

Robbie Fulks & Linda Gail Lewis - Wild! Wild! Wild!

Credits

Producer Robbie Fulks

Engineer Alex Hall at Hi-Style Chicago and Arlyn Austin Masterer Jim DeMain at Yes Master

Photographer Andy Goodwin Hairstyling Kasha Rodig Designer Markus Greiner

Round Too Long (Robbie Fulks)

Linda piano & vocal

Scott Ligon electric guitar

Casey McDonough bass guitar

Alex Hall drums

I Just Lived A Country Song (Robbie Fulks)

Robbie guitar and vocal

Linda piano & vocal

Redd Volkaert electric guitar

Tommy Detamore pedal steel

Hank Singer fiddle

Kevin Smith bass

Alex Hall drums

That's Why They Call It Temptation (Robbie Fulks)

Robbie guitar and vocal

Linda vocal

Danny B. Harvey guitar

Tommy Detamore pedal steel

Redd Volkaert electric guitar

Kevin Smith bass

Alex Hall piano & drums

Wild Wild Wild (Robbie Fulks)

Linda piano and vocal

Robbie vocal

Scott Ligon electric guitar

Casey McDonough bass guitar

Alex Hall drums

Who Cares (Don Gibson)

Linda vocal

Robbie archtop guitar

Redd Volkaert electric guitar
Tommy Detamore pedal steel
Alex Hall drums and backing voice
Kevin Smith bass
Casey McDonough and Kelly Hogan backing voices

Till Death (Robbie Fulks)

Linda vocal
Robbie guitar
Danny B. Harvey guitar
Tommy Detamore pedal steel
Redd Volkaert electric guitar
Alex Hall piano & drums
Kevin Smith bass

Memphis Never Falls From Style (Robbie Fulks)

Linda piano & vocal
Robbie banjo
Scott Ligon electric guitar
Eric Schneider clarinet
Tom Bartlett trombone
Art Davis trumpet
Casey McDonough bass guitar
Alex Hall drums

Boogie Woogie Country Gal (T Seals, Irving Music, Arr. by Linda Gail Lewis)

Linda piano & vocal
Redd Volkaert electric guitar
Danny B. Harvey electric guitar
Alex Hall drums
Kevin Smith bass
Tommy Detamore pedal steel

Foolmaker (Robbie Fulks)

Robbie vocal
Linda piano & backing voice
Scott Ligon organ & electric guitar
Casey McDonough bass guitar
Alex Hall drums
Yvonne Gage and Joan Collaso backing voices

On The Jericho Road (Don McCrossan)

Linda vocal

Robbie guitar & vocal
Scott Ligon guitar
Casey McDonough bass

Your Red Wagon (Gene DePaul, Richard M. Jones, Don Raye)

Linda vocal
Robbie vocal
Scott Ligon organ & electric guitar
Casey McDonough bass guitar
Alex Hall drums

It Came From The South (Al Anderson, Bill Lloyd)

Linda piano and vocal
Robbie guitar & vocal
Scott Ligon electric guitar
Casey McDonough bass guitar
Alex Hall drums

Hardluck, Louisiana (Robbie Fulks, Linda Gail Lewis)

Linda piano & vocal
Tommy Detamore pedal steel
Hank Singer fiddle
Kevin Smith bass
Alex Hall drums & accordion

Lyrics

Round Too Long

I'm the sister of a hellraiser, the daughter of an old tomcat
I was playin' the piano in a honky-tonk before you bragged about that
If it's a song about hard hard livin', it's a song I'm livin' in
If a rough road goes there, you can bet I've been

When the girls was playin' at jumprope, I was playin' the men for fools
I was drownin' in a sea of whiskey when they were dreamin' 'bout Liverpool
Ever since I was a child I was fast and wild, I guess I'm a wild one still

'Cause when you say 'you can't' -- you know I will.

I'm like a record that won't wear out, I'm like a wheel that spins on
You can't hardly stop rolling, when you've been round too long.

Down in Flagstaff, Arizona, there's a tavern where I'm barred
They say I caused a riot back in '78 by rockin' the joint too hard
If you can't take the beat, get out of my kitchen now
There's fire on my fingers, and fever on my brow.

This ain't an old-folks reunion, this ain't a Johnny Cash song
They can't make you walk no line when you've been round too long.

Won't you put me in Kentucky when my time on earth has ceased
'Cause out of all the men who hurt me, Jack Daniels hurt me least
If I raised some Cain, lived a little insane, it never was a plan of mine
Lord to be an angel 'fore my time!

All of you young people preachin' ain't had the chance to go wrong
Well it's too late to go straight when you been round too long.
I'm like the Sun that keeps burnin' -- I'm like a wheel that spins on
You can't hardly stop rolling, when you've been round too long.

I Just Lived a Country Song

Swingin' doors and whiskey river: the first words I learned to say Willie, Merle, and all those
outlaws was all that Daddy'd ever play
These beer joints where I'm workin' I started workin' at 16
And if I look a little ragged, must be those 30 years between.

My first single hit the big time, for a while there I was hot
I can't recall the early '90s, and these last 10 I'd rather not
There are mornings when I wonder what I can show for all my time
But I sure can sing with feeling: "Whiskey river take my mind."

This honky-tonkin' way of livin' I've been livin' way too long
'Scuse me if I'm late for heaven -- I just lived a country song.

Now in this Super 8 in Reno, a couple screamin' through the wall
I'm lyin' in my jeans and dreamin' 'bout a girl in Omaha
Well that's been 20 years and counting, I can't go back there anyhow
I've hitched my wagon to a heartache, and Lord I'm sleepin' with it now.

This honky-tonkin' way of livin' will make the weak out of the strong
Don't tell your troubles to me, mister -- until you've lived a country song.

When that lost highway finds you, those family ties won't bind you
No matter how your Mama may try
Just follow Hank down that highway, till you feel it when you say
"I'm so lonesome I could cry"...

This honky-tonkin' way of livin' I've been livin' way too long
'Scuse me if I'm late for heaven -- I just lived a country song.
And if I never get to heaven, it's 'cause I lived a country song.

That's Why They Call It Temptation

It wasn't just the promise of a thrill
Nor your tender touch alone that broke my will
It was knowing where we were going, we'd never turn back 'round
And in one reckless night we'd be forever bound.

That's why they call it temptation
There's no power so strong
For our hearts could see the right road
Yet we ran to the wrong
That's why they call it temptation
For long after it's through
'm back home with her tonight
(And I'm holding him tight)
But still dreaming of you.
 I tried to keep my hands from where they longed to go
And I did all I could to help you, short of saying no
All of the past we burned to ashes with just one foolish kiss
And all that followed was just too much to resist.

Wild! Wild! Wild!

Back when this land was a jungle
That's when it was my home
I had a lion's blood, all I wanted was
To ravage and to roam.

Once you crossed paths with this stray cat
We was rippin' it up in style

We were fast and free, weren't we
Wild, wild, wild.

Well the backwoods clung to our sneakers
And our knees showed through our jeans
Fast as our hearts beat, how come we weren't
Blown to smithereens?

The upper crust all looked at us like the
Devil's own stepchild

And they figured us well because truth to tell we was
Wild, wild, wild.

When I think of those stiff old-timers
I'm happy their day is done
Cause their clothes looked silly and their music stank
And they never 'lowed no fun.

Goodbye to the bad old Dixie/Of the bigots and the monkey trial
You wanna shake the tree, sometimes you got to be/Wild, wild, wild.

Well the dirt still clings to our sneakers
And we're wearin' them blue jeans too
And there ain't nobody to stop us now
'Cause the animals are runnin' the zoo

Just look around at these crazy cats
That the whole world once reviled
Baby rock-and-roll's done sprung the cage and it's
Wild, wild, wild.

Yeah, back in the day, I'm proud to say, we was
Wild...wild... wild.

Who Cares (Don Gibson Cover)

I walked down this ol' lonely street
And no one seems to wanna speak
Oh Who Cares, who cares for me?

All the world seems cold

The world seems grey
Nothing seems the same since you went away
Who cares, who cares for me

Surely happiness can be found
Surely there's someone for me
Must I go through life with this hopeless love
Why can't I be set free?

All I want is you
All I know is you
But somehow our love just can't be
Who cares, who cares for me

Till Death

□ It was a picture-perfect marriage, yeah that's what I believed □
Then you gave another woman something you swore you'd only give to me
You're a man that can't keep a promise,
and I'm a woman never breaks a vow
We said "Till death do us part" -- and that's now.

□ 'Cause I'm gonna kill you, and you know I've got the will to □
So you better hike up your pants, grab what you can and run
□ You won't look so strong and handsome with a bullet upside your brow
We said "Till death do us part" -- and that's now.

□ You don't know how you've made me suffer,
but you'll find out when you die
I'm gonna use some real slow torture,
gonna make you beg and cry □
And after fifteen years of marriage,
well I reckon that I know how □
We said "Till death do us part" -- and that's now.

□ No more honky-tonk angels,
only actual angels
□ And a fiery pit for you to think about what you've done
□ So quit hiding behind that curtain,
come out and take your last bow
We said "Till death do us part" -- and that's now.

Memphis Never Falls from Style

Way down the road from Nashville on the Chickasaw Bluff
Where the food is always fine and the weather ain't rough
It's hard to tell the high and mighty from the rank and file
And fashions alter often, but Memphis never falls from style.

From the Ohio River to the Natchez Trace
Some sleepy Southern towns are just a basket case
Old Birmingham ain't been worth a damn for a long, long while
And the hipsters go for Austin, but Memphis never falls from style.
Don't shush when they shout, nor scold when they drink
They got their own way of living, they don't care what you think
The local wisdom says the key to success
Is working just a little and worrying less

Thank you Memphis!
For the great insight
That music is a drag if it's too fucking white
It's B.B. on the guitar,
Booker T. and Big Star And Dewey on the radio dial

The soulful groove's what draws 'em,
so Memphis never falls from style.

Go down to Graceland, pay respect to the King
Or stretch out along the river, hear the boatmen sing You want danger? They got as much as
New York Plus the blues and the bluffs and the barbecue pork
Way down the road from Nashville where the Big Muddy flows
Eddie Braddock's from there -- what else you need to know?!
In no other city will each passing pretty girl greet you with a hospitable
! smile
Yeah it's simply 'cause it's awesome that Memphis never falls from style.

Boogie Woogie Country Gal (Jerry Lee Lewis Cover)

I like to do me a little rock, do me a little roll
Country boogie woogie burning deep down in my soul
That's right, it got a hold on me
I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Was born in Louisiana in the middle of a swamp
Like a backwater bullfrog, ready to jump
That's right, it got a hold on me
I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Well Lord, I like to boogie, I like to boogie woogie
Lord, I like to boogie, I like to boogie woogie
I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Danny and Red!

Honey, I can take a bulldog, I can break his bones
I can break him for you, shake him for you all night long
That's right, cause its got a hold on me
I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Well Lord, I like to boogie, I like to boogie woogie
Lord, I like to boogie, I like to boogie woogie
I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Oh Tommy!

Was born in Louisiana in the middle of a swamp
Like a backwater bullfrog, ready to jump
That's right, it got a hold on me
I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Well Lord, I like to boogie, I like to boogie woogie
Lord, I like to boogie, I like to boogie woogie
And I'm your boogie, woogie, boogie
country gal from Tennessee

Foolmaker

I felt the danger, when I first looked in your eyes

I was young, headstrong, but not so worldly-wise
Too immature to know just what you were
You were a fool (fool) foolmaker.

Your smooth line of talkin' should've been a clue
Moments of anger, when your real face showed through
Young hearts were your raw parts, any trusting soul would do
You were a fool (fool) foolmaker.

Foolmaker!

Makin' your wicked plans Foolmaker! And I fell right into your hands

You loved me and left me, that's all that fools are for
You made me, played me, but I won't be fooled no more
No I won't be the same, , since I played the game with a Fool (fool) foolmaker.
Makin' your wicked plans Foolmaker! And I fell right into your hands
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You loved me and left me, that's all that fools are for
You made me, played me, but I won't be fooled no more
No I won't be the same, , since I played the game with a Fool (fool) foolmaker.

Your Red Wagon

If you wanna go crazy and act like a clown
Be the laughing stock all over town
That's your red wagon, that's your red wagon
So just keep dragging your red wagon along

If you stick your nose some place it don't belong
Don't you come to me if things go wrong
That's your red wagon, that's your red wagon
So just keep dragging your red wagon along

When you're making your bed
Remember you'll do the lying there
When you buttered your bread
Don't expect me to eat your share!

If you're gonna play horses and blow your dough
Don't you run to me if they don't show
That's your red wagon, that's your red wagon

So just keep dragging your red wagon along

So the chick you left me for is tired of you
Baby, why call me 'cause I'm tired too?
That's your red wagon, that's your red wagon
So just keep dragging your red wagon along

Now you've finally learned
That you get burned when you play with fire
Don't come running to me
You can't use me for your spare tire

If you don't have love songs to fit my key
Baby, don't sing your blues to me!
That's your red wagon, that's your red wagon
So just keep dragging your red wagon along

On the Jericho Road

As you travel along on the Jericho Road
Does the world seem all wrong and heavy your load
Just bring it to Christ your sins all confess
On the Jericho Road your heart He will bless

On the Jericho Road there's room for just two
No more and no less just Jesus and you
Each burden He'll bear each sorrow He'll share
There's never a care for Jesus is there.

On the Jericho Road blind Bartimaeus sat
His life was a void so empty and flat
But Jesus appeared, one word brought him sight
On the Jericho Road Christ banished his night.

On the Jericho Road there's room for just two
No more and no less just Jesus and you
Each burden He'll bear each sorrow He'll share
There's never a care for Jesus is there.

Oh, brother, to you this message I bring
Though hope may be gone, He'll cause you to sing
At Jesus' command sins shackles must fall

On the Jericho Road you will answer His call.

On the Jericho Road there's room for just two
No more and no less just Jesus and you
Each burden He'll bear each sorrow He'll share
There's never a care for Jesus is there.

It Came from the South

Black or white, blues or hillbilly
It's got a rockin' rhythm knockin' me silly
Every time I hear it, I'm as good as gone
Up or down, fast or real slow
That's all ya hear on my radio
I never get tired I can listen to it all night long

It scared a lot of people when it first hit town
They didn't understand it, they were puttin' it down
But it's lasted up until today and we're still rockin' around
And when they look back tryin' to figure it out
Where it came from, and what it's all about
It didn't come from outer space, it came from the south

It came from real hard work, sweat from the brow
From poor people just pushin' a plow
They made up a rhythm tryin' to pass the time
It came from the truth, it came from the heart
It came from an old flattop guitar
On a Saturday night, underneath the 'ol moonshine

It scared a lot of people when it first hit town
They didn't understand it, they were puttin' it down
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Hardluck Louisiana

Black snakes in the high grass, sweet peas on the vine

A old grey shack for five souls to share

Ain't no rest for Mama, Daddy's workin' all the time

But I'm too young to notice or to care

Fearful hymns and hand-me downs, old folks talkin' strange

Stories you came late to, you can't hardly change

But if dreams don't turn to silver Nor teardrops to wine

How did Hardluck Louisiana Turn to Heaven in my mind?

I can hear a hound dog tell his troubles to the moon

And a soft wind stirrin' in the live oak trees That front porch piano was always out of tune

But no angel band made a sweeter harmony

When each day's a miracle, how's a child to know?

Maybe I should quit believin'...it was all so long ago

Life could be a miracle, how's a child to know?

Maybe I should quit believin'...it was all so long ago