanks to Thomas Garver for the usage rights and for getting us pristine prints of the original photos.