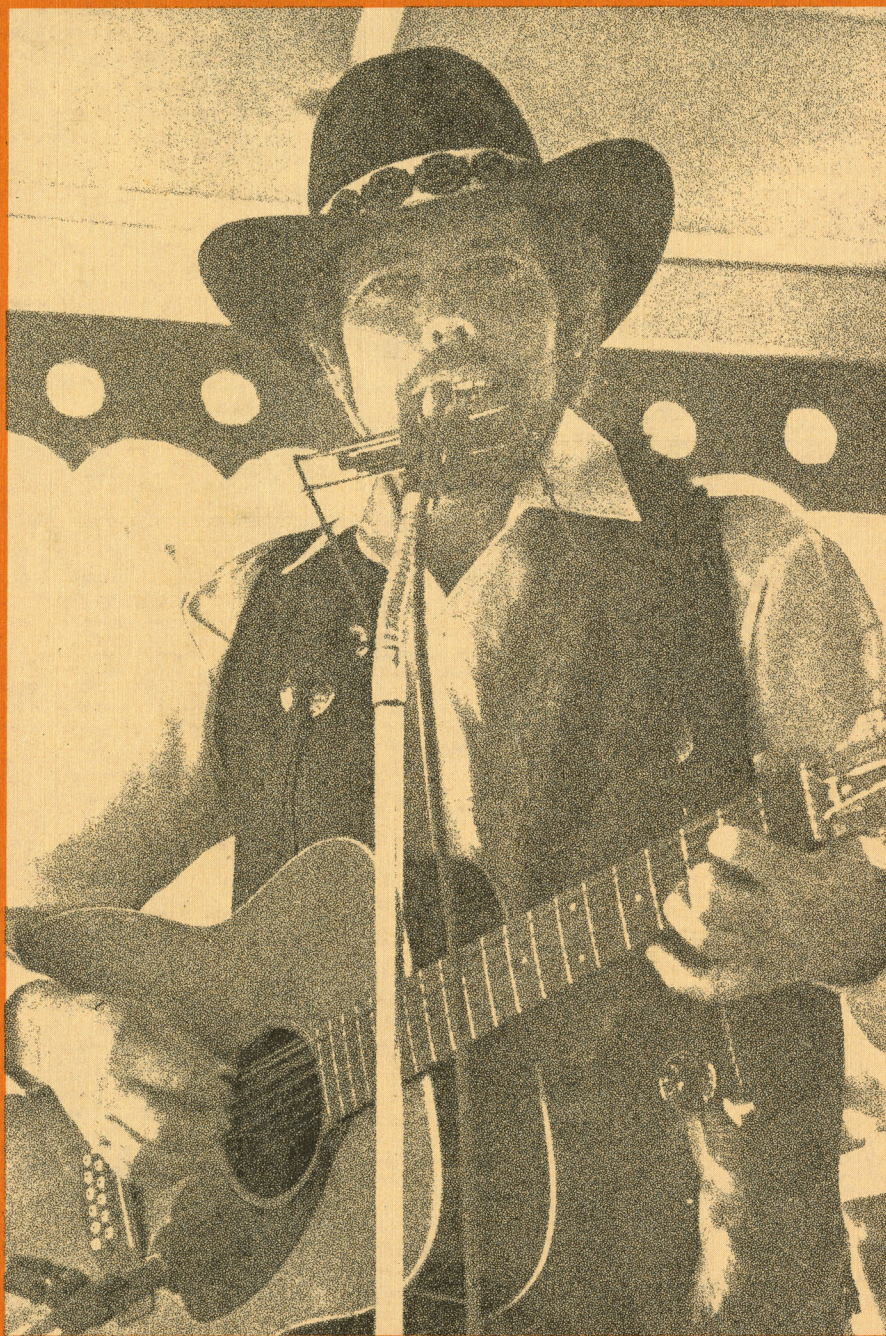


STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31059

EVERHART TAKES THE FIFTH



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31059

EVERHART TAKES THE FIFTH

SIDE ONE

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5. Berlin Folksinger

Executive Producer: Bob Everhart

Producer: Frank Green

Recorded and mixed at Pollyfox Studios, Nashville, Tenn.
June 7, 1983.

Engineer: Frank Green

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Cover photo taken at Silver Dollar City, Missouri.

Bob Everhart International Fan Club

c/o Mrs. Philip Everhart

106 Navajo

Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501

MY SPECIAL GRATITUDE TO:

Frank Green who continues to keep the faith in my music
and my changing moods...AND to critics and reviewers and
fellow musicians who believe that because you play old-time
traditional music, you can't play anything else. I can!

Lots of country sunshine from:


Bob Everhart

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632 BROADWAY, N.Y.C., 10012 N.Y., U.S.A.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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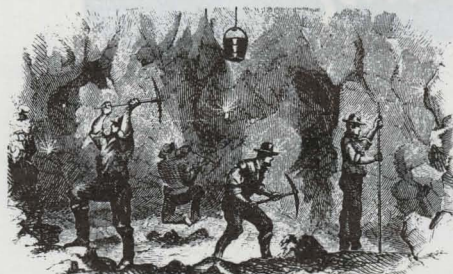
A-1

Me and Bobby McGee
(Kris Kristofferson)

Busted flat in Baton Rouge
headed for the train
feeling nearly faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down
just before it rained
took us all the way to New Orleans
I took my harpoon out
of my dirty red bandanna
was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues
windshield wiper slapping time
and Bobby clapping hands we finally
sang up every song that driver knew!

Freedom just another word for
nothing left to lose, nothing
ain't worth nothing but it's free.
Feeling good was easy Lord when
Bobby sang the blues. Feeling
good is good enough for me.
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

From the coalmines of Kentucky
to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standing right beside me Lord
through everything I done.
Every night she kept me from the cold.
Then somewhere near Salinas Lord,
I let her slip away, searching for the
home I hope she'll find.
I'd trade my tomorrows for a single
yesterday. Holding Bobby's body close to mine.



This song by Kristofferson is probably one of the finest songs written in the last ten years that reflect the utilization of "old-time" traditional country music writing and singing. Kristofferson writes much as I do, reflecting on personal experiences and personalities. Since this is my fifth album, and since I've received some criticism from reviewers of never being able to break away from the mold of "old-time" country music, I hope the listener will give a fair-shake, not only to this fine song by a fine writer, but to the last two songs on this album, which should prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Bob Everhart does not write and play strictly "old-time" music because he does not have the ability to do it otherwise.

EVERHART Takes the Fifth!

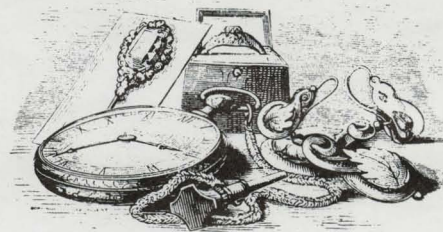
A-2

SOME WE LOVE, SOME WE LOSE
(Bob Everhart)

Sometimes life can be so evil
it's so evil you cannot see.
Sometimes life will reveal
all the things you want to be.
Sometimes life is so real,
it's so real it cannot be.
Sometimes life is an empty deal
that's all that's left for you and me.

Some will win, some will lose,
some will never pay their dues
some will always sing the blues,
some we love, and some we lose.

Sometimes life is full of pain
it's a hurting hiding place
Sometimes life will repay
all the debts you never made.
Sometimes life is an endless day,
it's a race to meet half-way.
Sometimes life will wash away
all of those gone astray.



Ah, sweet life. My philosophy through all the travail that accompany's any artist's venture on the road to reknown has been, it's for living. You probably wouldn't believe me if I told you of the incredible actions and reactions of some people I've met along the way, simply because I did or didn't do what they wanted, demanded or expected. The "good" times are easy, but when it gets down to vindictiveness, jealousy, petty hatred, and just plain spite, WOW! does it ever get beyond the realm of logic or even reality. Hope you like this little version of a pretty little tune, that tells us all than nothing is stagnant, not even music.

BROWN'S FAIRY BLUES (Traditional)

Hard luck poppa counting his toes
you can smell his feet wherever he goes
Lord Lord got them Brown Fairy Blues.
Hard luck poppa can't do his stuff,
trouble with him he's been too rough.
Lord Lord got them Brown Fairy Blues.

Two old maids sitting in the sand,
each one wishing that the other was a man
Lord Lord, got them Brown Fairy Blues.
Two old maids done lost their style,
if you want to be lucky you got to smile.
Lord Lord got them Brown Fairy Blues.

Early to bed and early to rise,
and your girl goes out with other guys.
Lord Lord got those Brown Fairy Blues.
If you don't believe me try it yourself,
well I tried it and I got left.
Lord Lord got them Brown Fairy Blues.

Hard luck poppa standing in the rain,
if the world was corn he couldn't buy grain.
Lord Lord got them Brown Fairy Blues.
Hard luck poppa standing in the snow,
his knees knock together but he's raring to go.
Lord Lord I got them Brown Fairy Blues.



This very very old song is a typical attempt at hiding the true nature of the song in words and lyrics that on the surface seem unoffensive. Yet, if the listener really examined this song, deeply, reading between the lines, you'd find it's not a very nice song at all. This has been a popular song with "up-town" folksingers for years and years. You know the kind, that travel around the country with old clothes, dirty and unshaven, singing about their trials and tribulations. And, when they get tired of it, they go back to their parents penthouse in Manhattan and re-become what they were, mostly pampered children. The "real" folksinger can only be found in isolated out-of-the-way places anymore. No matter what they say, a folk club in the middle of New York City is not a "folksingers" club. It's just a figment of someone's imagination, and makes a nice place to go to...right? And the hypocrisy of the "folk" idiom today is more incredible than the "anti-Nashville" movement. There are some folk Booking Agents who are very selective in the choosing of their artists. Well, don't you know, they want "only" the best folksingers.

MOLLY DARLING (Traditional)

Won't you love me Molly Darlin'
far across the ocean waves
Won't you love me Molly Darlin'
I'll be your everlasting slave.

Won't you tell me Molly Darlin'
that you love no one but me.
Oh, I love you Molly Darlin'
you are all the world to me.

Molly fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up darling tell me this.
Do you love me Molly Darlin'
let your answer be a kiss.

Won't you tell me Molly Darlin'
that you love no one but me.
Oh, I love you Molly Darlin'
you are all the world to me.

Won't you tell me Molly Darlin'
that you love no one but me.
Oh, I love you Molly Darlin'
you are all the world to me.

Stars are smiling Molly Darlin'
through the mystic veil of night.
They seem laughing Molly Darlin'
while fair Luna hides her light.



When I first started doing this song, everyone that was "into" traditional music always attributed it to Eddy Arnold. It's true that Eddy Arnold did record this song, and on the credit's for songwriters, he gives himself a great big pat on the back for writing it. There's another fellow from Oklahoma way, Red someone, that also claims credit for writing this song. HOWEVER, when I made my first trip to Ireland in 1977, a fine record collector, record producer, and country music promoter, introduced me to a Molly Darlin' very very similar to the way I am singing it here on this album. It wasn't by Eddy Arnold, or Red Whats-his-name. It was by an old Irish folk group, doing the song much as they had learned it passed down from generation to generation. I think "Molly Darlin'" is a true Irish folk melody, and was around a long time before either of the two chaps that claim credit for it. It's kind of like the Wildwood Flower. Everybody that plays "traditional" music knows the song was around a long time before A.P. Carter tacked his name on it.

BAD WOMAN BLUES (Bob Everhart)

Can't you see my heart bleed
trying so hard to please,
what you got I sure don't need
is bad woman's blues.

This gal makes a wreck of me,
my Lord she just can't see,
she's the lock and I'm the key,
got the bad woman's blues.

She's the river that never runs dry,
she's the light in the darkened sky,
she's the tears everytime I cry,
don't want no bad woman blues.

Can't you hear me cry in the night,
don't you know it's going to be all right
just waiting for the morning light
and thos bad woman blues.

Can't you hear my heart break
can't you feel my soul shake,
what you got I sure won't take
is bad woman blues.

This gal's been the death of me,
my Lord she just can't see,
she's the lock and I'm the key,
got them bad woman blues.

She's the reason for my empty bed,
she's the prayers I never said,
she's the reason for the life I've led,
don't want no bad woman blues.

Cant you sing this song for me,
don't it bring you back a memory,
wondering if you'll ever be
bad woman blue!

My producer, Frank Green, always asks, "what you got that's up-tempo blues?" so I wrote a frivolous blues song about everybody's "bad woman." Well, nearly everybody has one, in today's world at least, can't help repeating a quote from an old magazine talking about Avoca, Iowa, concerning the situation of newly married..."You see, that was the time when a young woman was willing to begin housekeeping with a little, a not keep a fellow waiting until he was a gray-haired, hard-hearted, millionaire." Something to think about, eh? And probably because I quoted that old line, a female reviewer will undoubtedly say "macho pig"....not so, not so!



SINGING KEVIN'S SONG (Bob Everhart)

I'm old enough to be a star
just as far as Nashville, Tennessee.
I'm old enough to play guitar,
and old enough to like your company.

I've been down to Jackson
and down to New Orleans
I've been so far away seems
I'll always be sixteen.
It won't be long, I've heard you say,
time goes on, singing Kevin's song.

I'm old enough to sing a song
all night long on your jamboree,
I'm old enough to know the wrongs,
and old enough to like your company.

I've had my old heart broke
down at Kelly's place.
I've been down so many times
I can't find my place.
It won't be long, I've fheard you say,
time goes on, singing Kevin's song.

I'm old enough to find my way,
if you'll stay and sing a song for me.
I'm old enough to earn my pay
and young enough to
meet old life half way.

I've been down to Vicksburg
and on your Shreveport show.
I've tried their jambalaya
and I'd really like to know
what takes so long, I've heard you say,
as time goes on, singing Kevin's song.



I don't think anybody has a hard a time as do young people today trying to plan their futures. Parents push ten, eleven and twelve year olds into dating and the necessity of having a steady by the time they are thirteen it's almost repulsive. The result is the maturation age keeps dropping, and we have twelve and thirteen year old parents. That's great isn't it, and nobody cares. The church can't seem to turn it around, the government only offers preventives with another battle about letting young people know the results of their actions, and the parents are much to busy to help. It's a sad situation, and of course not all parents or all church or all government is to blame or is the anwser. Guess it just takes a little love and a little caring to see them through. Kevin's a fine young man, he helps me drive the long grueling roads, and he's great company.

B-2

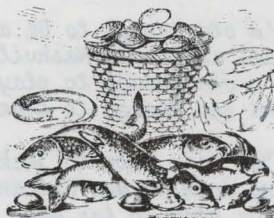
JAMBALAYA
(Hank Williams)

Goodbye Joe, me gotta go, me oh myo
Me gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh myo
son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Thibodaux, Fontaineaux, the place is buzzing
kin folk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
dress in style, go hog wild me oh myo
son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou

Hank Williams has almost become a folk hero legend just as he has a country singing star. Jambalaya is one of his finest old-timey songs, and brings back many memories to anyone that hears it today. There was a time when all country music bands played this song, but today it is becoming more and more a song of the past, and even to some folklorists, it is becoming a song of "folk" music. Williams was quite well known for his ability to write songs on the spur of the moment, and many times his best songs were written in only a short period of time. He's one of my country singing favorites, and I'll always be doing some of his music.



B-3

TIME AFTER TIME
(Bob Everhart)

You cry at night and try to change your mind
but it all comes back time after time
You change your love and try to change your life
but the games you play make it all a lie.

The center of the universe is you
makes no difference where or who you do
You cry at night and try to change your mind
but it all comes back time after time.

The pleasures that you seek are to far deep
for you to keep me on your mind
The answers that you want are to far gone
oh, it takes to long to make you mine.

I wrote this song some time ago, and even recorded it as the "name" song on my third album for Folkways. I wanted to re-do it because an awful lot of people told me they liked it, but they thought a mountain-dulcimer lead was just a little to soft, and besides, they couldn't dance to it to well. Well, it's hard to dance to any song without the drums, so I've went a little further out on the limb and included the drums, but the lead instrument is now a piano, and I like the finished version. Anyway, here's an old favorite of mine done a little differently, and I hope it's a favorite of yours too.



B-4

LOVE TO MAKE LOVE
(Bob Everhart)

Have a little friend down Antigua way
she don't work but she loves to play all night
she's all right.
Took her on a pleasure cruise,
she said she was paying dues all night
she's all right

Love to make love all night long
love to make her do it wrong
love to love her all night long!

I have a little friend down Jamacia way
don't know what to do or say,
but she cries at night, she's all right.
Singing songs on the radio,
just to say we were on the show
till the morning light, she's all right.

I have a little friend down Savannah way,
don't think she's to far away
from her shining light, she's all right!
A song or two and we're on the road
laughing bout the heavy load in the morning light
ah, she's all right

I have a little friend down Merida way,
she smiles and makes my day, sure is bright.
she's all right
Watching shrimp boats coming in, best place I've ever been,
with her by my side, she's all right!

I wrote this song a couple of years ago as a tune called "Sparky Girl," but it got nowhere in recording session. As a matter of fact they threw it out because it didn't have a chorus, the name would not create interest, and record reviewers were already criticizing me because my music was starting to sound "samey" all the time. I had a few so-called musician friends who started muttering that I couldn't play anything but "old-time" music, so this song and the next one, Berlin Folksinger is dedicated to the closed minds that think because one plays "traditional" music they're not capable of anything else, and record reviewers who complain because my music sounds "samey". Hope this is what you wanted!

B-5

BERLIN FOLKSINGER
(Bob Everhart)

I could smell her perfume, all across the room
as her fingers strummed the strings of her guitar.
She sang of empty rooms, death and earthly doom,
and the distance between us wasn't far.

She gave me a look, one that I mistook,
for there was more than pain in her eyes.
She love me that night, more than any night
of love that I have ever realized.

Sometimes she sings of war, always wanting more,
as her head bends low upon her empty breast.
Her love is gone for sure, closed the open door,
and she cries for a love she's laid to rest.

Well, I'll let the song speak for itself. The name of the album...
"Everhart, Takes The Fifth"

