

# motherlode

SARA HICKMAN

START THE DIALOGUE



**Produced & Arranged with great love and care by Sara Hickman**  
(except for three songs, duly noted)

This album was Executively Produced (paid for) by the following generous friends: Paul and Joan Hudson,  
Liz and Duff Stewart, Gene Cowan, Judy Wisch and Sara. So please do not burn and share.  
Please buy a copy so these folks can be reimbursed!

Recorded at Congress House Studios, Austin, TX (except where noted)

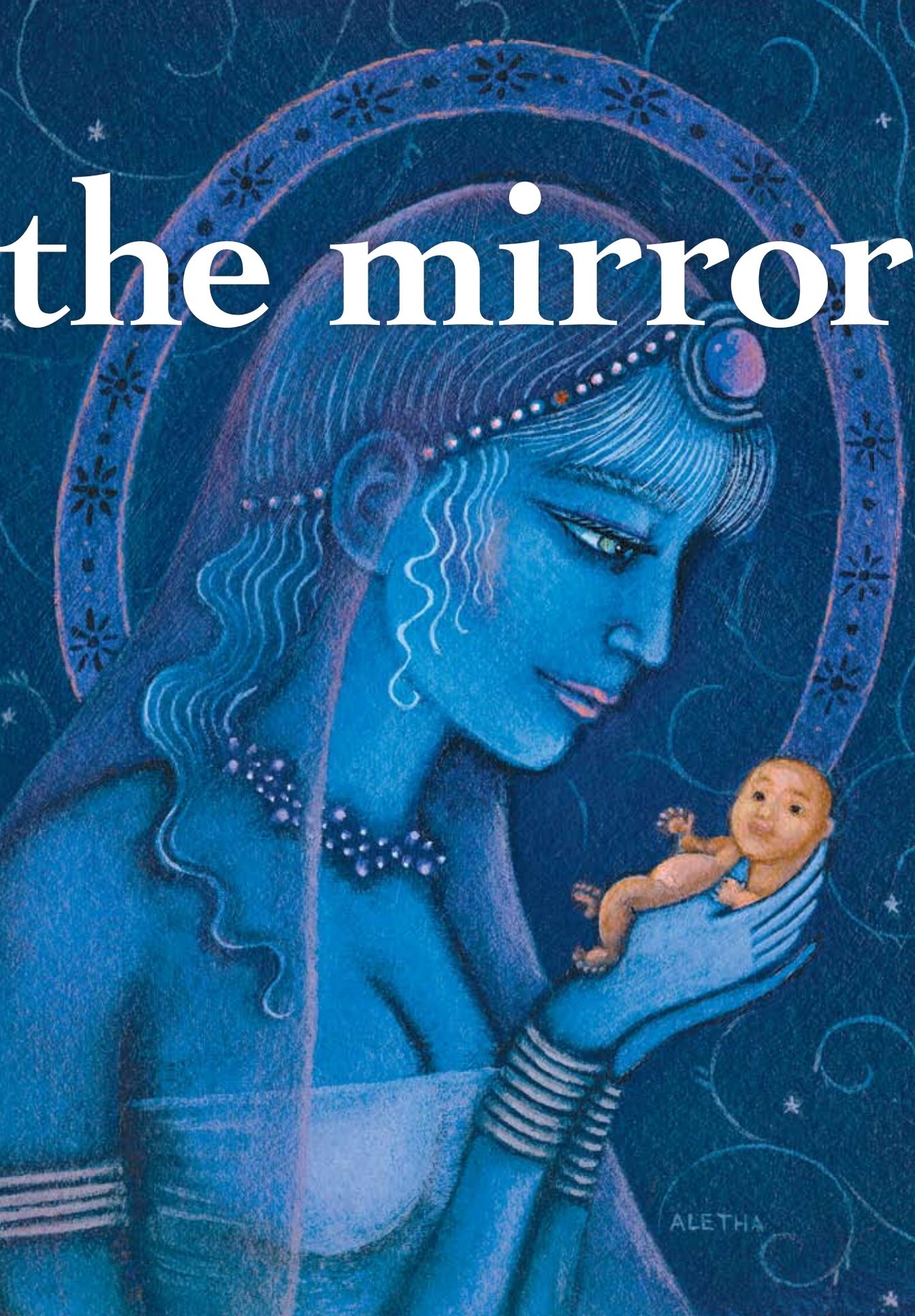
Engineered by Mark Hallman, Marty Lester and Ned Stewart

This album was mixed by Mark Hallman

Except + Mixed by Marty Lester

“Sex should mature into unselfish concern for the other, creating a love that ultimately leads to working for charity and justice for others. Love is, indeed, “ecstasy,” but not in the sense of a moment of intoxication, but rather as a journey, an ongoing exodus out of the closed inward-looking self towards its liberation through self-giving, and thus toward authentic self-discovery and, indeed, the discovery of God.” Pope Benedict XVI

# the mirror



ALETHA



## the mirror

### A SONG OF YOU

words & music by Sara Hickman & David Batteau  
(Le Petite Bonheur/BMI & Highways Of Sound/ASCAP)

Here in this damp, unfinished room  
Searching for signs of things to come  
Here in the heart of an empty home  
I remember you...

And there is no picture on this wall  
There are no voices down the hall  
There are no memories at all...  
Where i remember you

*Chorus:*

Under this roof, under this sign  
Under the weight of starry skies  
Beneath the cover of the night... i remember you  
A red wing blackbird calling spring  
Our dreams are forged in everything  
The clouds will part, the sun will sing  
A song of you

*Chorus*

*Bridge:*

Distant bells  
An ancient arrow, time casts a shadow  
Beneath the halo...  
Early to bed,  
Early to rise  
Oh, a love lived so well...ooh...

*Chorus*

**Acoustic Guitar:** David Batteau

**Drum Loop:** Joe McDermott

**Padding, Cello:** Eddy Hobizal

**Harmony:** Sara

**Drum loop, guitar and vocals recorded at  
Joe McDermott's studio, Austin**

**Everything else recorded and mixed with  
Mark Hallman at Congress House**

### TO A MADDENING GHOST

words & music by Sara Hickman (Le Petite Bonheur/BMI)

I haven't slept in seven years  
I think i've forgotten what it's like to dream  
But i know i used to close my eyes  
And drift off into deep blue skies  
At least that's what i do remember  
Perhaps no more than most  
There is a voice inside my head  
Crawling into bed with me  
And as she whiles away the time  
That, once, was rightfully mine...  
I've begun to play host  
To a maddening ghost

Each night i lay me down to sleep  
The lord my soul i pray to keep  
But as he watches over everyone  
My night has only just begun  
Staring, at the ceiling  
As i wander this forsaken land  
Wishing i could understand  
How to shut my mind and just let go  
But as soon as she arrives

I'm forced to raise a toast...  
To this maddening ghost

Please let me rest in peace  
I'm dying to rest...in...peace

The earth has no choice but to woo the sun  
And so my problem seems like such a small one  
But when each day is said and done  
The earth and i have one thing in common  
We're both running in circles  
Tonight i'm thankful for all we are  
No distant dreams or wishes on a dying star  
And as soon as she arrives  
I will not let her close...  
Ah, this maddening ghost

**Acoustic guitar:** Sara

**Electric guitar:** David Grissom

**Harmony:** Sara

**Strings:** Tosca

**Strings Arranged by Will Taylor**



## the mirror

### WAGONER'S LAD

traditional

Oh, hard is the fortune... Of all womankind..  
They're always controlled... they're always confined  
Controlled by their parents... until they are wives  
Then slaves to their husbands  
The rest of their lives

Oh, I'm just a poor girl... My fortune is sad  
I've always been courted by the wagoner's lad  
He's courted me daily, by night and by day  
And now he is loaded and going away

Your parents don't like me... because I am poor  
They say I'm not worthy... of entering your door  
I work for my living... my money's my own  
And if they don't like me... they can leave me alone

My wagon needs greasing... My hip's meant to bend  
Come lay down beside me... as long as you can  
My wagon is greasy... your whip's in my hand  
So hang on my darling... we'll do as we've planned

My horses are hungry... go feed them on hay  
Come sit down beside me... my darling... as long as you may  
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay  
So fair thee well, darling... I'm going away

Oh, hard is the fortune... of all womankind  
They're always controlled... they're always confined  
Controlled by their parents... until they are wives  
Then slaves to their husbands... the rest of their lives

**Acoustic Guitar:** Sara  
**Percussion:** Michael Longoria  
**Harmonies:** Sara  
(Additional lyrics by Sara)

### LIVING IN QUIET DESPERATION \*

words by Sara Hickman, music by Sara Hickman and  
Eddy Hobizal (Le Petite Bonheur/BMI & EJHMusic/ASCAP)

Wake up each morning and I take up my day  
Make the bed to tuck my feelings away  
I smell the coffee, search for what I can say  
To you...

I kiss the children as I'm brushing their hair  
I can't seem to find my left shoe  
The dog pissed the floor, I don't know how much more  
I can take with all that I've left to do...

Now I'm living in quiet desperation  
I'm living in somebody else's dream  
I'm living a life of wanting something  
That I can't even seem to believe

I try my hardest to be too many people  
Too many people want me to be  
But the truth is a bubble, taking up room  
If I could pop it maybe then I could breathe...

Then there's the love that we promised... I see it...  
it's torn apart at the seams  
No one took the time to teach me how to sew...  
no one's as mean to me as me...

Now I'm living in quiet desperation  
I'm living in somebody else's dream  
I'm living a life of wanting something  
That I can't even seem to believe

You're looking in my eyes... do you see me waving back inside?  
This isn't how it all has to be  
But the laughter hides tears  
That can't soothe a soul  
That feels it is losing the best of its years...

Now I'm living in quiet desperation  
I'm living in somebody else's dream  
I'm living a life of wanting something  
That I can't even seem to believe

**Piano:** Eddy Hobizal  
**Bass:** Glenn Fukunaga  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**Electric Guitar (driving):** Mitch Watkins  
**Electric Guitar (driving and lead):** David Grissom  
**Harmonies:** Sara



## the mirror

### MAD WORLD

words & music by Roland Orzabal (Chrysalis Music Pub./BMI)

All around me are familiar faces  
worn out places  
worn out faces  
Bright and early for their daily races  
Going nowhere  
Going nowhere  
Their tears are filling up their glasses  
No expression  
No expression  
Hide my head I wanna drown my sorrow  
No tomorrow  
No tomorrow

*Chorus:*

And I find it kinda funny  
And I find it kinda sad  
The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had  
I find it hard to tell you  
I find hard to take  
When people run in circles it's a very very mad world...mad world

Children waiting for the day they feel good  
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday  
Wanna feel the way every child should  
Sit and listen  
Sit and listen  
I went to school and I was very nervous  
No one knew me  
No one knew me  
Hello teacher, tell me, what's my lesson  
Look right through me  
Look right through me

*Chorus:*

And I find it kinda funny  
And I find it kinda sad  
The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had  
I find it hard to tell you  
I find it hard to take  
When people run in circles  
It's a very very mad world...mad world

*(Instrumental)*

**Piano:** Eddy Hobizal  
**Bass, Acoustic Guitars, Acoustic Lead :** Robert McIntee  
**Electric Guitar (melody):** Mitch Watkins  
**Electric Guitar (swells and Solo):** David Grissom  
**Little Girl:** Lily  
**Keening:** Gretchen Phillips  
**Sound Effects:** Borrowed from real life

### TWENTY YEARS TO LIFE

words & music by Tricia Mitchell and Monte Warden  
(Ponderin' Peaches Pub. /BMI & Moonkiss Music/BMI)

My name is Dorothy Hanson, number 36425  
I sit here in my prison cell for twenty years to life  
For twenty years I loved a man with a temper like a gun  
Sometimes I wasn't good enough, some days his only one  
I made his house a home for us  
I stood to take his blows  
And I pray we'll meet in heaven, but only Jesus knows  
I've had eleven busted ribs and scars and sprains that you can't see  
A dentist put a bridge in where my front teeth used to be

Twenty years to life, I was a prisoner as his wife  
And I've fallen through a trap door between wrong and right  
I killed the man I pledged my life to when I took my vows  
I'll be sitting here just praying that God can sort it out

Every once in awhile he used to turn on all his charms  
He'd tell me, "Dottie, you're my angel," he'd take me in his arms

I seek the good in everyone, I do the best I can  
It got to where I couldn't find much goodness in that man

They asked me why I stayed with him  
But they couldn't sympathize  
They never felt the straw that broke my back a thousand times  
I dreamed last night I put a dozen roses on his grave  
And God gave me forgiveness for the heart I couldn't save

Twenty years to life, I was a prisoner as his wife  
And I've fallen through a trap door between wrong and right  
I killed the man I pledged my life to when I took my vows  
I'll be sitting here just praying that God can sort it out  
I'll just sit and pray and maybe God can help me sort it out

**Chain:** Michael Longoria

**Acoustic Guitar:** Sara

**Mandolin effect:** Mark Hallman

**Accordion:** Chip Dolan

**Harmony:** Kelly Willis

*Kelly Willis appears courtesy of Rykodisc.*



## the mirror

### MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER \*

words & music by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards  
(ABKCO Music/BMI)

"Kids are different today"...I hear every mother say...  
"Mother needs something to help to calm her down..."  
And though she's not really ill...there's a little yellow pill  
She goes running for the shelter of a mother's little helper  
And it helps her on her way...gets her through her busy day

Things are different today...I hear every mother say  
Cooking fresh food for her husband's just a drag  
So she buys an instant cake...and defrosts her frozen steak  
And goes running for the shelter of her mother's little helper  
And it helps her on her way...gets her through her busy day

Doctor, please...some more of these...outside the door  
She took four more...What a drag it is getting old...

Men just aren't the same today  
I hear every mother say...  
They just don't appreciate that you get tired  
It's so hard to satisfy  
You can tranquilize your mind...So, go running for the shelter  
Of a mother's little helper  
And it gets you through the night...helps to minimize your  
plight

Doctor, please...some more of these  
Outside the door...she took four more  
What a drag it is getting old

Life's just much too hard today...I hear every mother say  
The pursuit of happiness just seems a bore  
And if you take more of those  
You will get an overdose  
No more running for the shelter of a mother's little helper  
They just help you on your way  
Get you through your busy, dying day

**Acoustic Guitar:** Mitch Watkins  
**Bass:** Steve Zirkel  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**Strings:** Tosca  
**String Arrangement:** Danny Levin  
**Harmony:** Sara

### COMFORT'S SIGH

words & music by Sara Hickman (Le Petite Bonheur/BMI)

I must have faith...in my own journey  
I must believe that I belong  
Though I am weary...and feel forgotten  
I'll find the strength in my own song

I see the sorrow of my yesterday...  
I read tomorrow's front page news  
I hear a heartbeat long ago and bittersweet...  
It's a glass slipper I'll never lose

I must have faith in my own journey  
I must believe that I belong  
Though I am weary...and feel forgotten  
I'll find the strength in my own song

There is a shadow over your shoulder...  
Oh, I can witness...for I've had one, too...  
The lonely anguish...the flicker of anger  
So many questions...of what to do

I must have faith in my own journey...I must believe that I  
belong  
Though I am weary...and feel forgotten...  
I'll find the strength in my own song

*Solo*

Many the stranger...standing at the window  
Watching the street...eyes in the rain  
Behind this curtain I've watched my dreams die  
Waiting for a lover's hand...and comfort's sigh

I must have faith in my own journey  
I must believe that I belong  
Though I am weary and feel forgotten  
I'll find the strength in my own song  
I'll find the strength to carry on...

**Acoustic Guitars:** Sara Hickman and Mitch Watkins  
**Baritone Guitar:** Mitch Watkins  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**Peruvian Flute:** Eddy Hobizal  
**Harmony:** Sara



## the mirror

### MY MAMA'S HANDS

words & music by Sara Hickman (Le Petite Bonheur/BMI)

"God has a plan,"  
She told me as she held me, oh, so tight  
"And I'll be there," she said, "When you get scared  
Just call out in the night...  
Maybe there'll be times  
You won't understand  
But just reach up you'll find your mama's hands..."

And the time just flew  
Until I grew to be a child so wild and free  
Before I knew it  
I was grown  
and living out here on my own  
Everything I'd been  
Everything that I'd been shown  
I'd first seen it through my mama's hands

*Bridge:*

"These are not goodbyes  
But a moment's hesitation  
Look into my eyes, I promise we'll meet again..."  
These were the words I heard as I held my mama's hands

Of everything... there's no greater joy than the love  
A child can bring  
I watch her grow  
And she turns to me whenever she's not sure  
I don't know all the answers  
But I do the best I can  
I've come to see  
I've got my mama's hands

*Bridge:*

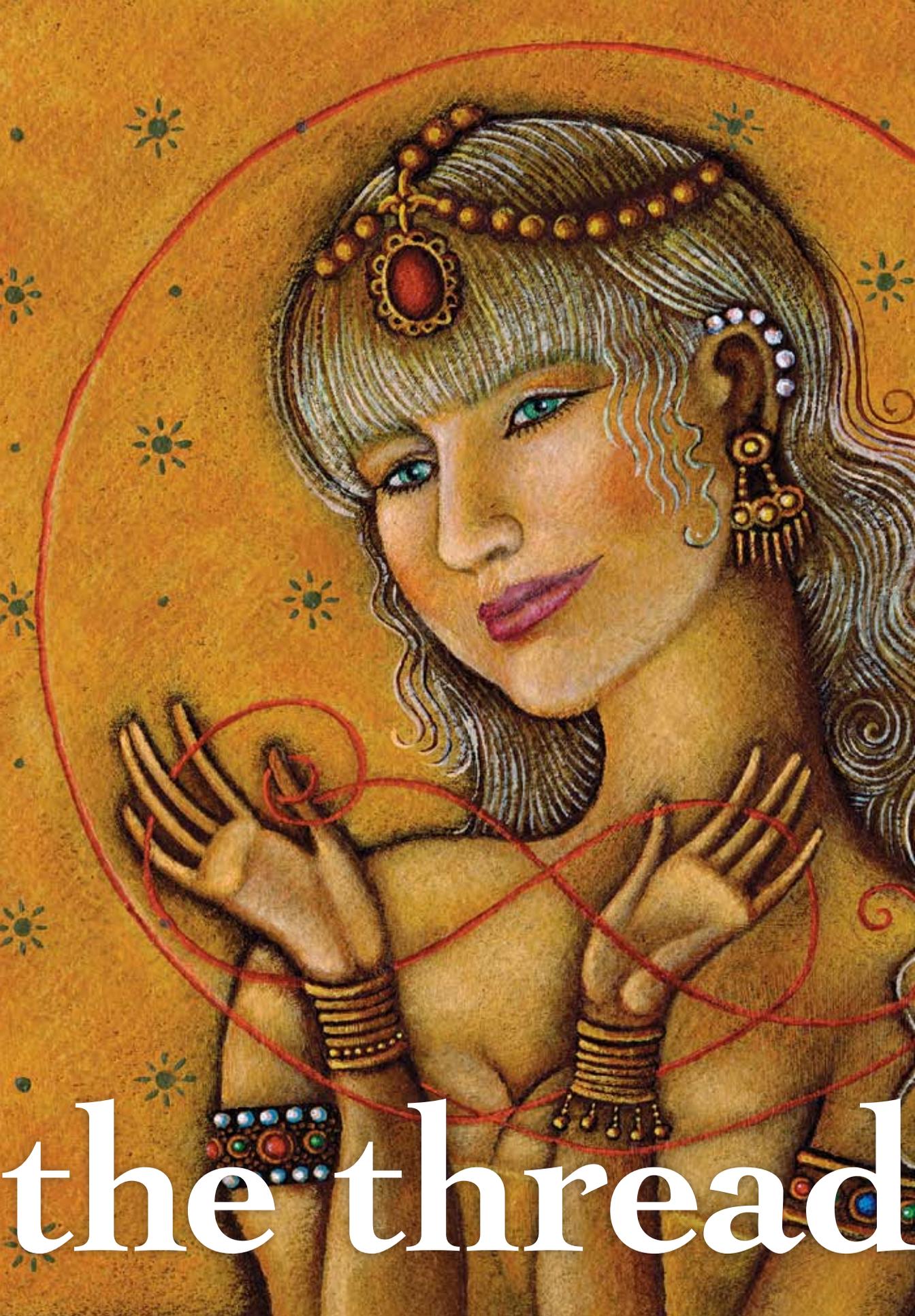
"These are not goodbyes  
But a moment's hesitation  
Look into my eyes, I promise we'll meet again..."  
These were the words I said as I held  
My daughter's hands...

*Instrumental*

The page is turning  
Now the memories are burning in my mind  
No one will know  
All the stories I'm bound to leave behind  
I've got to return  
To where my life began  
But when you look down  
You'll see your mama's hands

**Acoustic Guitar:** Sara  
**Piano:** Eddy Hobizal  
**Bass:** Steve Zirkel  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**Eno-esque guitar:** Mitch Watkins  
**Electric Guitar:** David Grissom  
**Harmony:** Kelly Willis

*Kelly Willis appears courtesy of Rykodisc.*



the thread



## BIRDHOUSE

words & music by Sara Hickman and David Batteau  
(Le Petite Bonheur/BMI & Highways of Sound/ASCAP)

He ruffles his feathers  
He whistles and caws  
This April in Texas  
In Sara's backyard

Sweet Sara, his starling  
He struts and he stares  
Dark wings of salvation  
Beating the air

His eyes full of wishes  
He's freed from the cage  
She preens for love's favor  
The treetops her stage

So blessed the treetops  
Who gather these ghosts  
These heartbeats from heaven  
These flickering hosts

All that we've forgotten  
We've become machines...  
Returning to the garden  
To dream...

Through birdland  
They tumble  
With wild dreams like weeds  
They spread through the garden  
When love comes to seed

All that we've forgotten  
We've become machines...  
Returning to the garden  
To dream...

*(Return to first verse)*

Produced by Paul Fox, engineered & mixed by Ed Thacker

Acoustic guitar: Sara Hickman

Electric guitar: Adrian Belew

Bass: Tony Levin

Drums: Jerry Marotta

Piano: David Sancious

Vocals: Sara, David, Adrian, Paul and Franne Fox

Harmonies: Sara

Recorded at Bearsville Studio, Bearsville, NY

## TWO DAYS TODAY \*

words & music by Sara Hickman (Le Petite Bonheur/BMI)

No one knows for certain...what's behind the curtain of  
their dreams  
We question...we ponder, we yodel and we wonder...  
Is life everything it seems?  
You're thinking...You're driving...I've warned you...  
You should never think and drive...  
Still, you mix it up inside...letting your spirit run and hide..  
but look now we've arrived!

I'm tripping, I'm...falling I'm...hearing you your voice  
you're calling  
I'm laughing, I'm...sleeping I'm...tapping toes to the  
heartbeat close to mine  
Feels like two days today

One day ending...one day beginning...spinning always  
shining...Hopping, skipping, left to right...day to night...  
two wrongs sometimes make everything seem  
Alright (alright)...Yesterday's...still today...Tomorrow never  
really comes

You wrestle with the demons squeeze the sugar from the  
lemons when there's still too much to be undone

Oh, I'm tripping I'm...falling I'm...hearing you your voice  
you're calling  
I'm laughing I'm...sleeping I'm...tapping toes to the heartbeat  
close to mine  
Feels like two days today

*Bridge:*

Do you whistle while you work...do you ever feel the jerk...  
do you ever wanna run outside?  
Do you need to take a break...shake yer attic of mistakes...  
let your fingers do the walking...let em...slide  
see the clouds overhead...jumping naked on your...bed  
it's your body...let it breathe...let it move...let it be...let it fly

*Solo*

And I'm tripping I'm...falling I'm...hearing you your voice  
you're calling  
I'm laughing I'm...sleeping I'm...tapping toes to the heartbeat  
close to mine  
Feels like two days and I'm...

Tripping I'm...falling I'm...hearing you your voice you're  
calling  
I'm laughing I'm...sleeping I'm...tapping toes to the heartbeat  
close to mine  
Feels like two days today

Electric guitar: Sara Hickman

Acoustic guitar: Mitch Watkins

Bass: Steve Zirkel

Drums: Brad Evilsizer

Trumpet: Jimmy Shortell

Trombone: Jon Blondell

Sax: John Mills

Horns arranged by: John Mills

Harmony: Shawn Colvin

*Shawn Colvin appears courtesy of Nonesuch Records.*



## the thread

### LEARN YOU LIKE A BOOK...

words & music by Colin Boyd and Tricia Mitchell  
(White Headed Fly Music/BMI & Ponderin' Peaches Pub./BMI)

Tell me where you moved to long ago  
after Omaha  
I know you've probably told me once before  
I guess I forgot  
Let me see the words form in your mind  
I won't make a sound  
I just want to watch them where they fall  
I want to take another look  
I want to learn you like a book

Tell me about the places where you lived  
And the friends you made  
And how'd you get that scar above your eyes  
In the second grade?  
When you look into the mirror now  
Can you find the words?  
I don't mind the silence in between  
It's understood... I want to learn you like a book

Turn the page  
We both have the time  
I'll read every line

I can only tell what's on your mind  
If you talk to me  
I only want to get as close to you...as you'll let me be  
And we're not trying to build the pyramids  
It's not surgery  
We're the only ones who'll ever know  
All the time it took  
I want to learn you like a book

Acoustic guitar: Sara  
Electric Guitar: Mitch Watkins  
Slide Guitar: David Grissom  
Bass: Steve Zirkel  
Drums: Brad Evilsizer  
Bazouki: Mark Hallman  
Male Voice: Colin Boyd  
Harmony: Sara  
Claps: Sara and Mark

### ARE WE EVER GONNA HAVE SEX AGAIN? \*

words & music by Amy Rigby and Sherry Rich (Songs of Welk/  
Lympia Music/BMI & Yak Yak Music/Pandora Mink Music/  
SESAC)

Life's become a great big list...Of things to do and buy and fix  
At night we pass out before ten...  
are we ever gonna have sex again?

I looked for your id today...Seeing that it has gone away  
Ain't been used since who knows when...  
are we ever gonna have sex again?

We used to be triple ex-rated...Look at us now...  
we're so domesticated...doncha hate it?

What ever happened to "babe" and "stud"?  
Too much KFC and Bud...  
I'll shout it out to the wind...  
are we ever gonna have sex again?

Come here, baby, and scratch my itch  
Or I'll show you one mean ass bitch  
I'm so tired of acting zen...are we ever gonna have sex again?

Screw making love...it's way too ambitious...Let's get down  
on the rug...after you finish the dishes

Not now, hon, the eggs are frying...But you get extra points  
for trying  
Maybe I can squeeze you in...between the PTA and CNN

Are we ever gonna have sex again? Don't make me go to other  
men...are we ever gonna have...sex...again...?

Acoustic Guitar: Mitch Watkins  
Upright Bass: Mark Rubin  
Drums: Brad Evilsizer  
Electric Guitar: Robert McIntee  
Yelling: Sara "Appalachian" Hickman



the thread

## STUPID LOVE

words & music by Sara Hickman and Phil Parlapiano  
(Le Petite Bonheur/BMI & Parlapiano Music/BMI)

I'm standing on the corner by the building that looks  
Like an old Sears that just blew up  
You just finished yelling, "Nothing's making sense!"  
And I feel like what the cat coughed up  
I hate to leave but when push comes to shove  
Nothing's quite as crazy as love

You threw out all my clothes and left 'em in the rain  
When I came home I had nothing to wear  
The next day at work, God, I felt like a jerk  
I was naked and my boss just stared...  
I hate to leave but when push comes to shove  
Nothing's quite as crazy as love...

*Bridge:*

Love descends on you from above  
Never know when it will arrive  
And sometimes you think it's gonna eat you alive...

*Chorus:*

Stupid love...stupid love...stupid love!...stupid love...  
You throw it away but it comes back to stay  
What was I thinking of...stupid love!

I know I love you and you say you love me, too  
But sometimes I'm not sure what to do  
We're fightin' all the time over stupid odds and ends  
Then we make love and make up as friends  
I hate to leave but when push comes to shove  
Nothing's quite as crazy as love...

*Bridge*

*Chorus*

Produced by Phil Parlapiano

Bass: Bill Bonk

Drums: Scott Babcock

Accordion, Guitars, Pianos: Phil Parlapiano

Harmony: Sara

Recorded at Phil Parlapiano's in L.A.

## GOOD

words & music by Amy Meyers  
(Cheshire Cat Club Music/ASCAP)

I know...I try to do too much...some days  
Sometimes...I think I cannot be enough for you  
And I know what I've got...I really do  
And you know I won't walk out on you...no

And I think it's good just how it is  
Yeah, yeah...  
I think it's good just how it is  
Yeah, yeah yea yea...

I am already 35...I know it's not old  
Why can't I just let go of all these things that...stop me?  
And I know...it's all just in my head  
And then...you talk me through it

And I think it's good just how it is...yea yea yea yea  
I think it's good just how it is...yea yea...yea yea...  
And I'm trying to be the best for you  
But tied to all these things I gotta do  
And you see it, but you don't ask for more  
You just take me as I am

Sometimes I am black and you are white...we're distant  
Sometimes...when I don't know what to say, you say it  
And I'm asking a lot when I don't always give  
But you see me through it

And I think it's good just how it is...yea yea yea yea  
I think it's good just how it is...

Not out there looking...for nobody else  
I'm not out there looking...for nobody else  
I am not out there lookin...for nobody else  
I'm not out there lookin

Not out there looking...cuz it's good  
Not out there looking...cuz it's good

Acoustic Guitar: Mitch Watkins

Bass: Glenn Fukunaga

Drums: Brad Evilsizer

Keys: Eddy Hobizal

Trumpet: Jimmy Shortell

Trombone: Jon Blondell

Sax: John Mills

Horn Arrangement: John Mills

Backing Vocals: Gretchen Phillips, Ruthie Foster, Sara

*Ruthie Foster appears courtesy of Blue Corn Music.*



## the thread



### ENUF

words & music by Mark Addison and Nina Singh  
(Ba Doom Poom/Artifact/Almo/On Base Music/ASCAP)

Well, my mama said as she was standing at the stove  
Gotta put in a little, and then some more  
Ya wanna make sure that it ain't too bland...  
I was twelve and I didn't understand

Enough is never enough...enough is never enough

Well, I left home and got my freedom...  
Moved to Hollywood and I started dealing  
I had to pay the rent, I had to pay to play,  
I had to pay the price for what I had to say

I hung out for a while or so...  
I got married to a guy named Joe  
He worked in the movies, he worked on the side...  
He worked his way  
Right outta my life...he said:

"Girl, you don't know nothing about success...Gotta pay for  
my Mercedes for they repossess it...alimony, palimony, girl,  
it ain't funny...if ya wanna be a player, well, ya gotta have  
money..."

Enough is never enough...enough is never enough

*Solo*

Then my mama died, about a year ago  
and where I'm going now, well, I don't know  
But I was by her side when she said to me  
Girl, ya got everything that you need, don't believe:

Enough is never enough...enough is never enough

**Produced by Courtney Audain**  
**Producer / Engineer: Courtney Audain**  
**Recorded at Coinhead Studios, Austin**  
**Mixed by Mark Hallman**  
**Courtney Audain - Acoustic and Electric guitars,**  
**Synth Bass, Drum loop, Percussion and Keyboards**  
**Mike Hall - Drums**  
**Kirkland Audain - Rap**  
**Kris Brown - Lead Guitar**  
**DJ Fizza - Scratch**  
**Sampled chorus: Mark Addison and Nina Singh**

*Courtney Audain appears courtesy of Coinhead.*

### ALWAYS A SAINT

words & music by Paul Hudson (Hop-Little Music/BMI)

Have you ever known someone who made the most of their life  
Someone who was always true  
Someone who shared a little grace with this world  
Someone who means the world to you

Do you know someone who is everywhere at once  
Always right there beside you  
Someone who guides every step that you take  
Someone who means the world to you

She'll always be a saint to me  
A saint for all eternity  
If you know her, you know what I mean  
Always a saint to me  
Always a saint to me

Have you ever known someone who made you feel so warm  
Someone who loved you through and through  
Someone who always had a glow in their eyes  
Someone who means the world to you

She'll always be a saint to me  
A saint for all eternity  
If you know her, you know what I mean  
Always a saint to me

Do you know someone who'll always be there  
Been there right from the start  
Someone who's all you'd ever hope to be  
Someone so dear to your heart

Have you ever known someone who made the most of their life  
Someone who means the world to you

She'll always be a saint to me  
A saint for all eternity  
If you know her, you know what I mean  
Always a saint to me  
Always a saint to me  
Always a saint to me

**Acoustic Guitar: Sara**  
**Electric Guitar: Mitch Watkins**  
**Bass: Steve Zirkel**  
**Drums: Brad Evilsizer**  
**Mandolin: Rich Brotherton**  
**Harmonies: Sara**



the thread



### LITTLE BIRD OF ANGER \*

words & music by Bob Ackerman  
(Made in Texas Music Pub./ASCAP)

fly away, fly away, fly away  
 fly away, fly away, fly away

little bird of anger fly away...little bird of anger fly away  
 little bird of anger, there's a plane out in the hangar  
 little bird of anger fly away

fly away, fly away, fly away...fly away, fly away, fly away...  
 fly away, fly away, fly away

little bird of sorrow fly away...little bird of sorrow fly away  
 little bird of sorrow if you're leaving here tomorrow  
 i've got a suitcase you can borrow  
 little bird of sorrow fly away

fly away, fly away, fly away...fly away, fly away, fly away...  
 fly away, fly away, fly away

little bird of sadness fly away...little bird of sadness fly away  
 little bird of sadness leave me only joy and gladness  
 little bird of sadness fly away  
 fly away, fly away, fly away...fly away, fly away, fly away...

*Solo*

little bird of laughter fly my way...  
 little bird of laughter fly my way  
 in the happy ever after we'll be singin in the rafters  
 little bird of laughter fly my way

fly my way, fly my way, fly my way  
 fly my way, fly my way, fly my way...  
 fly my way, fly my way, fly my waaaaaaaay!

**Acoustic Guitars:** Sara and Mitch Watkins  
**Upright Bass:** Mark Rubin  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**Banjo:** Eddie Collins  
**Fiddle:** Danny Levin  
**Little Girl singer:** Lily

**Choir:** Teresa Travis, Mary Law, Steve Hopkins, Cat Reynolds,  
 Paul Hudson, Steve Carter and Mina Carter

**Bird Sounds:** iolana

### THIS TOO WILL PASS

words & music by Peter Himmelman (WB Music Corp./ASCAP)

Like the river flows, like the east wind blows  
 You're gonna find your situation changing for the better  
 Like the melting snow, just let your trouble go  
 And you and I will get through this together

*Chorus:*  
 Some days seem to drag on forever  
 You need all your strength just to keep your head together  
 Soon you'll see that things are gonna get better at last  
 This too will pass

Like a sprouting seed, You'll grow through this need  
 And the things that bring you grief shall be forgotten  
 Like an hourglass, this too will pass  
 And what's hard as rock will soon be soft as cotton

Some days seem to drag on forever  
 You need all your strength just to keep your head together  
 Soon you'll see things are gonna get better at last  
 This too will pass

You feel like you've been chosen to be frozen in time  
 Your body is exhausted, you feel like you've lost your mind  
 But these eyes they see that you're nearly free  
 And if you can hang on a little longer I swear you'll see it too  
 Well, a prophet I ain't, I'm no mystic or saint  
 But I promise you, my angel, I will see you through

Some days seem to drag on forever  
 You need all your strength just to keep your head together  
 Soon you'll see things are gonna get better at last  
 This too will pass...this too will pass  
 This too will pass...this too will pass

**Acoustic Guitar:** Sara  
**Electric Guitars:** Mitch Watkins, David Grissom  
**Bass:** Steve Zirkel  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**B3:** Eddy Hobizal  
**Tamborine:** Michael Longoria  
**Male Vocal:** Jimmy La Fave  
**Harmonies:** Sara

*Jimmy LaFave appears courtesy of Red House Records.*



## the thread

### YOUR REWARD

words & music by Dan Cohen (Thunderbunny Music/BMI)

This is your reward  
Spit up on the floor at four in the morning  
This is your reward  
The chord that fits the text  
This is your reward  
A bite in every apple, a nick in every door  
This is your reward  
What will the kids trash next?  
You've had your last warning...you heard what I said  
You've gotta get up in the morning...so you're going to bed  
This is your reward...you tend to miss the fire for the heat  
This is your reward..  
His hand...  
Her heartbeat...

**Piano:** Eddy Hobizal  
**Bass:** Steve Zirkel  
**Drums:** Brad Evilsizer  
**Horns Arranged by:** John Mills  
**Trumpet:** Jimmy Shortell  
**Trombone:** Jon Blondell  
**Sax:** John Mills  
**Choir:** Gretchen Phillips, Ruthie Foster, Sara  
**Harmony:** Sara  
**Claps:** Gretchen, Ruthie, Sara

*Ruthie Foster appears courtesy of Blue Corn Music.*



**illustrations:** aletha st. **main art direction:** sara hickman **design:** julien liberstat, josh finto / cartis group  
**photography:** todd v. wolfson

**thousands of kisses and all my gratitude to:** god, first and foremost. you have shared this astounding world with us. help each of us to use our minds daily in creative ways... help us find peaceful resolutions to difficulties. thank you for the joy of knowing you and for my universal church family in christ. thank you for giving me creativity, desire, love, and a sense of humor cuz some people are not going to see the humor and beauty of this cover. thanks for pointing me to aletha and her beautiful work. god, i love you so much. thank you. watch over all of us, we need you so.

my husband, lance, and my children, lily & io, who bring me such indescribable joy! my dear friends and family, to whom i owe so much happiness and time on the beach... i started a list, and it got so ridiculously huge, i decided to use this space to say "i love you" and i am grateful for your patience, wit, love, road trips, support, phone calls, and time together. i think of you all the time and hope to see you soon.

**my financiers in this endeavor:** paul and joan hudson, liz and duff stewart, gene cowan, judy wisch... and me. without this brave team of faithful friends, this record would not exist. god bless each of you. thank you. i'll work hard to reimburse each of you, but mostly, thank you for your belief in my vision that we can make this world a better place.

**my bandmates:** i love you: brad evilsizer, eddy hobizal, steve zirkel, chip dolan, kristin de witt, lorie singer... thank you for performing and recording with me. i am deeply honored to know each of you.

**my unbelievable team:** gene cowan, teresa travis, marty lester, mark hallman, ned stewart, cat reynolds, todd wolfson, rob sides, winker, michael cogliandro, sarah binion, hali ummel, kong, john oshima, dawn leisch, indrani kelly, jenny thayer-rexach, diana reynolds, jim cocke and crystal clear sound, chip bray and pattie garner (prosperity bank), everyone at cartis, starting with shannon carter, who generously offered up help from day one, and to jason gurule, who led the team and kept everyone in the loop... bless you all for your belief and love; and to my lawyer, wofford denius, who has stood by me through thick and thin **to all the musicians who played on this record:** you teach me so much and i am blessed to create with you. **thank you so much. to all the songwriters i write with, and all the songwriters who shared their songs with me to record:** thank you so much. **the night life:** rusty & teresa/mucky duck, robert scarborough/jefferson freedom cafe, david cotton/saxon pub, david card/poor david's, griff/cactus, greg johnson/blue door, john davis, pam stakes/burning bush, craig van winkle/open door, dalis and everyone at kerrville (beginning with rod), tom noe, fox run, club passim, mc cabs, the palm... and all the folks i'm not intending to forget... thanks for keeping the stage alive and seats available... you give me a place to share the love... **in the field:** michele clark, meg mcdonald, and crystal ann lea; lisa shively and cary baker... for being people who jumped on board and believed in the album at the beginning; thanks, too, to davis mcclarty **to my snake, jeff goldblum:** thanks for keeping me zen. thanks to takamine for the guitars! i LOVE my guitars! thanks to david vincent & eric langenhahn thanks to michael lille and everyone at elixir! i LOVE my strings! thanks to gibson guitars! i LOVE my electric! ellen canas and don pitts with great love and respect **to my guitar angels:** Andy & Sara Ridinger and Andy Rubin

**this album is dedicated with great love and deep gratitude to:** dr. terry smith, gene cowan, teresa travis and all my fans. you keep me believing. thank you.



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