

Jason Wilson Perennials

Lyrics Booklet

THE PERENNIALS:

Marcus Ali - saxophones, whistles, clarinet, vocals

Patrice Barbanchon — trumpet, vocals

Perry Joseph — guitars, vocals

Andrew Stewart — bass

Zaynab Wilson — cajon, percussion, vocals

Jason Wilson — vocals, piano, organ, keyboards, accordion

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:

Izzy Giammarco — vocals on 'Getrude'

Mars Giammarco — backing vocals on 'Mirage'

The Valley Road Peepers — choir on 'Eden'

'Perennials' Cover Painting by Colleen Kapell

Field Photograph by Cabot McNenly

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Lyric Booklet Design by Joris van Drunen Littel

For contact info, lyrics and videos visit: www.jasonwilsonmusic.com



GERTRUDE

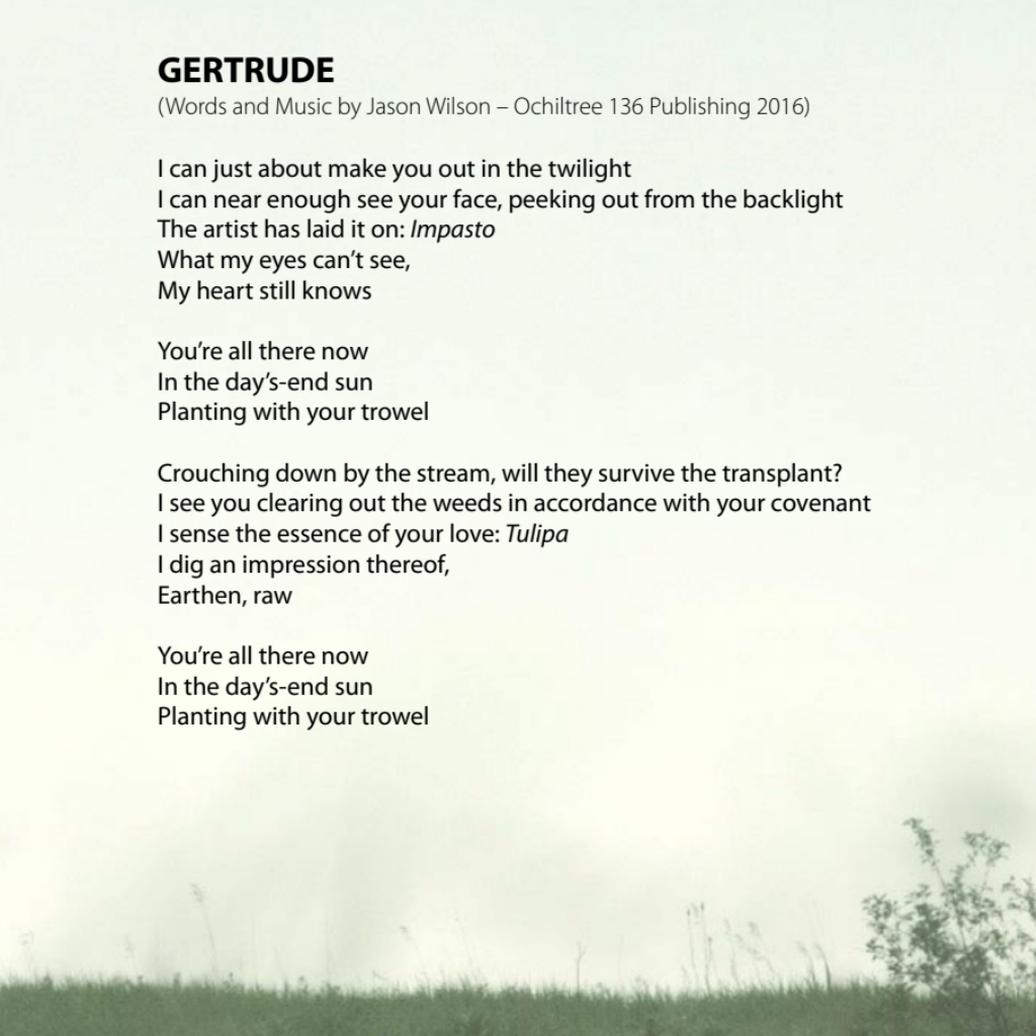
(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

I can just about make you out in the twilight
I can near enough see your face, peeking out from the backlight
The artist has laid it on: *Impasto*
What my eyes can't see,
My heart still knows

You're all there now
In the day's-end sun
Planting with your trowel

Crouching down by the stream, will they survive the transplant?
I see you clearing out the weeds in accordance with your covenant
I sense the essence of your love: *Tulipa*
I dig an impression thereof,
Earthen, raw

You're all there now
In the day's-end sun
Planting with your trowel



GOTHAM

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Is the lark on its wing?
And is the snail on its thorn?
While you trod these busy breathless streets forlorn
Well you need to return,
to braes ablaze o' green
Begone blanched faces, vaguely mean

*And you feel like you're the only one
You feel like you're the only one
You feel like you're the only one (you're alone)*

Gotham-grey and banker-dull
Pallid, joyless, every one
Drift now, hasten lemons, limes and crimsons
Porous was the thinking
Brittle were the reasons
That kept you country miles from your Eden

And you feel like you're the only one...



GABRIELLE

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

She found the Lord in New York City, sky-high
A doomsday-believer from the Upper East Side
Puts on her best hat for the Rapture, time-nigh
Something borrowed, something blue, so salvation can arrive

*Gabrielle blows her horn 'til kingdom come; Thy will be done,
...blows her horn on top of Brooklyn Bridge
Tumble-tumble, round and round
Whites now whiter, soft as down
And there's no way Gabrielle's coming back down now*

She feels the heat coming off the steamers, power-dry
The devil's in the details, but the ironers rarely lie

Gabrielle blows her horn...

She'll press between the different cycles; it's the only way
See the High Priestess of the Laundromat counting (the days)

Puts on her best hat for the Rapture, time-nigh
Out the dead-sweater office walks Revelation's bride

Gabrielle blows her horn...

She found the Lord in New York City

JELLYBY

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Jellyby cuts a mighty swath, doffs her crown, rocks the ground,
while willowy minions quiver
Jellyby beats a path to war, loves a fight, is always right,
where a “lesser” can’t deliver

Empire maker

A bona fide mover and shaker

And through her deeds, praise and glory be

Deep breath in: here comes Jellyby

Jellyby’s work is rarely done, schedule tight, first class flight,
the bureaucratic bowels bind

Jellyby’s galas find no match, her balls are large,
she’s the man in charge, see?

She’ll chew the gristle out a fallow mind

Empire maker

A bona fide mover and shaker

If not in humanity, then in whose name,

Surely Jellyby’s

Jellyby's staff, it's all top-notch, though rarely heard, a timid herd:
bleak builders building her legacy
Jellyby puts the children first, though not her own, why, they're nearly grown:
Telescopic philanthropy

Empire maker
A *bona fide* mover and shaker
And through her deeds, praise and glory be
Step one side, make way for Jellyby

FELICITY

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Run come Felicity, don't fail me now
We'll see beyond the trees, so, no furrowed brow

You've	I
got	don't
to	know
help me heal my heart	how or where to start

Don't leave Felicity
I'll give you what you need
Say you'll remain for awhile
With no mean ability, gumption and guile

We've been running, two, many's the mile
Hiding from hungry wolves who prowl this dark isle

I'm	I
going	will
to	not
help you find your heart	let us come apart

Don't leave Felicity
I'll give you what you need
Say you'll remain for awhile
There now Felicity, fortune's warm smile

JUNO

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Behold Juno and her proud peacock
How she worries on her man
Perhaps a Siren in a greener pasture?
Perhaps another lover still?

And Juno's peacock bears a hundred eyes
And Jupiter will hide beneath the clouds
I find it strange how I abandon my devices
Now I find I'm thinking them out loud

Trust you to trust me implicitly
And now the pressure's on
To love you like you love me unequivocally
But I'm up for the task, bring it on

When Valentino took a bride in Mexico,
he became the imagined sultry Sultan
But I'm less inclined to follow in those footsteps,
Even if a former self once was...

Don Juan, Rabbie Burns and Cassanova
threw a bachelor's ball for married men
But they'll never know what sweet surrender
And what it's like to be wholly loved by one

Trust you...

MIRAGE

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

I could have loved you: kind, torch-bearing lady
But I did not arrive amid thy huddled masses
Nor was I poor, though perhaps, tired and wretched

Nor did I come like Gatsby or Blavatsky...
with some half-imagined past from a distant shore,
in some place over the way
Still, try as I might,
I could not unlock that golden door to find you

The faithless and gormless dance the breadth of the borough
While I, the street urchin, take shelter in the Rose Room
Yes, I could have loved you: my 'gold shimmering mirage'

And now I'm dodging panel thieves and out bagging carpetbaggers
All of them power-dressing, affecting *mien* and feigning swagger
Presently I find I've been swindled, defrauded,
losing me, finding you

RUMMLEGUMPTION

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring my lickle “liberty bell”
You’re the fairest songbird far as I can tell
You’ve got conviction, you’re so very certain
Ring it out and loud and I’ll drive us home

When I’m down you lift me up
When I’m up you take my higher
When I’m down you lift me up
When I’m up you take my higher

And I know
You’ve got rummlegumption in your heart
Yes I know
You’ve got rummlegumption in your (soul)

Ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring my lickle “liberty bell”
You’re the fairest songbird far as I can tell
Don’t New York City, look so pretty...
in the rear-view mirror, flying up the interstate?

PERENNIALS

Volume I of the Valley Road Trilogy

WHEEL RECORDS: WR009 (2016)

