

# JOHN ALLAIRE

## UP HILL ... BOTH WAYS

### LYRICS

ALL WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHN ALLAIRE

#### 1. HIGHWAY 105

Long way to the bottom of the  
Winding curve in Brennan's Hill ... Uh huh  
Following a logging truck  
Picking off the bark from my windshield ... Uh huh

I'm takin' Highway 105, tell me are these hills alive  
We're never gonna make it through, and girl I'm talkin' to you

Sittin' at the picnic table,  
Watchin' as the steam train it goes by, Uh huh  
Late at night the sun is red  
Mosquitoes are as big as my head, Uh huh

15 years I passed the stand  
I finally bought the baked beans cooked in sand, Uh huh  
See the bridge in silhouette  
Take a right at old Bouchette, Uh huh

#### 2. LONESOME FIDDLE

His house it had a mountain view, and he was never well-to-do  
His hands were always black and blue  
From the shift work at Repair Yard 2

But at night the sound of music filled the hall  
When he took that lonesome fiddle off the wall

He only ever played to his basset hound  
To the rest of the world he never made a sound  
Never learned to read a single note  
And the lyrics never left his throat

The sound of the mountains, the vibration of the strings  
The caress of his fingers, and the way the rosewood sings

#### 3. TRAILS IN THE SAND

In the middle of the city birds are taking flight  
Through the traffic past the Mayfair  
We'll meet Sunday night

It seems like work, it's where we land  
They did their best give them a hand  
Cuz you know someday we'll make trails in the sand

Pass the courage between sets, we will run and hide  
They're all smoking cigarettes in the cold outside

No we're not here forever more  
It's cold outside "Hey shut that door"  
Hand in hand you know we'll make trails in the sand.

#### 4. SHE WALKS ON WATER

She walks on water, her feet never touch the ground  
She needs her mother, tragic though she is housebound  
She walks on water, always saying things profound  
She loves her father, even though he's never around

If she didn't exist we'd make her up from need and circumstance  
When we have a thirst she fills our cup  
With water from the greatest lake, water from the greatest lake of all

Bearing the stamps of a thousand letters sent around the world  
Hearing the words from a thousand voices  
Indulging in the petty banter, "tell me how's the weather there today?"

Oh, the nighttime's when she shines  
Her secrets turn to lies, and water turns to wine

She tells us it's a brand new day and shows us evidence  
With all the honour in the world, she doesn't believe a thing she says  
Not a single word in her caché

#### 5. SWING THE HAMMER DOWN

In the shadow of a silo at the break of dawn  
We're gonna swing that hammer down  
Pushin' through the fields and we kinda get the feeling  
Better swing this baby around  
Callin' to the kitchen gonna take in all the fixins  
Gonna eat them by the pound  
C'mon everybody gonna swing that hammer down

She's sittin' in the window in a pretty dress  
While we swing that hammer down  
Raisin' the roof and givin' 'er the best  
When she heads on into town  
Lyin' in the forest and singin' Hank Williams  
When there's no one else around  
C'mon everybody gonna swing that hammer down

Hey, breaking for the light when we swing that hammer down

Pickin' the fruit, any orchard will do  
When we swing that hammer down  
When the sun goes down we'll howl at the moon  
Yeah we'll find some common ground  
Bring out your nickels, a juke box awaits  
Yeah we'll play the latest sound  
C'mon everybody gonna swing that hammer down

Oh, it must be time to leave  
I think I heard a single strike from the bell tower  
Oh, it must be time to go  
We can walk each other home through the sunflowers

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### 6. ST. EUGENE

Setting up camp near the factory  
The old Mill Road's such a sight to see  
Time by the river's always time well spent  
In someone else's field where I'm pitchin my tent  
And the horses cross over the iron bridge like they did for a century  
And the wagon's in the stream

The wind is always high in St. Eugene

Well I'm down at the tavern on a Saturday night  
They got 20-odd regulars, they're doin' alright  
Four generations with the same first name  
All drinkin' their fill and they're watchin' the game  
And when the door opens up, the leaves on the street  
Come tumbling in the bar  
And the moonlight splits the beams

And there ain't no tourists in the fall  
Yeah they've all gone back to Montreal  
And they're putting in the snow posts just to be sure  
And they're packing up the trailers at the Voyageur  
And the strangers in town get a nervous eye  
From the locals on the street  
Who blend into the scene

Le vent, c'est toujours fort à St. Eugene

### 7. SUNDAYS IN JUNE

If there's one thing that I'm sure of, I'll never set foot in here again  
They built this restaurant over top an ancient burial ground  
Their souls all sing a merry little tune

Every Sunday in June

I've heard three versions of the very same event  
It made the ticker on CNN

They built this house to be a place, a place for us to stay  
So we could sing our merry little tunes

Are you taller than the time I saw you last?  
Are you doing things you've never done before?

If there's one thing I'm not sure of, will I ever set foot in here again?  
They built this country over top an ancient burial ground  
The souls all sing a simple merry tune

### 8. MAGNETS

I see a stare with weary eyes, a boat moves in across the bay  
The sand upon your feet is golden brown, the air is thick as thieves today  
Then you cast upon my face for some expression  
And I turn and look away

An angel flies by in the wind, a ghost is lying on the shore  
I'm telling people I have yet to meet  
That we were supposed to meet some time before

And I've got steel in the soles of my boots  
And you've got magnets in the floors

So I surrender, see my flag, made up from all the sheets we tore  
Something's living in the insulation  
In-between my heart and your front door

So if what they say is true, if you pay homage to the lore  
Your heart beats 3 times to my twice and 6 times to my 4

### 9. CANDY APPLE KILLER

My baby won't go on the Ferris wheel  
It's 10 stories high so it's no big deal  
But to get her atop that ride is a mistake  
Cuz she wiggles and screams as the sun beats down  
And she dumps her change-purse on the ground  
I'm afraid she's gonna push me in the lake

Because she steals my keys to the pick-up truck  
She says tonight's the night she's gonna change her luck  
With a roll of 5-dollar bills and a rabbit's foot  
The guy at the gate waves her right on through  
Then she grabs my hand and whoop-dee-doo  
She's the candy apple killer and I'm her tenderfoot

My baby won't go on the roller coaster  
She says it's the ride that she hates the most, or  
She won't sit in the front or in the back  
And she curses at the people who stand in line  
She tells them all it's a waste of time  
Then she ties their cupie dolls onto the track

Ooo I love the amusement park  
In the haunted house when she gets me in the dark  
Ooo I can hardly keep the pace  
When the clown comes down with a painted frown  
We put a smile on his face (Pucker up Bozo!)

Well she gets down to the games and I want to spank her  
She spends all her money on a crown and anchor  
Then she heads on over to the bingo tent  
She never wins nuthin' and gets all weepy  
She knows the caller's name which is kinda creepy  
Then she spends all of our money for the rent

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**10. THE SONIC PROPERTIES OF FIRE**

This song is not about the advice and the devices  
That got us to this current point  
You gotta bleed, you gotta see, you gotta read the signs on the wall

I hear the sound of you burning books  
I feel the heat of the words you took

These prose are not a reflection of the times we live in  
More the unspoken recesses of the human condition  
You gotta bleed, you gotta see, you gotta read  
More than bathroom scrawl

Down down the cinders glow  
Down down the meltdowns show  
The more they change, the more they stay the same

Turn the button to the left take a step take a step  
See the power lines fall as they arc across the street  
Turn your head to the right see them passing in the night  
The aunts, the uncles, the brothers the sisters, the cousins, the  
nephews, the mothers, the fathers.....

**11. WHAT IT TAKES**

It's been three years since she left town  
(Her dreams took her to the city)  
All of the trees have been cut down  
(Big dreams took her to the city)  
Spending most of her day like she's in traffic at rush hour  
She's thinking one of these days she'd like to return cuz

She's got what it takes to make it right, to stop the pain  
But she's the kind of girl who waters flowers in the rain

She sings out loud in the subway  
(A train takes her to the city)  
She sits alone and starts to play  
(Two tracks take her to the city)  
With her concertina she stomps her boots to keep the beat  
Says the money's better underground than on the street

Talks to her plants on her 9th floor balcony in the sky  
Keeps a towel near by to dry her eyes

Likes takin' many a different path  
(She's lost wanderin' through the city)  
Practises signing autographs  
(Can't find her way through the city)  
What would they say back home if they could only see her now?  
Could they see that her soul still resides in the lost and found?

She's got what it takes yeah she's that kind of girl

**12. REELS AND BREATHES**

(Ella respira)

Lost for 3 hours in a place I call my mind  
Grasping at the moon, how this strangeness is unkind  
Statues take a walk, yeah they surround, yeah they confess  
Where am I to look when they undress?

Lava lamps in bars, retro uniforms on waitresses  
Time to tie my boots, hit the floor, render my services  
She talks like Mae west, stealing lines and stealing drinks  
Can't play when she walks by, she's not in sync

The thunder, the mountains, the leaves and the trees  
All pause at the moment she reels, she breathes

Try to find a clue, she never leaves the evidence  
Flirt with saving time, but she spends it just like innocence  
Desert sands erode the walls of journeys from the past  
She never takes what's first, she wants what lasts

Meanwhile as I search to find the keycard for my mind  
The bellhop takes my thoughts, but he leaves my bags behind  
The concierge reminds me that she checked out long ago  
She's the real star, I'm a cameo.