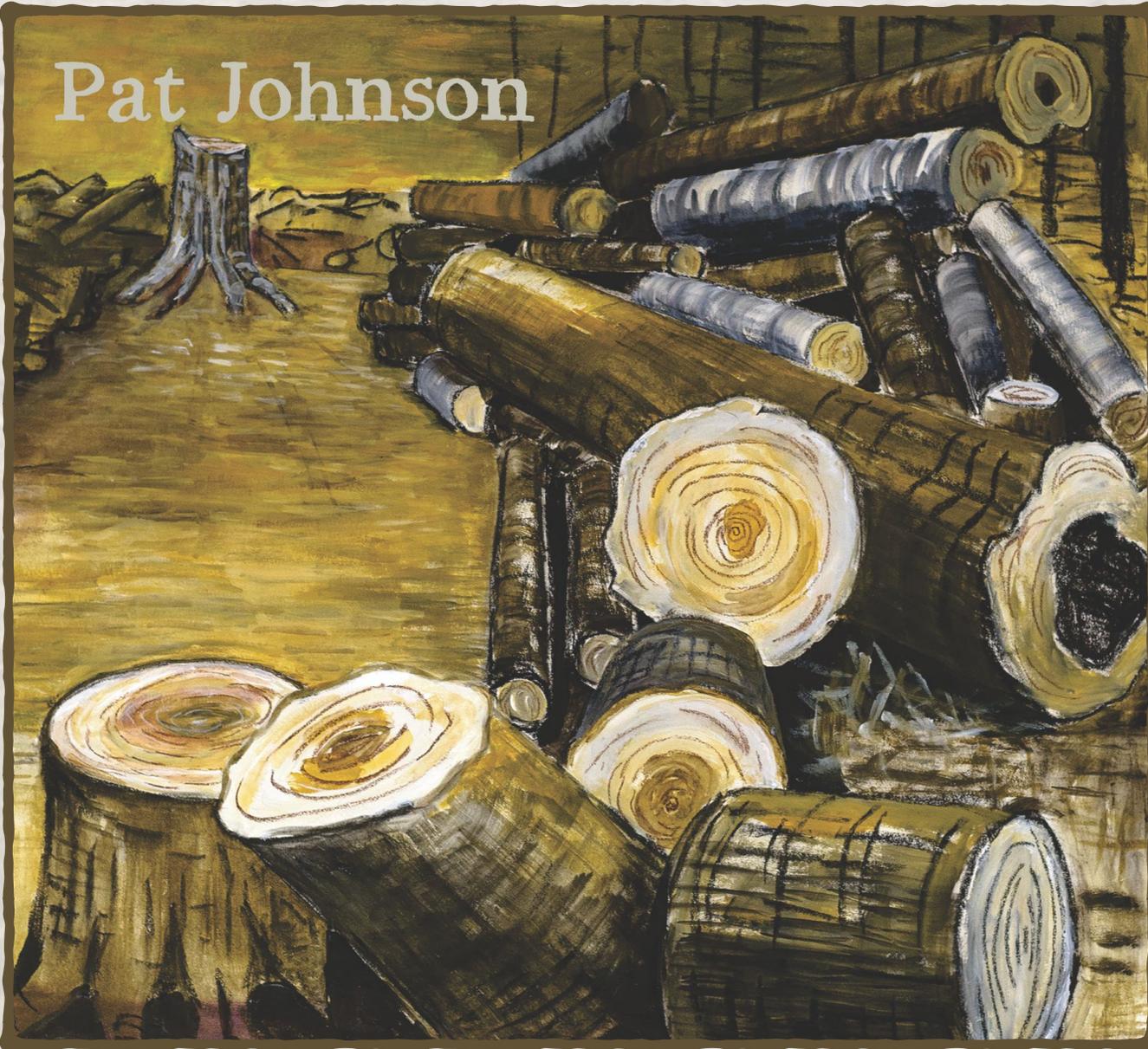


Pat Johnson



1. Hank and Tee Tot
2. CJ Shuffle
3. Stumps
4. Radio Head Blues
5. Shopper's Blues
6. Puddin' Head
7. Backdoor Light

8. Our Dime
9. Annie Rae Two Step
10. Drive You Out of My Mind
11. Great Reward Blues
12. Everything is Free
13. Chipmunk Rag



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For booking information contact Pat Johnson at [www.patjohnson.ca](http://www.patjohnson.ca).  
All songs  Except track #12 





### Musicians

Pat Johnson - Vocals, Guitars, Electric Bass, Mandolins, Jaw Harp

Mario Telaro - Drums

Chris DeZordo - Piano & Organ

Maurice Roulette - Harmonica on Great Reward Blues

Tracy Walton - Acoustic Bass on Hank and Tee Tot

Erika Lamon - Harmony Vocal on Our Dime

Recorded, mixed and mastered at Patunes Studio in Charleston Village, Ontario, Canada.

Drums, Organ & Piano by Chris DeZordo at the Sausage Factory in Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Big thank you to Chris DeZordo for proof reading my mixes and suggesting some tender tweaks.

Cover "Sawdust of Fallen Empires" by Heather Savage

Graphic Design by Catherine Fifield

Photographs by Krista Cameron

PJ would like to thank Krista Cameron, the folks at Mr. C's Gift of Music, Richard, Lois, Kevin & Glen, D'Addario Strings & Planet Waves Accessories, Larrivee Guitars, Oskar Graf Guitars, all the great folks at Developmental Services of Leeds and Grenville, Scott Brown @ Scotty's Workshop, Steve Curtis, Gerr Audio, Arts Council Of The Thousand Islands, people who come out to shows and people who still buy and listen to music.

All songs written by E. Patrick Johnson except Drive You Out Of My Mind by Nellie Holmes & Pat Johnson, and Everything Is Free by Gillian Welch & David Rawlings

Stumps - commentary on popular culture that I live in regionally, globally, in the cosmos.

Observations on behaviour is the theme that connects the seemingly scattered moods of these songs. Working with the futility of being creative and what it is to share the product of that creativity. What does it mean to write a song? What does it mean to listen to music? Does it mean anything at all? I could have just shared a meme -

I choose music - Thank you for listening.

# Hank & Tee Tot (Rufus Payne)

© E. Patrick Johnson  
July 2011

| G7 | D7 | C7 | C#dim7 |  
| G7 E7 | A7 D7 | G7 | Daug |

When Hank was just a boy  
Tee tot showed him the blues  
He sang that lonely bluenote just like the  
whippoorwill  
The beat would shuffle steady as the midnight  
train

Pick one note and let it ring  
From Bangladesh to Burbon St., From Nashville  
to the moon  
Muddy Waters or Jimmy Rogers  
Had only 12 tones to choose

I grew up on the farm  
I'm hear to sing the blues  
Rhinestones, Bling or Prada -  
Nudie shirts and biker boots  
No matter who you are  
There's only 12 tones to choose

Bridge - | C | G | x3  
| Bb | C |

Then Elvis sang like a Blackman  
Charlie Pride wore a Stetson  
The Stones love their honky tonks  
Rednecks love badonkadonk

Every gig I play  
My friends come up to me and say  
How you like that country beat man  
I say "I can make with it all day"  
Be it jumpin' jazz or hillbilly  
I've only got 12 tones to choose

# Stumps

© E. Patrick Johnson  
August 19, 2015

| E7 | % | A7 | % | E7 | % | B7 | E7 | % |

Living in the land of stumps  
Where the slack jawed crickets don't jump  
Was it something I said made you turn your  
head  
I mean even a pig would grunt

Fast food as far as the eye can see  
Its like the bank of obesity  
Land to mouth, its inevitable drought  
without that little Honey bee

All the movies have the same plot  
All the tunes have the same thought  
bring in the trash, for the rehash  
They're gonna feed it to the flock

Bridge | G#7 | C#9 | F#7 | B9 |  
Like the poster children for bliss  
Graduated from the school of  
ignorance  
Cut our nose to spite our face  
Just to keep up the pace

Mandolin Solo

If you want to meet the remunerator  
You have to play to the lowest common-  
denominator  
This is the curse, it can always get worse  
And the bus driver is a banker.

Seems my persecutive is askew  
Maybe I'm missing a screw  
The devil is in the details, we'll go of the rails  
So you best get me before I get you.

Bridge  
(Because the rules say this song is too short)  
Whaa Whaa Whaa etc.

Solo

Repeat - Verse 1

# Radio Head Blues

© E. Patrick Johnson  
Aug. 13, 2013

There's a radio in their heads,  
it's all they listen to  
They got radios in their heads, it's all they  
listen to  
Never turnin' the dial,  
Drinkin' the same old brew

All they want hear  
are the most familiar songs x2  
I feel all alone  
feel like I don't belong

Got holes in their souls,  
the message is perfectly clear x2  
When I play my songs  
I might as well disappear

Pack up my guitar, Pack it up and go x2  
With a pocketful of songs  
Won't be back no more

The powers on the hill  
will make beggars of us all x2  
We're gonna play to their greed and we're all  
bound to crawl

Songs they want to hear,  
Can play it for themselves x2  
Going to pack up this guitar and move it on  
down the road.

# Shopper's Blues

© E. Patrick Johnson  
Sept. 2012

We buy loads of things  
Things to fill a void  
our appetite is endless  
like the Energizer droid  
wants become needs  
bought so we can feed - ON

- motorcycles, homes and cars
- TV's, boats, amps and guitars
- iPods, iPads, Macs and phones
- on shinny stuff we shop like drones

We can't resist the urge  
The urge to go and splurge  
lined up at the cash  
bringing home the trash  
Like a see-food diet  
we just go and buy it

- Some of which are impotent tools
- Most of them are toys for fools.

coffee machines, whipper snippers,  
• stereos, laptop computers

Shoppers get the blues,  
They can't seem to choose  
So take one of each,  
It's all within your reach  
You work to earn it,  
Someday they'll burn it.

- Magazines and makeup cases,
- video games and red shoe laces

Christmas is the time, Right this way to hell  
• Buy, buy, buy, Sell, sell, sell, sell

# Backdoor Light

© E. Patrick Johnson  
July 2011

Cut time feel

| A | C#m | D | A | x2  
| D | C#m | Bm | A |  
| A | C#m | D | A |

There was a time Billy was a content man  
Now things have changed from where he stands  
Maggie went and left Billy all alone  
It was hard times on Billy, her deceit did  
unfold

Maggie turned her back on him  
For the sound of an old mandolin  
She was born to break hearts with a guarantee  
Now Maggie's running Scot-free

Billy bought a house, Maggie got a Humvee  
Maggie said domestic living's not for me  
What did Billy expect, Maggie's out on the  
town  
Billy got lost, Maggie got found

Bridge | E | F#m | x3  
| C#m G#m | A F#m |

Happiness is a selfish pursuit  
She stuck to her guns and hauled in the  
loot  
She's got her cake and eats it too

Solo over Verse

She came home in the morning sun was shining  
bright  
Billy had turned off her backdoor light  
Little bit of blue came with the grey  
Her hair was messed up what more could he  
say  
Maggie maybe its best if you're on your way

# Our Dime

© E. Patrick Johnson  
1998

Verse | D | G | x4

Don't do what they say  
Don't say what they do  
I'm work'n for a living people  
How about you

Just a slack bunch of jokers  
We're all workin' for the man  
I think it's about time people  
you take yourself a stand

Chorus | A | G | x2  
| D | G |

I'll cut your throat  
You cut mine  
We'll let Boss Hog  
run away with our dime, run away

Don't say what they mean  
Don't mean what they say  
Salt of the earth  
can't make a living today

Don't matter your colour  
Don't matter your creed  
We're all subject to the  
limitations of corporate greed

# Drive You Out Of My Mind

© Nellie Holmes  
2010

Phone Rings and I hear your voice  
Can't hear what you have to say  
Don't think you're giving me a choice  
You Keep on talking but I'm far away  
Thoughts go round and round in my head  
Feel like I've been here before  
And suddenly I'm full of dread  
I know you'll hurt me to the core

Chorus

I gotta hang up the phone  
Get in my car  
Listen to the engine drone  
Drive real fast and far  
Try to drive you out of my mind

I think I know it's time to go  
I hang on for old time's sake  
Never thought I'd sink so low  
Keep repeating the same mistake  
How did things go south so fast  
I didn't really think it through  
I was sure this love would last  
And in the end I just want you

Chorus

# Great Reward Blues

© E. Patrick Johnson  
July 11, 2012

Lord, Oh Lord there's been some mistake x2  
Pray to the Lord my soul to take  
Got to mind my way to the Pearly Gates

I have not one good thing to say x2  
I feel no joy, no peace of mind  
Living is relieved on the day of dying

I do the very best I can x2  
The best I can with what I got  
Lord, what I got is not a lot

Its a frightful case of misery x2  
Up in the morning and down on my knees  
Take me know, if you please

Blues as far as the eye can see  
Blues as far as the ear can hear  
Cry at night Lord, take me away from here  
Of the great reward I have no fear

# Everything Is Free

© Gillian Welch & David Rawlings

| Em | G | D | A |

Everything is free now  
That's what they say  
Everything I ever done  
Gonna give it away

Someone hit the big score  
They figured it out  
That we're gonna do it anyway  
Even if it doesn't pay

I can get a tip jar  
Gas up the car  
Try to make a little change  
Down at the bar

Or I can get a straight job  
I've done it before  
Never minded working hard  
It's who I'm working for

Chorus

Every day I wake up  
Hummin' a song  
But I don't need to run around  
I just stay home

And sing a little love song  
My love, to myself  
If there's something that you want to hear  
You can sing it yourself

'Cause everything is free now  
That's what I say  
No one's got to listen to  
The words in my head

Someone hit the big score  
And I figured it out  
That we're gonna do it anyway  
Even if it doesn't pay