

# CARRIE NEWCOMER

A Permeable Life

Lyrics



## Every Little Bit of It

Just beyond my sight,  
Something that I cannot see,  
I've been circling around a thought,  
That's been circling round me.  
Like the vapor of a song,  
That is just out of earshot,  
And I thought I knew the question,  
But I guess not.

Chorus: There it is just below the surface of  
things,  
In a flash of blue, and the turning of wings.  
Drain the glass, drink it down, every moment  
of this,  
Every little bit of it, every little bit.

I swam against the tide,  
I tripped on my own pride,  
So I'll try again today,  
To get out of my own way.  
The face was always in the stone,  
Said Michelangelo,  
We just have to chip and clear,  
To see what is already there

There it is in the apple of every new notion,  
There it is in the scar healed over what was  
broken,  
In the branches, in the whispering, in the  
silence and the sighs,  
And the curious promise of limited time.

It's true although it's hard,  
A shadow glides over the ridge.  
And one fast beating heart,

Tries with its might to live.  
We sense but can't describe,  
From the corner of our eye  
Something nameless and abiding,  
And so we keep transcribing.

*Words and Music By Carrie Newcomer*

## The Ten O'Clock Line

Gone with the grace of a black-winged  
crow  
With all the tact of an exit poll  
I banked the curve of the last back  
road  
While you washed your hands in a  
silver bowl  
I didn't want to know  
That's the way it goes

Pretty words traced in the dirt,  
A whisper without weight or worth  
Nonsense symbols written on the wall  
Read by the light of a mirror ball  
A final flat line scrawl  
That was all.

Chorus There's a hole in the world  
I saw it coming for some time  
This is how it always ends  
On the Ten O' Clock Line  
There's a hole in the world  
Maybe it's only a space  
For something that's been waiting  
Until I turned my face

The leaves recount with a rasping  
sound  
A shadow cast on the autumn ground  
It's a lovely wish, it's a tender sight  
A promise made on shifting light  
Bad news from the start  
But yet I gave it my heart,

Chorus

I always thought I would start again,  
But I was so much younger then  
Perhaps no more of just the same  
But a deeper song with a different  
name  
The last one had its time  
Up on the Ten O' Clock Line

Chorus There's a hole in the world  
I saw it coming for some time  
This is how it always ends  
On the Ten O' Clock Line

There's a hole in the world  
I saw it coming for some time  
This is how it always ends  
On the Ten O' Clock Line

There's a hole in the world  
Maybe it's only a space  
For something that's been waiting  
Until I turned my face

*Words and Music By Carrie Newcomer*



## Writing You a Letter

I'm writing you a letter  
On hotel letterhead  
A record of my restlessness  
Before I go to bed.  
On the other side of midnight  
On backside of the world,  
Sending out an signal  
And hoping that you heard.

**Chorus** I'm a stranger here  
I'm only passing through  
But everyplace I go leaves it's own tattoo.  
That's how it is laying stone on stone,  
Building little altars by the side of the  
road.

I'm drawing hearts and symbols  
On the center of my palm  
Little circles and symbols  
For everyday I've been gone  
It's miracles and magic  
It's as simple as that  
Pulling fishes and loaves  
And songs like rabbits from a hat

### Chorus

The blessed and righteous  
The bewildered and confused  
The lost and the lonely  
Are all leaning into you  
All leaning into something  
They cannot even name  
No gets out of here alive  
Without forever being changed

I'm a stranger here  
I'm only passing through  
But everyplace I go leaves it's own tattoo.  
That's how it is laying stone on stone,  
Building little altars by the side of the road.

I'm a stranger here  
I'm only passing through  
But everyplace I go  
I know how it is, that's how it goes  
Building little altars by the side of the road.  
I know how it is, I know how it is,  
I know how it is, I know how  
Know how it is.

*Words and Music By Carrie Newcomer*

## A Light in the Window

Looking out at the night  
Beyond the driver's wheel,  
Curving hips made of snow  
In the winter fields.  
There's a house set way back  
Where a lamplight glows,  
Like star out in the cold,  
Filled with people I'll never know,  
Who left a light,  
Left a light in the window.

What would I change if  
The choice were mine?  
I was doing the best  
I knew at the time.  
And every door that opened  
And door that closed,

All the things that made me grow,  
Sent me off down another road,  
Off to search for a light,  
For a light in the window.

Now what's old has already passed away  
But the new is too new  
to be born today.  
So I'm throwing out seeds  
On the winter snow,  
As a sharp wind begins to blow,  
Standing here on a new threshold,  
I can see a light,  
There's a light in the window..

The world is made of stone,  
And the world is made of glass.  
The world is made of light,  
And its moving very fast.

We pass from mystery to mystery  
So I won't lie  
I don't what happens  
When people die.  
But I hope I see you walking slow,  
Smiling wide as sunrise grows,  
I drop my map with a  
thousand folds,  
In the distance I see it  
glow,  
I can see a light,  
There's a light in the  
window.

*Words and Music By Carrie  
Newcomer*



## The Work of Our Hands

Today while it rained,  
I washed the jars,  
Then I lit a flame,  
Set the water to start.  
At the end of the day  
Lined up to cool and seal,  
Twelve pints of spiced peach jam,  
Twenty jars of dill beans canned,  
From an old recipe,  
That my mother gave to me,  
Because it good to put a little bit by,  
For when the late snows flies,  
All that love so neatly canned,  
By the work of our hands.

They lay hands on boards and bricks,  
And loud machines,  
With shovels and rakes,  
And buckets of soap they clean.  
And I believe that we should bless,  
Every shirt ironed and pressed,  
Salute the crews out on road,  
Those who stock shelves and carry loads,  
Whisper thanks to brooms and saws,  
Dirty boots and coveralls,  
Bow my head to the waitress and nurse,  
Tip my hat to farmer and clerk,  
All those saints with skillets and pans,  
And the work of of their hands.

Laid out on the counter,  
Pulled up out of hot water,  
So everyday, so faithful and true.

I make something barely there,  
Music is little more than air,  
So now every year,  
I'll put by tomatoes and pears.  
Boil the lids and wipe the lip,  
With a callused fingertip,  
And I swear by the winter ground,  
We'll open one and pass the thing around,  
Let the light catch the jar,  
Amber gold as a falling star.  
Its humble and physical,  
It's only love made visible,  
Yes now I understand,  
This is the work of our hands.

*Words and Music By Carrie Newcomer*

## Abide

I will bring a cup of water,  
Here's the best that I can offer,  
In the dusk of coming night,  
There is evidence of the light,  
With the pattering of rain,  
Let us bow as if in grace,  
Consider all the ways we heal,  
And how a heart can break.

Chorus: Oh Abide with me,  
Where it's breathless and its empty.  
Yes abide with me,  
And we'll pass the evening gently.  
Stay awake with me,  
And we'll listen more intently,  
To something wordless and remaining,  
Sure and ever changing,  
In the quietness of now.

Chorus:

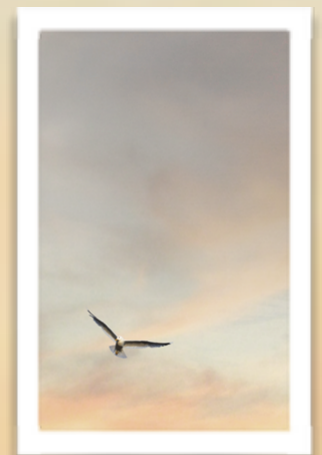
Let us ponder the unknown,  
What is hidden, what is whole,  
And finally learn to travel,  
At the speed of our own souls.  
There is living water,  
A spirit cutting through,  
Always changing, always making,  
All things new.

Chorus

There are things I cannot prove,  
And still some how I know,  
It's like a message in a bottle,  
that some unseen hand has thrown.  
You don't have to be afraid,  
You don't have to walk alone,  
I don't know but I suspect,  
That it will feel like home.

Chorus

*Music Carrie Newcomer  
Lyrics Parker J. Palmer and  
Carrie Newcomer*





## Room At the Table

Let our hearts not be hardened  
To those living in the margins,  
There is room at the table for everyone.  
This is where it all begins,  
This is how we gather in,  
There is room at the table for everyone.

Too long we've have wandered  
Burdened and undone.  
But there is room at the table for  
everyone.  
Let us sing the new world in,  
This is how is all begins,  
There is room at the table for everyone.

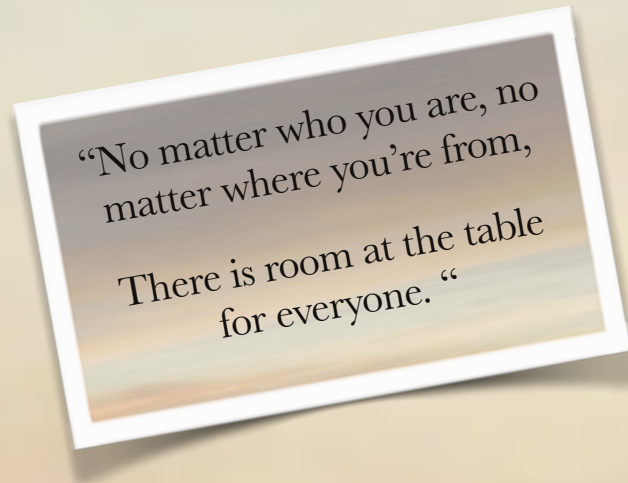
Chorus: There is room for us all,  
And no gift is too small,  
There is room at the table for everyone.  
There's enough if we share,  
Come on pull up a chair,  
There room at the table for everyone.

No matter who you are,  
No matter where you're from,  
There is room at the table for everyone.  
Here and now we can be,  
The beloved community,  
There is room at the table for everyone.

Chorus: There is room for us all,  
And no gift is too small,  
There is room at the table for everyone.  
There's enough if we share,  
Come on pull up a chair,  
There room at the table for everyone.

Let our hearts not be harden,

To those living in the margins,  
There is room at the table for everyone.  
This is how we gather in,  
There is room at the table for everyone.  
Room at the table for everyone.  
Room at the table for everyone.  
Room at the table for everyone.



## Thank You, Good Night

This place was once an ocean, a shallow sea .  
We are the rightful heirs of an old story.  
We are made of stardust fire and ice,  
We are made of dreams, shadow and light.  
Thank you, Goodnight.

In the glowing blue hour the edges blur.  
But the more I live its seems the less I know  
for sure.  
But before I close these day worn eyes,  
I bow my head and breathe a sigh.  
Thank you, goodnight.

Like a long exhale  
Like a vapor trail  
A wisp of a thing  
That changes everything

All the things that have been done  
Have been done.  
All the things that have not been done,  
Have not been done.  
And all the things that I'm sad  
And I'm glad I know,  
I'll breathe it out and I'll let it go.  
Thank you, Good night

Now I lay me down to sleep into your care.  
Into my small hands, I'd clasp a prayer  
God bless my mom and God bless my dad  
God bless the best dog I ever had  
Thank you, goodnight.

And all the things I'm sad  
And I'm glad I know,  
I'll breathe it out and I'll let it go.  
Thank you, Good night  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.

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## Forever Ray

One weekend Ray was a bit at loose ends  
Getting under foot in Ella's kitchen again.  
She shooed him out, said "Its such a nice day,  
Perhaps there's some yard work you might do today."

So he drove where they sold statuettes by the pound,  
Saying, "If you want real art you gotta go to Waynetown"  
He bought a smart cement rabbit standing on hind legs,  
In a waiter's waistcoat and flourishing a tray.

Chorus: And every morning she'd find  
On that small rabbit tray,  
Secured with a stone  
So it would not blow away.  
A note that said "To my sweetheart"  
Or "happy birthday"  
"Here's looking at you kid - Forever, Ray"

Pleased with his plan, his idea grew wings,  
Every weekend he'd add another marvelous thing,  
A sweet life sized angel, a Madonna and dog,  
Andy Griffith and Jesus, Big Foot and ground hog.

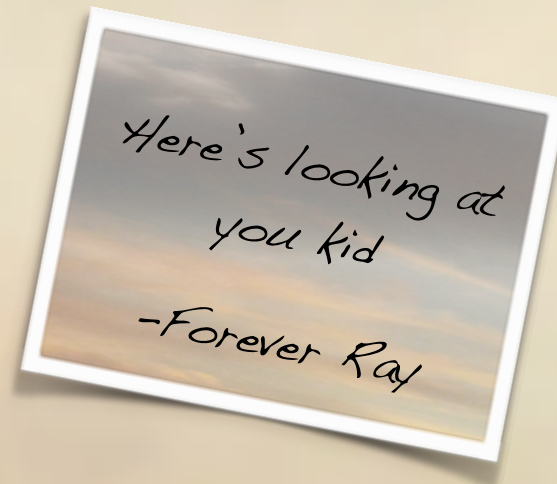
Chorus:

Like autumn to winter, age shuffles in,  
And they hired a boy from next to rake and trim,  
Every statue a touchstone a memory to recall,  
In the center the rabbit that started it all.

Like a watch that's been turned too often and long,  
Ella and Ray began to wind down.  
The springs and small gears had not lost their shine,  
But simply could no longer hold on to time.

Chorus: Now every morning she places a note on the tray,  
But without the small stone letting blow a way,  
Down the street, on the air, to land where they may,  
Saying, "Ill be your sweetheart, forever Ray."  
Forever Ray

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## An Empty Chair

I don't like the people staring at me  
Like I'm a roadside wreck.  
I don't wanna have to explain,  
To the ones who rubber-neck.  
I don't like that the mail with his name,  
Is still delivered here.  
I don't like that where he used to be  
Is now an empty chair.

My boy said, "I don't wanna sit down to  
dinner  
It just makes my stomach ache,  
I don't like he don't tuck me in,  
I don't want a birthday cake.  
And when we both sit down to dinner,  
The ache is everywhere.  
I don't like that where he used to be  
Is now an empty chair.

Chorus Oh and I close my eyes  
But it still hurts the same.  
When you least expect  
Everything can change,  
Everything can change.

I don't want to keep my chin up  
And keep wondering what if.  
There are things you cannot get over,  
You just learn to carry it.  
I don't wanna have to pack up.  
All his things that still are here.  
I just want where he used to be,  
To not be an empty chair.

Chorus

There's an empty chair in the kitchen,  
There's a quiet in the house.  
People say that time will heal, but I have my  
doubts.  
There's cold side to the bed, and so I sleep  
downstairs.  
I don't want this empty chair.

I don't want see the TV  
Cover one more tragedy,  
This is not another hard luck story  
It happened to me.

People sit around lie to themselves,  
Until the tale becomes threadbare,  
The truth sounds like a gunshot,  
And it looks like an empty chair.

Oh and I close my eyes  
but it still hurts the same.  
In a flash of light everything can change.  
Everything can change.  
Everything can change

*Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer*

## Visitation

It's hard letting go,  
More than I thought.  
And if the truth be told,  
I am a pillar of salt.  
I'm a pillar of salt,  
For every time that it took.  
Another fleeting glance,  
Another long last look.

Chorus: How can the mind transcend,  
How can the heart describe.  
We light a candle everyday.  
I ask the question,  
Even when the why seems hollow,  
And breathe the silence in,  
That usually follows.

I am the cup,  
Mended and washed.  
I am the true container,  
For all that I've lost.  
And all that I've lost,  
Or gathered again,  
Is only what hangs in the air  
When the music ends.

Chorus

And now and then are visitations,  
To have and hold, for hard but true.  
How many times I've had to ask,  
The thing that I already knew.

He said "my horizon,  
Is getting closer to me.  
I need for you to look beyond  
And tell me what you see."  
"Here's what I see, but I need what you  
know."  
And out on the curve of the earth,  
Is a hope that won't let go.

Chorus

*Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer*

## Don't Put Me On Hold

Thank you for calling the lines are all busy,  
'Cause there are too many people like you,  
Calling for answers and wanting them quickly,  
Press 0 for the main menu.

For English press 1, for Spanish press 2,  
You're eleventh in line 'til we can get to you.  
I'm trying to be nice, not pushy or bold,  
Just please don't put me on hold.

We're here awake in china and Bangalore,  
In Hong Kong, Chicago and Ecuador.  
If we can't help you then don't blame us,  
We're recording this call so you won't cuss.  
I'm trying to be nice. This is getting old.  
Please don't put me on hold.

It's the wrong department. I'm transferred on.  
The voice mail says that employee is gone.  
Gone on vacation and the line clicks over,  
I'm losing composure.  
What's your account your 4-digit pin,  
I didn't hear you so try it again.  
I'm searching through my wallet and I'm tearing it apart.  
Please don't make me restart.

I'm hearing Musak versions of hard rock classics.  
"Smells Like Teen Spirit" done with clarinets and strings.  
What could be up, what is taking so slow.  
I've started humming and tapping my toe to  
"Born To Be Wild" sung in a sweet bouncy way.

Am I still connected, cause I can't tell.  
I'm afraid I'm caught up in a ring hell.

It's a plot, it's a plan, it's a scam, it's a clue.  
I just wanna talk to someone who can  
Tell me how to fix, correct the mistake,  
The meaning of life, tell me it's not too late  
I'm trying to kind, but the truth be told,  
Please don't put me on hold

Finally a real person says, "Can I help you out."  
I say, "If you were in the room I would kiss you on the  
mouth."  
You cough and say "This is customer service."  
I back pedal and try state my purpose.  
I'm just trying to be nice, I'm not creepy or old.  
Just please don't put me on hold,  
Please don't put me on hold ,  
Please.

