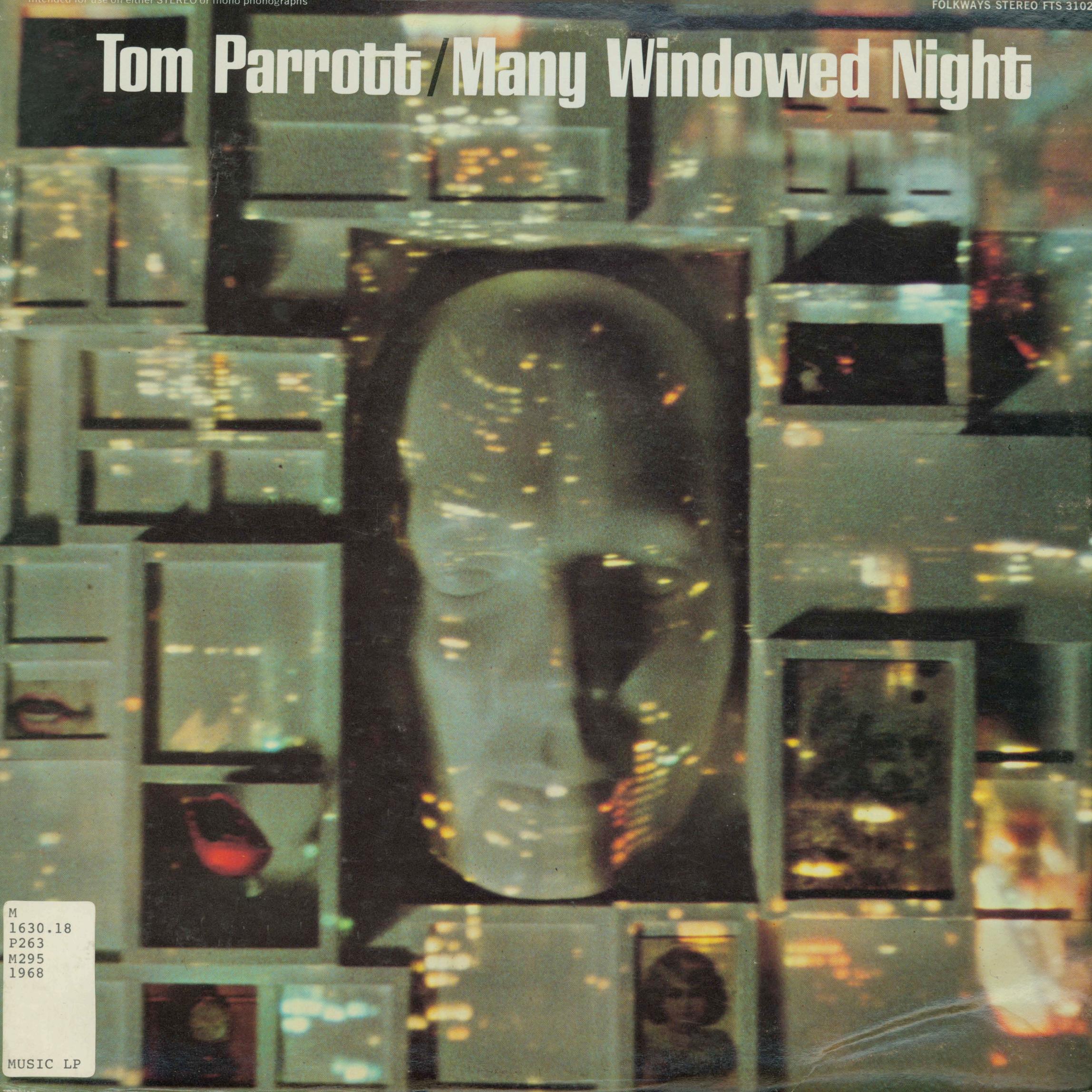


Tom Parrott / Many Windowed Night



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1968
MUSIC LP

The voice emerges from the machine,
but not as others' do.
And closing my eyes, I cannot think of this as another singer,
But rather as a fragmentary Tom.
And with each bar comes another scene—
like a grainy documentary, filled with collaged stills in front of the
music.
And it's mainly underground—in a chapel's basement coffee-house.
Making mulled cider, or posters to carry to Washington,
or sitting with Monica on his lap,
or singing a brand-new song en route from the kitchen,
with me bippity-bopping behind.
Then the song shifts, and also the scene:
Strolling down Broadway, looking at windows, still in a suit,
straight from the bank
or at Christmas,
or listening to me lament about love unrequited, or legal
messes,
and the sky lightens around the 59th street bridge
and a rooftop cross.
And now, waltzing down the hall, a voice sounds from my room,
and all at once,
The sound is Tom.

—ROBIN GEIST

Side I

Band 1 — **I'M GOING NOW** 2:49
Words and music by Tom Parrott
© 1968 Tom Parrott

I'm going down the highway,
Gonna hitch myself a ride.
I don't know where I'm going,
I just need someplace to hide.

I once had a woman . . .
I once had a girl.
She was just my woman,
But I was her whole world.

I never wanted love.
I didn't want to take the load.
She gave me all her love,
Now I'll take the open road.

Chorus: I'm going now . . . I'm going now . . .
I'm going now . . .

Band 2 — **ONE MORE NICKEL** 2:11
Words and music by Tom Parrott
© 1968 Tom Parrott

. . . I gave a quarter to Smitty on Bleeker Street.
He tried to apologize for being a panhandler. "Hey man,
are you doing what you want to do?" I asked him.
He beamed. "Yup! Been doin' it now for thirty-five years."

I've been standing here all day long,
Begging nickels and dimes;
Now I've got thirty-four cents in my jeans.
It's almost time; just one more nickel,
And I'll buy me a bottle of wine.

Say, mister, have you got a nickel?
I haven't had my coffee today.
You've only got a five dollar bill;
Well, thanks for trying anyway.
Just one more nickel,
And I'll buy me a bottle of wine.

Say, madam, I haven't had a morsel
Since almost two days ago.
You've searched to the bottom of your purse,
And there's only one token to show.
Just one more nickel,
And I'll buy me a bottle of wine.

Standing on the corner; it's getting late.
Nobody's been passing by.
Guess the liquor stores are closed anyway.
Guess I'll crawl into an alley and die.
Just one more nickel,
And I'd have had me a bottle of wine.

Band 3 — **THEY ASK ME WHY I WANDER** 5:20
Words and music by Tom Parrott
© 1968 Tom Parrott

The people that I meet, as I go rambling round,
Have often had me in their homes,
And the friends that I have made, as I go
from town to town,
Often ask me why I roam . . .

Chorus: They ask me why I wander.
I ask them why they stay,
For the world is spinnin'
And nobody's winnin'
And what did you do today?

I've heard a lot of talk in the places I have been,
But none of it has seemed to mean a thing,
And as I've left, the talk kept on,
though it sounded pretty thin,
And I hope I say more in the songs I sing.

The promises of politicians, rich men, and their wives
Seldom live for more than half an hour,
And I sometimes feel that it is best to let them
live their lies,
And waste their lives in foolish games of power.

The roads are sometimes muddy and the roads
are sometimes rough,
And the jobs are sometimes very hard to find,
But the singing's there for pleasure, and the people
there for love,
And the hunger is a pain that I don't mind.

My words begin to tumble and my mind begins to reel,
And the sense of what I'm saying seems to slide.
So I will leave you here now with one more fond goodbye,
And walk the highway hoping for a ride.



Band 4 — **MAHOGANY ROW** 5:00
Words and music by Ernie Marris
© 1966 Stormking Music Inc.

. . . The Black red light district — where a woman's
needs are to feed her kids, where a young girl gets into
bad trouble, where a broken soul feels what's the use.

Band 5 — **MANY WINDOWED NIGHT** 4:15
Words and music by Tom Parrott
© 1968 Tom Parrott

. . . A wistful world just this side of sleep.

The many windowed night looks out
From dancing street to silent depths of solitude,
And lying wakeful on my bed,
I hold your hand as you drift off in dreams.
The night becomes a fairie tale
Where life is endless, all is good,
And I, the gypsy rover,
Whistle thru your valley casting magic spells.

I watch you, rising, falling,
In the easy rhythm of your sleep, soft breathing,
And smiling softly I reach out,
Caressing the hair that flows beside me.
My room becomes a wonderland
Of laughing children, singing gods;
And the shadows of the soft lit night
Are freely flitting satyrs.

My body aches from weariness,
And so I slide to lie beside you quietly,
And I reach gently to caress your lips
In the tender evening's final kiss.
You, half-waking, turn to nestle
Warmly, closely to me.
The many windowed night revolves
From dancing street to love filled depths of solitude . . .

Side II

Band 1 — **AUTUMN TIME IN GRENADA** 3:36
Words and music by Elaine White
© 1966 Elaine White

. . . A ballad of school desegregation in Mississippi . . .
that makes you wonder, wonder, why?

Band 2 — **HOLE IN THE GROUND** 3:50
Words and music by Tom Parrott
© 1968 Tom Parrott

. . . The tragedies of children are worse, somehow, than
those of grownups. Children have no control. We
do it to them.

My age is ten years. I wear raggedy pants,
And I beg from the soldiers when I get the chance.
My mother is living in a house in the town,
But my daddy lives in a hole in the ground.

The soldiers are friendly. The soldiers are fun.
I play with the soldiers. I field strip their guns.
I tell them I live with my mother in town,
But that my daddy lives in a hole in the ground.

The soldiers are nice men, yes they are my friends.
And they feed me candy without any end.
They say they are new here . . .
could I show them around,
Could I show them where my daddy lives
in the hole in the ground.

I show all the soldiers what they want to see,
Because they are good men, and so nice to me.
That night there's a booming from outside of town,
From near where my daddy lives
in the hole in the ground . . .

The next day I go to visit my daddy.
I walk and I look all across the rice paddies,
But I can't find my daddy. There's no one around,
And I can't find the hole where he lives in the ground.

But I've still got my soldiers to visit today,
But they don't want to see me. They all turn away.
Some faces are sad, and some wear a frown,
As I speak of my daddy in the hole in the ground.

Band 3 — **ONLY THE LONE or ONE SMALL SCORE** 1:54
FOR TWO BROWN EYES
Words and music by Walt Kelly
© 1968 Walt Kelly

Band 4 — **COD'INE** 5:42
Words and music by Buffy Sainte-Marie
© 1964 by Whitfield Music, Inc.

. . . Like a line from a poem by Edwin Morgan: "That
death should seem the only protector." Real.

Band 5 — **OUR CHILDREN ARE DYING** 3:59
Words and music by Tom Parrott
© 1968 by Tom Parrott

. . . Here's another tragedy for our children and for us all,
inspired by Nat Hentoff's book about Dr. Elliott Shapiro's
fight for decent education in the slums.

The naked starving parents with no longer any hope,
Who would long ago have hung themselves,
but couldn't buy the rope,
Who have turned upon themselves,
because they cannot reach the foe,
And strangle on the thousand things
we will not let them know;

Chorus: For we cut the corners, save the dollars.
Never mind the babies that
founder in the squalor,
And just close our hearts
when we hear the crying:
Our Children Are Dying . . .

Three crushed and bleeding families,
with no bath, in two small rooms,
Where in the winter there's no heat.
Eight children now, another soon.
Five faces scrubbed, they run away to find
their lessons in the school,
To learn a life they cannot lead,
and learn by rote the golden rule.

With eager, awkward minds at first,
they try to win the teacher's heart.
And though the teacher tries so hard,
forty loves have no chance to start,
And soon the children know the rules.
There's no time for love, only time for fear,
The funeral starts here . . .

For we cut the corners, save the dollars.
Never mind the babies that founder in the squalor,
And just close our hearts when we hear the crying:
Our children are dying, our children are dying,
our children are dying,
Our children are dying, our children are dying,
our children are dying . . .

TOM PARROTT — vocal, rhythm guitar
LARRY BARKEY — organ
HUGH McCracken — lead guitar, rhythm guitar
ERIC GALE — electric bass
HERB LOVELLE — drums
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