



EVENING TRAIN

ROB MATHES

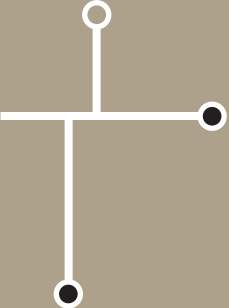
01

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 alot 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 alot 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

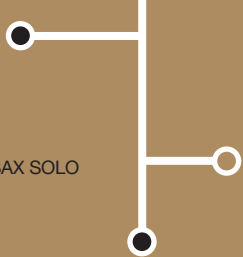
IAN CRON- BACKGROUND VOCALS
ZEV KATZ- ACOUSTIC BASS



Next Stop

DAVID MANN- ALTO SAX SOLO

04



05

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
 he 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

Evening Train



06

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?
 'cept with the real thing

ROB- TOY PIANO,

MARC- ELECTRIC TENOR GUITAR AND TIPPLE

BILLY- MAIN MELODIC ELECTRIC GUITAR

Tiny Hands



07

Another World

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

Tomorrow creeps in
Wolves roam the streets in the darkness
Tomorrow creeps in
Frost destroys the fruit in the vineyard
And my little girl asks me a question
About the violence she occasionally stumbles on
And I wonder
CHORUS 1
About another world, there is another world
I've read the prophecy and the poetry
I've noticed all the signs, yet despite these times
I don't want to wait for it
I don't want to live for another world
Tomorrow creeps in
More dreams like burnt wood, the ashes are blown away
Tomorrow creeps in
The days are like grass
The wind passes over and we're gone
And my little girl asks me a question
About the destruction she occasionally stumbles on
And I tell her
CHORUS 2
There is another world, there is another world
I've read the prophecy and the poetry
I've noticed all the signs, yet despite these times
I don't want to wait for it
I don't want to live for another world
Go angel and tell the news
I know I got a home at last
Go sister and tell the news
I know I got a home at last
A woman named Penny wrote that song
and when she wrote it she knew she wasn't wrong
She could see the lining of the other side
Beyond birds, beyond sky
CHORUS 3
That there is another world, there is another world
and there the sorrow and the sighing
Shall all flee away, still I say
I want to believe like that
I want a faith like that
Just don't want to live
For another world

08

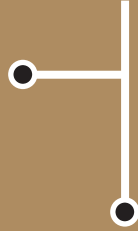
(I Wanna Be) Plastic

I wanna be plastic, I wanna be plastic
I wanna be easy to use, long lasting
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
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**

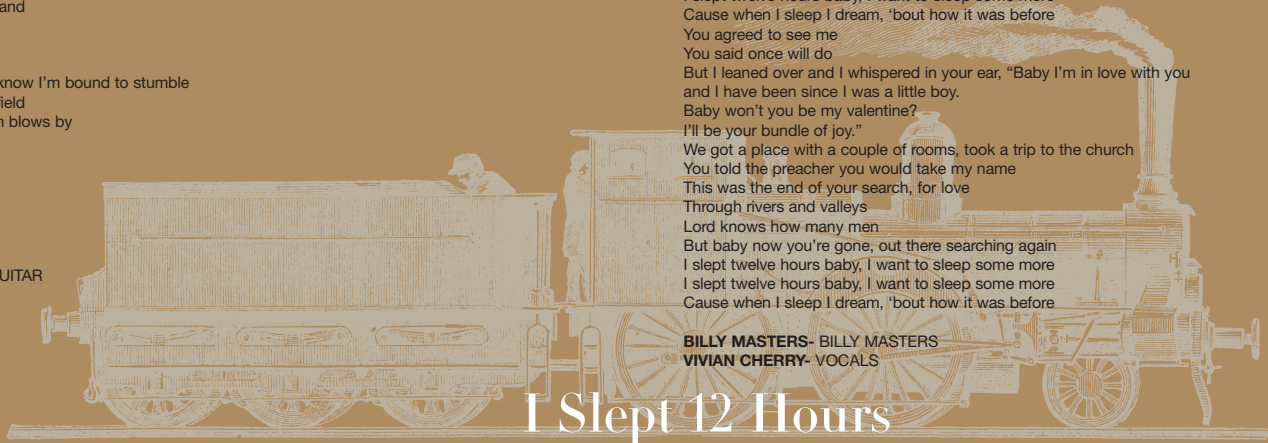
10



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 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**

I Slept 12 Hours

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 got 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?"

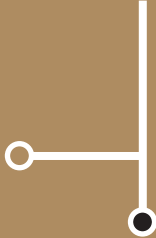
CHORUS

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

ROB MATHES EVENING TRAIN

Produced By Rob Mathes/Associate Producer: Jan Folkson/Mixed By Mick Guzauski at Barking Doctor Studio: Mount Kisco, NY, Assisted by Tommy Bender/Mastered By Bob Ludwig at Gateway Mastering & DVD: Portland, ME/Engineered By Mark Mandelbaum/Additional Engineering by Phil Magnotti, Ronnie Brookshire, Jan Folkson, and Andy Katz/Recorded at Carriage House Studios: Stamford, CT/Additional recording at AVATAR Studios: New York, NY/Masterfonics: Nashville, TN, and Jan Folkson Productions, New York, NY/ProTools Editing and Engineering by Jan Folkson/Additional ProTools Recording by Fred Paragano Production Coordination: Jill Dell'Abate and Bridgett O'Lannerghty/Copyist and Music Preparation: T.D. Ellis IV/Additional Music Prep: Mike and Lori Casteel/Art Direction and Design by Jeff Lyons/Photography By Ray Kachatorian/Band Photography by Joe DeRuvo/Train Photos by O. Winston Link, © O. Winston Link Trust. All Rights Reserved. **MUSICIANS:** Rob Mathes: Vocals, Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Acoustic Piano and Keyboards/Billy Masters: Electric Guitars, Baritone and Slide Guitar/Will Lee: Electric Bass and Fretless Bass/Zev Katz: Acoustic Bass/Shawn Pelton: Drums, Original Loops, and Occasional Percussion/Bashiri Johnson: Percussion and Percussion Loops Marc Shulman: Electric Guitars, Electric Tenor Guitar, and Tipple/Leon Pendarvis: Hammond B-3 and general vibe/Jan Folkson: Programming and Sound Design

Concertmasters: Carl Gorodetzky and Pamela Sixfin/**Orchestra:** The Nashville String Machine String Quartet on "End Of The Day": Elena Barere: 1st Violin/Ricky Sortomme: 2nd Violin/Ricky Sortomme: Viola/Richard Locker: Cello

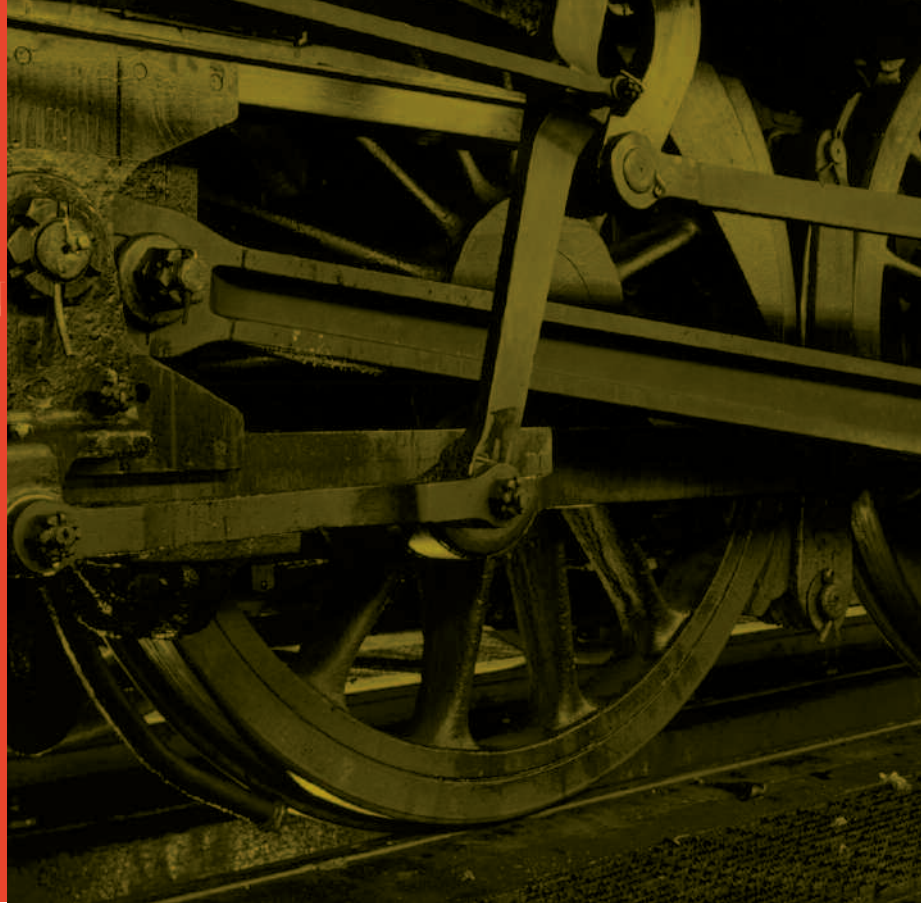
Horn Section: Jeff Kievit: Lead Trumpet/Jim Hynes: 2nd Trumpet/David Mann: Alto Sax, Flute, and Alto Flute/Aaron Heick: Alto Sax and Alto Flute/Scott Kreitzer: Tenor Sax and Clarinet/Roger Rosenberg: Baritone Sax, Bass Saxophone, and Bass Clarinet/Mike Davis: Trombone/Herb Besson: Bass Trombone

Vocals: Vaneese Thomas, Vivian Cherry, Sharon Collins, Dennis Collins, Curtis King, Mike Harvey, Ian Cron, Meredith Struhl, **Choir of Saints and Friends:** Choir Director Dianne Ellis, Bonnie Kelley-Young, Valerie Maze, Amanda Fry, Lynn Witty, Janna Mathes, Sharon Alogna, Lori Klaussen, 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 Hellerstein of a Russian prayer by Kadya Molodowsky from Women In Praise Of The Sacred. Edited By Jane 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 Naish and Tim Young for incredible support and advice, to John Kelly for years of unparalleled wisdom, friendship, and goodness, to Ian Cron 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 Mangold who told me to get on with it for goodness sake, to Rick Knutsen 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 Cua, Chad Segura and Stacey Wilbur at EMICMG for being so cool and so supportive, to Lynn Morrow, Jill Dell'Abate, Geoff O'Connell and Bridgett O'Lannerghty for the details, to Janie West 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 Guzauski 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.






THANKS AND A WORD ON THE MUSICIANS:

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.

A vintage, silver, cylindrical microphone with a mesh grille is mounted on a broadcast console. The console has various knobs and buttons, some of which are illuminated with small lights. In the background, a control room is visible through a glass partition, with several people working at desks under warm, yellowish lighting. The overall atmosphere is that of a classic radio broadcast studio at night.

...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

- 1.Prelude (Evening Train) :38 2.Fatman 5:14 3.End Of the Day 4:57 4.Next Stop :56 5.Evening Train 5:43
6.Tiny Hands 4:19 7.Another World 5:29 8.(I Wanna Be) Plastic 4:22 9.Don't Let Me Fall 5:01 10.I Slept 12 Hours 4:55
11.Meet Me By The Riverside 3:50 12.When I Was A Child 5:24 13.Segue :24 14.Although It Is The Night 5:56
● 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.

