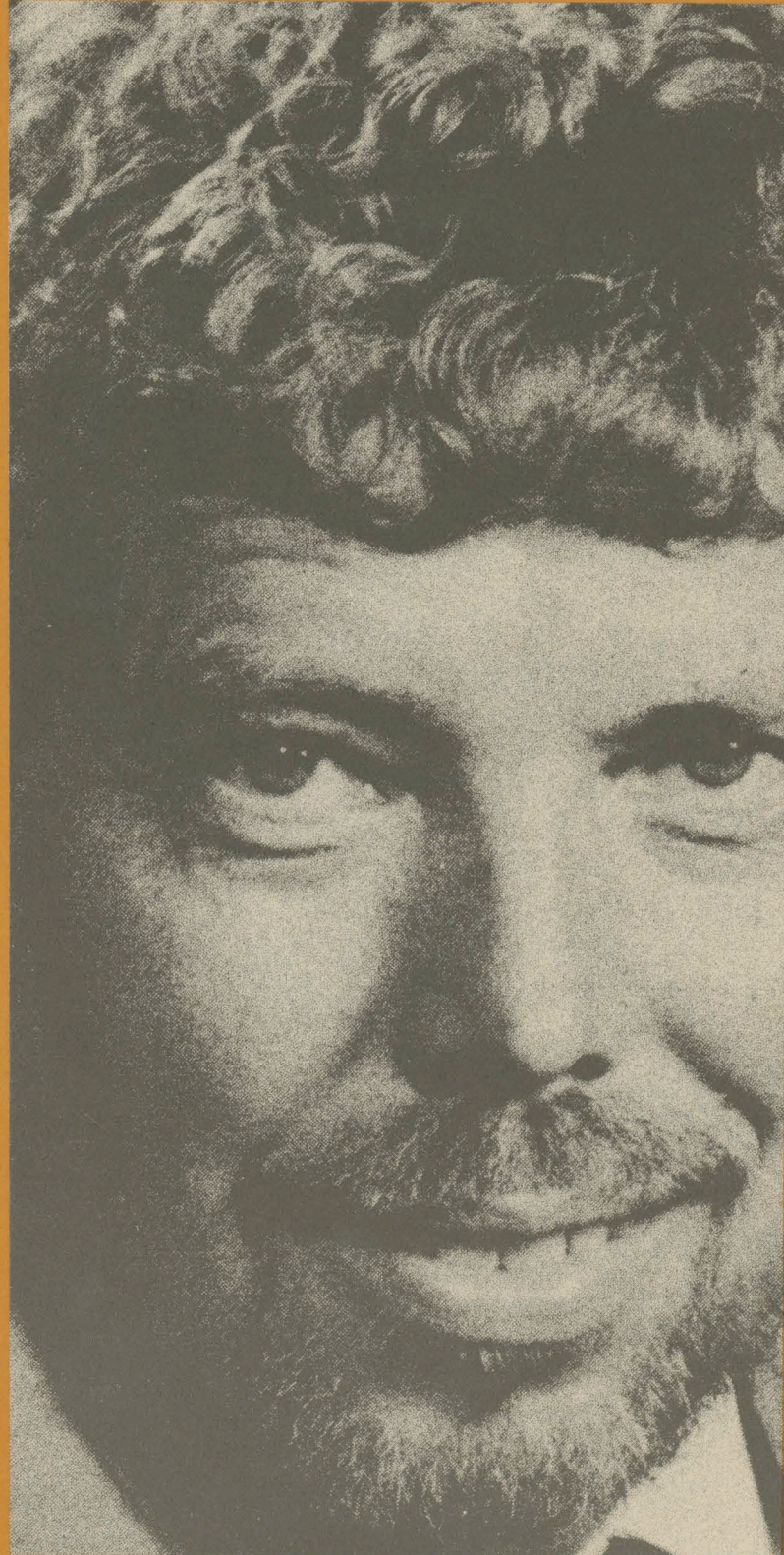


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31090
STEREO

EVERHART INTERNATIONAL



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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E94
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1982

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31090
STEREO

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SIDE ONE

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5. I Like It Raw

Executive Producer: Bob Everhart
Producer: Frank Green
Recorded & Mixed at Pollyfox Studios, Nashville, Tenn. Jan. 5, 1982
Engineer: Frank Green
Mixed by John Stoecker and Frank Green

Fiddle: Eddie "Bama" Young
Banjo: Charlie Cushman
Mandolin: Roland White
Dobro: Gene Wooten
Acoustic Bass, Frailing Banjo: Mark Shatz
Piano: John Stoecker
Background vocal: Scott Young
Mandolin, Elec. Bass, Background Vocal: Frank Green
12-String Guitar, Harmonica: Bob Everhart

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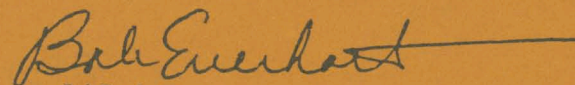
Cover photo by Jack at Pep-Tone Studios, Omaha, Nebr.

Bob Everhart International Fan Club
c/o Mrs. Philip Everhart
106 Navajo
Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501

MY SPECIAL GRATITUDE TO:

Val and Bryan White in Gloucester, England, and to all the many folks who have
helped me year after year putting on my annual Old-Time Country Music Contest
and Pioneer Exposition over Labor-Day weekend.

Lots of country sunshine from:


Bob Everhart

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EVERHART INTERNATIONAL

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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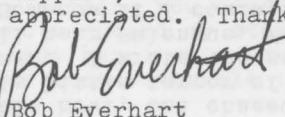
MUSIC LP

Well, this is my fourth album, and even more songs than usual that I have composed myself. I hope you like all the songs, my favorites are usually not the same as the ones you like, but on this one I really like "She Sings Sad Songs." I hope you do too.

A great deal of this material is from true and real sources as most of my songs are. The album is called Everhart-International because all the songs were either written from outside-USA, or are by a foreign writer.

I've been fortunate enough to make four concert tours of Europe, and have likewise had four albums released on Folkways. I don't know what lies in the future for me, but surely I'll hope for number five. That of course can only be made possible by your continued interest in my work, and hopefully your sharing what you like (and dislike) with your friends. Even though we creative ones in the music business dislike thinking about "money," without it we wouldn't be able to make albums. So I hope you will not only share my music and the Folkways heritage, but also encourage your friends to support this particular company's output. If not my own material, try sampling some of the other really fine artists on Folkways.

It's really tough today trying to create and perform music outside the mainstream (pop-rock-etc). It's even tougher trying to make a living at that craft. Your support, and the support of your friends is highly appreciated. Thanks.


Bob Everhart

It was early in the year of 1981 that I took an extended trip far into old Mexico. I was on a combined concert tour (which included some lovely concerts at Las Americas University in Puebla) and vacation, and after the concerts were over, I went to Isla Mujeres for some sun and fun. There's many things to do on this most south-eastern tip of Mexico. The water is blue and warm and ideal for skin diving and scuba of which I do both. One day, while on the beach I saw this obviously American blonde-haired boy selling rings to passing tourists using the most fluent of Spanish. It was with some surprise that I saw him again about a week later and 500 miles further down the Gringo Trail at Ciudad Chetumal. He had joined his parents for the remainder of their vacation, and he was going on to join a captain he befriended on a gold seeking expedition. In conversation he related the tale I set down in song, and to the best of my knowledge, it's all true.

Jack Darby

It was early in the year of nineteen eighty one when I first heard his name in Mexico
We were on the Gringo Trail on the Yucatan Go-Road
when he told me about his life long ago, long ago,
when he told me about his life long ago

Well, Jack Darby was from England and he landed in Duluth where he first found his love for the mines
he spent his childhood days dreaming iron was his gold,
and his family built him bridges don't you know, don't you know.
His family built him bridges don't you know.

He wound up in Belize as the first mate on a boat
that sailed around the Caribbean Sea.
Looking for the answers to solve his mystery,
and be rich all his life don't you see, don't you see.
Be rich all his life don't you see.

He was on his way to go to the Aztec gold mines,
he had a solid lead to pan for gold.
He had spent some time before in the gold mines of Peru,
but he never brought back gold that's for sure, that's for sure.
He never brought back gold that's for sure.

On the Island of Cancun, he sold rings on the beach,
and watched them pretty girls walking by.
From Mexico they came, from Argentine and Spain,
just to look at his rings with no name, no name,
just to look at his rings with no name.

The last that I heard, he was placer-mining gold
in the jungles down deep in Ecuador.
He's lived as full a life as anyone I know,
and he's in his sixteenth year brave boy, brave boy.
He's in his sixteenth year, brave boy.

Once I had a little dog, for some reason or other, I called her Nadine. If I did anything wrong, she would bite and scratch and howl and bark at me. Some of my songs she liked, but if I played a certain song she did not, she would set up a terrible howl, and chased away the song. It occurred to me that this little terror of a dog was in many ways similar to some women. I wrote the song sitting next to a beautiful waterfall near Palenque, Mexico in the San Cristobal Mountains. Somehow if I could allow all the Nadine's of the world to see this absolutely beautiful site of creativity, perhaps it would make it possible for their minds to absorb some of the beauty of the world without destroying it.

Nadine

Nadine,
what'd you say?
Drove him away, took along all your dreams.

Nadine,
what'd you do?
Made you blue, took away all your schemes.

Like a weeping waterfall,
knowing it's all over now.
Everything you saw,
is like a dream, somehow.

Nadine,
what'd you mean?
Made a scene,
drove away all his songs.

Nadine,
what'd you say?
Make him pay, for all he done wrong.

Even though I've performed in Wales several times (in Swansea and Caerphilly), I never had an opportunity to really see Wales until my 1981 tour. I had rented a caravanette (a small motor home), and with four free days to visit north Wales (and some southern spots too), it was an exhilarating experience to see the magnificent scenery of Wales. I attended a medieval banquet at a typical Wales castle, stayed at a little brook-side campground in the countryside near Brecon, and in the evening hours strummed my guitar and wrote songs. This song is a result of that, and the inspiration was a lady-singer I was on tour with named Linda Cassady from the WWVA Jamboree. I was always fascinated with her song writing ability, and also her ability to cast a hypnotic net over her audience. I hope you'll try to hear her songs, they're great!

She Sings Sad Songs

I was standing in the wings, waiting to sing,
when I saw her across the way.
I asked her what she done, she said she sung sad songs

She been singing since she's three, sure bothered me,
I been singing songs for fun.
When she went out on the stage I heard the m.c. say,
here's a sad song.

well, she opened up her heart, tore me apart,
when I heard her sing her song.
I never been the same, can't forget her name
or her sad song.

Well she's spent all her life
trying to find her way back home.
She's been singing those sad songs,
trying to show the world she's not alone.

If you ever hear her name, or what became
of a singer that makes you cry.
Try to inform me, I'd like to see her
sing her sad song.

They say she comes and goes, like a teardrop flows,
looking for a way to be loved.
Those that play the game, never heard her name,
or her sad song.

I hear her in the night, in the evening light
she never lost the spell she cast on me
listen if you please, she's waiting for me,
she's my sad song.

I have always admired Doc Watson, and all the music he makes, and he's been an inspiration not only to me, but to traditionalists everywhere. I saw Doc in concert in Fort Meyers, Florida, and was completely captivated by his honest approach to his music, and to his exceptional ability to play it. While I was in Greece, I heard some Grecian "blues like" native music, and though I couldn't understand anything that was being sung, it sounded somewhat like Doc's music. I had remembered a few of the words from his old songs, but certainly not enough to put a song together, so from scraps of words and scraps of songs, I wrote Blue River Blues in a little hotel room in Athens, Greece. I tried to play it later for some people there, but they didn't seem to be too interested in my music.

Blue River Blues

Let it rain, let it pour
let it rain a whole lot more,
I've got the Blue River blues.

Let it snow, let it blow,
let the teardrops come and go
I've got the Blue River blues

My good gal done let me down
she's out dancing on the town
and I've got the Blue River blues.

A lonely man lose his style,
wanna have luck you gotta smile,
and I've got those Blue River blues

Sing my songs all night long
my good gal has come and gone
and I've got them Blue River blues.

Let it rain let it pour
let it rain a whole lot more,
and I've got them Blue River blues.

I started this song at Silver Dollar City, a theme park on the Missouri/Arkansas border in the Ozark Mountains while I was working there as a staff musician. The song just didn't quite gel like I wanted, but with a little help from Buffalo Bud Short (another member of the S.D.C. staff) I managed to get the first half and chorus of the song done. I didn't finish it however until I was in Scotland on the banks of Loch Ness with Barney and Charlotte Moss of the Morning Star Express. They were both quite homesick and sad at being so far from home, and the final words came as we visited one of the most beautiful natural attractions in the world. Though the song turned out a little sad, I guess we all feel that way sometimes, don't we?

What's Done Is What's Done

My times have been troubled,
my times have been hard.
Been doing some traveling,
to a far distant star.
You saw me walking, you saw me alone,
You could have been helpful,
what's done is what's done.

Let the pendulum swing in the opposite way
You've had all my loving, you've had all your say.
Let the pendulum swing, every which way,
you've had all the loving a poor man can pay.

So I'm changing my direction
to a far different way,
you've lost my affection
so now you'll have to pay.
I've lived through the heartaches
and I've lived through your sad,
I still feel the good times that you and I've had.

So I'm changing direction,
to a far different way.
You've lost my affection,
so now you'll have to pay.
If you see me walking, if you see me alone.
Please don't come after, what's done is what's done.

The Desparados are probably one of the finest "authentic" mid-west country bands in the entire Great Plains. All this song says is true, and these players still rely more on having fun and enjoying the music, pleasing their fans and helping others, than they do in making money. I know each of the members personally and hold the highest regard for all of them, especially their leader Don Rogert who has given a new lease on life to "real" country music in the Omaha area. They have a couple of albums out, and deserve undivided attention. I wrote this song while I was on the border of Belize at Ciudad Chetumal. The Pan-American countries were going through a constant revolutionary change, and the leaders emerging from this struggle reminded me a lot of the state of country music. No matter how much hype, or phony country singers, or top-40 pap that comes along, "true" country music, like "true" liberty, will always survive so long as there are performers like Don Rogert and the Desparados to make it happen.

The Desparados Ride Again

Singing country music even though it's old,
most folks hear it think it's finest gold,
and the Desparados ride again,
across the open range,
rock and roll, they don't rock and roll,

They're singing cowboy songs on the radio,
singing songs about their own rodeo,
the Desparados ride again
across the open range,
rock and roll, they don't rock and roll,

They pick on old guitars and they make em ring,
pick on dobro strings, make you want to sing,
and the Desparados ride again,
across the open range,
rock and roll, they don't rock and roll,

They got a old-time fiddle man plays cajun songs,
singing crazy tunes nearly all night long,
the Desparados ride again
across the open range
rock and roll, they don't rock and roll,

They got a 12-string guitar man, he's a country man,
he sings and shows the world, he says I am what I am,
the Desparados ride again
across the open range,
rock and roll, they don't rock and roll.

I wrote several really nice songs while I was on tour in Mexico in the spring of 1981. One I like a lot, and the one that has received the best response from children (and from my mom too!) is this one, Down In Old Mexico. After doing a super double concert at Las Americas University in Puebla (just outside Cholula), I really started enjoying old Mexico. The huge marketplace at

Cholula is an adventure in itself. The stunning blue water of the Carribean (good for scuba diving), the tasty fresh shrimp at Independence Square in Vera Cruz, the magic mushrooms at Palenque, and the towering and mystical waterfalls at the same site, the ancient temples of Chichinitza, the expensive fun at Cancun and Acapulco, and the incredible attitude of the Mexican people all made the adventure one I'll never forget. Sometimes, like in the San Cristobal Mountains, where the local Indians still believe that taking their photograph is taking away part of their soul, the native tend to be somewhat stand-offish, and seem a little harsh with visitors and tourists. But in other places, most Mexican people are becoming aware of their own beautiful country, and though many of them live in poverty, their welcome mat is out. So why don't you go, who can blame?

Down In Old Mexico

Down in old Mexico, they are so slow
they don't even know your name.
My suitcase is packed
I'm ready to go back
into the past, it's the same.

The water's so blue,
it could be you,
if you never do anything!

There's places to see, places to be
even if you need a game
Down in old Mexico, they are so slow
they don't even know your name.

There's new things to know, a whole different show
so why don't you go, who can blame?
Down in old Mexico, they are so slow
they don't even know your name.

I had include a Jimmie Rodgers song (Blue Yodel No. 6) for this album, but didn't get it through the final mixing stage. Perhaps I sang it a little slow and not too good. At any rate, I'm glad this old song, once done by Woody Guthrie and his kin, is one the producer decided to keep in. Of course it's about a man who steals the young wife away from another man, and the end result for stealing for love doesn't always have a very pretty ending. Hope you like the fine instrumental work between verses. I've never had an opportunity to perform this song overseas, but have already worked out an arrangement that has some nice audience involvement.

Black Jack Davy

Black Jack Davy come riding through the woods
singing so loud and leery,
his voice was echoing through the green green trees,
and he stole the heart of a maiden, he stole the heart of a maiden

Come go with me my pretty little miss,
come go with me my honey,
come go with me my pretty little miss,
you never shall want for money, you never shall want for money

How old are you my pretty little miss,
how old are you my hone,
how old are you my pretty little miss,
I'll be sixteen next Sunday, I'll be sixteen next Sunday.

Would you forsaken your husband dear
would you forsaken your baby,
would you forsaken your fine fine home
and go with Black Jack Davy, and go with Black Jack Davy.

Yes, I'd forsaken my husband dear,
I'd forsaken my baby
I'd forsaken my fine fine home
and go with Black Jack Davy, and go with Black Jack Davy.

He put on his high-heel boots
made of Spanish leather
then he took her in his arms
they both rode away together, they both rode away together.

Last night she slept in a fine feather bed
side of her husband and baby
tonight she'll sleep on the cold cold ground
side of the Black Jack Davy, side of the Black Jack Davy.

This is the only song I did not write by myself on this album. It was written by Oliver Armstrong who lives just outside Belfast, North Ireland. I did have to change some of the words, and even changed some of the meaning to make the song more adaptable to me and my style, but only after receiving permission from Oliver to do so. During the last few weeks of my 1981 European tour, Oliver had arranged some very nice concerts for me in North Ireland. He also had promised to release my "Time After Time" album to coincide with the tour, however that did not materialize. Rather than do the trip without the albums, I decided to wait until they were forthcoming and then attempt a new tour to Ireland. In the meantime, I have recorded Oliver's song, and I hope he likes it as much as I do, and hope you do.

These Eyes

These eyes are the eyes of a dreamer
these eyes are the eyes of a fool
these eyes couldn't see, what you were doing to me
these eyes will always love you.

These eyes they were once filled with laughter
are now overflowing with tears
these eyes have seen love walk in through the door,
watch the same love walk out now its through.

These eyes are the eyes of a dreamer
these eyes are the eyes of a fool
these eyes couldn't see, what you were doing to me
these eyes will always love you.

These eyes they were once filled with happiness
are now overflowing with tears
happiness is a thing of the past,
now these eyes see the world through a glass.

My European tour of 1981 was really a tough one. Work was hard to get, I placed my confidence and trust in agents and managers that could not get enough work to pay the bills. In Holland I went through three agents and finally relied on my previous representative, Cor Sanne, who bailed me out of my difficulties. One of the ill-informed agents placed me at an opium den in Amsterdam called the Last Waterhole. Not that I minded the experience, it fetched me this song based on the St. James Infirmary. But the place was about the most dirty, drug oriented, falling-down-drunk, O-D place I've ever been. It was absolutely incredible trying to perform for young people so literally stoned out of their minds they couldn't even keep their heads off the tables. The only time I received any applause was when I did "Summertime" solo on the harmonica, and that was from the pusher. I sure want to go back to Amsterdam again, but please Lord, don't send me to the Last Waterhole.

The Last Waterhole Blues

I was singing at the Last Waterhole down in old Amsterdam.
I was playing my songs as usual and the usual crowd was there.
I was standing at the bar for my money, watching the smoke swirl around,
and I saw a pretty young lady, falling slowly down.
There stood Larry Black from Dallas, his eyes were bloodshot red.
He turned to all us around him, and these are the words he said.
I came down to the Last Waterhole, to see my baby there.
There she was stretched out on a table, so pale so cold so fair.
Well, the pusher came up to me, and he sadly shook his head,
then he took me by the shoulder and he said his good woman's dead.
Let her go, let her go, God Bless her, wherever she may be.
She may search this wild world over, and never find another man like me.
The Pride of Texas snown down upon them as they drifted out the door,
was the last song I ever sang in Holland,
and now I'm telling you once more.
Now that you've heard my story, have another shot of booze.
And if anybody happens to ask you,
I've got the last waterhole blues.

I've got the Last Waterhole Blues!

I once told myself (in a fit of generosity) that if I ever did or ever wrote anything that was worth stealing, then I'd feel pretty good about it, cause it must be good. Over the years, I've been involved in a number of charitable and/or non-profit ventures which I've either created or at least helped bring into existence. The Nebraska State Country Music Championship, the Cornhusker Country Music Club, the Old-Time Country Music Contest, the 1976 Pioneer Exposition, any number of programs devoted to traditional country music and many of the ideas and concepts behind these events have been heavily "borrowed" from me. That, along with the terrible inequality in the music business today led me to write this song (in Berlin, W. Germany) with full dedication to Riley Puckett who must have had identical things happen to him. He was a blind guitar player with one of the most impressive country voices in the business at the turn of the century. I wrote the song staring at a concrete wall that seperated people. I don't want to go back there again, and I thank the Lord Jesus for allowing me to live in the United States even if there is a lot of injustice among us. And I thank him for Riley Puckett too!

I Like It Raw

Just look at all the singers on the radio,
they got there with their money and their stereos.
I'm a rambling gambling singing man,
best Hillbilly singer in the whole damm land.

Some people buy my records for my company,
some people buy em cause they're buying me.
I like em the same, but music's my game,
and honey don't you know I like it raw.

I go everywhere, I don't pay no fare
I can ride a freight train nearly anywhere.
If I win or lose, I don't get no blues,
it's the rambling road for me.

Take away the t.v. and the two bit horns (speakers)
give me something I can really get me reborn
I'm a rambling gambling singing man
best hillbilly singer in the whole damm land.

Give me something cool to keep me right,
I'll give you the best hillbilly show on tonight
ther 's girls at my feet, they're keeping the beat
and honey don't you know I like it raw.