

# I Made It Just For You –Bob Gramann All Songs © 2019 by R.A. Gramann

## 1. I Made It Just for

Picked out the finest wood.  
Split it and planed it,  
Turned it in the sunlight  
To find the best grains.  
Glued it and carved it  
Polished so hard it  
Would shine through the darkness  
With the love it contains.  
*I made it just for you.*  
*I drew up the outline*  
*Captured some starshine*  
*So you could step lightly*  
*Wherever you go.*  
*I made it just for you.*

Opened that wooden box.  
Put in a blue crystal  
I knew you would smile when  
You held it in the light.  
Then, Seeds of carnations  
The dirt that they grow in  
You'll have pink flowers  
When the spring shines so bright.

Intangibles coming next:  
The sound of a 9th chord  
A theme we might explore  
Or a momentary now.  
A shade like a warm glow  
Or blue like your eyes know  
I'll ask you a question  
I hope you won't say "No."

A pact between you and me.  
The bubble around us  
Becomes a safe harbor  
Where none may intrude.  
Where hard work or travel  
Our pact won't unravel  
A gift of the power  
Love daily renewed.

## 2. We Don't Talk about That That

I once met a woman all beauty and grace.  
A hint of her history -- the lines on her face.  
I could tell from her voice, she wasn't born near.  
So I asked her "From where and how'd you get here?"  
She turned away quick, voice raspy and gruff  
You've got a lot of nerve to ask me that stuff  
Be off with you, I think I've had enough,  
cause we don't talk about that.  
*We don't talk about that.*  
*We don't talk about that.*  
*What can't be forgiven*  
*Still haunts the livin'*  
*We don't talk about that.*

Old man, a veteran of World War II.  
I asked "in the war, what things did you do?  
Did you shoot any Germans? Did you kill some dead?  
Was it like it said in the books I've read?  
What about your buddies? Did they make it through?  
Tell us some stories 'bout what happened to you."  
He said, "I'm not proud of what I had to do."  
We don't talk about that.

There's a statue called "freedom" on the Capitol dome.  
Since the time of Lincoln, that's been it's home.  
We're proud of our country but the irony  
It was cast by a slave named Phillip Reid.  
Who dug the footings and laid the foundation?  
Who cut the stone for the pride of our nation?  
The laborers, carpenters, masons, and painters?  
We don't talk about that.

Can you keep it a secret? Can you hide your shame?  
Are you guilty if no one knows your name?  
It's over now, all in the past.  
The memories fade, maybe they won't last.  
Are some things better left unsaid  
Till all of the doers and victims are dead?  
Might be a discussion we ought to have  
But we don't talk about that

## 3. We Don't Do That Anymore

A cooper has to know  
How to make barrels out of trees  
How to shape thirty-six staves  
Hoop them tight so they won't leak.  
He knows about knots and runout  
And how to cut the croze  
And where to drill the bung hole  
'Cause you gotta have one of those.  
*But, We don't do that anymore*  
*We've found a better way.*  
*Relax and put your feet up*  
*You don't need to work today.*  
*We don't do that anymore.*  
*How'd you learn that, anyway?*  
*We thank you for your time here*  
*And hope you'll be okay.*  
*But, we don't do that anymore.*

A railroad fireman has to know  
Elevations up ahead  
How to make steam when it's needed  
When to curb the fire instead  
He scoops coal into the firebox  
And reads the boiler dials  
Someday he'll be the engineer  
Pulling iron along the miles.  
There's romance in the old ways  
Satisfaction in your hands  
The dirt stays piled,  
The wood stays nailed  
What's built forever stands.  
Used to be firemen on the railroads  
Operators on the phone  
Coopers near the vineyards  
And bankers making loans.

I yearned for this since childhood.  
Learned to work hard from my dad.  
Went to school, bought the tools  
It's the only skill I have.  
You might call it a vacation.  
A week or two'd be okay.  
But what'll I do in a week or two  
With no job and no more pay?  
A programmer had to know  
How bits pack into bytes,  
And which end is the big end,

How to make your loops finite.  
How to code a punch card,  
And how to code a jump.  
How to get it done by Friday,  
And how to read that dump.  
A folksinger has to know...

## 4. Cypress Canoe

All along the Potomac, there's cypress trees now.  
They're hard to cut, but I figured out how.  
Cypress won't rot and cypress is light  
Cypress is strong, for canoes it's just right.  
So, one of those months I had nothing to do  
I built me a cypress woodstrip canoe.

My folks lived in Old Town when I was a kid.  
Cycling past tourists, that's what I did.  
At the end of King Street, there was a palace for art.  
Watching the buskers there gave me my start  
I still like to visit those places I knew  
So I paddle around in my cypress canoe.

For Hurricane Sandy when I was just nine  
We sandbagged the house and it worked out just fine.  
The bags kept the water from pouring right in.  
We waited two days, it was dry again.  
But now, with the river just flowing right through,  
The only way home is my cypress canoe.

I took my grandson to see my old home  
Where down by the docks as a child I did roam.  
He thought it was fun as we paddled along  
Though most of the houses and buildings were gone.  
My old home was boarded, not much we can do  
We slid past the house in the cypress canoe.  
*They say when you grow up, you can never go back.*  
*The neighborhood changes, old foundations crack.*  
*Folks that you knew they die or move away*  
*But I never expected what I see today.*  
*Half of a city awash in the tides*  
*When I think of what happened it tears my insides.*  
*We could have been smarter, we could have planned*  
*But the world caught a fever, infected by man.*

Now, I live on an island that once was a hill,  
Down by the old airport, they're building on fill.  
I love the Potomac, in the water I play,  
But I worry a gator might get me some day.  
But 'til then I'll remember the home of my youth  
As I paddle around in my cypress canoe.

## 5. Granddad Planted Trees

Raking leaves they rustle,  
They crackle and they crunch  
All this color, a cool grey sky,  
I'll get 'em piled by lunch.  
I love these trees like life itself  
They're living histories.  
They remind me of my grandad  
Cause Grandad planted trees  
*You could say it with flowers.*  
*You could shout it from the rooftops*  
*Or you could beg from your knees.*  
*You could say "I'm sorry."*  
*Or "Darling, I love you."*  
*Granddad planted trees.*

Grandad came when the town was new.

The square was flat and clear.  
In his vision, he saw shade.  
He planted this poplar here.  
Over there he planted an oak  
When he married my Grandma  
And he grew the maple in his front yard  
The one I climbed upon.

When you plant trees  
It's not for tomorrow.  
No shade tomorrow  
From them itty bitty seeds.  
It's your children's children  
Who'll look up and feel the wonder.  
It's like loving some person  
You might never chance to meet.

Beavers, saws, nor windstorms  
None can take a forest down.  
Even when a fire burns through  
New sprouts come from the ground.  
When the future seems the bleakest  
When there's no hope you can see,  
That's when it's most important  
To plant a few more trees.  
Please grab your gloves and join me  
It's time to plant some trees.

## 6. We're Gonna Need the Banjo

Shackleton's crew at the bottom of the world  
Their boat crushed by the floes.  
400 miles to safety  
Pack light we've far to go.  
The Bible, books, and golden watch  
Thrown into the snow.  
But we're gonna need the banjo  
To chase away the woe.  
*Nothing's finer, don't tell Dinah,*  
*Fly's in the buttermilk, don't you cry.*  
*But we're gonna need the banjo*  
*Which nobody can deny.*

The Buick slid across the road  
It's sinking in the lake.  
Climbing out the window  
There's one thing I must take.  
While others swam to safety  
I had to swim back in  
We're gonna need that banjo  
Let's sing it once again.

The pipes they burst, the floor fell in  
When the tree took down the house.  
Crawling through the timbers  
We barely made it out.  
Huddled in the rainstorm  
All safe on the lawn  
Gonna need the banjo  
Now the house is gone.

The consequence of politics  
All we love is doomed  
No one wants to talk anymore  
'Bout the elephant in the room.  
We've been through hard times before  
I'm sure we'll make it through.  
That we're gonna need the banjo  
Might be the only thing that's true.

What Shackleton knew,  
it saved his crew  
They walked out on the ice.

He knew they'd need that banjo.  
That banjo saved their lives.  
Lying on my deathbed  
No riches will I take.  
Can't even take the banjo,  
They'll play it at my wake.

## 7. You Could Have Loved Me

*Over, under, beside, and with*  
*You rebuked my prepositions.*  
*Me there beside you, that would be bliss,*  
*But that ain't my position.*

You could have smiled the moment that I walked in.  
You could have said "So happy to see you again."  
You could have suggested some romance and maybe some sin,  
You could have loved me,  
But you didn't.

You could have run to kiss me on the cheek  
Or said words that'd keep me happy for a week.  
You could have lifted your skirt in a fit of pique.  
You could have loved me  
But you didn't

All my overtures, you've just ignored  
I'd write you a symphony, but you'd just act bored.  
It does nothing for you to feel adored  
I know I loved you....

You could have baked me a steaming apple pie  
You'd be my lady, I'd be your guy  
I tried pretending, it seemed like a lie.  
You could have loved me  
But you didn't  
*Over, under, around, and through*  
*You rebuked my prepositions.*  
*What could I say? What could I do*  
*To improve your disposition?*

You could have said my home is where you wanted to be  
You could have consented to marry me  
You could have had my babies, or at least, two or three  
You could have loved me  
But you didn't

All my overtures, you've just dismissed.  
All my longing to see you, I'll have to resist  
If I didn't love you so much, I'd really be ...  
Well, you know I loved you...  
I gave it my best shot, but my shot missed the mark.  
I know forever we'll be apart.  
You walked out of my song, you walked off with my heart  
But, you could have loved me...  
You know I loved you

## 8. Angel of Entropy

Horses sleep on their hooves at night  
Babies have to lay down  
Raccoons sleep after morning light  
Babies have to lay down  
Hoot owls sleep in hollow trees  
Babies have to lay down  
A humming hive holds the sleeping bees  
Babies have to lay down tonight.

*As sure as darkness makes it possible  
For morning to bring dawn,  
As sure as dawn brings squirrels  
And robins hunting on the lawn.  
As sure as moonlight drops the dew on every  
leaf and every blade,  
Be sure that sleep will bring you happy dreams  
And another happy day.*

A gorilla sleeps wherever he wants  
Babies have to lay down.  
Ducklings sleep in icy ponds.  
Babies have to lay down.  
Crows and turkeys roost in trees  
Babies have to lay down.  
Sea otters sleep in floating weeds.  
Babies have to lay down tonight.

*Angel of entropy  
Surrender to the night.  
May visions of block towers  
Fill your dreams with pure delight.  
Sleep until the sunrise  
Or sleep until the noon  
Just sleep until tomorrow  
Please go to sleep real soon.*

Possums sleep in a hollow log  
Babies have to lay down  
Fleas they sleep in the hair of the dog  
Babies have to lay down  
Elephants sleep standing on their legs.  
Babies have to lay down.  
Hens they sleep upon their eggs.  
Babies have to lay down tonight.

Your parents sleep in the other room  
Babies have to lay down.  
Clowns they sleep in their clown costumes  
Babies have to lay down.  
Naomi sleeps in her little bed  
Babies have to lay down  
So close your eyes and rest your head  
Babies have to lay down tonight.  
So close your eyes and rest your head  
Babies have to lay down tonight.

## 9. You Mother Knows

Your mother knows  
'Bout blankets, boobs, and diapers  
Your mother knows  
About cries all through the night.  
Your mother knows  
Why the sun comes up each morning  
She knows what's wrong  
And how to make it right.  
There's really lots of things your mother knows  
But mostly she just holds her baby close.

Your mother knows  
What can wait until tomorrow  
Your mother knows  
Just what you need today.

Your mother knows  
Why worries just don't matter  
She knows what to do  
And just what she has to say.  
There's really lots of things your mother knows  
But mostly she just holds her baby close.

Your mother knows  
Lots of secrets 'bout your daddy  
Your mother knows  
Lots of things you'll want to do.  
Your mother knows  
Why parents love their children  
She knows why your dad  
Will give anything to you.  
There's really lots of things your mother knows  
But mostly she just holds her baby close.

Your mother knows  
About geese and birds and lizards.  
Your mother knows  
Where ducklings swim and play  
Your mother knows  
Why play is work for babies  
She'll show you bugs  
And read to you each day  
There's really lots of things your mother knows  
But mostly she just holds her baby close.

## 10. Cook Up a Trout

*Skillet on the camp stove  
Onions and butter.  
Gonna' cook up a trout  
Gonna cook up another.  
Only one thing  
I like better in this world.  
And that's rollin' in the tent  
With my red-headed girl.*

Running down the mountain  
On rocky knees  
Panther Creek's cool water  
Shaded by the trees.  
Gotta have cool water  
If you wanna have trout  
And build a covered pond to  
Keep the kingfishers out.

Well, I'm no ichthyologist  
But I can tell you this:  
The truth about trout fishin's  
There's no romance for the fish.  
Hook through the lip  
That barb's gotta hurt  
Wishing for the water  
But he's flopping in the dirt.

You can buy 'em by the pound or  
Catch 'em by the fish.  
Sauté 'em with onions.  
Don't get better than this.  
When I get to heaven  
Hope they don't throw me out  
Cause all of my life  
I've been worshipping trout.  
Great trout almighty  
Gotta thank the trout.

## 11. Art 203

Senior year, last exam, Art 203  
Essays to explain each painting's fit in history  
"Orange, Red, Yellow" Rothko's rectangles on the screen.  
This one speaks to me like none I've ever seen.  
Yellow screams with lust and longing, Father Red is in the way,  
Orange exclaims he'd die for love, her father he will slay.  
Rothko shows how tragedy foments connubial bliss.  
Furiously I write it down, I'll get an A for this.  
*It's a masterpiece evoking life's deepest themes  
The artist's colors illustrate our inner thoughts and dreams  
Approach the canvas slowly, the details you can see  
Show that everything's exactly as you thought it ought to be.*

Next up's Jackson Pollock's "Convergence" to expound.  
Splashes, smears of color, paint lines swirling all around.  
Entangled limbs of lovers, textures groping naked skin  
Long affairs and one-night stands, panting, lurid grins.  
Drawings of relationships tried by girls and guys.  
Lips impressed, partners distressed by passion's roving eyes.  
Orgies in the marketplace, pleasures of the flesh  
All the things that people do in pursuit of happiness.

Now, Grant Wood's "American Gothic" the last one to explain.  
Sad girl, stern guy with pitchfork. What makes them feel such pain?  
Every picture tells a story. This one does that, too.  
"Oh, Hiram, what is that noise?" "Oh, Norah, I love you."  
"Quick, Hiram, put on your clothes, there's a knocking at the door."  
"Drat, it's that darned artist, get your undies off the floor."  
"Oh, Hiram, why'd he come now? I can't wait until he's gone."  
"Me neither, Norah, hurry, get your shoes back on."  
If I get an A on this one, I'll have aced them all.

I ran next day to see my grade, prof stopped me in the hall.  
Your test is the worst I ever seen, You seem quite obsessed.  
"It seems that all you ever think about is sex, sex, sex."  
"Not me!" I said. "I carefully write just what I see.  
Your the one who picked the pictures! You've got the fixation, not me!"  
The moral of this story is not too hard to find  
Each of your perceptions is colored by your mind.  
You know not only painters are practitioners of this art.  
Folksingers, salesmen, sculptors, we all do our part.  
Politicians, poets, con-men, all leave gaps you must fill in.  
If you think you understand it, then it's time to think again.

## 12. DJO 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion Song

Half a century since we last met  
Wow! Life happened fast.  
How great to get back together  
And catch up on our past.  
Stories, scores, curiosity,  
Pride, longings, we brought it all.  
After studying up on the yearbook  
To boost our faint recall.  
*Hey, Rich, it's great to see you.  
Please tell me how've you been.  
I knew it was you from across the room.  
You've greyed a bit since then.  
Yeah, my road to here wasn't always straight.  
But, the curves were often fun.  
And when they weren't, oh what the hell  
Could have happened to anyone.*

Remember the moon over Little Falls Road?  
Remember the baseball team?  
Remember the mob in the bus port?  
Remember Jack Alix on WEAM?  
Home games at W&L?  
The night of the Buckingham's?  
Detention just for drawing cartoons?  
Cramming all night for exams.  
*Cheryl, it's great to see you.  
Please tell me how've you been.  
I knew it was you from across the room.  
You've greyed a bit since then.  
Seems I hardly knew you then  
But we're old friends now.  
Just a little gap since I saw you last  
When a whole life happened somehow.*

*Fayle sat in front of me,  
Haeringer behind.  
Daydreams 'bout our futures  
Were often in our minds.  
Authors, poets, preachers,  
Surgeons, nurses, teachers,  
Bureaucrats, artists, musicians and dads,  
Moms and mechanics, makers of ads.  
But we're so much more than the jobs we did,  
So much more than we imagined as kids.*

Can't be like we remembered,  
Hell, we forgot a lot we learned  
'Cept for what happened in chemistry.  
Forget that, you might get burned.  
Attitudes and platitudes  
Carried forward or left behind.  
Those four years are part of what we are  
I hope they made me kind.

*Gerry, it's great to see you.  
Please tell me how've you been.  
I knew it was you from across the room.  
You've greyed a bit since then.  
Though it might be forever  
'Till our paths might cross again,  
When we meet at that crossing  
We'll meet again as friends.*

## 13 Truth

It started back when tv ads  
had less and less effect.  
Folks were getting wiser  
Crazy Eddie's sales were wrecked.  
The economy was tanking  
cause the people wouldn't buy.  
Corporations were at a loss  
What else could they try?  
*Truth, truth, truth.  
Every thing you hear is true.  
Truth, truth, truth.  
Nothing's too fantastic for you.  
Truth, truth, truth.  
No skeptics need apply.  
The country's strangely different.  
Now you know the reason why.*

The admen found a chemist  
Unlike others who refused  
To craft a drug for credulity  
Sodium Pentothal he used.  
He found a gap within a ring  
A carbon he'd inject.  
He dropped some in his partner's beer  
To test his drug's effect.  
He told his friend a story  
About aliens and probes.  
His friend soon believed that  
it was happening round the globe.  
The chemist, he was overjoyed.  
The admen loved it too.  
They dreamed up a conspiracy  
To bring this stuff to you.

There's something in the water,  
There's something in the beer.  
People start believing  
any story that they hear.  
What started as a simple plan  
To sell fast food and cars  
Has people buying tickets  
for a rocket ride to Mars.  
Every drug has side effects  
This one has em too.  
You'll be buying more than products  
When everything is true.  
Its use breeds resentment.  
Too much makes you grumpy.  
Don't go discussing politics  
Or Things get really bumpy.  
Gullible, We're all gullible.  
Believing everything we hear  
Gullible, we're all gullible.  
We get pushed around by fear.  
Who has the courage to shout  
That fool has no clothes?  
Can't you sniff the odor?  
What's a matter with your nose?

There's something in the water  
There's something in the beer  
We thought we were smart enough  
That it can't happen here.