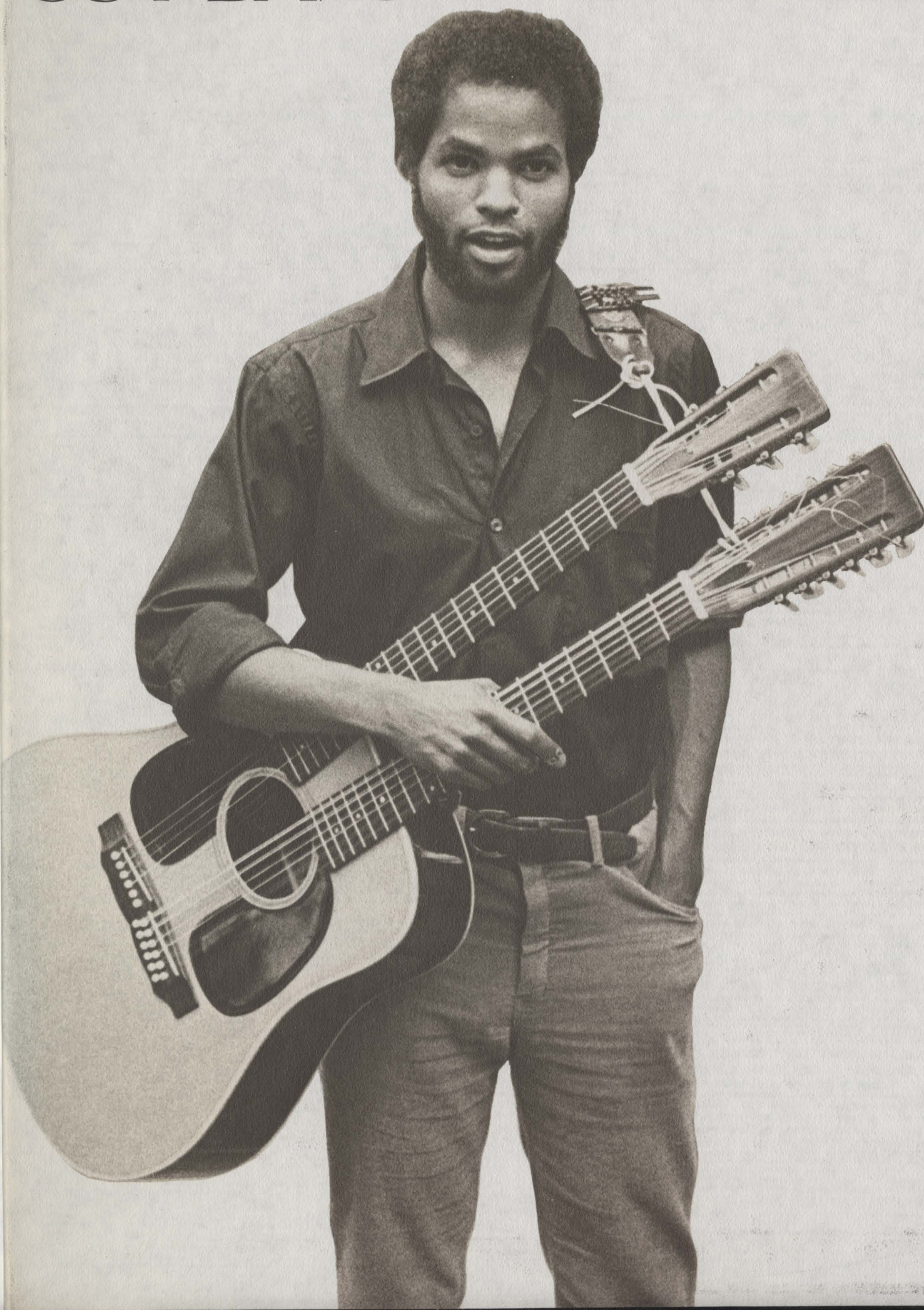


PRODUCED BY CHARLES AVERETT

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 33580

GUY DAVIS

DREAMS ABOUT LIFE



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 33580

Side 1

- Band 1. Try To Catch The Colors (Mari's Song) 3:31
(G. Davis guitar and vocals;
words and music by Philip Morse)
- *Band 2. First Day Of Spring 3:58
(G. Davis guitar and vocals)
- *Band 3. Dreams About Life 5:03
(G. Davis guitar and vocals)
- *Band 4. When I'm Gone 3:46
(G. Davis guitar and vocals)

Side 2

- *Band 1. Nappy Hair 2:14
(G. Davis guitar and vocals)
- *Band 2. Never Fart In Front Of Company 3:05
(G. Davis guitar and vocals)
- *Band 3. Message Of The River 3:52
(G. Davis guitar and vocals, acc. by
P. Seeger, vocals and Fred Hellerman
electric bass guitar)
- *Band 4. Won't Be Long Now 6:51
(G. Davis guitar and vocals)
- *Band 5. Friendly Feet 3:38
(G. Davis 12 string guitar and vocals)

**Words and music by G. Davis, © G. Davis*

©1978 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A. 10023

**GUY DAVIS
DREAMS ABOUT LIFE**

PRODUCED BY CHARLES AVERETT

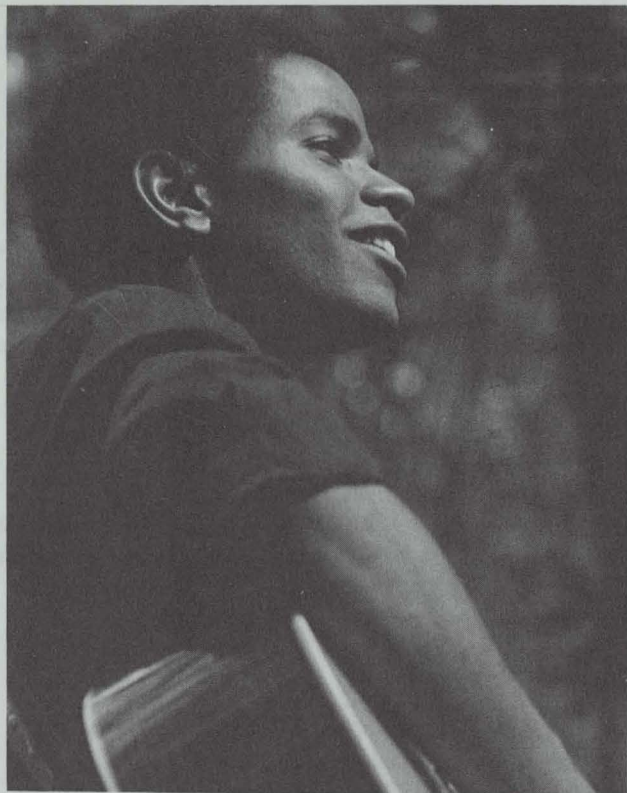
DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 33580

GUY DAVIS

Dreams About Life

Produced by Charles Averett



Guy Davis

Guy Davis who's from New Rochelle, N. Y. is going into his fourth year as a folk musician, actor, and songwriter. Guy plays a host of instruments including 12 string guitar and the kalimba.

Guy has played throughout New York, up and down the east coast and even in South America. He has performed with Pete Seeger, John Denver, Malvina Reynolds, Don McLean, and others. Among the television and radio appearances by Guy Davis are the 1974 CBS production of "Today Is Ours" and the Pepsi Charles Show on WBAI (1976-77).

Guy currently spends much of his time writing new songs and researching old material as he continues to express himself.

Thanks and endless love to Barbara Giraud, Lucille Artist, Matt Jones, Jon Stein, Phil Morse, Pete and Toshi Seeger and Charles Averett of Folkways Records who discovered me at a New York Disco (Pegasus)--Gong Show.

Also thanks to Diana, Pai, Julius, Paula, Ann, Helene, Pepsi, David, Bill, Wayne, Marshall, Emma, Kince, Laura and so many others.

Lastly, thanks to my family for giving me their patience, wisdom and time in my search for the master at whose feet we must all sit. Special thanks to Carlo Greco of Silver Horland Music Store in N. Y. who built the guitar that I dreamed of.

Guy Davis

Try to Catch the Colors (Mari's Song)

Phil Morse, a young Californian that I met during a cultural exchange visit to Columbia, South America, wrote this song. If you the listener can hear one fraction of the beauty I heard as he sang it to me, then my job is done.

Side 1

Band 1 TRY TO CATCH THE COLORS
(MARI'S SONG)

Try to catch the colors and they fade away
Let them go and they seem to stay
On and on, on and on forever.

The song I sing isn't in this tune
In time and space there just isn't room
To express with great finesse the love I feel.

And as the days pass by, I sit and wonder why
When it is almost said and done, why have we
only just begun
To offer what we are, instead of wishing on a star
That tomorrow, all our tears be washed away.

(Repeat verses two and then one respectively)

Words & Music by Phil Morse

First Day of Spring

This song was originally just an instrumental ditty. After going from South Carolina to South America and back to New York, it had become a song about a Spanish robbin in a strange land.

Side 1

Band 2 FIRST DAY OF SPRING

First day of Spring, hear that robbin sing
First day of Spring, hear that robbin sing
Sing it robbin, oh, sing it robbin oh—.
Sing it robbin, oh, sing it robbin oh —.

(Spoken)

The robbin just stood there and crossed his legs

First day of Spring, hear that robbin sing
First day of Spring, hear Mr. Robbin sing
Sing it robbin oh —. Sing it robbin oh —.
Sing it robbin oh —. Sing it robbin oh —.

(Spoken)

The robbin uncrossed his legs and went
(obscene sound)

(Spoken)

All of a sudden that robbin broke out dancing
I understood why that robbin wouldn't sing. He was
a Spanish robbin.

Durante El verano, las aves estan cantando
Durante el verano, las aves estan cantando
Cantando aye aye aye, cantando aye, aye, aye
Cantando aye aye aye, cantando aye aye aye

Dreams About Life

Early one Sunday morning this song came to me.
In it I took the position of a fetus about to be
slaughtered in a doctor's office. I first sang it
to a close loved one who was pregnant and who
was that morning feeling the blues about her
impending responsibility. She said after lis-
tening that it moved her to look for deeper
courage. Because of the conflict of the right
to life group vs. quality of living (abortion)
group, I've changed a few words. The born-
unborn issues are gone. This song is about an
execution.

Side 1

Band 3 DREAMS ABOUT LIFE

Chorus

I've got dreams about life
I've got dreams about life, dreams about life

1. Let me live, lordy please let me live,
I want to live, lordy please let me live.
Asked my mother, mama what they doing to me
Asked my father, daddy what they doing to me
Tell them to stop lord. Please help them to
be strong.

(Chorus)

2. I've got trouble, trouble and strife
Been here a stort time but now they want to
take my life
I ain't done nothin, you didn't ask me to do
Now they're planin' to send me back to you.

(Chorus)

3. I want to be lucky, but I think they load the dice
A few more minutes lord and I'll be sacrificed
Lord I been praying, just like you told me to do
A few more minutes and I'll be home with you.

(Chorus)

4. I feel dizzy and my eyes are growing dim
I see a great light and a monster coming in
He cut my rope lord I feel myself slipping down
It's so cold lord laying washed out on the ground.

(Chorus — 2 times)

When I'm Gone

The new anti-neutron bomb is called the moron
bomb—made to destroy those who strive to
perfect the art of senseless killing.

Side 1

Band 4 WHEN I'M GONE

Who will fill your prisons when I'm gone
Who will fill your prisons when I'm gone
Who'll be behind your bars when we've all gone
to the stars
Who will fill your prisons when I'm gone.

Who will fill your schoolhouse when I'm gone (2x)
It's the childrens blood that drains but the class-
room still remains.

Who'll shine your shoes when I'm gone (2x)
Evertime you pull the trigger, we loose another
nigger.

Weo'll dry your tears (2x)
It'll be too late for crying when all your friends
start dying.

Who's gonna go on welfare (2x)
Who'll trade in their pride for the scraps you
throw aside.

Who'se land will you steel (2x)
Put me on this reservation, when you stole
my whole damnation.

Who'll show you mercy (2x)
You said god is dead he's through brother I've
got news for you.

Who'll fill your armies (2x)
You go down for induction, you're a witness to
destruction.

Who'll make neutron bombs when I'm gone (2x)
I guess you'll call it quits when you've blown us all
to bits.

Who'll sing this song when I'm gone (2x)
Who's gonna sing this sing, who's gonna tell you
right from wrong.

Nappy Hair

The lyrics tell of a time when the author thought
his own hair was ugly. The song just says to
love what you got naturally. It's a real toe
tapper.

Side 2
Band 1 NAPPY HAIR

Mama don't want no nappy hair
Sister don't want no
Brother don't want no
But I love my nappy hair.

Kids in school all bother me
They're just as jealous as can be
Just so jealous can't you see
They love my nappy hair

Captain Johnson said to me
Your hair's as nappy as can be
I told that captain can't you see
I love my nappy hair.

Mama ain't got no straightnin' comb
Mama done left me all alone
Mama ain't got no straightnin' comb
And I got nappy hair.

Never Fart in Front of Company

This song is self explanatory about something we
all do and the anxiety which follows.

Side 2
Band 2 NEVER FART IN FRONT OF COMPANY

Never, never, never, never, never want to fart
in front of company—
Had beans this mornin', beans this afternoon,
Had enough beans today to fly me to the moon.
Well I never (Chorus). . .

Please don't make me laugh, please don't make
me cough,
When I lie in bed at night I blow the blankets off. . .

Please don't make me laugh, please don't make
me cough,
Please don't stand behind me I'm afraid I might
go off. . .

My wife and children left me, my boss just had
me fired,
My crime is antisocial can I get my — rewired. . .

I'm not afraid of people, I'm not afraid of words
When I go out to the park I scare away the birds. . .

I'm not afraid of living, I'm not afraid of dying
I'm not afraid of water but lord I'm afraid of
flying. . .

Message of the River

Since water is one of my favorite elements (the
others are earth, air and fire), I wrote a song
about a river and put it to a tune I had devised
a few months earlier at Pete "Hudson River"
Seegers house. (Honestly, he doesn't care who
he lets into his home.) The river, being the teacher
and the eternal bringer of life and knowledge, is
a most worthy subject.

Side 2
Band 3 "MESSAGE OF THE RIVER"

Chorus: (Repeat)
Lifes just like a river that rolls along endlessly
Rolls over and over, and into the sea ---.

1.
It starts as a raindrop that falls from the clouds
above
Falls into the river which flows to the sea ---.

Like torrents of water
You rush along restlessly
Twisting and turning
Yearning to be free

Chorus: (Repeat)

3.
Let's learn from the river
The lessons of endless time
Just roll like the water
Which flows to the sea

4.
The sea is a circle
From which all of life began
The rivers are only
Small parts of the sea

Chorus: (Repeat)

Won't Be Long Now

This song tells the story of a male chauvinist and the surprise he gets trying to court a woman. Once this authors grandmother was being pursued by a young musician. Of course grandpa frowned upon such a romance and promptly threw the suiter up on the roof.

Side 2

Band 4 WON'T BE LONG NOW

1. Baby wont you come by here
Baby wont you come by here
Baby wont you come by here
Wont be long now, said it
Wont be long now.
2. Baby can I see you on a Monday
Mondays lets have fund day
Got me a loaded gun day
I aims to shoot you
I want to put my bullet in you.
3. Y'can't come see me on a Monday
I got to milk my cow on a Mon.
Gonna (moo) on a Monday
Wont be long now.
4. Baby let me see you on a Tues.
Baby let me see you on a Tues.
Tuesdays I cant loose day
Wont be long now.
5. Can't come see me on a Tuesday
Gotta roll my hair on a Tues.
Gonna (rrrrr) on a Tuesday
Wont be long now
On a Tuesday (rrrrr)
On a Monday (moo) said it
Wont be long now.
6. Baby can I see you on a Weds.
Why can't we be friends day
Need your sweet love on a Weds.
And all the other days of the
Week (ad lib).
7. Can't come see me on a Weds.
Gotta feed my pig on a Weds.
Gonna (oink, oink) Wednesday
Wont be long now
On a Weds. (oink, oink)
On a Tues. (rrrrr)
On a Monday (moo) said it
Wont be long now.

Sometimes I think you dont love me
Sometimes I think you dont need me
Sometimes I think you dont want me
Sometimes I think you be getting a
Too damned independent attitude.
(Ad lib)

8. Baby can I see you on a Thursday
What about it baby on a Thursday
You been stalling long enough
Wont be long now.
9. Can't come see me on a Thursday
Gotta take my singing lesson on Thursday
Gonna (ahhhhh) on a Thursday
Wont be long now
On a Thurs. (ahhhhh)
On a Weds. . . . etc.
10. Babe let me see you on a Friday
Please dont make me cry day
Dont make me fall out and die day
(ad lib).
11. Can't come see me on a Friday
You better not see me on a Friday
My husbands coming home on a Fri.
Wont be long now
On a Friday (knock, knock, knock)
On a Thursday. . . . etc.
12. Husband, you aint said nothing bout
No. . . . (ad lib Saturday)
13. Can't come see me on a Saturday
You better not see me on a Sat.
Cause my husband gonna bury you
on Sunday, and it
Wont be long now
On a Saturday (dearly beloved. . .)
On a Friday. . . . etc.