

Linda Waterfall



Hometown Girl



Produced and arranged by Linda Waterfall,
with special thanks to David Lange
for his creative suggestions

Vocal production and coaching
by Julian Smedley

Engineered by David Lange at
David Lange Studios, except
"We Shall Overcome" and
"Neighbor Day," recorded live by
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Cover concept by Linda Waterfall
and Marc Hoffman

Graphic production and insert photo
by Marc Hoffman



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Linda Waterfall

Electric bass ("Hometown Girl," "Play Now"):

Greg Pecknold

Acoustic bass ("Song for Jane"):

Nancy Katz

Drums, percussion ("Hometown Girl," "Play Now"):

Jessica Bierhaus

Fiddle ("Song for Jane"):

Kat Bula

Violin ("I Don't Want to Get Dressed"):

Julian Smedley

Trumpet, flugelhorn ("Play Now"):

Jay Thomas

Vocal harmony ("Hometown Girl," "Play Now"):

Arni Adler, Alicia Healey

Vocal harmony ("Play Now"):

Robin McGillveray, Greg Pecknold

Vocal harmony, percussion ("Mama Elk Calls"):

Linda Waterfall



Linda Waterfall

Hometown Girl

- 1.Hometown Girl 4:05
- 2.The River (Jim's Song) 4:55
- 3.Play Now 4:46
- 4.Come Together 4:35
- 5.I Don't Want to Get Dressed 4:32
- 6.We Shall Overcome 1:58
- 7.Neighbor Day 3:34
- 8.Katie Cruel 3:13
- 9.Song for Jane (for Jane Austen) 3:50
- 10.Mama Elk Calls 5:49
- 11.Volcano 4:08

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Linda Waterfall Hometown Girl



1. Hometown Girl

For my much-loved family of musician friends

Going t'see my friends play music
Next week they most likely be coming to hear me
We pass back and forth the entrance fee

Sharing what we love in music
Careful that you don't confuse it with the balance sheet,
The songs floating up and down the street

Stay out late and wake up early
Shake it in the working world, I'm just a hometown girl

Sometimes wonder if I'm crazy
No ambition, yeah, or maybe I'm just lazy or slow
I don't really know how hip things go
Hipster do you see me coming?
Scoping me in case there's something I can do for you
If not, you'll be off to work the room

Welcome, Welcome, Make yourself at home
Open up your mind and your mind gets blown
Open up your ears to the real home grown

Came here to escape the rat race
Thinking that you will replace it but it's following you
That same attitude to what you do
Would you like to join a party?
Bring your songs and your guitar, and leave the future at home
Just like when in Rome, the Romans do

Stay out late and wake up early
Shake it in the working world, now you're a hometown girl

2. The River (Jim's Song)

Written for a Bushwick Club concert, this song came in response to Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn. I wrote it from the point of view of Jim, the runaway slave.

Hear the owl callin', his words say go New moon at my shoulder, tellin' me so
Whisper of the rattler make my blood run cold, Signs say trouble comin'

Runnin' in the dark, I don't know where I'm goin'
Runnin' in the dark when I wanna run home
Crazy to trust you, too crazy to be alone, and crazy to be runnin'

Shine of the moon, rose in the sky at dawn
River in bloom, the current is strong
Wherever we were is gone

Need to hold my head up and have some pride,
Need to hold my head up to feel good inside
Need to hold my head up, but not too high, voices in my head gettin' louder
Say don't attract attention or be too strong,
Don't be speakin' out or usin' words too long
And don't be this and don't be that, it goes on and on,
Match gettin' close to the powder

Take a drink a liquor, forget my trials, Sometimes I can float on my children's smiles
But what I need to do it only do for a while, Sometimes can't stop cryin'
Once I get to worryin' I feel my age, Take a look around me, the world's so strange
Never gettin' better, Is it ever gonna change, Is dyin' getting' easier 'n' tryin'

Shine of the moon, rose in the sky at dawn River in bloom,
The current is strong Wherever we were is gone
The current is strong, the current is strong, wherever we were is gone

3. Play Now

Another song for musicians—for all expressive artists: Disregard the fears and the labels, take the risk and share your gift—and a special thank-you to the community of Puget Sound Guitar Workshop and the folks who keep it running, for their nurturing and idealism.

This is an open chord There are so many ways to go from here
Sometimes you have to try and try, before the way appears
It's like an open door, but when you feel the drum, your heart is near
And pretty soon the tune is clear, you hear your song.....hey

Hey now You found out what you want to say now
Don't let the courage slip away now
Take it out, tune it up and play now, play now

This is an open door for anyone who wants to join the dance
Come on and show us your favorite steps, and we'll do the best we can
We'll open up the floor for crazy moves we barely understand
And the familiar ones we know by heart Now add your part....hey

Not just for the lucky but also for the hungry
Not just for the special 'cause everyone is special
That part so full of love That's where you can shine
No one will make you feel small We're taking out this wall
Hey now You found out what you want to say now
Don't let the courage slip away now
Take it out, tune it up and play now, play now

4. Come Together

You might hear this as a guitar arrangement with a vocal accompaniment.

5. I Don't Want to Get Dressed

I don't want to get dressed
If I wear these baggy old sweats I belong on house arrest
This closet's becoming a frightening mess,
a toppling regime in a state of political unrest
There are interesting things I can do today
But first things first, they say

I don't want to get dressed
If I wear these skinny tight pants will they be impressed?
There is postural gastrointestinal dis-
stress, sorting out the various issues is so complex
The aesthetic and practical, social, professional
Personal comfort is last on the list
The seasons change
It took me half the summer to re-arrange
To re-adapt to the weather, stop grabbing whatever
And layer according to temperature
Got a few ensembles together, but now it's
Fall, I have to do it all over again
The doorbell rings,
I peek around the curtain and think of things
That I could say, by way of explaining why it's
Four in the afternoon and I am still deciding if I
could try it one more time

I don't want to get dressed
Am I comparing myself with the biologically blessed?
Is my time better spent on an ontological quest?
Should be looking my best, Or am I just self-obsessed?

In a state of paralysis, over-analysis, Nothing to do now but rise or regress

I don't want to get dressed

Does it classify me with the clinically depressed?

I was going to go out but tomorrow instead,

But looking ahead, I'm ready when it's time for bed

It's a little bit like a revolving door, evolving more and more or less

And less I don't want to get dressed

6. We Shall Overcome

Written by Zilphia Horton, Guy Carawan, Frank Hamilton and Pete Seeger. Published by Ludlow Music, Inc. (BMI). This is a prayer, that our species will evolve and learn to live in harmony with the Earth and all its creatures.

7. Neighbor Day

For my neighbors at 3 Rivers

I'm gonna call this day Neighbor Day, Let's go neighboring around
I gotta pack today, but I think it can wait 'til later, when the sun goes down

I'm gonna call this day Neighbor Day, I'm gonna spend it out under the sky
Finding a new life, coming in right under the wire, right on time

I'm gonna call this day Neighbor Day, Time gonna take my life, fly away
I'm gonna change my mind, find my way, I'm gonna call this day Neighbor Day

I'm gonna call this day Neighbor Day, Time with all of you and time alone
Time enough to spend with friends, Time to let a world come to an end
and another begin

Time enough to come to know what it is to be part of the whole,
and to know what is home

I think of these songs, together, as "Katie and Jane"—Two women from the past, both facing a world that oppresses women—both found a way to tell their stories. "Song for Jane" was written for a Bushwick Club concert; the subject was Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen.

8. Katie Cruel (trad)

9. Song for Jane

Bring me satin ribbons and a bunch of golden cowslips

Tie my hair and hold the mirror high where I can see

An invitation came from his lordship—there's chattering and gossip

And underneath the surface lies a serious game of courtship

The wealthy man who seeks my hand, he starts a conversation

An accident of birth made him superior to me

He favors me with all his opinions Expecting my submission

Well now's the time to speak my mind and damn the repercussions

Write, this is your life Write until the story's done

Write until your race is run

The parlour's like a battlefield, your wits had best be steady

Word and glance and gesture cut as sharp as any sword

An improper moment could be deadly The rumour mill is ready

We all observe the rules that serve the powerful and the wealthy

I may be just a girl confined to drawing room and parlour

But wait until the moment when the paper meets my words

With character and keen observation, and laughter as a weapon

A girl can write her stories and the people like to read them

My stories will be published, and my words create a kingdom

Where justice, truth and kindness can win a just reward

My girls get to have their happy ending

The loneliness of freedom, that's the price I pay to make a world I can believe in

10. Mama Elk

Baby Elk is hidden in the grass. Mama Elk calls for her. The Earth is our Mother. To care for Her is our highest good.

11. Volcano

Something's coming up Something won't go back to sleep

Something's waking up

Twisting in a coil, writhing in the opening, breaking up the rock

Pushing to the top of the peak

High in the tower I build from you as you cool

Flood of fire Drumming in the birth canal Building to a scream

Surrender to be crushed between Rock is going to flow again

Insemination ecstasy falling back to sleep hiding deep inside of me

Flood of fire Hide inside me

Something's coming up Something won't go back to sleep

Something's waking up

That which builds you up will blow you up again in time

That which builds you up, blows you up again, blows you up again

Flood of fire Drumming in the birth canal building to a scream

Surrender to crushed between Rock is going to flow again

Rock is going to flow again

Surrender to the force of life Surrender to the force of life

Special thanks to Bob Searle, king of my world