

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37582

WILLIE SORDILL **PLEASE TIP YOUR WAITRESS**



COVER PHOTO OF PEGGY MALLARD AT DINI'S, 94 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, BY ELLEN SHUB

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37582 STEREO

SIDE 1

Band 1 Please Tip Your Waitress
Band 2 Jealous
Band 3 Rosa Parks
(Dee Wener © 1980)
Band 4 Jake's Jump
Band 5 Old Friend's Song
Band 6 The I Love Me Song

SIDE 2

Band 1 For My Men Friends
Band 2 Indiana
Band 3 Poverty
(Clark & Woods,
Don Music, BMI)
Band 4 Mothers and Fathers
Band 5 I Don't Care What They Say

Produced by Willie Sordill
Engineered by Karen T. Kane
Mixed by Karen T. Kane and Willie Sordill
with assistance by Martha Leader, Landon Rose
and Marcia Taylor

Recorded August-September, 1980 at Sound
Techniques, Watertown, Mass. Arranged by Willie
Sordill in collaboration with the musicians.

Individual parts composed by the musicians in colla-
boration with Willie.

Photography by Ellen Shub and Peter Sylvester.

All songs written by Willie Sordill and published by
Folkstream Music (BMI), except for *Poverty*, by
Clark and Woods (Don Music, BMI) and *Rosa Parks*,
by Dee Werner. All rights reserved.

Other songs by Willie Sordill © 1980 except For My
Men Friends © 1978. All of my songs are published by
Folkstream Music BMI.



Willie Sordill

Photograph by Peter Sylvester

Willie Sordill
with Russ Barenberg, Laura Burns, George Fulginiti-
Shakar, Martha Leader, Debbie Lempke, Mario
Porporino, Betsy Rose, Landon Rose, Fred Small,
Marcia Taylor, Cathy Winter

Cover photo of Peggy Mallard taken at Dini's, 94
Tremont St., Boston by Ellen Shub.

WILLIE SORDILL
PLEASE TIP
YOUR WAITRESS

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37582 STEREO

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Please Tip Your Waitress

Willie Sordill

Introduction

It's been about three years now since I stopped teaching at an alternative elementary school in Ft. Wayne, Ind. and moved to the Boston area to play music full-time. Since April of 1979, I've been dividing my time between performing solo and with Martha Leader and Landon Rose under the name "Slim Pickers," a relationship I expect to continue to grow in the coming years. Most of the other artists on this record are people I've worked with in various performing contexts; some are fellow veterans of the Folkways album *Walls to Roses: Songs of Changing Men* (FTS 37587), released in early 1979. All are people I feel some kind of musical kinship bond with, and I feel fortunate and proud to have their talents contributing to my first solo album.

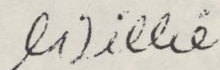
Ideally, I would like my music to serve two simultaneous purposes. First, for those who see the world roughly as I do, sharing my vision of what the world could become and what needs to be done to get it there, I hope to provide nourishment and a place to come home to. But no less important is my desire to reach out to those who might not share that vision and attempt to begin a dialogue, make some kind of human connection.

Ambitious? You bet! But that's what I want!

Comments and requests for booking information can be sent to:

Willie Sordill
20 Highland Ave. #3
Cambridge, MA 02139

Hope you enjoy the album!



Some Notes on the Songs...

Please Tip Your Waitress

I've worked for tips enough to know what it's like. Of course, tipping well isn't the final solution; but it will do in the meantime. The verses are based on the lives of friends of mine.

Jealous

Some songs get written in a kind of self-conscious, planned way; you get an idea and then you try to craft it into a song. Others just come rushing out like water bursting through a dam; there's no way in the world you can stop 'em. I tried for years to write a song about the particular emotion described in this song without a hint of luck. One day when writing a song about anything was the furthest thing from my mind, this one lept out at me.

Rosa Parks

Rosa Parks' heroic action is still unknown by far too many people; as usual, it's the Black folks and women who are left out of the history books. We have Dee Werner to thank for making Rosa an unsung heroine no more!

Jake's Jump

This tune just seems to jump along. Jake is an old high school buddy.

Old Friend's Song

It's a wonderful thing to find out that for all the changes we go through, we often share those changes with others who we've been close to, even if we aren't aware of it at the time.

The I Love Me Song

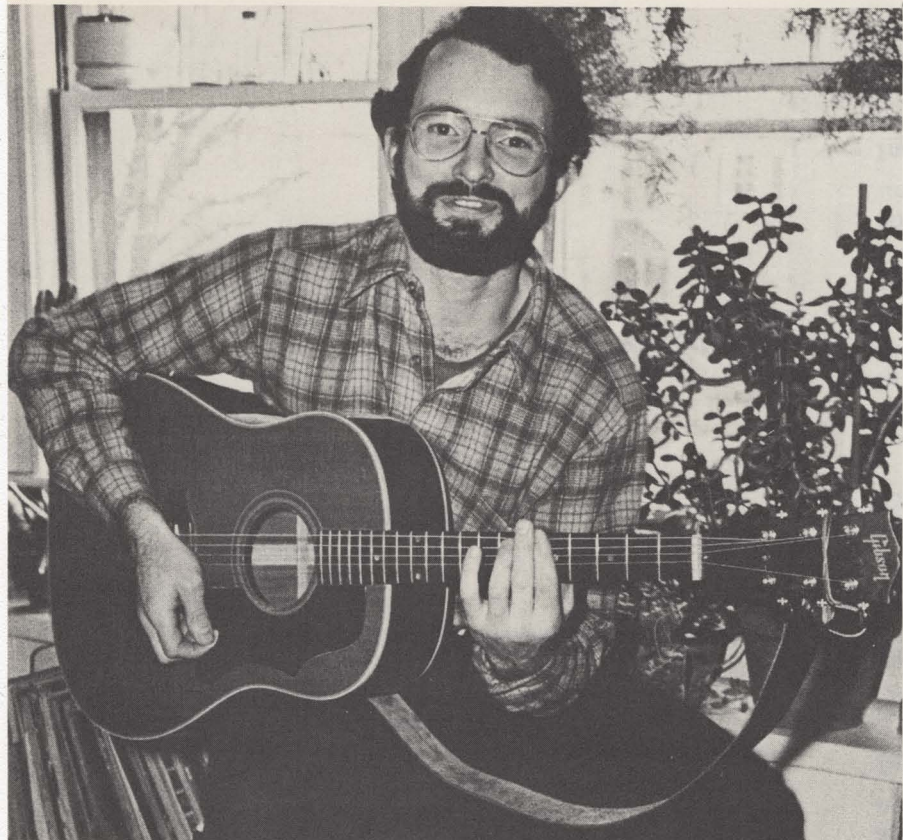
Self-affirmation for kids of all ages; to be sung whenever you're down in the dumps and need to remind yourself you're really all right—or any other time—keeping in mind that getting it together individually is a step along the way to getting it together collectively. It's not enough, but it's a place to start.

For My Men Friends

A celebration for people who've played important roles in my life which weren't always appreciated properly until years later.

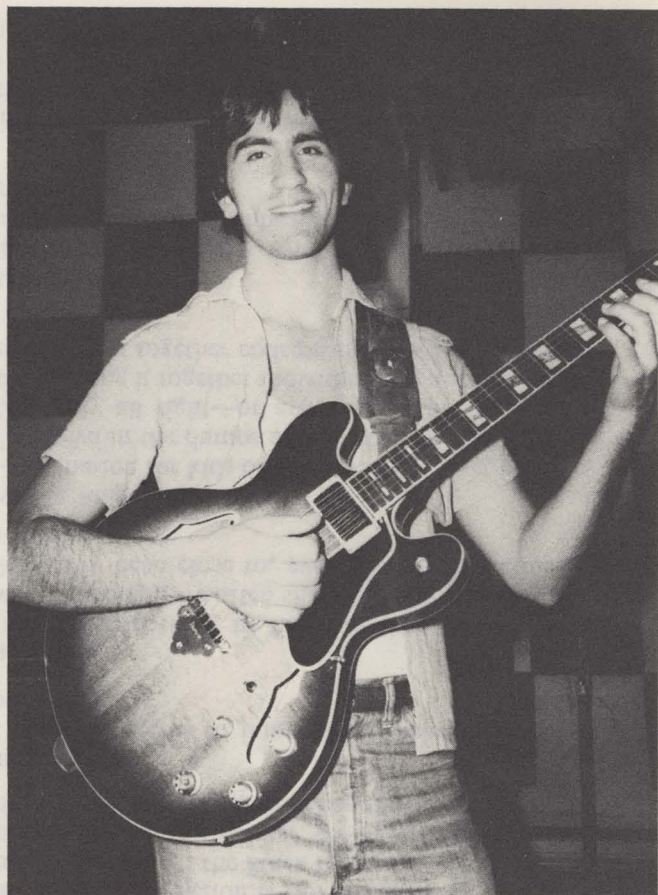
Indiana

Having grown up in New Jersey, I probably shouldn't have been surprised by the put-downs of Indiana and rural farm-life in general I encountered when I moved from Ft. Wayne to Boston. The situation took on a note of irony



Fred Small

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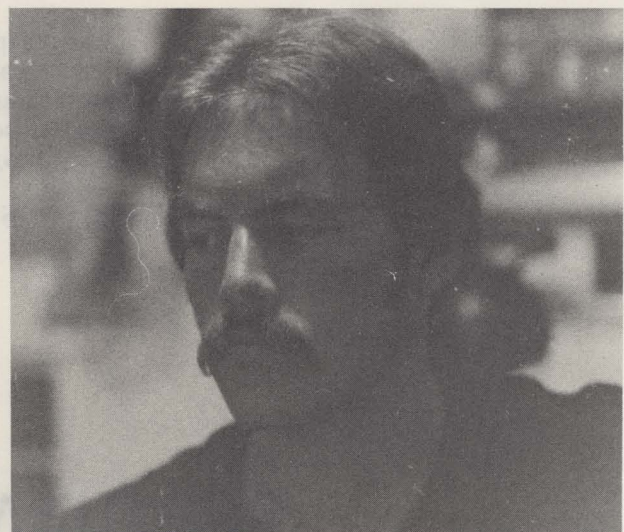
Mario Porporino

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Martha Leader & Landon Rose

Photo by Peter Sylvester



Peter Sylvester

Photo by Ellen Shub

when I realized that some of the same people who displayed contempt for a farming state in the midwest, prided themselves on their love for and skill at backpacking through New England's scenic mountain trails in an attempt to "get back to the land." When I learned that the family farm of some close friends of mine was threatened with extinction by the highway department's desire to build a major roadway through their land, the irony became a painful one.

Poverty

Learned from the playing of *The Fiction Brothers*, this one was also recorded in the early sixties by Bobby Blue Bland.

Mothers and Fathers

All good parents love their kids . . .

I Don't Care What They Say

For all of us whose fourth grade teacher told us just to mouth the words during the big assembly.

The Bands

Please Tip Your Waitress (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Lead vocal, guitar
 Russ Barenberg—Mandolin
 Martha Leader—Fiddle, harmony vocal
 Landon Rose—Banjo, harmony vocal
 Laura Burns—Electric bass, harmony vocal

Jealous (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Vocal, guitar, alto saxophone
 Betsy Rose—Piano
 Cathy Winter—Electric bass

Rosa Parks (Dee Werner ©1970) Adapted by Slim Pickers and Willie

Willie—Vocal, guitar

Jake's Jump (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Bottleneck guitar

Old Friend's Song (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Lead vocal, first guitar and solo
 Fred Small—Harmony vocal, second guitar

The I Love Me Song (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Lead vocal, guitar
 Chorus—Justin Konrad, Kristin York, Kendra Medville, Meghan York, Kai Medville, Molly Furlong, Nicole Costa, Diana McClure, Sharde Berry, Melanie Reardon, Laura Pope, Amanda Kilgore, Ingrid Goldfein, Susie Kilgore, Georgianne Tetro, Erica Tetro, Sam Costa.

For My Men Friends (Willie Sordill ©1978)

Willie—Lead vocal, acoustic guitar
 George Fulginiti-Shakar—Piano, harmony vocal
 Landon Rose—Electric bass
 Martha Leader—Violin
 Marcia Taylor—Classical guitar
 Debbie Lempke—Conga, cymbals

Indiana (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Lead vocal, acoustic guitar, alto saxophone
 Landon Rose—Electric bass, frailed banjo
 Martha Leader—Harmony vocals, recorders
 Debbie Lempke—Drums
 Mario Porporino—Electric guitar

Poverty (Clark and Woods)

Willie—Vocal, guitar
 Landon Rose—Vocal, banjo
 Martha Leader—Vocal, fiddle
 George Fulginiti-Shakar—Upright bass

Mothers and Fathers (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Alto saxophone
 Marcia Taylor—Vocal
 Debbie Lempke—Drums
 George Fulginiti-Shakar—Piano
 Landon Rose—Electric bass
 Mario Porporino—Electric guitar

I Don't Care What they Say (Willie Sordill ©1980)

Willie—Lead vocal, guitar, kazoo, slide whistle
 Landon Rose—Banjo, accordion, pot and spoon, harmony vocal

Martha Leader—Piano, harmony vocal

George Fulginiti-Shakar—Harmony vocal, tap dancing*

Grande Chorus: Willie, Landon, George, Martha, Mike Sordill (Sr.), Mike Sordill (Jr.), Ella Marie Sordill, Pat Sordill, Anne Wilson, Ellen Shub, Glenn Hoffman, Sara Freedman, Mario Porporino, Paula Parsky, Roger Rosen, Karen Welling, Stephen Kellogg.

*"A grateful Thank You!" to Leon Collins for teaching me the sounds of his life's work. He and other Black tappers have excited audiences with their enthusiastic footwork since the 1930's, and the current revival of jazz tap signals a fuller and overdue appreciation of these artists and their fascinating rhythms."—George

Other record by Willie Sordill

WALLS TO ROSES Songs of Changing Men

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 37587

SIDE 1

Gay Spirit
 Brothers
 Walls To Roses
 The Matador
 The Flowers, The Weeds

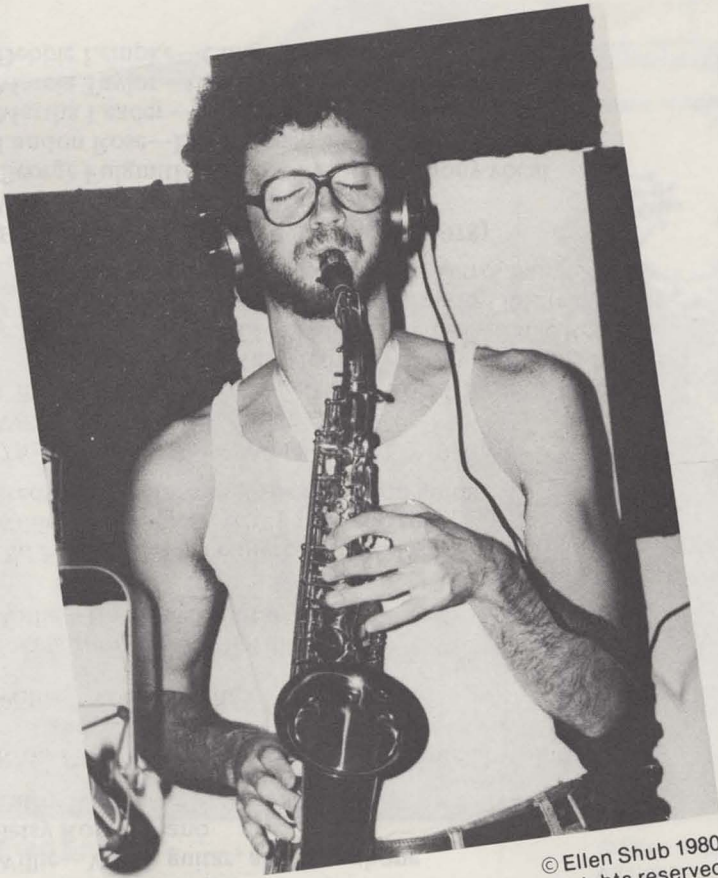
SIDE 2

Are You Karen Silkwood?
 For My Men Friends
 The Sensitive Little Boy
 Tears Fall From The Sky
 When Will The Ignorance End?

Recorded by: Karen T. Kane
 Jeff Bradley

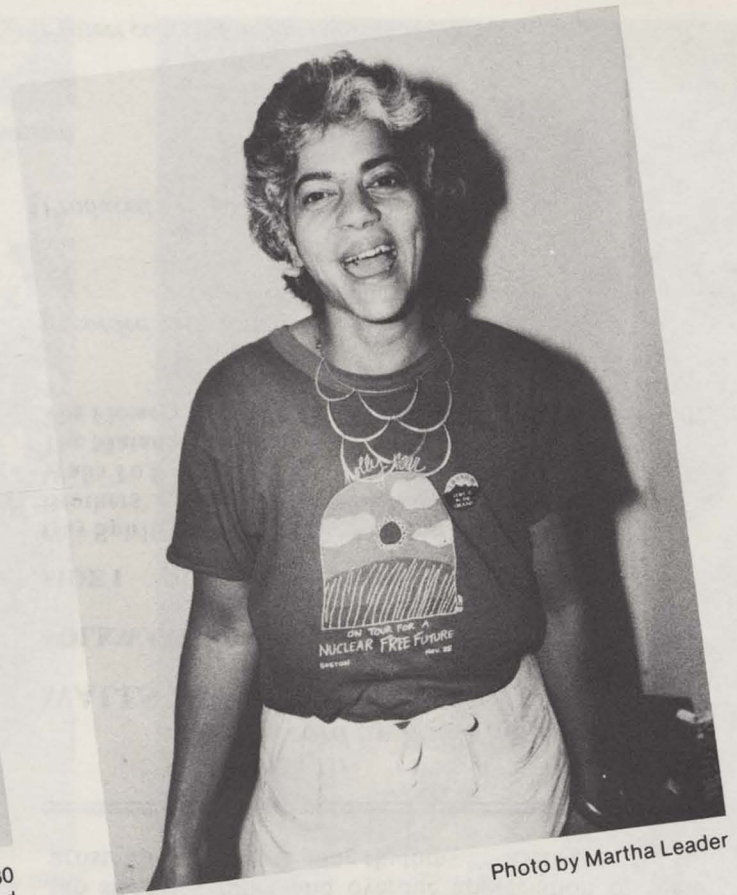
Produced by: Willie Sordill
 Robbie Rosenberg
 Karen T. Kane
 and the songwriters

Project conception and coordination: Willie Sordill



Willie Sordill

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Ellen Shub

Photo by Martha Leader



Marcia Taylor

Photo by Peter Sylvester



Karen Kane

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SIDE I
Band 1

Capo to 4th fret
(Key of F)

Please Tip Your Waitress ©1978 Willie Sordill

1. Sixteen tables, four chairs at each one
Two shows every nite she's on the run
Three coffees here, five deserts there, lets go!
And some jerk over there says she's too slow

Chorus: Please tip your waitress, she's workin' hard for you
She'll walk a few miles more before she's through
She's got bills to pay and food to buy like you
Please tip your waitress cause she's workin' hard for you

2. It's "honey" this and "dear" that all the time
But that's not half as bad as all those lines
She's a strong woman and her temper's gonna perk
If one more guy asks when she gets off work
3. When she gets home from work she still can't rest
'Cause tomorrow at the college there's a test
She's up early in the morning as a rule
Makin' sure the kids get off to school
4. Her paycheck's low, she does the work of two
When something's wrong, folks blame you know who
And then they say "Come on now, where's your smile?"
While the owner's gettin' richer all the while

Band 2

Jealous ©1979 Willie Sordill

Fear turns to anger, anger to pain
I swore I'd never feel this way again
It's not your fault, I've got only me to blame
I want to let go but I keep on pullin' the reins

Fear turns to anger, anger to pain
I swore I'd never feel this way again
It's not your fault, I've got only me to blame
I want to let go but I keep on pullin' the reins

When I'm with somebody I just can't understand
How you could be jealous, cause leavin' you ain't in my plan
You're with someone, I can see as plain as day
You don't have to be leavin' for me to be feeling this way

It all seems so easy inside my head
When something is hurtin' you just let it go instead
I feel like dyin', but I think I'll stick around
I know I could fly if I'd just stop huggin' the ground

You're leaving tomorrow for a week or two
I just want to spend the night alone with you
You're in there talkin' with someone else
And I'm in here moping around taking shots at myself

Band 3

Rosa Parks (Dee Werner ©1970- Adapted by
Slim Pickers and Willie Sordill)

In Montgomery, Alabama, Nineteen fifty-five
Black women riding on a bus
Headed home, she did day work
She was tired and her feet hurt
And she helped change the world for us



Russ Barenberg

Photo by Peter Sylvester



Cathy Winter

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**"The Grande Chorus" on
"I Don't Car What They Say"**

© Ellen Shub 1980
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Chorus: A F#7
 She said "No, sir, I won't get up!"
 I'm tired and I went to sit down and I won't get up!"
 When you talk about Martin Luther King, have demonstrations, everything
 Just remember who began it-
 Rosa Parks!

In this wide and wicked world, what kind of men would say
 To a Black woman, "Hey nigger, get up!" ?
 She was just like me and you
 And she did what she could do
 She said, "No, sir, I won't get up!"

Chorus

Now one day we all will rise, we'll rise and recognize
 Just who are heroes and heroines truly are
 And tear down those statues of
 Lincoln and Lee
 And put up one of good old Rosa Parks

Chorus

Handwritten musical notation for the first part of the song. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: "old familiar voice stole all my fears And it's a long and rocky road that's come be- tween us old friend We've each had to go it on our own Sometimes I just can't keep from feel- ing, that you've been right there each step along the way". Chords written above the notes include A7, D, G, A7, D, G, D, Em, and A7.

The other night I finally made that phone call
 And broke the silence ringing through four years
 Though my heart was pounding heavy as I called you
 Your old, familiar voice stole all my fears

Chorus:
 And it's a long and rocky road that's come between us, old friend
 We've each had to go it on our own
 Sometimes I just can't keep from feeling
 That you've been right there each step along the way

I'm not trying to say that I still love you
 I'm not even sure I ever did
 All I'm trying to say is you're part of me
 And I just can't pretend you don't exist

(chorus)

I guess I expected you to hang up
 I'm sorry that I didn't have more trust
 We both thought that we were right the last time
 Now the table's turned on both of us

(chorus)

Band 5

Capo to 3rd Fret (key of G)
Old Friend's Song © Willie Sordill

Handwritten musical notation for the second part of the song. It consists of two staves of music in G major. The lyrics are: "The other night I finally made that phone call And broke the silence ringing thru four years Tho my heart was pounding heavy as I called you Your". Chords written above the notes include D, G, and A7.

Capo to 4th fret
Key of G
The I Love Me Song ©1976 by Willie Sordill

Chorus: I am as strong a person as anyone can be
You'll have to have a lot of strength
To be as strong as me
I'm strong because I love you
And I will until I die
And stronger cause the one that I love most of all is I

Verse is to same melody as chorus.

1. You know I am so beautiful
I can't believe it quite
How in this world of error
Anything could be so right
The essence of perfection
How lucky can I be
To be such close acquaintance
With anyone like me

2. I'll tell you a little secret
Just between me and you
I know that I am pretty
great
But you can be great too
All it takes is believe in
Try it and you'll see
Just close your eyes
Let your spirits rise
And sing along with us!

3. I am the highest flier
That ever hit the sky
I can soar above the clouds
And I don't even try
High above the buildings
And out over the sea
Everybody way down there
Wants to be with me

4. I am the strongest person
When I work with you
When we work together there's no telling
What we'll do!
Cause true strength comes from numbers -
Put it to the test
When we work together
IS when I love me best!

Recording is in key of E (Willie is playing out of an open G tuning with the lowest string tuned down 2)
Moderately
For My Men Friends ©1977 by Willie Sordill

Verse 1: Know what should a special kind of love I know what after I may do a part of you come with me to know the things I've shared with you can't be re-plead just ad-ded to and for each one of you wherever you may be I want to thank you for the love you gave to me

Verse 2: They say that op-po-sites attract and hearts are just like magnets that attract - they to some romantic fan-tasy but like-ness bears a bond that lasts our lifetimes a heart that fast lets cell-a-brate the love we've shared these years and failed to



Laura Burns

Photo by Peter Sylvester



Betsy Rose

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George Fulginiti-Shakar

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Debbie Lempke

For My Men Friends · Willie Sordill © 1977

Though some of you I'll never see again
 The memory of your closeness is enough
 For when I think of what we've shared as boys and men
 I know we've shared a special kind of love
 And I know whatever I may do
 A part of you comes with me, too
 I know the things I've shared with you
 Can't be replaced, just added to
 And for each one of you wherever you may be
 I want to thank you for the love you gave to me

Chorus:

They say that opposites attract
 And hearts are just like magnets that
 Justify priority
 To some (romantic) fantasy
 But likeness bears a bond that lasts
 Our commonness a knot tied fast
 Let's celebrate the love we've shared these years
 And failed to name

As little boys our common bond began—
 Growing together from the start
 Was it playing with toy trucks there in the sand
 That I first felt your impression on my heart
 Exploring fields of fantasy
 Of wars and heros, strong and free
 Conquering the city park

Playing baseball after dark
 And all kinds of things we didn't understand
 About the early training of a man

Chorus

I remember so well that summer day
 We worked together at a camp
 The sun beat down, the heat was there to stay
 And she and I were sitting in the sand
 You came up softly behind me
 Kissed her quick, and then kissed me
 You showed your feelings honestly
 And said, who cares if others see
 You showed your feelings honestly
 And said, who cares of others see
 You knew our love was real, you weren't ashamed
 I learned a lot about myself that day

A solitary boat drifts on a lake—
 It's surface just as smooth and still as glass
 Two riders in the boat sit face to face
 With fishing poles held loosely in their hands
 They catch no fish but they don't care
 That isn't really why we're there
 The talk is warm, the beer is cold
 The feelings strong as the lake is old
 And when the conversation comes to natural rest
 The easy silence speaks their friendship best

Chorus

Indiana © 1978 Willie Sordill

She sifts the blackened earth between her fingers
 Her feet are planted firmly on the ground
 Standing where her mother stood before her
 Sun so hot, it nearly beats you down
 Gonna beat you down

The days of men and horses are gone by now
 She drops the dirt and climbs to her machine
 By the time she sees these acres put behind her
 The setting sun won't leave her strength to dream
 Oh, let me dream

And the Indiana farmer works the land
 And will until she's lost the strength to stand

He walks among the rows of corn at sunset
 Soon the stalks will be as high as him
 Sweat from his own body is their lifeblood
 God knows you can't depend upon the rain
 Lord, let it rain

Forty years behind him, forty more to go
 Never knew another way of life
 His body and the earth can't tell the difference
 That new highway cuttin' through cuts like a knife
 Give me the knife

And the Indiana farmer looks around
 And lets a teardrop fall into the ground

And somewhere to the east there lies a city
 Like a locomotive churnin' through the night
 Some folks there, they say this ain't what God planned
 Got to get back to the country, make it right
 Gonna be all right

So they've packed their gear, headed for the mountains
 Gone to find some rocky mountain high
 Colorado, Vermont, Nova Scotia
 Lookin' for their roots up in the sky
 Up in the sky

And the Indiana farmer wipes his brow
 And breathes the earth that's turnin' 'neath his plow

Band 2

Indiana © 1978 Willie Sordill

Band 3

Poverty (Clerk and Woods)

Up every morning with the sun
 Work all day till the evening come
 Blisters and corns all in my hands
 Lord have mercy on this working men

Chorus:
 Don't want to die
 Like I been living
 In poverty!

Pay goes down and the prices go up
 Drink my tee from a broken cup
 'Tween the governor and Uncle Sam
 Can't figure out whose fool I am

Chorus

Oh, Lord it's hard
 It just ain't fair
 Everybody talks
 Nobody really cares

Can't save one dime not one red cent
 Paid my bills, I can't pay my rent
 Lendlord's fussin' and the kids are crying
 Won't let me join that welfare line

Her daughter's love gives her strength to start the day
 She gently wakes her with a kiss and gets their breakfast underway
 Driving to the factory, as her daughter walks to school
 Exhausted when the day is done-
 Worker, mother, lesbian

His children's songs lift him up and take him home
 Reuniting Friday after school; Sunday he's all alone
 The time is too short, but he knows he can't complain
 He wouldn't see them anyway
 If the court knew he was gay

No answers shine from book in hand or sky above
 We live our lives; men and women work and love
 The vote of the majority strips away our human rights
 Uniting in the darkness now
 Struggle is our source of light

I Don't Care What They Say © 1979 Willie Sordill

when I was a kid in elementary school, they taught me how to read and add and
 follow their rules they also taught me that I shouldn't fool with things that I couldn't do
 their way In 4th grade Becky Johnson sat near me, we found a new form of
 harmony we both loved to sing and we sang off key but we were happy as a lark I
 dore say Till the teacher came over and said "that's wrong. You know you've ruined this
 beautiful song. It's making me ill and I'm feeling very vi-o-lent. you'd sound a lot better if you'd
 just stay si-o-lent." I don't care what they say I'm gonna sing any
 way I'll make a little deal with you if you don't tell me, I won't tell you that
 we can't sing and we'll make beautiful music together the whole day through

Band 4

Mothers and Fathers © 1978 Willie Sordill

Her daughter's love gives her strength to start the
 day She gently wakes her with a kiss And gets their breakfast under
 way Driving to the factory As her daughter walks to
 school Exhausted when the day is done Worker, mother les-bi-an

When I was a kid in elementary school
They taught me how to read and add and follow their rules
They also taught me that I shouldn't fool with things I couldn't
do their way
In fourth grade Becky Johnson sat near me
We found a new form of harmony
We both loved to sing and we sang off key
But we were happy as a lark I daresay
Until the teacher came over and said That's wrong!
You know you've ruined this beautiful song
It's making me ill and I'm feeling very violent
You'd sound a lot better if you'd just stay silent!

Chorus:
I don't care what they say
I'm going to sing anyway
I'll make a little deal with you-
If you don't tell me, I won't tell you
That we can't sing
And we'll make beautiful music together the whole night through

I remember once in high school, out on a date
With the radio on in search of music to relate
It was playing MOR and other stuff I hate
So we switched the dial to AM
Right away we found one of our favorite tunes
And before I knew it we had started to croon
It was either Ruby Tuesday or else Blue Moon
When I sang 'em they sounded the same
Then a cop came over 'bout six foot four
Shined his flashlight in the window as he leaned against the door
He said Hey kid, don't you know it's illegal
To sit in your car and make noises like a seagull!

cho.

I guess by now the message of this song is pretty obvious
When people say we can't sing we shouldn't let it bother us
We sound a lot better when that weight is not on top of us
And the more we sing the better we become
Sounding like Caruso isn't all they will allow
When he was just a kid what if they said he didn't know how?
He wouldn't have been a star and he'd still be dead by now
And he wouldn't have had half as much fun
So next time someone tells you that you just can't sing
Pay 'em no heed and remember one thing
They'd surely feel regretful if they only know
Of all the music that their missing cause they don't hear what we do

Cho.

Acknowledgements

Let me begin by saying thank you to all of you who have supported me and my music over the years, and whose belief in me encouraged me to keep on. I would like to mention you all by name, and, in fact, have begun doing just that several times before admitting that the list is far too long and someone would inevitably be left out.

"But I just want to let ___ know I appreciate it...", I say to myself, and start typing my list again. You special people, you know who you are-- Thank you! You're all part of The Grande Chorus in my book.

I'd like to give a special thank you to sound engineer Karen T. Kane and photographers Ellen Shub and Peter Sylvester, whose artistry contributes greatly to the music and spirit of this album while performing the often barely recognized behind the scenes tasks that are so essential. This album wouldn't be the same without their sensitivity and energy- or the late hours they generously contributed to help me meet my deadlines.

Along those same lines, thanks to Leon Janikian and Andy Shetz for their cooperation and support of this project, and to Andy's "mixing lab on wheels". The atmosphere at Sound Techniques couldn't be better.

Thanks to Anne Wilson, who, more than anyone else listened to, sympathized with and advised me through the day to day ups and downs of piecing this whole thing together, and for her unfailing support of me and my music over the past two and a half years.

I would also like to thank Martha Leader and Landon Rose for allowing this project to take precedence for a time over our work together as "Slim Pickers".

To Glenn Hoffman, for helping me with some of the paper work and Kitty Boles for arranging for the children's chorus to be possible, many thanks.

Thank you to Larry Flint and Charlie Irwin for providing us with the Fender Precision Bass that Landon plays on the record.

Thanks to Peggy Mallard and the management at Dini's for their help with the cover photo.

And finally, an abundance of thanks to Colin Jones and Moses Asch for providing me with the opportunity to make a dream come true.