



RANDY ABEL

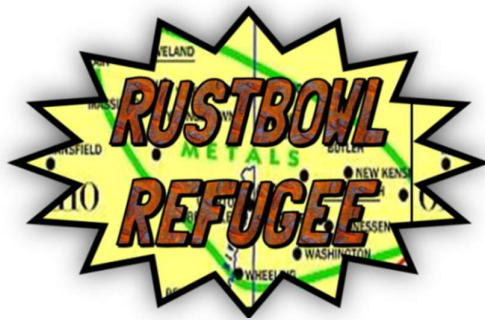
GOD's Too DRUNK

OR

HEAVEN's a

CHINESE HONKY TONK

a lyrical memoir



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pedagogy of the self-appointed musical attaché

*Tell a story and you open a world;
Intro a musical form and you soundhole a universe.*

SET ONE

**de-honky-tonk-nial
ain't just a whisky river in hell,
hoss!**

So She Stays in Paddy O'Shea's

So she stays in Paddy O'Shea's,
Lord knows where she spends her days
But the dim lights and loud music
Make her Paddy nights always

Though she'll say it's just the lack
Of her beloved Irish craic,
It's the lonesome Beijing blues
That keeps her cold heart coming back

As I light her smoke I ask, "Hey what's your name, Love?"
She says, "Man, I know you Yanks are all the same, Love"
I say, "Dear, I'm here just tryin to make some small talk"
Says she, "You'll mind your pervy ways or take a walk"

Her heart's been broke, I'd say it must be nine or
Ten times before and since she came to Chiner
She tells me she comes 'round for beer and football
But it's the teardrop in her eye that says it all

[Chorus]

She cries, "Karl, you knacker bastard, bring some whiskey!
And warn your Yankee mate lest he get frisky!"
The barman winks at me, he knows too well
This piece of Irish heaven is her China lovesick hell

So she stays in Paddy O'Shea's,
Lord knows where she spends her days
But the dim lights and loud music
Make her Paddy nights always

Though she'll say it's just the lack
Of her beloved Irish craic,
It's the lonesome Beijing blues
That keeps her cold heart coming back



Discovering my inner Honky Tonk Man Who Understands.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, February 2011

Second Bar to the Right (Then Straight On 'til Morning)

We left a joint just after two
Me and my new-found motley crew
Headin toward a new locale for beer and shooters
When one woman outta three
Said, "You'll ride along with me"
And I straddled that gal's mean, green motor scooter

As we careened the dark hutong
She said, "I haven't known you long,
But I'm certain why you're so long far from home."
I said, "Lay it on me, dear,"
Says she, "You're old enough to hear
That you've a classic case of Peter Pan Syndrome."

*I told her, Peter Pan and Neverland have shit to do with me
So you can stick your knee-jerk judgements and pop-psychology
The legends are that country stars get old and darkest before dawnin
So, take the second bar to the right, then drive straight on 'til mornin*

When we reached a roundabout,
She turned her head a bit to shout,
"I know a hundred guys like you and they're all dyin'!"
But I was fresh out of *bon mots*
Too busy thinkin happy thoughts
And I swear that motor scooter took to flyin

*Lord knows Peter Pan and Neverland have shit to do with me
So you can fuck your knee-jerk judgements and pop-psychology
The legends are that country stars get old and darkest before dawning
So, take the second bar to the right, then drive straight on 'til morning*



The first written for The Randy Abel Stable, and the first recorded!

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Beijing; Mid-July 2011

Stable Condition

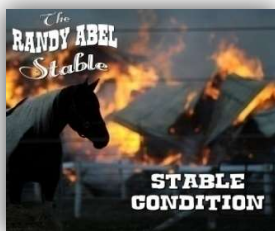
Stable condition
I'm nearly on my way
That's what the doctors say
When they come by each day
Stable condition
I'll soon come home to you
Stave off this endless blue
Your cryin too

The bottle's all I've had to stop the pain
Last week the bottle let me down again
So now the only bottle near and dear to me
Is drippin slow i.v. into my vein

Stable condition
I'm nearly on my way
That's what the doctors say
When they come by each day
Stable condition
I'll soon come home to you
Stave off this endless blue
Your cryin too

The say a man can't quit this on his own
But whiskey's been the only friend I've known
So, Darlin, tell these demons flyin 'round my bed
I'd just as soon be dead than live alone

Stable condition
Though in an awful way
I've still got Hell to pay
While strugglin day to day
Stable condition
My thoughts are home with you
Drownin in endless blue
You're cryin too



Penned under the influence Townes Van Zandt's life story and from the inkwell of my very own personal folly.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, November 2011

An Aesthete's Plea

*Don't let me open up my door to find my Dreamgirl
Lawd, I could never take perfection in good stride
If I should bump into her walkin after midnight
Let my desire shake her gaze and strut on by*

A man should never chance to get the things most vaunted
The musiverse has laws he can't defy
Wish-fulfillment on the one hand shit you wanted,
While in the other sand cracks slippin as you cry:

*Don't let me open up my door to find my Dreamgirl
Lawd, I could never take perfection in good stride
If I should bump into her walkin after midnight
Let my desire shake her gaze and strut on by*

If there's a siren on the rocks, I'm off the port bow
If there's an angel wingin low, I'm aimin high
You done made this wreck I am, Lord, keep me strong now
And bless me flirtin with temptation 'til I die

*Don't let me open up my door to find my Dreamgirl
Lawd, I could never take perfection in good stride
If I should bump into her walkin after midnight
Let my desire shake her gaze and strut on by*



Musings on an archetype.

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Beijing; 12th June 2014

The Freelif Side of Wild

If it's true that married men make honky-tonk angels,
Let the devil take those cheatin fools to hell
The great speckled bird should peck upon their entrails
While their trusting wives complain, cajole and yell

*It wasn't single guys made honky-tonk angels
It's married dudes prefer the mistress style
If God's too drunk to cast 'em single-handed
Then Jesus let the bachelors make 'em wild*

May a freelance heart mold honky-tonk angels
In the image of the goddess they'd all serve—
Hail, Diva, third-eye Shiva of the nightlife
Guide the savage hand that's sculpting every curve

*It wasn't single guys made honky-tonk angels
It's married fools prefer the mistress style
If God's too drunk to cast 'em single-handed
Then Jesus let the bachelors make 'em wild*



*I love a story that winds-up espousing an
ethos, and I feel like I cracked some ancient
honky-tonk riddle with this response-to-a-
resopnse-song song!*

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 5th July 2014

Blues Ain't Rainin'

The blues ain't rainin,
They just fall down that way.
The blues ain't rainin,
They just fall down that way.
And love ain't thunderin,
It's angels' rowdy play.

This storm ain't passin,
'Til clouds have had their say.
This storm ain't passin,
'Til clouds have had their say.
The blues ain't rainin,
They just come down that way.

The trees ain't springin,
They're just in bloom, you see.
The trees ain't springin,
They're just in bloom, you see.
My heart ain't jumpin,
It flutters naturally.

This stream ain't babblin,
It rambles out to sea.
This stream ain't babblin,
It wanders to the sea.
The blues ain't rainin,
They just rained down on me.



© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 19th Mar. 2015

Not Fall Staggered

What for to burn of your affections
Anyhow if I could catch 'em?
Snuff my heart to smoking sections
Torch it all

The while you fuel my disposition
Don't fan the flames of fondest fiction
Hand to goddess, fiery mamma,
I'll not fall

*I'll not fall staggered
Or tripped-up jagged
Or jonesin' haggard
Swaggered by the strength of song*

*I ain't hornswaggled
Nor primrose-goggled
Nor heartstring-toggled
Dumbass boggled by the strength of song*

The bridge is where we break melodic tension
Let the meaty phrase take flight on buzzard wings
Of timbre'd verse foreshadowed by the blue note
You sent me blazing metaphor the bridgening

What rakes the embers in absention?
Not a soul so bold to mention
How I smolder slight but sentient
Cindering on

So your wheel unreels a spectrum?
Color me blinded by perfectum
Hand to goddess, reelin mamma,
Not real gone

[Chorus]

Stagger-joggled by the strength of song

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing: 30th Sept – 6th Oct 2015







SET TWO

**the sweet-strained
straight-up love**

Gone to Seed and Blown Away

*The past we've left behind is somewhat mellower than wine,
But the loss is something I just don't like to face.
With you sitting there, I feel a spark upon the air
But I'm a poor man and I guess I know my place.*

I ain't seen you in years and you'll forgive my petty fears
But I'd hoped that time would mark you in some way.
Now I'm still the boy I used to be,
But the world has had its way with me
And I feel I've gone to seed and blown away.

Chorus

It seems you ain't forgot at all just how to turn me into a mushball,
So if you see that waitress, please hail her this way.
And long after you're gone tonight
I'll be sittin at the bar tryin to make things right
'Tween the man I am and the sucker I been today.

Chorus

I think I'm Haggard and I'm Jones when croonin in my sappy baritone,
But I'm just a small-town boy who's lost the way.
I like the way you smirk at me
And how you hold your poise and dignity—
And I guess that's all I'm trying here to say.

*The past we've left behind is somewhat mellower than wine,
But the loss is something I just don't like to face.
With you sitting there, I feel a spark upon the air
But I'm a poor man and I guess I know my place.*



The first teen sweetheart, the dinner after a decade's lapse, and the fortune-cookie wisdom (left)—what more could a high, lonesome singer-songwriter ask for?!

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Kent, Ohio; May 2001

Tout Va Bien

Well, we met in a Francophile joint
And, speakin frank, we made a point
Of seein dawn's first rays
Break through your bedroom window

By light of morn I very nearly flipped
To see you had yourself a cowboy script
I said, "Okay, elle, eh,
Today's a lovin *fais do-do*!"

Tout va bien, it's all bien again
Ma cherie, just let it be all Poetry and Zen
Groupon-nous, et demain, Mamma just say when
We'll rendezvous every now and then
Tout va bien

Now you ask if I still ride the wave
And you wonder if I can behave
Or if whiskey's got a grip
On my ol' country soul

I'll just tell you what I know today,
Listen, Mamma, *s'il vous plait*:
You've inspired this here
Francophile rock and roll

Tout va bien, it's all bien again
Ma cherie, just let it be all Poetry and Zen
Groupon-nous, et demain, Mamma just say when
We'll rendezvous every now and then
Tout va bien



This is a song about loving in Beijing, and it provided the name for a formidable "Mardigrass" side project!

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Beijing, 13th March 2012

Before the House Sets Fire

We met here once before and it was wrong then, too
I got a wife to love and your man sure loves you
But soon our smold'ring passion's gonna be aflame
We play with matches like it's just a game

Before the house sets fire
We'd better douse this blaze of love
And thank our lucky stars above
Our better halves don't know half of
The way our hearts conspire
Like spark of flint and steel
Darlin, let's queer the deal
Before the house sets fire

We'll have another smoke and talk this over some
We'd burn desire out and then the guilt would come
But while the coals are glowing just a little bit
Let's add another log, then call it quits

Before the house sets fire
We'd better douse this blaze of love
And thank our lucky stars above
Our better halves don't know half of
The way our hearts conspire
Like spark of flint and steel
Darlin, let's queer the deal
Before the house sets fire

To stop a wild combustion you deny the fuel
But disavowing passion is to be a fool

[Chorus]



Willie Nelson told me in a dream that I should write this duet! I'd sung him the chorus through the door of a men's room, and his encouragement seemed half-assed. Nonetheless, I dreamt a chorus and Willie gave his dreamy approval!

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, 11th January 2013

Rocks a Jaded Blue

You've brought me to the foothills
Of your heart
I've dipped my toes in the well-spring
Of your blood
Where the rivers of your memory
Got their start
And your soul made whole makes tremors
In this mud

Intimate landscapes
Heartworn highways
Cross the cobbled path I've
Homeward bound with you...
Where the ebb-tides in your wake
Turn rocks a jaded blue.

Scape the mountains, best to reckon
Where they stand,
Beg your banshee-howlin spirit
Scape the sky
Shoot the channel, kick the castles
Made of sand
Hit the road badk-slidin wayward
By and by

Intimate landscapes,
Fossilized heartaches
Mark the cobbled path I've
Homeward bound with you...
Where the ebb-tides in your wake
Turn rocks a jaded blue.

[Last V same as 1st]



Intimate landscapes
Hearthstone ghost flakes
Light the cobbled path I've
Homeward bound with you...

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Nogent-la-Phaye, Fr. / Beijing; Feb-Mar 2014

Your Lipstick on This Microphone

A faint greasiness from your lipstick on this microphone
Grazes my lips every time I croon this song
As a follow-up to your honky-tonkin Diva show,
I'm the solo act meant to move the drunks along.

*But when I step up to this mic, I sidle gently
Like a gardener tends a flower just in bloom.
As my lips caress each word they sense intently
How your whiskey-sweetened essence haunts a room.*

I turn awkward when we chance to pass between our sets,
Dead-speechless as your charms come into view.
If you'd linger here one night for just one drink, I guess,
I'd sing my heart in torrents like you do.

*'Cause when I step up to this mic, I sidle gently
Like a gardener tends a flower just in bloom.
As my lips caress each word they sense intently
How your whiskey-sweetened essence haunts a room.*

Smeared scarlet from your lipstick on this microphone
Taints the timbre of my tunes a sanguine tone.
In the shadow of your honky-tonkin Diva show,
Just a troubadour in the red spot all alone.

*But when I step up to this mic, I sidle gently
Like a gardener tends a flower just in bloom.
As my lips caress each word they sense intently
How your whiskey-sweetened essence haunts a room.*

A faint greasiness from your lipstick on this microphone
Grazes my lips every time I croon this song.



"You know," a friend and fellow musician remarked on reading these lyrics for the first time, "every guy who ever makes music with her is going to have this exact feeling on some level at some point." The exact feeling is enchantment, and a songtrader's lucky too when a compelling story alights from that air.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing: 18th – 19th May 2014

A Windwillowed Second

Not so much the road callin, per se,
As the rain patters reckon
Inasmuch as you squallin me nay
But the tide whispers beckon
Such and such aloft kickin us soft
Swirls abashed misdiscretion
Ain't so much that we mutter to be
For a windwillowed second

*For a windwillowed second
Harrows me with fear and wonder
Bliss me out
Turn me in and rake me under
Furl me over
Till my ashes rent asunder
Willow moment
Up the instant
Breeze your name*

By and by when green roses enjade
With the blue briars' blushing
Cry but cry the scene closes in fade
Lights the daft poets' gushing
How and why who knows which purple prose
Be lilac the rushing
B' gosh, by the blue orbiting you
'Ligns the star 'lipses brushing

*For a windwillowed second
Harrows me with fear and wonder
Bliss me out
Turn me in and rake me under
Furl me over
Till my ashes rent asunder
Willow moment
Up the instant
Breeze your name.*

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Beijing: 10th – 12th Sept 2015





HALLOWEEN HOEDOWN



The
RANDY ABEL
Stable

PLUS
Confectionary

(LULU GALORE
&
KATE SMITH)

WEDS. OCT. 31ST @ 21:00
70 RMB DOOR/50 RMB PRESALE
HEY, DRESS WEIRD OR WHATEVER:
YOU JUST MIGHT WIN SOMETHIN'!

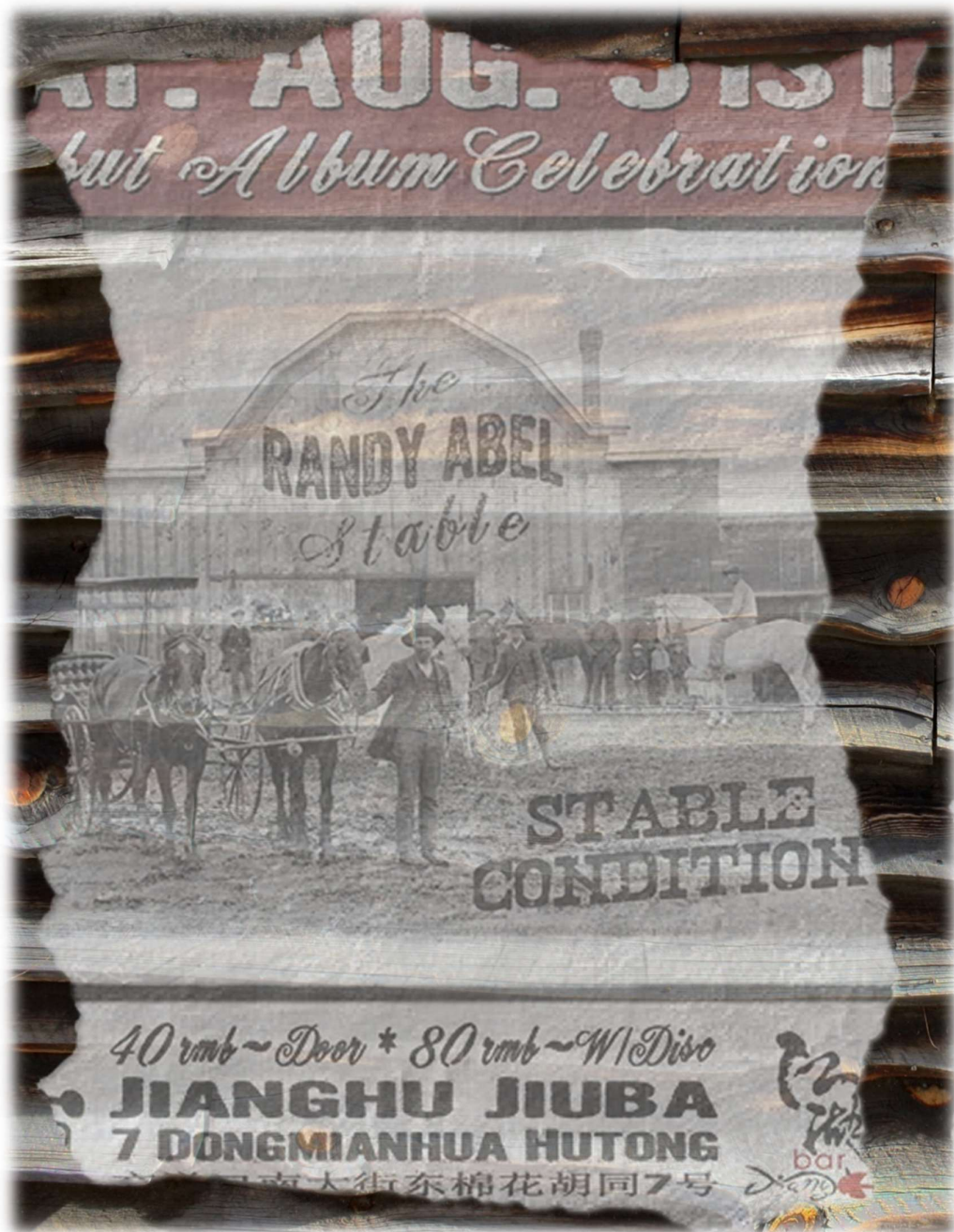
愚公移山
YU GONG YI SHAN





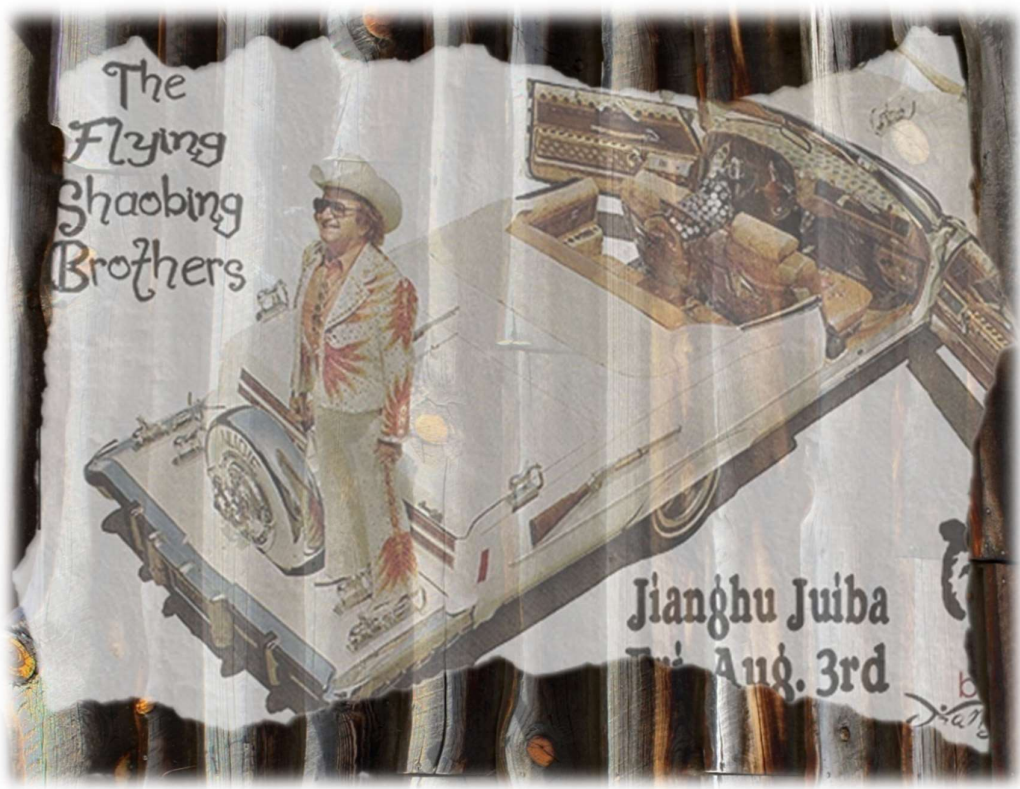














SET THREE

freedom fightin' with the void

Appointment in Samarra

DEATH SPEAKS: There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, "Master, just now when I was in the marketplace I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture. Now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me." The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went.

Then the merchant went down to the marketplace and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, "Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?"

"That was not a threatening gesture, I said, it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

*Death waved to a man in the Baghdad market
And there She gave him such a scare
He spurred a fast horse to Samarra
And Death's appointment with him there.*

*Make me a channel of your peace
And ride you roan horse straight and true
Death keeps all of her appointments,
Tonight she counts on me and you.*

*I took a cruise through oil-slicked waters
'Board a modern gunboat on patrol
Keeping the world safe from a tyrant
And his starving people on parole.*

*Make me a channel of your peace
And send the message loud and clear:
These Tomahawks is locked and loaded
And there ain't no mercy spoken here.*

*A salty sailor smoking starboard
Said, "I've waited seventeen years
To send these babies into History
And, man, we're lucky to be here."*

*Make me a channel of your peace
And guide these babies straight and true*

*Death keeps all of Her appointments
And tonight she counts on me and you.*

I met a chaplain who spoke in semaphore
He said, "We know not what we do.
But I've prayed to God and ol' St. Francis
To guide these babies straight and true."

*Make me a channel of your peace
Tonight we know not what we do,
But God has a special place for warriors--
Death keeps 'em close to Her heart, too.*

I heard the words "collateral damage"
Spoke by the captain 'neath his breath
He said that fate targets the wicked
Too young or slow to run from Death.

*Make me a channel of your peace
He'll wear an admiral's star at last!
Lads, set a course for Perth, Australia
With the ol' Jolly Roger on the mast!*

Saw Death pumping gas at the BP station,
She grinned and gave a friendly wave.
I was proud to think of our self-service
And all the money that we'd saved.

*Make me a channel of your peace
And wave the ol' Red, White and Blue.
Death has an eye for deals and bargains—
She'll pass the savings on to you.*



Found an autoharp in the attic of a farmhouse where I was living, "tuned" it from a piano and scratched on it for a few days before firing out this song.

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Shiloh Farm, Bessemer PA; Winter 1999

Human Tide

*Roll on human tide
Curl into that darkness
Geese call as you fly on your westward way*

From rock cliffs and dark hollows wild geese roll along
Their wings rustle and whistle makes a high-lonesome song
That ol' call is a witness, a man has to decide
To heed the righteous and wayward, the land and the tide.

*Roll on human tide
Curl into that darkness
Geese call as you fly on your westward way*

Coyote's long ramble on the bootlegger road
Left him chilled and degraded for all the lies that he told
He went home to the people, he said: "Show me the light"
They told him "Follow the geese, boy, on your last wayward flight
You gotta roll with the tide, boy, into the cold, burley night

*Roll on human tide
Curl into that darkness
Geese call as you fly on your westward way*

I heard crows cry for danger, I seen em carry their load
I seen em fight for the gray squirrels mowed down in the road
But them ol' crows taught me nothin 'til the night that they showed
How they bury their dead, boys, by the bootlegger road

*Roll on human tide
Curl into that darkness
Geese call as you fly on your westward way
Geese call as you fly on your westward way*



*Inspired by Baiyan, the lovely Hainanese woman I was seeing in
Appalachian southern Ohio, who sang me harvest songs and taught me
that geese fly in the shape of a "ren", not a "v".*

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Shiloh Farm - Bessemer, PA, Fall 2000

Bluford Abel

Come on down the mountain Bluford Abel
Come on down the mountain Whiskey Blu
Can't you hear us callin, Bluford Abel?
We wanna drink that good ol' mountain dew!

Bluford left his home up on the mountain
To join Virginia's fightin Forty-Two
But shrapnel in the arm for Stonewall Jackson
Held nothin to that good ol' mountain dew

Come on down the mountain Bluford Abel
Come on down the mountain Whiskey Blu
Can't you hear us callin, Bluford Abel?
We wanna drink your good ol' mountain dew!

He wore the ball & chain in Richmond city
When the war was lost, the gates was opened wide
He threw that ball & chain in ol' Jim's river
And lighted-out across the Great Divide

[Chorus]

He wrestled with a bear up on Clinch Mountain
He wrestled with the revenueurs too
If you're up by Abels' Curve and feelin thirsty
Ol' Whiskey Blue is bound to wrestle you!

Come on down the mountain Bluford Abel
Come on down the mountain Whiskey Blu
Can't you hear us callin Bluford Abel?
We wanna drink that good ol' mountain dew!



First shouted these lyrics at a raging thunderstorm, just after returning from the Carter Family Fold on Clinch Mountain—and I could swear something shouted right back...!

Grandiddy Bluf?

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Shiloh Farm; 5th August 2000

Rustbowlachia

Rustbowlachia, Rustbowlachia

*Your slag and rust terrain
Brung down the water shedding sweetly
The rusty hollows of my brain*

*O, you ol' Mahoning Valley,
With your rolling hills so fair
Will I chance again to gaze upon
The sweetly smiling faces there?*

*I seen you shinin' in your glory
I spawned your darkest days of strife
You're a walkin, talkin, honky-tonkin
Slice of hardcore life*

*Rustbowlachia, Rustbowlachia
Your slag and rust terrain
Brung down the water shedding sweetly
The rusty hollows of my brain*

*When they were handin down indictments
I thought I was the last in line
But, "the first who thirst," the old song goes,
"Shall last drink none but time"*

*Rustbowlachia, Rustbowlachia
Your slag and rust terrain
Brung down the water shedding sweetly
The rusty hollows of my brain*



Rust Bowl + Appalachia (foothills) = RUSTBOWLACHIA

The Feds were swooping in, and I was desperate for an anthem I could bellow for my true homeland. The "old song" was one I had dreamed and reconstructed only in a shard.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Youngstown, Ohio; Summer 2002



Just Another Day in Paradise

"Just another day in Paradise,"

My uncle's widow heard him say
As he stepped out the door in Kevlar
To greet another Texas day

He rode the Brinks trucks down in Houston
Guarding someone else's green—
He'd served his country, loved his mamma
And kept his Harley "dresser" clean

But down in Houston there's a hunger:
A shit-kickin pulse that keeps things real
And human life don't seem to hinder
Scratchin that itch to rob and steal

"JUST ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE"
Is what they've written on his stone
So, come on sweet Texas Justice;
One family must not grieve alone

They say he waited there in ambush
To kill my uncle on the sly
For something like six-thousand dollars
Before he hit it on the fly

Sombitch was tagged the "Zoot-suit Bandit"
By the papers and tee-vee,
Like he was someone's hep-cat Robin Hood—
How cold does murder gotta be?

Just another day in Paradise—
Another good man in the ground—
So, come on sweet Texas Justice
Go out and get this killin clown

The long arm hooked him up in Austin
Where he confessed to what he'd done;
But some slick lawyer's got his number
And it seems our trial's just begun

But I ain't here to tell that story
Mark Grossman was my uncle's name
And I wish he was right here with us

Chuckling 'bout his late-great fame

But wishin's one and life's the other
And hope is something else entire—
We can only stay the course we've chosen
And tend that wild and sacred fire

"Just another day in Paradise,"
Uncle Mark would likely say,
That's all you get 'til you ain't got it—
It's all you wanted anyway

He rides that Gulf Highway to Paradise
Fast as angels will allow—
You can hear him laugh out loud and wonder:
"What's Texas Justice anyhow?"



My uncle's killer is serving a 70-year sentence in Huntsville, and I'm proud that these lyrics are filed as part of my family's formal case against his ever getting a chance at parole.

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Houston/Youngstown, Dec. 2002

R.I.P. MFG (1954-2002)

The Ballad of Ken & Aki

He told me, "Cain and Abel, able boy,

*Is the only bible story I'll ever employ
When I speak my heart to the hearts of men
As I try to bring my lost brother back again"*

Ken Kachigawa was a good ol' man,
He kept some Appaloosas on my daddy's land.
He'd come from California 'fore the Second World War
Called him out to speak Nippongo for the Intel Corps

One day in Okinawa, they was gaining ground
Ken was brought a prisoner his unit had found.
The interrogating proper was about to start
When a thunderbolt of lightning split Kenny's heart

Now, the face of this enemy was grimy and wet,
Contorted 'bove the steel of a bayonet.
But looking in the eyes he come to understand
It was the face of brother Aki left back in Japan.

*He told me, "Cain and Abel, able boy,
Is the only bible story I'll ever employ
When I speak my heart to the hearts of men
As I try to bring my lost brother back again"*

Ken began to question with some bass in his voice—
He was putting on a show just for the Intel boys.
But his local dialect it was a crypto code
And it was brother's heart to brother's on that jungle road.

Ken told him of their folks locked up in New Mexico,
How he'd fled to Pennsylvania 'til he knew he had to go.
Aki listened in amazement and spoke not a word,
But his eyes told Kenji that his brother had heard.

Yellow fever took Aki 'fore they dropped the bomb,
Ken returned a hero, bought himself a farm—
Raising up crops in his American dream
In a whitewashed shanty near a mossy stream

Yeah, Kenny fit right in to this quirky ol' town,
On Sunday afternoons he'd bring his autoharp down—
Singing out sweetly in a gospel tone

With a crypto-coded message driving one point home

*He told me, "Cain and Abel, able boy,
Is the only bible story I'll ever employ
When I speak my heart to the hearts of men
As I try to bring my lost brother back again"*

Now Kenji's autoharpin' with the Angel Band
Singing out with brother Aki to the hearts of men
War's brother killing brother, it's always been
And it's time we brought the lost brother back again

*He told me, "Cain and Abel, able boy,
Is the only bible story I'll ever employ.
War's brother killing brother, we never win,
And it's time we brought the lost brother back again"*



*Storytelling from whole cloth of true fiction—I sure wish
there'd been an autoharpin', gospel-speakin' Kenji back in my
hometown, but maybe the breath of song makes it well-enough
so.*

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Youngstown, Ohio; Spring 2003





*When death has come and taken our loved ones
It leaves our home so lonely and drear—
Then shall we wonder why others prosper
Living so wicked year after year.*

They had my daddy in a box and I wept
To brush his cheekbone with my fingers.
But I was warmed to find faint stubble there,
Post-mortem whiskers bristling on and on.
Be you self-righteous, stout or spleenful
You'll be lonesome in the moment should you linger
To touch your daddy's last-lone whiskers
And wonder where his stubbly soul has gone.

*They shaved his rough and dusky cheeks
But Papa's death-o'clock shadow kept on growin
Like rugged winter blossoms bloomin on some far exotic shore.
And, father, son and Holy Stubble!
Let's just say I got all whisked-up in the knowin
I'd touched my daddy's death-grown whiskers
And that razor's edge would trouble him no more.*

My daddy cut steel wheels for tank cars,
Sweat in steel mills, honky-tonk bars, hustled nine-ball.
I seen him lovesick, hammered, sober, sickly, sappy
Sunday morning coming down.
But before his trials were over
At a NASCAR race in Dover he was ragin—
Man, his soul revved when them stock-cars rolled
And reeled and rocked and rumbled round & round.

Back at the Old Man's farewell service
I was proud to feel a Circle left unbroken
As we recalled a vast and gentle soul
And sang this great old-timey gospel song
'Bout how Farther Along we'll all know why
And the why need not be spoken.
Lord knows I'll sport some stubble
When I sing with Pops much farther on along:

*Farther along we'll know more about it
Farther along we'll understand why...*

They shaved his rough and dusky cheeks

But Papa's death-o'clock shadow kept on growin
Like rugged winter blossoms bloomin on some far exotic shore.
And, father, son and Holy Stubble!
Let's just say I got all whisked-up in the knowin
I'd touched my daddy's death-grown whiskers
And that razor's edge would trouble him no more.



Wayne Charles Abel
1945-2005

© *Rustbowl Refugee Music*

Harbin, China; Spring Festival 2006



Random Thoughts 66 (Lu Xun's 'Road of Life')

Progressive road of life —
Into infinity ascending,
In spirit unrelenting,
Undeterred by death and strife.

Nature's endowed men

With conflicting inclinations,
While atrophy, degeneration
And backsliding figure in.

*Life is not afraid of death,
Laughing, leaping in its face —
All the while advancing
O'er the fallen of the race.*

A single soul may fall
But life it never retrogresses,
Though Man's depravity depresses
Your deeper thinkers one and all.

No matter if the darkness should dam the stream of thought;
No matter what misfortunes rend our efforts all for naught;
Man's blind hope for Perfection—
His one trait Nature kinda likes—
Keeps him advancing, trampling, scrambling
O'er those jagged iron spikes.

What is it makes a road?
It comes of trampling places,
Lonely dark forbidding spaces
Where we'll haul a heavy load.
The road's for me and you
As we open up a wasteland,
So desolate and unmanned,
Where only brambles grew.

There were roads in the past —
Roads blazed the dawn of history,
Roads will blaze it to the last.

*Life is not afraid of death,
Laughing, leaping in its face —
All the while advancing
O'er the fallen of the race*

Among our human kind
Life's progressive, optimistic,
And if you're true and realistic
Never a lonesome road you'll find.



Uncle Sam's Regrets (For Rema)

Collateral's another word they use for money
So applied to your dear loved ones it sounds funny
Funny in the strangest sense
The sickest joke at your expense
So there's no punch-line I can spin our defense

Damage is a hazard for controlling
It keeps the "better safe than sorry" clichés rolling
But I know sorry'd never do
To shore the damage we caused you
So a song is better and it's safer too

*It's peoples' souls, not "collateral damage" I see
Doublespeakin' blinds my society
To the human suffering
Again the dark storm rolls
Over your shocked and awed country
Though friendly fire burns inside of me
My uncle's coined no euphemism for apology*

As you lay sleeping I watched missiles hurling toward you
Spitting blazing balls of fire like they was made to
The brightest spectacle I've seen
Hell-bent for busting up your dream
I've never been equipped to grasp what that might mean

As you lay dying 'neath the rubble I was scrawlin'
A sailor's midnight-oil letter to his old man
Sayin, "Happy Father's Day—
I hope our bombs don't go astray"
Maybe I wrote it as your parents slipped away

*It's peoples' souls, not "collateral damage" I see
Doublespeakin' blinds my society
To the human suffering
Again the dark storm rolls
Over your shocked and awed country
Though friendly fire burns inside of me
My uncle's coined no euphemism for apology*

For you my Uncle Sam's regrets are overdue
You say "The bombs changed everything"—
They changed me, too
But where's the sound-bite I can try
To change your lost eye for an eye
And turn the buzz-phrase for forgiveness by and by?

*It's peoples' souls, not "collateral damage" I see
Doublespeakin' blinds my society
To the human suffering*

Again the dark storm rolls
 Over your shocked and awed country
 Though friendly fire burns inside of me
 My uncle's coined no euphemism for apology



Rema's mother, Layla al-Attar, killed by US missile strike on 27 June 1993.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Harbin, June 2006



Pink Cloud, Blue Lining Blues

I'm ridin a pink cloud with a blue, blue lining
 Yeah, the past is just a fevered dream away
 While I'm harpin with the angels I hear demon harmonies
 In dischord tones that scream of yesterday

Seems it was another lifetime, I musta been a diff'rent man,

Just gettin by like folks is wont to do
Thought I'd ride it out a hero, but the Fates waylaid my plan
And my joie de vivre got jacked up through and through

*I'm ridin a pink cloud with a blue, blue lining
Yeah, the past is just a fevered dream away
While I'm harpin with the angels I hear demon harmonies
In dischord tones that scream of yesterday*

When I get on top of this thing, lawd, man, I'll have it made
No more sleepless nights or days of dark despair
I'll know how to face the cold world and all the dues I paid
As I shuffle off this burden that I bear

*I'm ridin a pink cloud with a blue, blue lining
Yeah, the past is just a fevered dream away
While I'm harpin with the angels I hear demon harmonies
In dischord tones that scream of yesterday*

Lord, when my ship comes in I'll be struttin round again
Just like I was in simpler days of old
By then I'll be so wise, you won't even recognize
This fool who's saddest story's yet untold

*I'm ridin a pink cloud with a blue, blue lining
Yeah, the best is yet to come I'll dare to say
While I'm wrestling with my demons I hear angel harmonies
In dulcet tones that scream "Hey, it's okay!"*



*Another Stable classic that advanced a pioneering direction
for the band's compositional savvy.*

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Beijing, 3-7 May 2013

Blues I Keep My Boots In

(for Bob Dylan's coffee table)

Time falls all on itself
The years in tumble
And word keeps my heart on a shelf
Yet, Lawd, I'm humble—

I'm humbler than you, I'm humbler than her
The hank'ringest humbler who ever were
Time falls all on itself
The years in tumble

And years curl-up in the void
I keep my boots in
These boots made to walk overjoyed
Not for putting down roots in—
But roots is the time and roots is the word
The rootsiest rumbler you ever heard
And years curl-up in the void
I keep my boots in

Fame is a twain of the brain
Lawd, a hideous bitch-goddess
Known, like a dog to the bone
And shit you get gratis—
Gratis is good, gratis is free
Bitch it's the gratisest ever you'll be
Fame is a twain of the brain
Lawd, a hideous bitch-goddess

Love's but one husky shy
Of a dogsleddin mushload
And mush is in grueling supply
When trailhands get buffaloed—
You buffalo me, I'll buffalo you
On buffalo wings we're one mushy stew
Love's but one husky shy
Of a dogsleddin mushload

[V2 and out]

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Beijing; 15th July 2015

Freedom Fightin' Gospel

They're freedom fightin with the lord
They don't stand duty and there's peace
Until you just get bored
Ain't no spit-shinin bootlicks
Ain't no blood-speck sword
Just freedom fightin with the lord

I'm freedom fightin with the devil
He don't shoot straight but his star is
Always on the level
Ain't no hell-fired hoofprints
Ain't no rebel revel
Just freedom fightin with the devil

I'm freedom fightin with the buddha
He sits all day but he always
Does the thing that you'da
Ain't no earthenly temptings
Ain't no cheese but the gouda
Just freedom fightin with the buddha

I'm freedom fightin with the man
He always got my back 'cause he knows
I done the thing I can
Ain't it just a kick in the bootlick?
Ain't it glory 'til you just can't stand?
Just freedom fightin with the man

I'm freedom fightin with the voodoo
My mojo's workin but it
Just don't mojo hoodoo
Ain't it only ink in the flame, love
When the mojo hand tattoo you?
Just freedom fightin with the voodoo

I'm freedom fightin with the lord
He burns my brand but a light'll
Always draw me toward
Ain't no world but the next one
But the board is more than I can afford
Just freedom fightin with the lord

I'm freedom fightin with the reaper
He fucks this world but his tent is
Ever clean and cheaper
Ain't no bunk-bustin night calls
Ain't no bed rest deeper
Just freedom fightin with the reaper

They're freedom fightin with the lord

They don't stand duty and there's peace
Until you just get bored
Ain't no spit-shinin bootlicks
Ain't no blood-speck sword
Just freedom fightin with the lord

We're freedom fightin with the lord
We don't stand duty and there's peace
Until you just get bored
Ain't no spit-shinin bootlicks
Ain't no blood-speck sword
Just freedom fightin with the lord

© *Rustbowl Refugee Music*

Beijing; 28th August 2015





HAWK HEIK HICK



*Chris
Hawke*

*Heike
Kagler*

*Randy
Abel*







AMERICA

Folk, Yeah!

The
ANDY ABEL
Stable



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SAT. MAR. 29TH

21 LIANGMAQIAO LU, CHAOYANG
(INSIDE THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER PARK)
往东1500米路北汽车电影院





SET FOUR

**the conning linguist's
semantic rationale**

Who's Mr. Jones?

Say, who's that man? Who's Mr. Jones?

Make 'em all shiver down to their bones
Well, alright, he brought it home again
On the night that Bob Dylan rocked the Beijing Workers' Gym

Like a rollin stone, tangled up in blue
They kept a hard rain a-fallin 'long the watchtower, too
Well, alright, rollin and tumble-in
On the night that Bob Dylan rocked the Beijing Workers' Gym

Haters wanted times a-changin, wanted blowin in the wind
They called him out a Judas, screamin "Lawd, Bob sinned!"
Well uptight, their world view was grim
On the night that Bob Dylan rocked the Beijing Workers' Gym

Say, who's that man? Who's Mr. Jones?
I heard a thin man cryin like a freight train moans
Well, alright, although the odds are slim
Bob Dylan rocked for Freedom at the Beijing Workers' Gym



Despite lingering rumors to the contrary, Bob Dylan did not get me drunk and tattoo these lyrics on my ass.

It's me via MSNBC, far left below.



© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, April 2011

Diminishing Returns

FEMALE:

When I can't have you you're all I think of
But when I got you the flame of my love
No longer burns
That's diminishing returns

MALE:

I'm just a small man until I woo you
But when my largesse means nothing to you
Your love adjourns
And diminishing returns

BOTH:

Diminishing returns
It's how a fickle mind discerns
And what a fool heart never learns
From disappointment that it earns
Diminishing returns

If you await me, act like you hate me
But don't expect much if you should date me
This all concerns
Those diminishing returns

I play the big shot when you give trouble
But back in my arms you bust the bubble
And my heart yearns
As diminishing returns

Diminishing returns
It's how a fickle mind discerns
And what a fool heart never learns
From disappointment that it earns
Diminishing returns



*My first attempt at writing a duet, inspired by early
collaboration with the inimitable Kate Smith!
[Halloween Hoedown @ Yugong Yishan, 2012]*

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, 7th Nov. 2012

Your Paper Man

You say there's someone on your mind
He's from the past, you ain't forgot

And I can read between the lines
You had a bond, he meant a lot

And you say what you shared
Meant more than the physical can be
'Cause it was artistry
And I say, baby, what the hell you think
You share with me?
Naturally

*I'm askin, Darlin, who's your Paper Man?
Help me understand
Tell me, Mamma,
Why'd you ever call me "Paper Man"?*

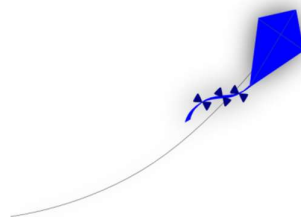
I ain't the first you ever mused
Some dudes with songs have come along
There must be others you've confused
My love is strong, don't get me wrong

But one love's remains seem
Tangled in your memory tree
Just like a kite would be
And I say, baby, what the hell's that got
To do with me,
My poetry?

[Chorus]

What I deliver to your door
Ain't come before, you know it's true
It ain't old news from distant shores
To dredge the past and make you blue

And I say, baby, write this down if
you can't see
Tattoo it on me
I'm your Paper Man if anyone is ever
Bound to be
That's a guarantee



Beijing, 7th July

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Lonely to Lonesome

*From lonely to lonesome is a dark stretch of time
Up in solitary for a partnering crime
It's a distance you measure by the walls that you climb
From lonely to lonesome takes a stark turn of mind*

If you don't know the difference, you ain't known either one
Not the lonely that hits you when you've lost your someone
Nor the lonesome that follows if you don't come undone
'Cause one to the other there's a gauntlet to run

If you see me out smiling, then the lonesome's kicked in
Maybe lonely got drowned-out by whiskey and gin
Or just a lonesome delusion's clouded my head again
Either way, I'm surviving, should you ask how I've been

*From lonely to lonesome is a dark stretch of time
Up in solitary for a partnering crime
It's a distance you measure by the walls that you climb
From lonely to lonesome takes a stark turn of mind*

I'm a lone semantician, you might be thinking by now
Why should I parse definitions in a song, anyhow?
Because you find it a joke, dear, to see me furrow my brow
When lonely to lonesome is all the range you allow

*From lonely to lonesome is a dark stretch of time
Up in solitary for a partnerin' crime
It's a distance you measure by the walls that you climb
From lonely to lonesome takes a stark turn of mind
From lonely to lonesome is a dark stretch of time*



Really came together in the fall of 2013, as one of the finest Stable offerings. The lyricism and phrasing of the tune is all homage to George Jones, who passed away a few weeks after it was written.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, 18-22 Apr. 2013

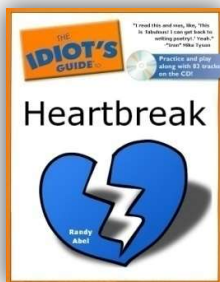
The Idiot's Guide to Heartbreak

When you find out you're a loser
And know you can't stand no more pain,
When you discover you're a dumbass
Only hurt by love again,
If it's self-help you been seeking
But you've no clue where to look—
Hey, numbskull, here's the answer
In a book.

The Idiot's Guide to Heartbreak
Tells you all you need to know
When she's finally up and left you
And you can't see why she'd go.
It's a manual for the morons,
A bible for the bruised;
Buy *The Idiot's Guide to Heartbreak*,
New or used.

Chapter One needs no introduction—
Welcome, dummy, don't despair
Just across that lonely mountain
Lies sweet lonesome waitin there.
If you follow these instructions,
You'll be enlightened in the deal.
Just don't fool yourself that heartbreak
Ever heals. [Chorus]

The last chapter's no conclusion;
You'll have to grope your lonesome way,
But the wisdom thus imparted
Builds muscle memory, experts say.
So, act now and place your order;
Don't let your fracture drag you down,
And you won't need no heartbreak handbook
Next time 'round.



Writ in a ski-resort jacuzzi, with a view of idiots freezing on the slopes.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Genting, Hebei; 4-5 Jan 2014

Urges [Comma], Blue

You mighta considered I was on the verge
Before you cast your spell on me.
Bewitch me to fragments, I'm gone to merge
With your complicit harmony.

Knocked over a feather, I'm tryin to purge
Your charms before they purges me.
You mighta considered I was on the verge
When you cut loose, set me free.

*But and however—Listen, Mamma:
'Cause, after all, I'm just a man
So punctuate-able, randy, comma,
Conjunctions that you don't understand*

...et plus,

I fell for you hook, line, and on the verge
Of sink or swim a deep blue sea.
Skip me like a stone-lonesome river surge--
I fall to peaches, shake my tree.

*But and however—Listen, Mamma:
'Cause, after all, I'm just a man
So punctuate-able, randy, comma,
Conjunctions that you don't ampersand*

...et donc,

Now comes the primetime for rhymin "urge"
And lettin that urges have their due:
You let it be urgent your prime emerge,
And let me my urges, comma, blue.

*Again, I'm just a fella what puts
this kinda stuff down on paper.*

Garden Pathological

OR

The Conning Linguist Commutes a Garden Path Sentence.

Time flies like an arrow,
Fruit flies like a banana.
Hook drops like a bookworm,
Teardrops like a rainstorm.
Temps fall as autumnal
Windfall leaves a numbskull.
Time flies like an arrow,
Fruit flies like a banana.

The complex houses married and retired.
The old folk rock the boat afloat the seas.
The horse bucked by the stable was on fire.
A scratch in time kills nine—intrepid flees.

Time flies like an arrow,
Fruit flies like a banana.
Steam train on a brass tack,
Dreams train on the sassback—
As he eyes explication
In her eyes' punctuation.
Time flies like an arrow,
Fruit flies like a banana.

But for grace of god there-by-god-goes a goddess.
If I'm reading you correctly—who's to blame?
On the bright side, figure there's a light from somewhere.
On the other hand, your digits number same.

Time flies like an arrow,
Fruit flies like a banana.
Hook drops like a bookworm,
Teardrops like a rainstorm.
Temps fall as autumnal
Windfall leaves a numbskull.
Time flies like an arrow,
Fruit flies like a banana.

Cheeses Rising (She's Just Fallen)

Brie noir bleu queso blanco feta gouda
Mozzarella di bufala provolone
Pepper jack havarti munster asiago
Bitto rubing string velveeta p  lardon

Passendale gruyere limburgere chura kampo
Danish blue rosa camuna keltic gold
Chamois d'or cream philly bleu de bresse
Pecorino nacho glouster gorgonzol

*Cheeses rising, she's just fallen
For a cheesy song recallin'
Cheeses global, cheeses local to my soul.
Et fromage with her con queso—
It's a cheesy world, but hey, so
Cheeses rising melt my heart to greasy flow.*

Colorado blackie colby stinking bishop
Romano cottage tyrolean gray
Ricotta emmental de savoie roquefort
Red leicester brick white stilton curds & whey

Camembert flower of raiya ragusano
Grev   lincolnshire poacher buxton blue
Appenzaller emmentaller baby cheddar
Cornish yarg romadur 'merican waterloo

*Cheeses rising, she's just fallen
For a cheesy song recallin'
Cheeses global, cheeses local to my soul.
Mi formaggi her con queso—
It's a cheesy world, but hey, so
Cheeses rising melt my heart to greasy flow.
Cheeses rising melt my heart to greasy flow.*



   Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 8th April 2016



SCHOOLHOUSE ANIMISM BLUES

WHEN THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM
TREMBLES AT FIRST SIGHT OF ME

THE GOO-LB. GORILLA
SETS THE HEN-HOUSE FOXES FREE

THE DUSTY MONKEY ON MY BACK
CROWS LIKE SHE'S GOT A REEF NINE

BUT WHILE I'M SHOOTING IN THE SCHOOL YARD
I FEEL LIKE BUGGED ROKETTY

MY BIRD-DOGGIN' SHOOTING
MOWIN' SONGS FOR BEVERLY HILLS BEATS STARLE FENCIN

SINGIN' SUMMERTIME MEANIN'
SLEEPIN' BOONAH COO



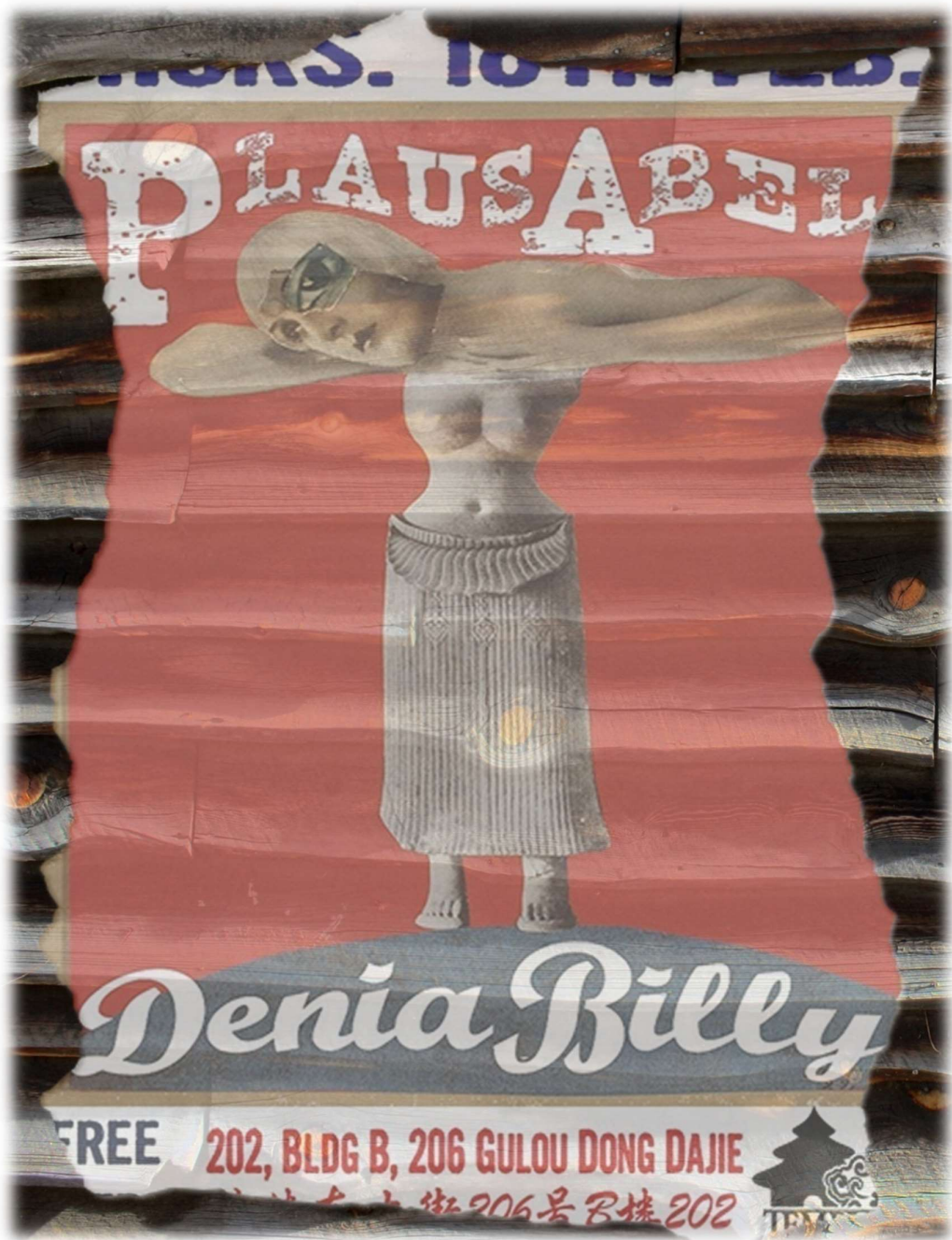


















SET FIVE

the skyclad abject lonesome

The Buzzards of Hinckley (Still Remind Me of You)

Sweetheart, the buzzards of Hinckley
Still remind me of you.
Their return marks distinctly
When I'm lonesome and blue.
It was Buzzards' Day last year
You swore you'd always be true.
As buzzards circle en masse, Dear,
I wish you'd migrate back, too.

Buzzards darkened this skyline
When you promised last Spring:
You'd come back to be all mine,
Wedding bells soon would ring.
Buzzards' Day is here now, Love,
The happy crowds dance and sing;
But you have broken your vow, Love,
It's only misery they bring.

Twilight is graying the pathway,
Buzzards wing overhead.
They hear me curse the black day
I believed we would wed.
Buzzard feathers are brown, Babe—
Like me, their faces are red.
I feel them staring me down, Babe—
Like me, they wish I was dead.

[Chorus]

Sittin by Buzzards' Lake, Dear,
Sunken down through and through.
Ranger says I can't stay here
While the sun's sinkin too.
He says the birds'll come next year,
I tell him this can't be true—
Dear, even the buzzards of Hinckley
Can't carry on without you.



They're turkey vultures, actually, and they return in mid-March.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Youngstown, Mar. 2003/Beijing, Jan. 2012

Leaving Me Incrementally

Your leaving me incrementally
Has turned me upside-down
You come to take a few small things
Back to your side of town
Lord knows this weren't no sudden split
I'll likely come around
But your leavin me incrementally
Has slowly dragged me down

Losing you's blown all out of proportion
What little feel I've left for Love and Fortune
Our house is less a home by micro measures
As you drop by to loot our worldly treasures

Your leaving me incrementally
Has turned me upside-down
You come to take a few small things
Back to your side of town
Lord knows this weren't no sudden split
I'll likely come around
But your leavin me incrementally
Has slowly dragged me down

Three-eighths of the time I feign not knowin
The quarter of my soul that's glad you're goin
Of heartache's pain I've yet but felt a fraction
This loneliness is all slo-mo reaction

Your leaving me incrementally
Has turned me upside-down
You come to take a few small things
Back to your side of town
Lord knows this weren't no sudden split
I'll likely come around
But your leavin me incrementally
Has slowly dragged me down



This is indeed a ditty 'bout divorce in Beijing.

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, Feb. 2012

Love Me, Save Me, Share Me

I knew when we started that she was bad news
A special-delivered invitation to the blues
Heartaches by the number in threes and in twos
As she left any barroom with whomever she'd choose

She said, "Love me, save me, share me
I'll open my heart, dear, but barely"
This serial heartbreak suits her to a "T"
She said "Love me, save me, share me"

She was broken to pieces by loves gone before
"Exclusive" is one word she don't keep in store
"Inclusive," I told her, "means I'm out the door"
"Elusive," she whispered, "and just one thing more"

She said, "Love me, save me, share me
I'll open my heart, dear, but barely"
She can't be the true love that I'd have her be
She said "Love me, save me, share me"

Now I sit here in darkness, the phone in my hand
As I picture her drinkin with some random man
They're dancin to some other honky-tonk band
But why she's worth savin he don't understand

She said, "Love me, save me, share me
I'll open my heart, dear, but barely"
I can love her, can't save her, her heart's runnin free
She said "Love me, save me, share me"

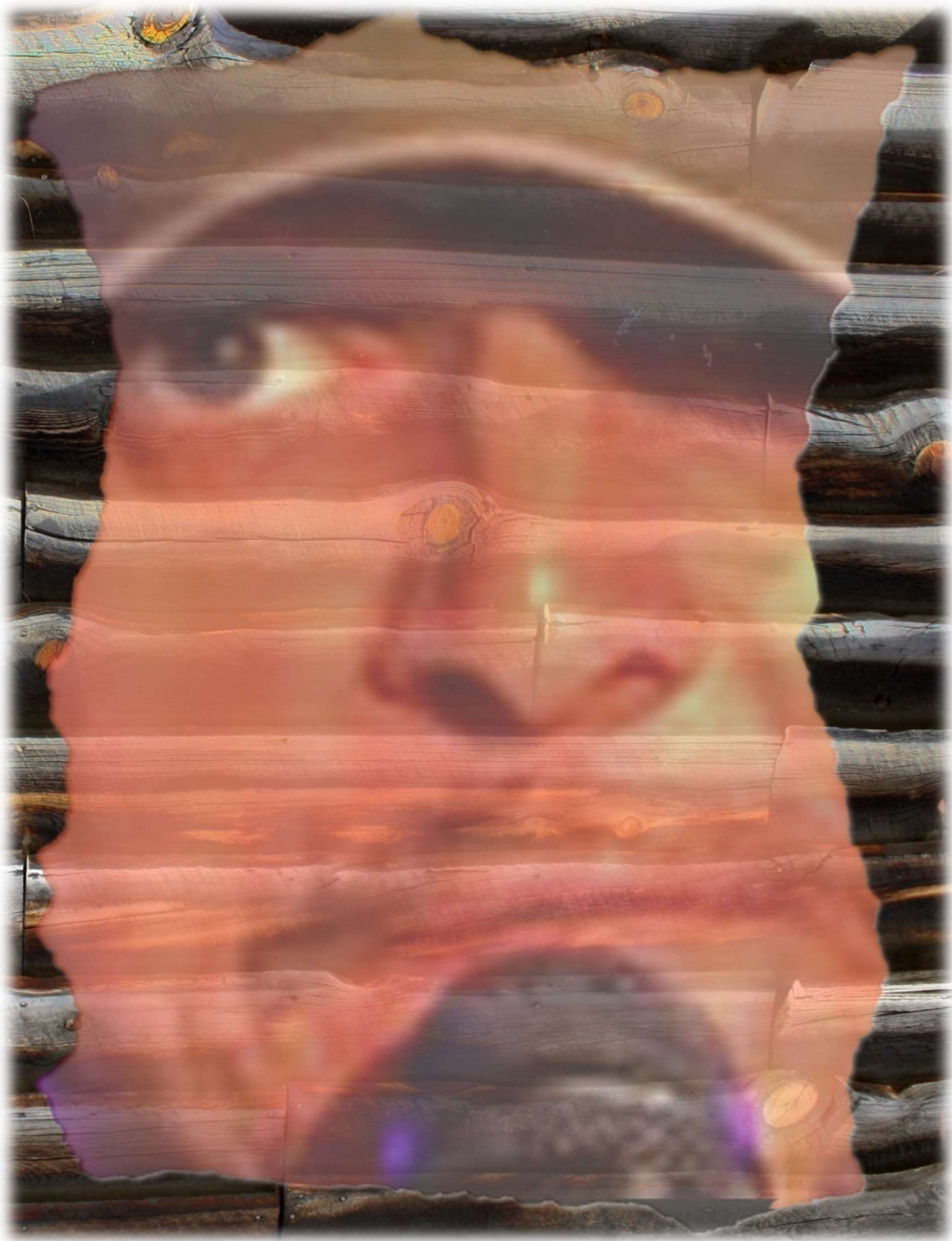


*Starting to hit a stride in writing for the
band...in five-part harmony!*

*[Zhujiatao Watertown Music Fest,
Shanghai, Oct. 2012]*

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing, 7 April 2012



The Good Wall

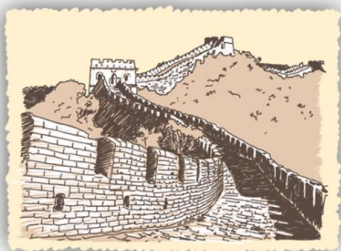
Ten thousand miles away from home
Just to stand here alone
On this monument to xenophobia
I'm settin cryin
They thought the Mongols couldn't breach it
Now it brings me no peace to reach it
It's a good wall,
But not a great wall
Where I'm dyin

*Just a good wall,
Not like the great wall
You've built around you
And I've roamed as far as China
Thinkin my absence could confound you
Ten thousand miles is just a start
For this existence apart
This here's a good wall,
But there's a great wall
Around your heart*

Indeed a wonder of the world
A stony dragon lyin curled
'Midst rolling hills too beauteous
For my describin
But you've a marvel all your own—
Fortress of fear, not earth and stone
Up on this good wall
I'm cursing your great wall
And I'm through strivin

[Chorus]

*There's The Good Wall
Then there's The Great Wall
Around your heart*



*Inspired by request (during an average Wall excursion:) and
jotted to life on said structure.*

© **Rustbowl Refugee Music**

Zhenbiancheng, Beijing; 3-8 Oct 2013

Fare Thee Anyway

To joy with you, the devil hush my name
Gods speed you 'long the road from whence you came
'Fare thee well' is all that's well and good to say—
Not a promise nor a hope another day

So here I stand sans malice, guilt or spite
With pen in hand I'll try to set things right
'Cause we tortured it to the bitter end, you know
And you snuffed it out just how you knew would grieve me so

*Another sorry sucker's lonesome song might call you home again
Pleadin, "Darlin just don't sin the way you been"—
But this here's your fuckin cheatin song I'm writin down today
Not a "fare thee well" but fare thee anyway*

Take it easy like you said when you went free
Take it lighter than you dreamed you'd ever be
You'll recall that all's but suffering, not pain
You'll hit the wall with all your winded strain

And there I'll stand sans malice, guilt or spite
With pen in hand I'll try to set things right
'Cause we tortured it to the bitter end, you know
And you snuffed it out just how I asked it shouldn't go

*Maybe a sorry sucker's lonesome song might call you home again
Pleadin, "Darlin just don't sin the way you been"—
But this here's your fuckin cheatin song I'm writin down today
Not a "fare thee well" just fare thee anyway*



© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 17 Feb. 2015

Misery Loves Harmony

Misery loves harmony
So shout me down in dulcet tones
Agony's gay for epiphany
Let happy mayhem rattle your bones

*All God needs
Is inexplicably strenuous deeds
Amazing mundane feats
Covertly-coveted teats
Imploring, cloying seeds*

When God forbade the apple
It was history's first mistake
If it was devils he'd straight forbidden
Eve and her Adam woulda et the snake

[Chorus]

Where should they go but California,
Land of sunshine-orange love nests?
Or to an occasional Iowa picnic
When oranges can't titillate their jaded palates?

*All God needs
Is inexplicably strenuous deeds
Amazing mundane feats
Covertly-coveted teats
Imploring, cloying seeds*

Misery loves harmony
So shout me down in dulcet tones
Agony's gay for epiphany
Let happy mayhem rattle your bones

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 22 Apr. 2015

Sunny's Blues

Reckless, reckon, I loved you
Crazy-hot as love can be
I think you must have loved me
In fact, love, your passion burned me blue

Love you, love; love you
Love me — love me
Recall *amour fou*

You said that love's but blindness
And I cried 'let moments abide'
You claimed I was too crazy
I mock your blind-foolish side

Love you, love; love you
Love me — love me
Reckon *amour fou*



Chinese original: <<我想我爱过你>>

Sunny Cao Jiawang

23 August 2015

Linden Center, Dali

English interpretation:

Randy Abel, Rustbowl Refugee Music

24-26 August 2015

Yunnan/Beijing

Easy Victory Easy (w/ Concision)

First of woman –

E- Easy, V- Victory, E – Eve

stretched where horizons meet to separate

cloud from silt

Thine eyeline sublimist thunderation from stupefaction

cloud from silt

Thou art a stone brickhouse built

cloud from silt

Stackinest art thou to the hilt

cloud from silt

Shaketh 'til thou gutwrench tilt

cloud from silt

Cloaketh not thine homespun lilt

cloud from silt

First of woman –

E- Easy, V- Victory, E – Eve

Beg thou wilt?

Thou wilt the grapest doubts on the vine

Thou wilt the blossom spore

'spite tongued fears entwine

Thou wilt the pitch of nocturne sidelong

into this little light o' mine

Thou wilt the sense that god gave geese

into

Easy

Victory

Easy

winged line

Thou wilt from fruit and shoot and snake-eyed root

our spice-wracked Eden-manna pine

Thou wilt Cain raise the able-brother'd boot, the brother-able'd scoot,

that Land-O-Nodded shine

Thou wilt from wisp of cloud and waft of silt

the very seed of guilt?

O, E- Easy, V- Victory, E- Eve,

Thou wilt be Thine

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 23rd Nov. 2015

How Shall She Sun?

How shall she sun her springtime today?
Rank sin and toil your'n rays wash away.
She's an Eve-motherin' mamma
Who don't play display.
How shall she sun her springtime today?

How shall she twist her locks up today?
Her ladyship coiffes up a storm, I dare say.
She's a hair-do-right woman
Where a man ne'er do stay.
How shall she twist her locks up today?

*How shall she sun and how shall she twist?
Divatate that and ravenate this?
How now shall her ladyship christen the mist?
How unchart the seas assailing her bliss?*

How shall she ring her muses today?
How blue muses sound,
What e'er muses say.
What abuse her devices be muse-ringing ways.
How shall she ring her muses today?

*How shall she sun and how shall she twist?
Divatate that and ravenate this?
How now shall her ladyship christen the mist?
How unchart the seas assailing her bliss?*

How shall she sun her springtime today?
Her ladyship coiffes up a storm, I dare say.
What abuse her devices
Be muse-ringing ways.
How shall she sun her springtime today?



© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 18th Jan 2016

God's Own Skyclad Fool

"O! Signore, fa di me uno strumento della tua Pace"

*A god's own fool
Is a spirit-mad hustler.
A god's own fool—
That one's touched, boy,
Let him be.
A god's own fool
Is a golden-calf rustler—
Nearer my god,
Crazy near you and me.*

Sweet Saint Juniper
What the Crist'dya do it for?
Kicked your habits worn
Skyclad as you was born

Francis of Assis'
Unto man and beast
Pray for war to cease
Musin' a channel of your peace

[Chorus]

Ezekiel saw a wheel
Whirl within a wheel
Way up in the sky
The fire he prophesigh

Woody Guthrie said
Children Moses led
John Lee Hooker there
Up in the middle of the air

[Chorus]

Rasputin's legacy
Mummer'd down to me
Brother'd kill the funk
That kooky ladies' monk

Gape into my eyes
Fake a fool disguise
Jester realize
Skyclad half-mad holy wise

*A god's own fool
Is a spirit-mad hustler.
A god's own fool—
That one's touched, boy,
Let him be.
A god's own fool
Is a golden-calf rustler—
Nearer my god,
Crazy near you and me.*

© Rustbowl Refugee Music

Beijing; 4-9 Feb. 2016

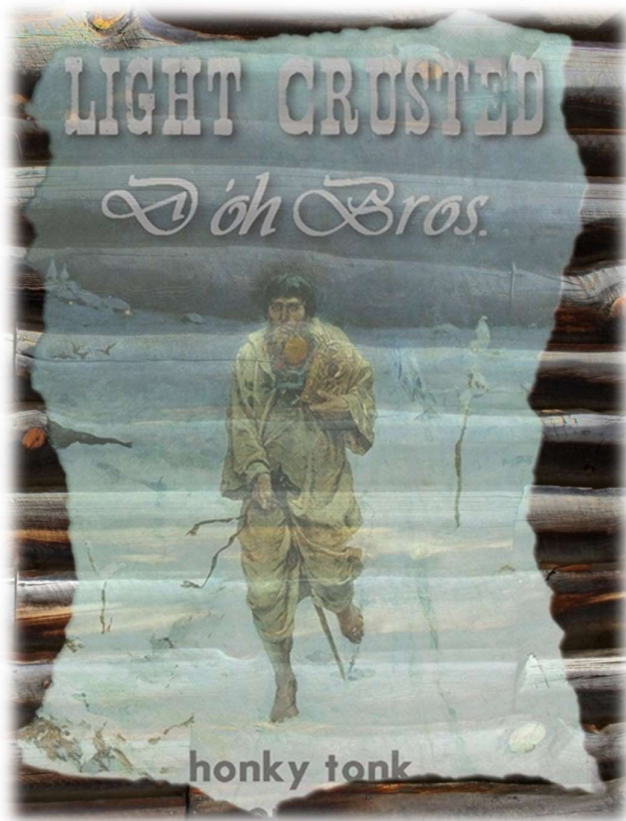




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- 33** **Jonah Kessel**; MIDI Music Festival Beijing; May 2014
- 48** **Emily Tang-Spear**; "More KRAW than Randy", Beijing; May 2014
- 50** **Greg Abel**; Nags Head, North Carolina; August 2002
- 50** **Brian Anderson**; Youngstown, Ohio billiards joint; Fall 1995
- 58** **"Chief"**; Saudi-Bahraini causeway; Summer 1993
- 59** **Noemi Cassanelli**; Sound of the Xity Fest, Temple,; Beijing; April 2014
- 67** **MSNBC**; Beijing Workers' Gymnasium; April 2011
- 70** **Laurent Hou**; Bookworm Beijing; November 2013
- 74** **Nathaniel Davis**;,, Dongcheng, Beijing; April 2016
- 76** **Emily Tang-Spear**; The Brickyard, Mutianyu, Beijing; May 2014
- 78** **"Six Nine"**; DDC Beijing; November 2014
- 79** **Jonah Kessel**; Hanggai Music Festival, Mako Livehouse; Beijing; July 2013
- 80** **Gene George Earle**; EP cover layout; Fall 2015
- 83** **Consulate of France**; Fete de la Musique, Wuhan; June 2014
- 85** **Laurent Hou**; Fubar, Beijing; February 2015
- 92** **Pauline Tran Van Liu**; 798 art district, Beijing; October 2013