BRUCE JACKSON



Anchor Me

Anchor Me

1. Anchor Me (3:35)
2. Liverpool (3:13)
3. Tell Me More (3:31)
4. Forever (4:19)
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6. Live It Down (3:22)
7. Big Rig (1:09)
8. Real Men (2:43)
9. Shigawake Fair (2:51)
10. Black Crow (3:08)
11. The Queen of Rock and Roll (3:00)
12. Empty Boxes (3:05)
13. Diane (3:34)
14. Reason or Rhyme (2:10)

Words and music
Bruce Jackson

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Musicians

Bruce Jackson
vocals, guitars, bass, mandolin, octave mandolin, banjo, drum programs
Mike Armstrong
background vocal *(The Queen of Rock and Roll)*
Simon Beaucaire
drums (*Anchor Me*)
Valérie Bizier
background vocals (*Empty Boxes*)
Pheel Dabeat
drums (*Empty Boxes*)
Nicolas Durocher
slide guitar, dulcimer (*Shigawake Fair*)
background vocal *(The Queen of Rock and Roll)*
Vincent Madore
flute (Diane)
OLIIPIT
bass (*Empty Boxes*)
Maude Tessier
flute (*Diane*)
Line Vachon
background vocals (*all*)

Technical assistance

Recorded, mixed and mastered by Bruce Jackson at Bob Lake Studio
Several vocals recorded by Nicolas Durocher at Australian Studios
Drums for *Anchor Me* recorded at Studio Monocube, Saint-Jérôme
Drums and bass for *Empty Boxes* recorded at OLIIPIT
Web design at brucejacksonmusic.ca by Ghislain Demers
Artwork by Bruce Jackson

Support and inspiration

Mike Armstrong, Ghislain Demers, Nicolas Durocher, Bob McKenna, Kevin McKenna, Conrad Popko, Line Vachon

Anchor Me

Kenna's Harbour looks out on the bay
More tomorrows, many yesterdays
Harbour lights still flashing red and green
My day is over now
Go on and anchor me to the bottom
Every time I go drifting out to sea

Kenna's Harbour, people come and go
Like I did so many years ago
When I set sail and floated like a leaf
Those days are over now
Go on and anchor me to the bottom
Every time I go drifting out to sea

I've seen the mountains, seen the open plains
In the sun and in the driving rain
But Kenna's Harbour's all I need to see
My days are over now
Go on and anchor me to the bottom
Every time I go drifting out to sea



Simon Beaucaire: Drums
Line Vachon: Background vocals

Liverpool

I lost my name and I lost my mother
In the town of Liverpool
She gave me up for care by others
Long before I went to school
Just a babe in musty quarters
Just a babe in dusty clothes
Little orphan in the orders
Where the Mersey River flows

From the old world to the new world
Cross the ocean in between
From the old girl to the new girl
Cross entire galaxies
All the stars and constellations
I have seen them one by one
As I wander through these nations
With the passing of the sun

I'm moving on, moving on, moving out
I know there'll be something to write home about
I'll find me a room, just a room of my own
I know there'll be someone to call it our home



I trace the lines here in the sand
I trace my lines here in my blood
And the lifelines on my hand
Speak of a life that never was
Should you ever meet my mother
In the streets of Liverpool
You can tell her how I love her
And how love can be so cruel
Please go tell her that I love her
And that love can be so cruel

Tell Me More

High upon a maple tree
Songbirds making melody
I remember every word
So much more I haven't heard

Way down on the ocean floor
Where no man has gone before
Throw your net and take your fill
Something more is deeper still
Tell me more, tell me something more

Big steel wheels may drive the train
Through the fields across the plain
But with every drop of rain
Something more we can't explain

Like the wind that cools the leaves
Like the waves that rule the seas
Like the air that we all breathe
Something more we cannot see
Tell me more, tell me something more

As the earth goes round the sun
We are not the only one
Guess it only goes to show
Something more we need to know

Look ahead and look behind
Through the windows of your mind
For in all that comes before
There is always something more
Tell me more, tell me something more

Line Vachon: Background vocals

Forever

Born and raised in County Clare
Fields are rotten, I'm getting scared
My emerald island's in despair in 1843

Ships leave Cobh in the early morn
Women, children, come on board
Look out on the land once more
You're about to leave forever

Six weeks later I'm in Griffintown
Women, children, run aground
In the dominion of the Crown in 1843

Make my claim where I now stand
Building bridges with my hands
I look out on this new found land
As where I'm going to be forever

Mademoiselle voulez-vous danser
Jusqu'à la fin de la soirée
Et voulez-vous me marier in 1843

Make my money in the noonday sun
Milk and honey when the day is done
I look out where the children run
To seal my destiny forever



Line Vachon: Background vocals

Sacred Heart

Momma, momma, sit by my side
Looking for a place to hide
All the boys just laugh at me
Break up in my company
Momma, momma, what can I say
To get the boys to look my way
To crack a smile and flash a grin
Turn their heads when I walk in

With the wisdom of your sacred heart
With the vision of your sacred heart
With the lessons of your sacred heart
The impressions of your sacred heart

Momma, momma, where do I run
When the party ain't no fun
Momma, momma, where do I go
When it's time to just say no
Momma, momma, how do I learn
When it's time to take my turn
To crack a smile and flash a grin
Pick a fight that I might win?

Momma, momma, come into town
I wish that you could see my now
I found a man that I can love
For better, worse, and all that stuff
He sang a song and he played guitar
Said I was his sacred heart
Momma, momma, just like you
Going to be a mama, too

Line Vachon: Background vocals



Live It Down

Come my lonely traveller
Come and lay your head
On my naked shoulder
In my waiting bed
Your lover will be sleeping
In some forgotten town
So come on and live it up
For you will never live it down

Come my lonely traveller
Come see the setting sun
And at the break of morning
Go tell him what you've done
And make for him a promise
Make for him a vow
Tell him you'll be honest
And you will never live it down

Once there was a garden
Once there was a plan
Once this all got started
With one woman and one man
But that's not how it ended
No, that's not what we found
'Cause in the garden they call Eden
You will never live it down

So come my lonely traveller
Come strike up the band
One day our sons and daughters
Are going to claim this native land
And when the seas start burning
And the world stops spinning round
There will be no returning
'Cause we never lived it down

Big Rig

Sleeping in the truck stop yard
Filling up my credit card
Buckle up and pop a pill
There ain't no road that speed can't kill

Sitting pretty on the go
My buddies on the radio
Tell them I'm a family man
Living life inside a van

Keep a distance keep your wits
Think of Mary and the kids
Thick or thin or fast or slow
The trucker’s life is all you know

Heavy load and I'm feeling small
Life is still one long haul
Change is coming down the road
Don’t know what the future holds

Everything must come to pass
One day we’ll run out of gas
All our children share the load
Of driving down this dirty road



Real Men



Know how to touch, don't know how to feel
Hurt so much, don't know how to heal
Know how to judge, just don’t understand
Real men – the finest in the land.

Know how to hurt, don't know how to cry
Know how to flirt, not the reason why
Know how to work, don't know how to plan
Real men - the finest in the land.

Real men, there's no denying
Real men, there's no use trying
Real men, they're multiplying
Ready or not, they're the best that we've got

Know how to see, don't know how to look
Know how to eat, don't know how to cook
Can tap their feet, don't know how to dance
Real men - the finest in the land.

They can do the crawl, not the butterfly
They can cannonball, don't know how to dive
They know how to fall, don't know how to land
Real men - the finest in the land

Real men, there's no denying
Real men, there's no use trying
Real men, now I ain't lying
Believe it or not, they're the best that we've got

Know how to give, not ask in return
Know how to live and not afraid to learn
Know how to love like a mama loves a lamb
Real men - the finest in the land.

Know how to care and lend a helping hand
Know how to laugh when things are going bad
Know how the child is father to the man
Real men (I'm a man, he's a man)
The finest in the land.

Shigawake Fair



I'm going down to Shigawake
Going to the fair
Music's playing and my friends are there
Friends are going to the Shigawake Fair

From year to year there's no surprise
Which longhorn steer will get the prize
Sullivan Farm always gets that ribbon
But now's the time that I start winning

Well, I had him brushed and I had him weighed
Got a pretty young girl for the big parade
That longhorn steer was a sight to see
And I was sure of victory

Five men stood on the judging stand
Three Saint Marys, two Anglicans
That vote came down like a lightning storm
Three Saint Marys for the Sullivan Farm

I drove that steer through the watching crowd
Found those judges and I ploughed them down
Now I'm sitting in the Shigawake jail
That longhorn steer's on the Sullivan trail

Nicolas Durocher: Slide guitar, dulcimer
Line Vachon: Background vocals, shaker, cabasa



Black Crow

Black crow in my apple tree
Black crow looking down at me
I guess it just don't understand
This apple tree is on my land
Away, black crow, away from me
Don't want you in my apple tree

Black crow gave a mournful cry
Crows came falling from the sky
And they ate my apples one by one
And did not stop till they were done
And I was left standing there
My faith had vanished in thin air

Black crow, away black crow away from me
Black crow, I don't want you in my apple tree

I've been eating these apples for so long
I thought they were mine, I might be wrong
Hey, it took me all this time
To learn what's mine is yours, what's yours is mine
I'll keep my shotgun on my knee
For black crow in my apple tree

Line Vachon: Background vocals

The Queen of Rock and Roll

Well, I'd been down on my luck, I had no luck at all
Every time I got up was a time I would fall
I went looking for redemption like a dog out for a bone
But the Devil came a'running when I prayed to save my soul

I'm not afraid of fire
I'm not afraid of ice
I have no desire
To meet my maker twice

I felt a storm coming in, I heard the thunder roar
Like a bolt of lightning, I headed for the door
I went out to the roadhouse, there lo and behold
Was the Devil and his lady, the Queen of rock and roll

They were moving to the music, they were moving to the sound
He looked me in the eye, while she looked me up and down
I went up to the stage and I grabbed the microphone
To sing some rock and roll
The Devil came a'running when I prayed to save my soul

My spirit now is sanctified
I'm free without parole
I'm living like a king
With the Queen of rock and roll

Mike Armstrong, Nicolas Durocher, Line Vachon: Background vocals



Empty Boxes

Empty boxes piled high in the shed
Empty boxes you're moving again
Lying in bed staring up at the ceiling
Don't say a word, I know how you're feeling

Gather up all of your treasures
Gather up all of your pleasures
And fly, fly away

Empty hallways make you feel colder
Empty hallways make you feel older
Time never flies when time's standing still
Time never dies though you've got time to kill

Gather up all of your longings
Gather up all your belongings
And fly, fly away



Valérie Bizier : Background vocals
OLIIPIT: Bass
Pheel Dabeat: Drums

Diane

‘Twas a fortnight you gave us a son of our own
A baby boy with baby boy charms
Time has passed and he has grown
But you’ve been borne to different arms

Diane, come home with me
Open up your eyes and see
I want you to come home with me
Open up your heart and breathe

Now you’ve a machine to measure the beat of your heart
And a doctor can stand by the door
But no one knows the measure of the loss of a soul
Nor when my faith will be restored

It’s not that your life may not go on
And it’s not that the child must be reared
It’s more the knowing you’ll never be gone
You’ve really only disappeared

Vincent Madore: Flute
Maude Tessier: Flute
Line Vachon: Background vocals

Reason or Rhyme

If the moon had a reason, a reason or rhyme
To rise every evening and turn every tide
Would it go revealing what we're not supposed to know?
The moon in the sky is best left alone

If the man in the moon could have it his way
Would he rise at noon and stay up all day?
Hey, don't go squealing what you're not supposed to know
The man in the moon is best left alone

Mighty is the sword, so mighty is the pen
None can live up to the sky
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Have tried, tried, tried

I have my reasons, I have my rhymes
A song for all seasons, the pleasure is mine
Up there's the heavens, I'm here down below
The man in the moon is best left alone

Out in the darkness where no man can go
The moon in the sky is best left alone