

## 9. STEAL AWAY

STEAL AWAY, STEAL AWAY, FROM THAT MOLDED CONSCIENCE BETTER  
STEAL AWAY. THROUGH THE STORM, RUN 'TIL DAWN, STEAL AWAY  
YOUNG CHILD YOU BETTER STEAL AWAY. AND SO YOU CAUGHT A  
GLIMPSE OF WHAT IS BOUND TO BE MADE YOU HANG YOUR HEAD LOW TO  
SEE YOUR FRIENDS MOVING BACK TO THE OLD WORLD YOUR TIME'S COM-  
ING SOON, TELL ME WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN THAT CORNERED WISDOM  
CALLS TO YOU, STEAL AWAY, STEAL AWAY, FROM THAT MOLDED CON-  
SCIENCE BETTER STEAL AWAY. THROUGH THE STORM, RUN 'TIL DAWN,  
STEAL AWAY YOUNG CHILD YOU BETTER STEAL AWAY. BE SURE TO  
LEAVE A NOTE, WHEN YOU WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR THEY NEED A  
MYTH TO GO ON. THEY HAVEN'T GOT THE STUFF BEEN BROKEN BY THE  
AGES, FALLEN INTO THAT GAME BUT GAVE UP THE DICE FOR GOOD, SO  
PICK UP YOUR LEAD FOOT AND PUT IT BACK DOWN ON THE AVENUE, SOME  
ROADS WEREN'T MEANT FOR CROSSING BY JUST ANYONE THAT TRIES, SO  
KEEP STRAIGHT YOU HEAD AND DON'T LISTEN TO THE FOOLS ON THE SIDE,  
KEEP SAFE THAT ARE INSIDE YOU DON'T LET IT BURN ALL AT ONCE, AND  
NEVER FORGET THE ONE WHO PUT THE FIRE THERE, THE FIRE IN YOUR  
HEART, STEAL AWAY, STEAL AWAY, FROM THAT MOLDED CONSCIENCE  
BETTER STEAL AWAY. THROUGH THE STORM, RUN 'TIL DAWN,  
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ANDREW WINN - VOCALS, GUITAR & PIANO  
PATRICK TURNER - BASS  
BRIAN JONES - DRUMS



- 1) Woody
- 2) Whistle Your Blues Away
- 3) Goodbye Yesterday
- 4) Empty Pockets
- 5) You Come Runnin'
- 6) Crazy One
- 7) Westbound
- 8) Bulldog
- 9) Steal Away

Andrew Winn



CHESTER CHARCOAL'S SUITCASE

## 1. WOODY

YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY GOOD TO ME, I WANT TO THANK YOU WOODY, WE'VE GROWN FROM PEBBLES INTO STONES, AND WE'VE BEEN KICKED AROUND THE STATES, CHASING DOWN THE BONE SCHEME, WALKING ROBERTS BRIAR-RIDDEN PATH TO FIND A ROSE...WELL, WE'VE BEEN SUPERMEN AND CHEATS, LIKE JOHNNY WAYNE AND ARNOLD (BENEDICT), BEEN WASHED UP ON THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA, JUST LIKE OLE' TOM AND HUCK FROM TWAIN, WED SIT AND WATCH THE TUG BOATS LEAN AGAINST THE BARGES, BLACK COAL SMOKE WOULD BILLOW FROM, THEIR PIPES, FAINTLY HEARD THE SONG THEY SANG, 'MOMMA I'M GOING TO JOIN THE BAND', WELL NOW, TAKE A LOOK AT US, IT COULD HAVE BEEN SO DIFFERENT, WOODY YOU COULD HAVE BEEN A PIECE OF SCRAP WOOD, AND ME I COULD HAVE BEEN A CORPSE LIVING DOWN THE DIRT, NO SONG TO SPILL OUR SECRETS, WALKING WITH MY HEAD AGAINST THE WIND, WALKING ROUND THIS WORLD WITH YOU MY ONLY FRIEND, WE CAN RAISE OUR ROCK UP TO THE RIM, AND SMILE TO WATCH IT ROLLING DOWN, THE BACK SIDE OF THE HILL

## 2. WHISTLE YOUR BLUES AWAY

IF EVER YOU'RE IN LONDON, WAITING IN THE RAIN, STOOD UP BY ANOTHER, WHISTLE YOUR BLUES AWAY, WHATEVER BE THE REASON TEARS BEGIN TO FLOW, SUMMON UP YOUR UNCLE'S OLD SONG, AND WHISTLE YOUR BLUES AWAY. MADELINE I'VE NEVER CLAIMED MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF THIS WORLD, BUT I'VE BEEN DOWN SOME ROADS, YES I'VE BEEN CUT BY SADNESS AND MENDED BY A SONG, HERE'S MY SONG FOR YOU. SO WHEN YOU'VE GROWN MUCH OLDER, WISE IN ALL YOUR YEARS, I'LL BE LONG, LONG GONE. BUT IF YOU'LL LOOK UP FARTHER, DEEP INTO THE STARS. THERE I'LL PLAY YOUR TUNE.

## 3. GOODBYE YESTERDAY

SOMEBODY BROKE DOWN, SOMEBODY TOOK A KNEE HIS HEAD WAS LOW DOWN STARING AT THE DIRT. SOMEBODY FELL DOWN FROM THE TOWER UP ABOVE, SOMEBODY WEPT TEARS FOR A MOTHER LOST. HOW DO YOU TURN ROUND AND FACE THE GOOD LORD UP ABOVE WHEN HE'S TEARING YOUR WORLD DOWN FROM HIS KINGDOM COME? NOTHING IS CERTAIN, NOTHING CAN EVER BE KNOWN. WHO'S GONNA EXPLAIN THE CRAZY WINDING OF THE WORLD? FUCK EXPLANATIONS YOU DON'T NEED A MAP TO SEE THE SUN. STAND UP AND BE COUNTED RIGHT YOUR RIGHT TILL IT'S DONE. I'VE GOT YOUR BACK-UP EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE. SO GO ON RISE UP SET YOUR FOOTPRINTS ON THE WORLD. IF YOU BRING THE SUNSHINE, I'LL BRING THE RAIN, LEND ME YOUR HAND NO IT WON'T BE IN VAIN, BRING OUT ALL YOU BLUES, WE CAN WASH EM' ALL AWAY, TURNING THE CORNER, GOODBYE YESTERDAY. WE GOT THE LOVE, WE GOT THE WIND AND THE RAIN. WE GOT THE SUN, MOON AND STARS TO LIGHT OUR WAY. WE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOR WHAT MAY BE TO COME. THERE AIN'T NO LADDER TO NO KINGDOM COME. GOT TO KEEP GIGGING IF YOU WANT TO SURVIVE. ALL HANDS AND HEARTBEATS COMING TOGETHER AS ONE. SOMEBODY BROKE DOWN, SOMEBODY PICKED EM' UP SOMEBODY MOCKED EM' SOMEBODY SHUT EM' UP, SOMEBODY LOOKED UP AND CURSED UP AT THE SKY, SOMEBODY KNELT AND KISSED A SILVER CROSS. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHERE WE LOOK FOR OUR COURSE JUST GO ON WITH THAT COMPASS BEATING STEADY AND STRONG.

## 4. EMPTY POCKETS

I GOT BUSTED 15 YEARS AGO, D.U.I. ON THE BOULEVARD, I WASN'T DRUNK I WAS DRIVING FINE, COP PULLED ME OVER FOR THE LIGHT, NOW I'M OLDER I DON'T DRINK IN MY CAR, I DRINK MY BEER INSIDE MY HOUSE, AND WHEN I GO OUT BROOKS DRIVES THE CAR, HE DON'T DRINK JUST LIKE MY POPS, THE YEARS KEEP TUMBLING LIKE THE DICE, AND I KEEP GAMBLING ALL I GOT EMPTY POCKETS BOUND TO RILL UP, GIVE ME THE RIDE GIVE ME THE PAIN, GIVE ME THE SOUL GIVE ME THE CHANGE BABY, TROPICAL ISLAND I AM ON TWO FEET, DON'T NEED A WATCH DON'T NEED THE TIME, I GOT NOW THAT BEATS LATER AND BEFORE, MEET YOU WITH A BEER A MY FRONT DOOR, ONTARIO MIGHT BE GOOD FOR ME, CANADIAN FREAKS LOVE TO GET DRUNK AND ICE ASH AND RIDE TO TOWN IN A SNOW-MOBILE, NO NO I CAN'T STAND TO FREEZE MY NUTS.

## 5. YOU COME RUNNIN'

SHE'S JUST A LITTLE GIRL, MELTS WITH JUST A WORD, COMES AND GOES IN TIME, WELL I BET YOU JUST DON'T KNOW, WHAT MAKES THE WIND BLOW. IF I CAN'T CHANGE YOUR MIND, I'M WASTING ALL MY TIME, ROLLING DOWN THIS LINE, ALONE. IF I CAN'T CHANGE YOUR MIND, SAVE ME ONE MORE TIME, TIL' YOU, YOU, YOU COME RUNNIN' BACK AGAIN. I'M JUST A LITTLE BOY AND I'M ROLLING DOWN THE ROAD EVERYBODY CALLIN' ME FOOL WELL I BET YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES THE WIND BLOW, BUT IF I CAN'T CHANGE YOUR MIND I'LL BE GONE IN A DAY, I'LL BE BACK TO THE GAMES I PLAY, I'LL BE GONE IN ANOTHER WAY, TODAY. I'M THE BULL YOU'RE THE CAPE, I COME HARD ON THE BEATEN PAVE, I'LL BE GONE IN ANOTHER DAY, TODAY, TODAY, TODAY, TODAY, TODAY, TODAY,

GOTTA PICK UP, AND GET MY THINGS, I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY GOOD THING, GOTTA MAKE UP, AND CALL MY BABY, I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY GOOD THING, THE TWO OF US ARE FINE AND WE'RE HAPPY TO BE HOME, YOU CALL US FOOLS I TELL YOU I BET YOU JUST DON'T KNOW, WHAT MAKES THE WIND BLOW

## 6. THE CRAZY ONE

COULD IT BE LIKE THE FIRST TIME? OPEN-EYED AND HUNGRY CHILD? EACH STEP FOREIGN SOIL, NO NEED OF A REASON TO BE MOVING ON, SLEEPING SOUND IN GLORY'S ARMS, WAKING TO YOUR MOTHER'S SONG, FEARLESS IN THE DARK TWO LIT CANDLES BURNING HEAVY DOWN, ON THE WATCH, MUST BE THE CRAZY ONE SINGING AFTER DARK, ON AN EMPTY TRAIN, MUST BE THE CRAZY ONE LAUGHING WITH MY GOD IN THIS DEVIL'S GAME, I FOUND OUT LIFE AND LOVE IT DON'T NEED A REASON, GUESS I'LL STOP ASKING WHY MY OLD MAN HAD TO FLY, SLIPPED ON OUT BENEATH MY VERY EYES, YOU KNOW, STATISTICS MAKE FOOLS OF MEN, THEY LINE YOU UP AND FILE YOUR CODE, I HEAR THE BEATING OF THE DRUMS, FAINTLY NOW...BUT HEAVY THEY COME, IT WON'T BE LIKE THE FIRST TIME, THE SUN SHE'S SET BUT SHE'LL SOON RETURN, I'LL PUT IT SOME PLACE SAFE, AND PULL IT BACK OUT WHEN THE MOMENT HITS ME RIGHT.

## 7. WESTBOUND

WESTBOUND, LEAVING TOWN, DIGGING THROUGH A BAD DAY, GOODBYE VIRGINIA GIRL, I LOVE YOU BUT WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE, OLD MAN TOLD ME 'NO', AND HE KICKED ME RIGHT OUT THE DOOR, NOW I GOT TO GO ON THIS TRAIN BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA, SO I WON'T BE BACK AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, DON'T

YOU EVEN CALL I AIN'T GOT NO PHONE, YOUR OLD MAN'S NEVER GONNA STEAL MY FATE, I'M GONNA DIG UP MY DREAMS IN THE GOLDEN STATE, 'CAUSE I'M WESTBOUND LEAVING TOWN, TALKING TO MY GOOD FRIEND, WE SING SONGS TO THE WORLD, ALL ABOUT THE WHERE WE'VE BEEN, VIRGINIA WAS OUR HOME 'TIL HER PAPA KICKED US OUT THE DOOR, NOW WE'RE ALL ALONE ON THIS TRAIN BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA, SO I WON'T BE BACK AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, DON'T YOU EVEN CALL I AIN'T GOT NO PHONE, YOUR OLD MAN'S NEVER GONNA STEAL MY FATE, I'M GONNA DIG UP MY DREAMS IN THE GOLDEN STATE, WESTBOUND, LEAVING TOWN, LOOKING AT THE PICTURE, VIRGINIA, THERE SHE IS, LYING BY THE CHESAPEAKE BAY, I WISH SHE COULD RUN AWAY, I WISH SHE COULD UNLOCK THOSE CHAINS, BUT I DON'T HAVE THE KEY AND I CAN'T FIX HER OLD MAN'S STUBBORN WAYS, SO I WON'T BE BACK AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, DON'T YOU EVEN CALL I AIN'T GOT NO PHONE, YOUR OLD MAN'S NEVER GONNA STEAL MY FATE, I'M GONNA DIG UP MY DREAMS IN THE GOLDEN STATE, WHERE THE KIDS ARE DANCING ON THE AVENUE, I'LL BE MAKING SWEET LOVE IN A BUNGALOW, CLIMBING UP TALL ON THE OCEAN WAVES, I'M GONNA DIG UP MY DREAMS IN THE GOLDEN STATE, 'CAUSE I'M WESTBOUND LEAVING TOWN, DIGGING THROUGH A BAD DAY

## 8. BULLDOG

YEAR 1931 IN AN ENGLAND TOWN, BULLDOG PACING ROUND HIS COMPOUND, LOWER LIPS STUCK OUT, AND HE WATCHES THE GOLDFISH SWIM AT PEACE IN THE POND, BULLDOG'S HEAD SET DEEP BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES, AND HE LETS OUT A LOW GRUMBLE. HE'S FELT THIS SCENE

BEFORE, AND SMELLS SMOKE BURNING FROM A FIRE ACROSS THE CHANNEL. WAKES AND MAKES FOR TOWN AT HIS OWN PACE, AND TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE CAGE BESIDE HIS MASTER NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, SITS SILENT BROODING, WHILE THE ARCHITECTS OF APPEASEMENT WEAVE A BASKET TO ALL WITH SWEETS FOR THE FUHRER. HE WANTS TO SCREAM WITH THE VOICE OF A SIREN, AND WARN THEM, BUT THE MUZZLE SLIPS DOWN TIGHTER. NO, NO, NO, THAT BULLDOG HE WON'T LET YOU DOWN YEAH YEAH THAT BULLDOG, HE'S GONNA BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE, THE ONLY CHANCE TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE COMING YEARS, BY 1941 IT'S ALL BUT DONE, THE LIGHTNING WAR THEY CALL IT BLITZKRIEG SCORCHED THE LAND AND PEOPLE HERDED FOR THE SLAUGHTER, GOOD OLE' MERRY ENGLAND WITH HER DEAF EARS OF YESTERYEAR SHE'S NOW LOOKING FOR A SAVIOUR. IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME YOU KNOW THE GAME. HERO GETS THE CALL JUST AT THE LAST MOMENT. BUT THAT'S WHY HE IS THE HERO 'CAUSE HE COULD TURN THE WORLD'S LAST HOUR INTO IT'S FINEST AND NO, NO, NO, THAT BULLDOG, HE WON'T LET YOU DOWN, YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, THAT BULLDOG, HE'S GONNA BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE, ONLY CHANCE LEFT TO SAVE THE WORLD, THE POWER OF ONE IS RARE BUT THERE TO WAKE THE SOULS THAT LAY DORMANT. BULLDOG ROSE TO SPEAK IN THE VOICE OF A FAMOUS LION, HE SAID, 'WE MUST WIN BACK THE DAY, AND SAVE THE WORLD FOR OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS, AND NEVER NEVER, NEVER, GIVE IN.. NO NO NO THAT BULLDOG, HE WON'T LET YOU DOWN, YEAH YEAH YEAH THAT BULLDOG, HE'S GONNA BE YOUR ONLY FRIEND ONLY FRIEND TO STAND BY YOU, WHILE ALL YOUR SAFETY WALLS ARE CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND. ALL YOUR SAFETY WALLS ARE CRUMBLING TO THE GROUND