

# Rob Carlson

This album contains new songs and some new recordings of older songs. It was made between 2018 and 2021 primarily at my studio in Fairfield, CT and Sam's studio, Sans Serif, in New Haven. Due to the epidemic many other tracks were recorded remotely in several different studios, with sound files shared over the internet.

My heartfelt appreciation goes out to the artists who made this possible during some difficult times. Thank you for your talent and professionalism.



- 01 Your Own Lyin' Eyes (Carlson) 3:25**
- 02 Strange Things Happen (Carlson/Bradley) 4:45**
- 03 Dancin' in the Moonlight (Kelly) 3:51**
- 04 Here We Are (Carlson) 5:17**
- 05 An Infinite Number of Monkeys (Carlson) 3:48**
- 06 Time and Time Again (Carlson) 3:33**
- 07 Couldn't It Be (Carlson/Bradley) 4:12**
- 08 Americana (Carlson) 5:20**
- 09 Prayer for Memphis (Carlson) 4:05**
- 10 Channel Surfin' (Carlson, Buskin, Wurzbach) 3:07**
- 11 Move (Carlson/Hamilton) 4:26**
- 12 Isaac Smiles (Carlson) 3:56**

**Produced, Arranged and Mastered by Rob and Sam Carlson**

**Layout by Sam Carlson**

**Photos by Ron Olesko and Brian Johnson**

All songs published by Rob Carlson Music (BMI)

"Strange Things Happen" and "Couldn't It Be" co-published with E.C. Bradley Music (BMI)

"Channel Surfin'" co-published with Poso Music (ASCAP) and Odo Island Music (SESAC)

"Move" co-published with John J. Hamilton (BMI)

"Dancin' In The Moonlight" published by EMI U Catalog Inc.



photo by Ron Olesko

**Produced, Arranged and Mastered by Rob and Sam Carlson**  
**Layout by Sam Carlson**

**Rob Carlson- Lead and backing vocals, acoustic guitars, keyboard bass  
and strings, percussion**

**With:**

**Sam Carlson- Drums and percussion**

**Jeff Southworth- Electric guitars**

**Plus:**

**Pete Levin-** piano and organ on "Your Own Lyin' Eyes"

piano on "Infinite Number of Monkeys"

**Tony Levin-** bass on "Your Own Lyin' Eyes" and "Strange Things Happen"

**Paul Payton-** electric piano on "Americana", "Couldn't It Be" and

"Time and Time Again"

electric piano and bass on "Dancin' in the Moonlight"-

clavinet on "Isaac Smiles"- cheesy Farfisa organ on "Channel Surfin"

**Jim Clark-** soprano sax on "Strange Things Happen"- flute on "Here We Are".

**Bill Holloman-** horns on "Prayer for Memphis" and "Americana"

**Beth Bradley-** acoustic guitar and backing vocals on "Couldn't It Be"

acoustic guitar on "Time and Time Again"

**Jon Gailmor-** lead and backing vocals on "Dancin' in the Moonlight"

backing vocals on "Americana"

**Scott Spray-** bass on "Prayer for Memphis"

**Chris Coogan-** keyboard on "Strange Things Happen"

**John Hamilton-** keyboard and backing vocals on "Move"

**Amanda Homi-** backing vocals on "Here We Are" and "Your Own Lyin' Eyes"

**Vin Pasternak-** mandolin on "Isaac Smiles"

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# Your Own Lyin' Eyes

(Rob Carlson)

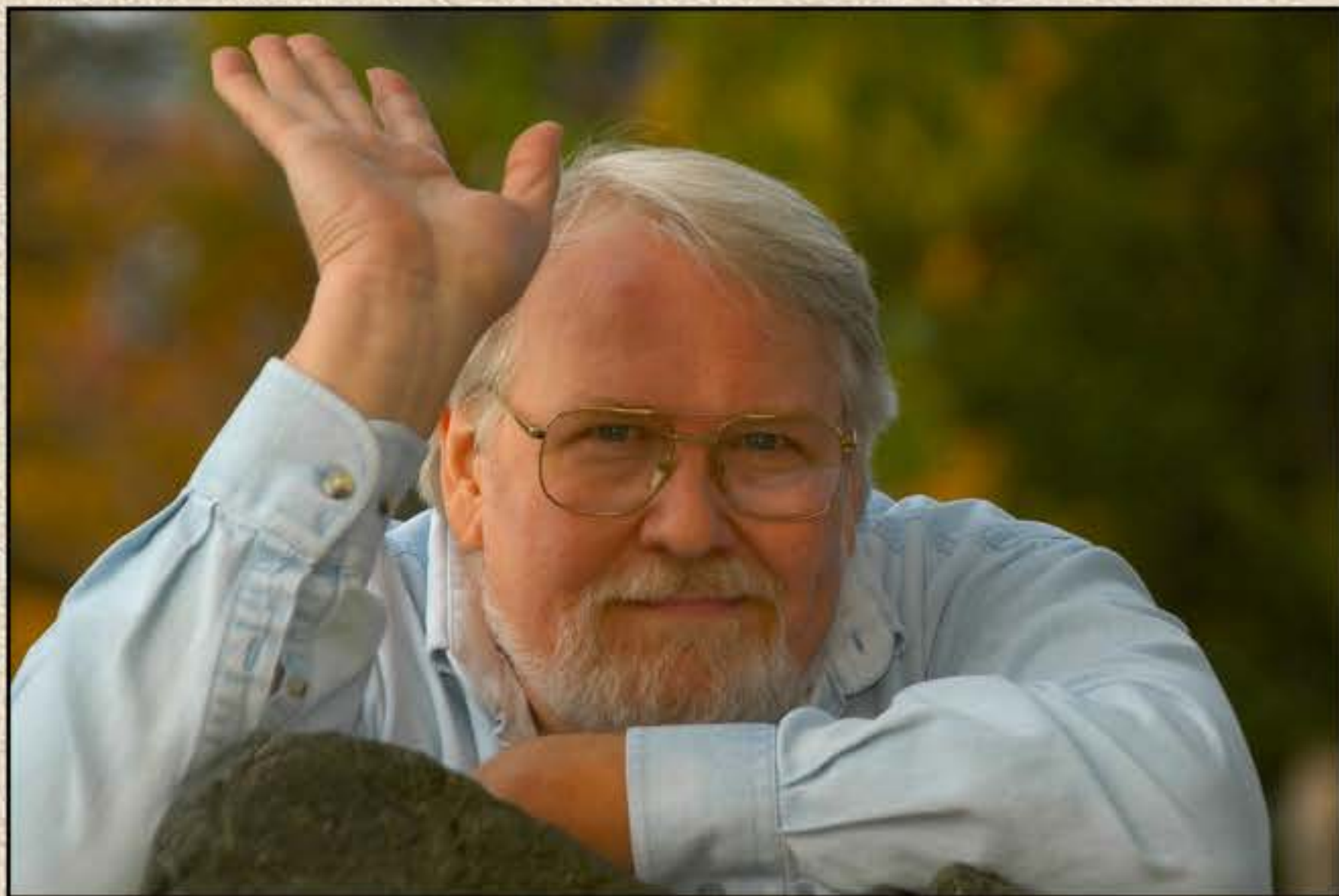


Photo by Elizabeth Pasternak

**Pete Levin-** piano and organ

**Tony Levin-** bass

**Jeff Southworth-** electric guitars

**Sam Carlson-** drums

**Amanda Homi-** backing vocals

**Rob Carlson-** lead and backing vocals,  
acoustic guitar, tamborine

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Honey, I'm aware that this looks bad.  
The best cleaning lady that we ever had.  
Her and me down at the beach 'til a quarter to three.  
Baby, all I need is a little bit of patience,  
There's got to be a good explanation  
And could you stop talking about castration, please?

And she said  
"No. I don't think so.  
I believe it's time for you to go."  
And I said,  
"Tell me Honey who ya gonna believe?  
Me or your own lyin' eyes?"

OK. So there might have been a little canoodle,  
That don't mean the whole kit and caboodle,  
The horizontal bop in the back of the Escalade,  
I can see there might be confusion.  
And it could lead to the wrong conclusions  
She had a playlist! I wanted to hear what she played!

And she said  
"No. I don't think so.  
I believe it's time for you to go."  
And I said,  
"Tell me Honey who ya gonna believe?  
Me or your own lyin' eyes?"

There ain't really nothing going on.  
She missed her bus. I drove her home.  
All I did was give the young lady a ride,  
You had to follow us like some kind of cop,  
And turn the whole damn thing into a photo-op,  
Well those are not my buns, those are not her thighs,  
I mean you're talkin' to the wrong damn guy...

And she said "No,  
I don't think so.  
Hit the road, Jack, and  
Don't ya come back no more, no more, no more..."  
And I said,  
"Tell me Honey who ya gonna believe?  
Me or your own lyin' eyes?"

# Strange Things Happen

(Rob Carlson & Beth Bradley)

Flying horses and dancing birds  
Stories told in a single word,  
Sweet music nobody else can hear,  
Gardens bloom on a winter night,  
When the Northern Lights and fireflies appear.  
Never tell me that it can't be true,  
Cause I've seen what I've seen and I know.  
What I've learned is  
Strange things happen and the world can change  
As soon as somebody says hello.

Magic lantern in a darkened room  
Daylight enters, breaks the spell too soon.  
Don't try to tell me it was all a dream  
'Cause I've been there and I know it's so...  
What I know is...  
Strange things happen and the world can change  
As soon as somebody says hello.

Flying horses going 'round on the wing,  
Calliope singing a song from days gone by.  
All you've got to do is reach for the ring  
And see what it brings.  
You'll never know if you never try.

Never tell me that it can't be true,  
Cause I've seen what I've seen and I know,  
What I've learned is...  
Strange things happen and the world can change  
As soon as somebody says hello.

Tony Levin- bass

Sam Carlson- drums

Jim Clark- soprano sax

Chris Coogan- electric piano

Rob Carlson- lead and backing vocals,  
acoustic guitar, percussion

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# Dancin' in The Moonlight

(Sherman Kelly)



Photo by Dan Woog

**Jon Gailmor - Lead and harmony vocals**

**Jeff Southworth - electric guitars**

**Paul Payton - Keyboards and bass**

**Sam Carlson - Drums**

**Rob Carlson- lead and harmony vocals,  
acoustic guitar**

We get it on most every night  
When that old moon gets big and bright  
It's a supernatural delight  
Everybody's dancing in the moonlight.

Everybody here is out of sight.  
They don't bark and they don't bite.  
They keep things loose they keep things right.  
Everybody's dancing in the moonlight

Dancing in the moonlight  
Everybody's feeling warm and bright,  
It's such a fine and natural sight  
Everybody's dancing in the moonlight.

We like our fun and we never fight.  
You can't dance and stay uptight.  
It's a supernatural delight.  
Everybody was dancing in the moonlight.

Dancing in the moonlight  
Everybody's feeling warm and bright  
It's such a fine and natural sight  
Everybody's dancing in the moonlight

# Here We Are

(Rob Carlson)

Up on the blue mountain  
a woman gives birth to a child.  
Down in the cool valley  
a man and his wife reconcile.  
Inside the great forest  
a girl gathers fruit for the bowl.  
Out on the green ocean  
a young man puts fish in the hold.  
Singing...

Here we are  
These are our lives.  
Here in this place we call ours.  
Here we are  
And our spirit survives  
In the land and the sea and the stars.

Here we are,  
This is our home  
Where we love and we fight and we pray.  
Here we are,  
And the seeds that we've sown,  
Will live on in the fullness of days.

I've been east and I've been west,  
And there's one thing I always have found,  
Wherever you go, whoever you are  
You're walking on Sacred Ground.

Here we are,  
And here we will stay  
Here in the place we know well.  
In the language we speak and the things that we made,  
In the songs and the stories we tell.



Here we are,  
On an island in time,  
The only one we'll ever know,  
Here we are,  
So traveler be kind,  
Walk lightly, and safe journey home.

I've been east and I've been west  
I've travelled this whole planet 'round,  
Wherever you go, whoever you are  
You're on walking on sacred ground.

**Amanda Homi- backing vocal**

**Jim Clark- flute**

**Rob Carlson- lead and backing vocals,  
acoustic guitars, strings**

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# An Infinite Number of Monkeys

(Rob Carlson)

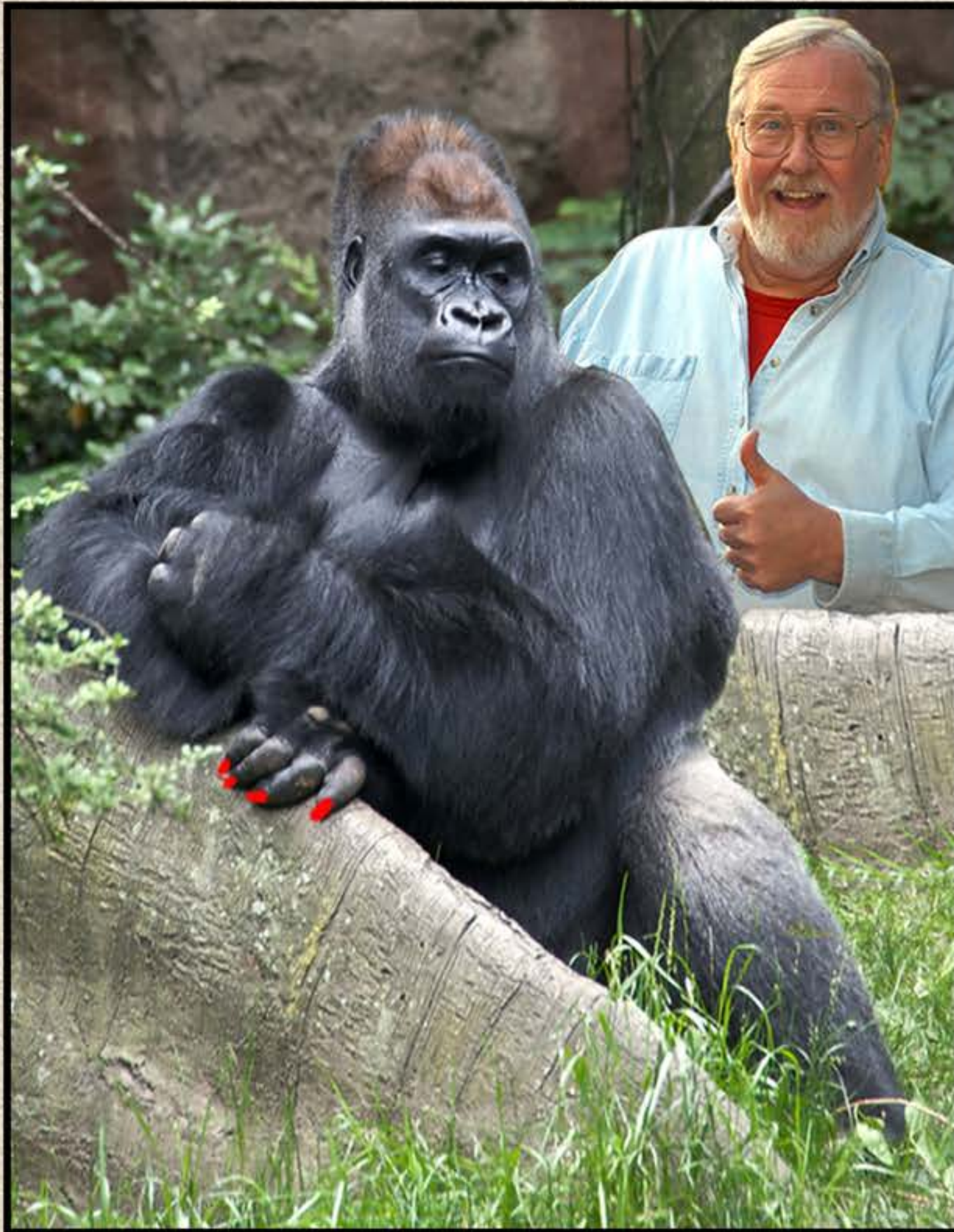


Photo and edit by Beth Bradley

**Pete Levin- piano**

**Sam Carlson- drums**

**Rob Carlson- vocals, acoustic guitars, bass**

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Give me an infinite number of monkeys  
On an infinite number of days,  
Give every one of them a laptop computer  
And let 'em all bang away.

Sooner or later you're gonna get Shakespeare,  
That's what people say.  
Sooner or later you get Dostoevsky,  
Flaubert and Hemingway.

Singing...  
OMG..... OMG.....  
LOL and I mean LMAO.  
OMG.... Ain't no BFD,  
All I need is plenty of time and chimpanzees.

You got your Howler monkeys working on Ginsburg  
Your Capuchins workin' on Poe.  
There's a couple of 'em maybe doin' Finnegan's Wake  
But how would we ever know?

You got your marmosets working on Socrates,  
Plato and Aristotle.  
And the spiders got heavy into Charles Bukowski  
And now they're all hittin' the bottle.

Chorus

But you gotta keep an eye on your simians,  
Their attention spans are short.  
Pretty soon your orangutans are shopping on Ebay  
And the baboons are looking at sports,  
Your macaques are heavy into Grand Theft Auto,  
So friend, you should be warned.  
When your gorillas are off playing fantasy football  
And your bonobos are looking at porn...

Chorus

# Time and Time Again

(Rob Carlson)



**Beth Bradley-** acoustic guitar

**Paul Payton-** electric piano

**Rob Carlson-** vocals, acoustic guitar, bass, strings

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I knew a guy back in '79 in my St. Croix days.  
He played guitar in the tiki bars and this is what he'd say,  
He'd say, "I'll give it one more year,  
And then man, I'm out of here."  
That's what he'd say,  
I wonder where he is today.

I knew a girl she was real good looking back in '73.  
But I could never touch, she was out of my league, you see.  
Now she'll always look that way  
And if I saw that girl today  
Who would I see?  
And what would that be to me?

But Time and Time again  
I'll be sitting alone at two in the morning.  
And here come those long lost friends,  
People that I knew a long time ago.

Oh, I know,  
I know I can't go back there.  
Nothing ever returns once the bridges have been burned  
And we all wear the face we've earned.

(instrumental)

Those days weren't built to last  
And it all goes by so fast,  
The best you can say is "I guess it turned out okay".

But Time and Time again  
I'll be sitting alone at two in the morning.  
And here come those long lost friends,  
People that I knew a long time ago.  
People that I knew a long time ago.

I knew a guy back in '79 in my St. Croix days.

# Couldn't It Be

(Rob Carlson & Beth Bradley)

If a body should meet a body  
Coming through the rye,  
If a body should kiss a body,  
Need a body cry.  
Everybody got to love somebody,  
None they say have I,

But I say "My, my, my..."  
When I see the girl come walking  
I say, "Why, why, why couldn't it be?"

Sometimes I think about old Tim Leary  
The very last words he said. (Why not?)  
They threw his ass out of Harvard Yard  
'Cause he wouldn't stop feeding his head.  
And when it came his time to leave  
He joined the Grateful Dead,

And he said "My. My, my..."  
Isn't that Jerry Garcia?"  
And I say "Why, why, why couldn't it be?"

So there's Tim and Jerry singing  
"Come hear Uncle John's Band".  
And she's doing the Highland Fling  
And I'm doing the best I can.  
She gives that smile to me  
And the rest, as they say, is history,  
And if it's checks that I can't cash,  
We'll have to wait and see.



Photo by Bob Yahn

Sometimes I think about a better world  
Where everybody gets along.  
No more poverty, no more war  
And everybody likes my songs.  
Well, that ain't happened but I can't help feeling  
It might before too long...

And I say, "My. My. My"  
When I see the girl come walking  
I say why, why, why  
Couldn't it be?"

**Beth Bradley-** Acoustic guitar, backing vocals  
**Paul Payton-** electric keyboard  
**Jeff Southworth-** electric guitars  
**Sam Carlson-** drums  
**Rob Carlson-** lead vocal, backing vocals,  
acoustic guitar, bass

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# Americana

(Rob Carlson)

Land of lies. Land of truth.  
Land of Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth.  
Land where our fathers died  
Just trying to find their way.

Land of courage. Land of fear,  
The walk of fame. The trail of tears  
America,  
Could you ever have been what they say?

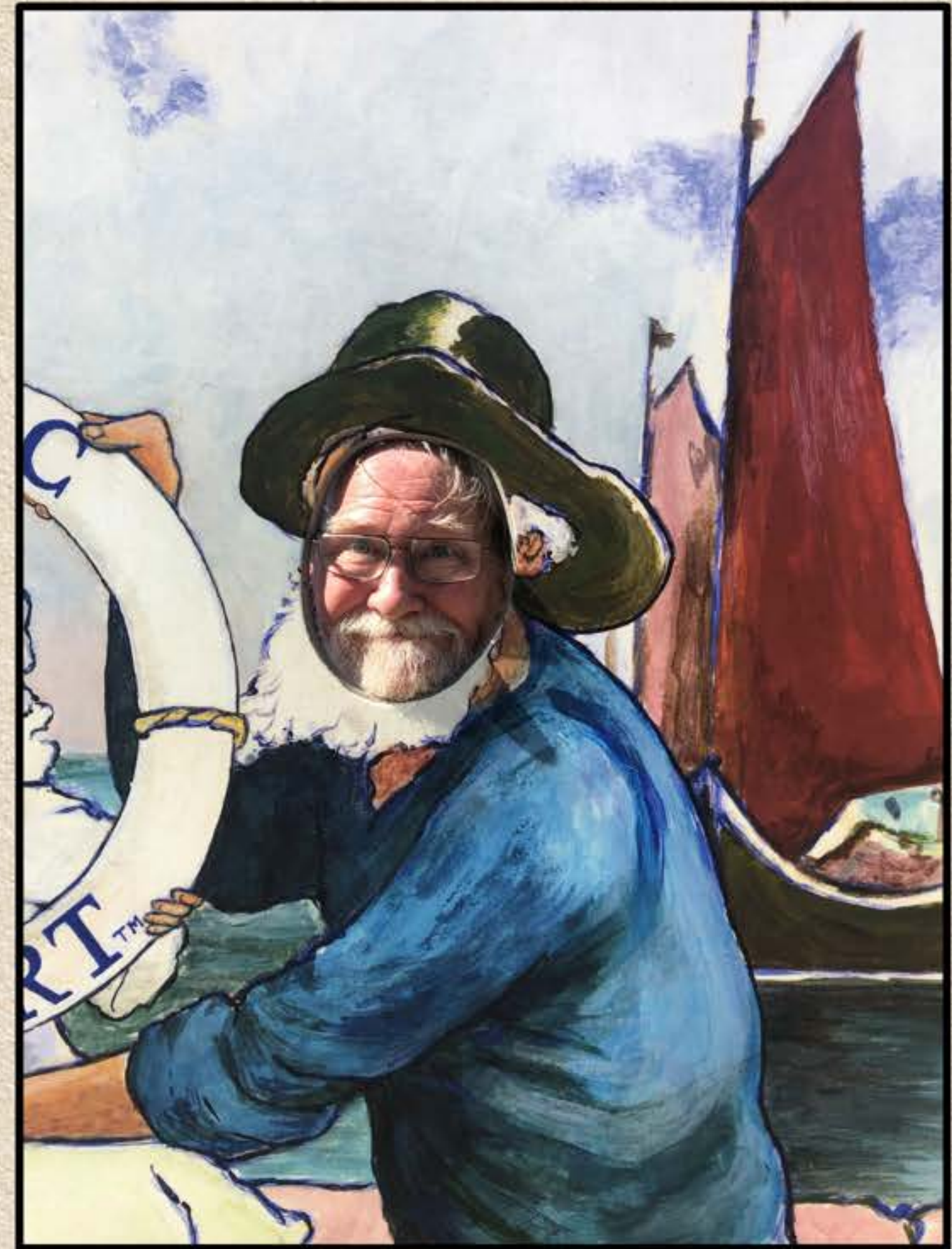
I see wheels within wheels in perpetual motion  
I-95 to the Great White Way,  
Route 66 to Sunset  
Driving 'til the break of day.

Land of heroes. Land of dreams.  
Land of second chances, and Ponzi schemes.  
Where second line saints  
Come marching back from the grave.

Land of genius. Land of fools.  
Louis Armstrong. And Rush Limbaugh too.  
America...  
Land of the Free, and the home of the slave,

Welcome to the Land of Milk and Money  
It's everything you've heard about and more.  
And still the Mother of Exiles  
Lifts her lamp beside the Shore.

America, land of mine.  
I must admit, you've seen better times.  
But I know you, America...  
I'll bet everything's going to be fine.



**Paul Payton-** electric keyboard

**Sam Carlson-** drums

**Bill Holloman-** trumpet, sax, trombone

**Jon Gailmor-** backing vocals

**Rob Carlson-** lead and backing vocals,  
acoustic guitars, bass

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# Prayer For Memphis

(Rob Carlson 2009)

Now Mister, I don't know  
If you're the praying kind.  
But it seems like everybody  
Has got to go there from time to time.  
So next time the spirit moves you  
To get down on your knees  
Won't you do something special for me, please  
Wouldn't you...

Say a prayer for Memphis  
Memphis, Tennessee  
That beat up old river town  
Gave us rock and roll, gave us R&B  
For Elvis and for Otis- Reverend Greene and Jerry Lee...  
Say a prayer for Memphis, Tennessee.

Now Memphis was a cotton town  
In the days of slavery,  
The place where Martin Luther King got shot down  
On a motel balcony,  
Now who would have thought from a place like that  
Would come such a legacy?  
I guess some things were meant to be,  
Wouldn't you...

Say a prayer for Memphis,  
Memphis, Tennessee.  
For Al Jackson and Steve Cropper, Duck Dunn and Booker T.  
They put it all behind them  
Let the music set them free.  
Say a prayer for Memphis, Tennessee.  
Get down on your knees one time just for me  
And Say a prayer for Memphis, Tennessee.



**Bill Holloman- Horns**  
**Jeff Southworth- electric guitars**  
**Scott Spray- bass**  
**Sam Carlson- drums**  
**Rob Carlson- Lead and backing vocals,**  
**acoustic guitar, tamborine**

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# Channel Surfin

(R. Carlson, D. Buskin, and G Wurzbach)



Photo by Sue Leventhal

**Sam Carlson- drums**

**Jeff Southworth- electric guitars**

**Rob Carlson- vocals, acoustic guitar, bass**

**Paul Payton- organ**

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Rob Carlson Music (BMI)

Odo Island Music (SESAC)

Well I'm sorry little buddy ain't goin' to the beach today  
I got ninety-five channels and a pizza on the way.  
What do Beach Boys do when they get too old?  
They just grab ahold of that remote control and go

**Channel surfin'  
Surfin on cable T.V.**

Check out the infomercials gonna get my waistline back  
(Salad Shooter / Yeah Salad Shooter)  
Gonna buy an ab roller maybe order me Nordic Track  
(easy payments / five easy payments)  
Except I already got one of those  
It makes a real good place for throwin' clothes when I'm

**Channel Surfin'  
Surfin on cable T.V.**

You know it's gettin' kinda tough, lookin' buff  
like I did before.  
'Cause my belly's sorta saggy, and my baggies don't fit no more  
(Round, round, gettin' round, I'm gettin' round)

I got a '93 Ford, That's what I drive  
Haven't had a Woody since '75 now I'm

**Channel Surfin'  
Surfin on Cable T.V.**

I'm pickin' up ninety-five stations  
I'm takin' my medications  
My brain is on vacation  
Don't need this aggravation

Got my wetsuit on even though it's hot  
Gotta wear it now, 'cause my bladder is shot  
now I'm

**Channel Surfin  
Surfin on Cable T.V.**

# Move

(Rob Carlson and John Hamilton)

I guess I believe what I want to believe,  
And now I'm a stray dog howling at the wind.  
But people remember the stories they need,  
'Til the past becomes someplace they've never been.  
But not me...  
I've been here before  
And I know what to do when a dream has died.

You just Move...  
All you gotta do is Move...  
Put one step ahead of the other  
And then let the wind decide.

I know you'll forget all that you were to me.  
There's nothing I can say now to make you change your mind.  
Wherever the road goes, wherever it leads  
There'll be two different stories we leave behind,  
So now,  
We're staring at the door  
Wondering what is on the other side.

Time to Move...  
Nothing else to do but Move...  
Put one step ahead of the other  
And then let the wind decide.

Take one look over your shoulder,  
And remember where you've been.  
Then be on your way....

Put one step ahead of the other,  
And then let the wind decide....  
And me, I'll believe what I want to believe.



**John Hamilton-** electric piano and backing vocals, string pad

**Jeff Southworth-** electric guitars

**Sam Carlson-** drums

**Rob Carlson-** lead vocal, backing vocal, bass, strings

© Rob Carlson/John Hamilton 2020

# Isaac Smiles

(Rob Carlson 2011)

Isaac comes down from the mountains,  
Brings his limes into town.  
Folks for miles around  
Know Isaac can't see a thing.

But Isaac smiles in the evening,  
Gently follows his feet.  
Folks he meets on the street  
Say, "Isaac, where have you been?"

Well I been to the city of Jerusalem  
Been underneath Dunn's River Falls.  
Been to the edges of the Promised Land...  
Been nowhere much at all.

Go I to Africa,  
See the Lion of Judah on his throne.  
Go I to Mount Zion and walk with Jah...  
Soon come back home.

Isaac comes down from the mountains  
Brings his cart into town.  
Folks for miles around  
Know Isaac can't see a thing.



**Keyboard: Paul Payton**

**Mandolin: Vin Pasternak**

**Drums: Sam Carlson**

**Vocal, guitar, bass: Rob Carlson**

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