

CARRIE NEWCOMER

the slender thread



I Believe

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

I believe there are some debts that we can never can repay.
I believe there are some words that we never can unsay.
I don't know a single soul who didn't get lost along the way

I believe in socks & gloves knit out of soft grey wool
And that there's a place in heaven for those who teach in the public schools
And I know I get some things right but mostly I'm a fool

I believe in a good strong cup of ginger tea.
And that all these shoots & roots will become a tree.
All I know, is I can't help but see all of this as
So very holy

I believe in jars of jelly put up by careful hands.
I believe most folks are doing just about the best they can.
And I know there are some things that I will never understand.

I believe there's healing in the sound of your voice,
And that a summer tomato is a cause to rejoice,
And that following a song was never really a choice
Never really

I believe in a good long letter written on real paper & with real pen.
I believe in the ones I love & know I'll never see here again.
I believe in the kindness of strangers & the comfort of old friends.
And when I close my eyes to sleep at night it's good to say "Amen"

I believe that life's comprised of smiles & sniffles & tears.
And in a worn coat that still has another good year.
And I know that I get scared sometimes but all I need is here.





There is a Tree

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Last night I dreamt you very near
Though the night was dark beyond the glass.
I knew you'd left before I woke
But you fogged the window when you passed.

The air was still and smelled like rain,
Though I'd never known so dry a spell.
And what I heard there in the dark,
Are the secrets I could never tell.

There is a tree beyond this world.
In it's ancient roots a song is curled.
I'm the fool whose life's been spent.
Between what's said and what is meant.

I didn't mean what went so wrong.
Some things I wish I didn't know.
I've always lived inside my head.
And often utterly alone

I will be a pillow for your head.
You can make me promises you can't keep.
And I'll believe each word you've said.
And hum to you while you sleep.

There is a tree beyond this world.
In it's ancient roots a song is curled.
I'm the fool whose life's been spent.
Between what's said and what is meant.


You took me by my shaking hand,
You laughed at me and closed the door,
And you put your hands to my waist,
And you waltzed me round the kitchen floor.

There is a tree beyond this world.
In it's ancient roots a song is curled.
I'm the fool whose life's been spent.
Between what's said and what is meant.

So I will wander without fail
In circles that grow ever wide
The sky expands and then exhales
With an ache that never will subside

There is a tree beyond this world.
In it's ancient roots a song is curled.
I'm the fool whose life's been spent.
Between what's said and what is meant.





Geodes

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

You can't always tell one from another,
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.
I've found when I tried or looked deeper inside,
What appears unadorned might be wondrously formed,
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.

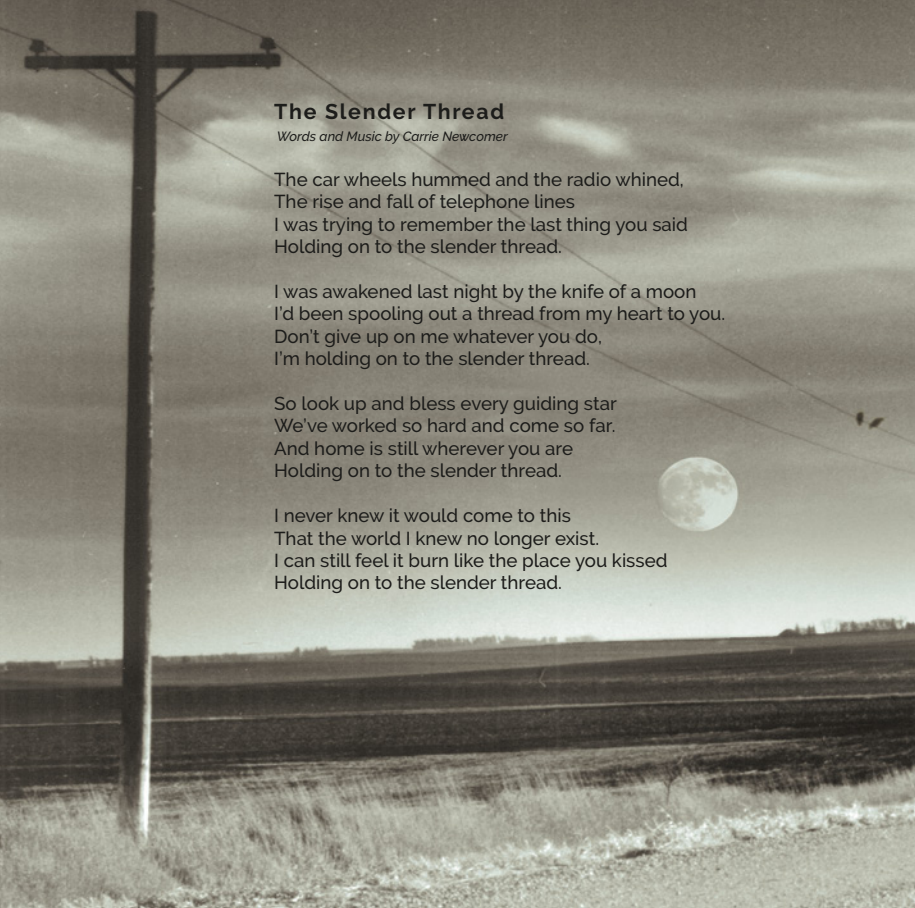
Around here we throw geodes in our gardens,
They're as common as the rain or corn silk in July.
Unpretentious browns and grays the stain of Indiana clay,
They're what's left of shallow seas glacial rock and mystery,
And inside there shines a secret bright as promise.

All these things that we call familiar,
Are just miracles clothed in the common place.
You'll see it if you try in the next stranger's eyes
God walks around in muddy boots,
Sometimes rags and that's the truth,
You can't always tell, but sometimes you just know.

Some say geodes were made from pockets of tears,
Trapped away in small places for years upon years.
Pressed down and transformed, 'til the true self was born,
And the whole world moved on, like the last notes of a song,
A love letter sent without return address.

You can't always tell one from another,
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.
I don't open them to see, folks around here just like me,
We have come to believe there's hidden good in common things.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.





The Slender Thread

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

The car wheels hummed and the radio whined,
The rise and fall of telephone lines
I was trying to remember the last thing you said
Holding on to the slender thread.

I was awakened last night by the knife of a moon
I'd been spooling out a thread from my heart to you.
Don't give up on me whatever you do,
I'm holding on to the slender thread.

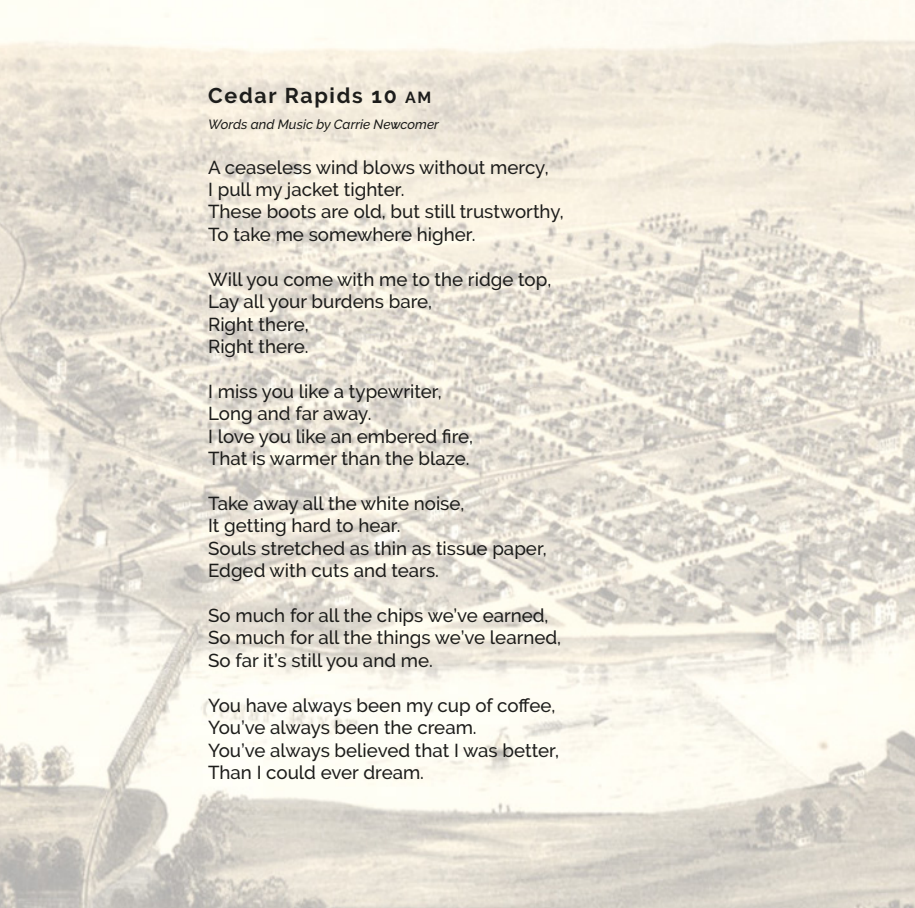
So look up and bless every guiding star
We've worked so hard and come so far.
And home is still wherever you are
Holding on to the slender thread.

I never knew it would come to this
That the world I knew no longer exist.
I can still feel it burn like the place you kissed
Holding on to the slender thread.

Scam and scriptures posted by the roadside.
Whole stories hung out loose on the clotheslines.
I've left a trail of crumbs and a paper map
As the miles unravel, it's love that calls me back.

I used to lay out altars in hotel rooms
On cigarette burned tables and then check out at noon.
A stone and a feather and a letter from you
Holding on to the slender thread.





Cedar Rapids 10 AM

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

A ceaseless wind blows without mercy,
I pull my jacket tighter.
These boots are old, but still trustworthy,
To take me somewhere higher.

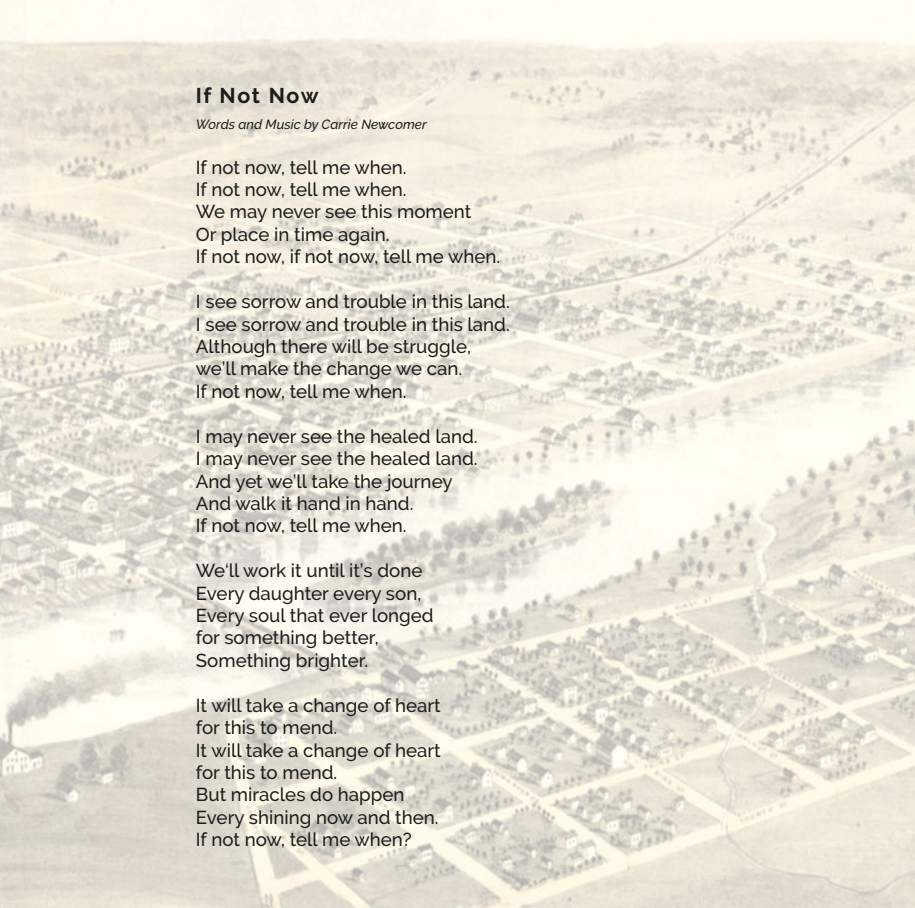
Will you come with me to the ridge top,
Lay all your burdens bare,
Right there,
Right there.

I miss you like a typewriter,
Long and far away.
I love you like an embered fire,
That is warmer than the blaze.

Take away all the white noise,
It getting hard to hear.
Souls stretched as thin as tissue paper,
Edged with cuts and tears.

So much for all the chips we've earned,
So much for all the things we've learned,
So far it's still you and me.

You have always been my cup of coffee,
You've always been the cream.
You've always believed that I was better,
Than I could ever dream.

An aerial, sepia-toned photograph of a town and its surrounding landscape. The town features a grid street pattern with numerous houses and buildings. A river flows through the town, and there are fields and trees in the surrounding areas. The overall tone is historical and nostalgic.

If Not Now

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

If not now, tell me when.
If not now, tell me when.
We may never see this moment
Or place in time again.
If not now, if not now, tell me when.

I see sorrow and trouble in this land.
I see sorrow and trouble in this land.
Although there will be struggle,
we'll make the change we can.
If not now, tell me when.

I may never see the healed land.
I may never see the healed land.
And yet we'll take the journey
And walk it hand in hand.
If not now, tell me when.

We'll work it until it's done
Every daughter every son,
Every soul that ever longed
for something better,
Something brighter.

It will take a change of heart
for this to mend.
It will take a change of heart
for this to mend.
But miracles do happen
Every shining now and then.
If not now, tell me when?



Sparrow

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

When the evening like a sparrow
Folds down under its small wings
All the light bones and the feathers of the day.
Only then in that moment
Stop the rushing and just hold me.
Lay your hands where it hurts
And we'll leave it that way.

I have often dreamt of angels
But I very rarely see them
But I know that they've been there
Because something smells like sky.
In the rustle of their presence
It sounds a lot like your breathing
Sounds a lot like a promise
But I can't say why.

I have searched all the wise
And the unwise places
I have known the price of passion
And what solitude buys.
But it was you I was looking for
In all those faces
Always you I was hoping for
When I closed my eyes.

I will gather all the feathers
That collect up in the corners
All the risings and the fallings
In the quiet of the day.
When you speak there's a flutter
Of some winged thing stirring.
Lay your head on my heart.
And we'll leave it that way.



The Wind Does Not Understand Glass

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

The trees nod their heads together,
And they murmur at the end of the day,
But tonight they're wild, tossed and disheveled,
As there coats blow away.

What a brutal beauty,
A wall that says you shall not pass,
That's the way it goes, but I keep on trying,
Like the wind that has never understood glass.

What did I expect, did I miss the fact,
That for every step forward there will be a push back.
What a perfect danger, an unnamable quest,
A life lived in service of something weightless.

It's not as simple as black and white,
Things are not always as they would appear.
I thought I needed answers,
But it was the question I was waiting to hear.

These are the wages of wonder,
This is the blessing we've earned,
As long as we are still breathing,
There's still more to learn.

And perhaps there is nothing new under the sun,
And yet not one gloaming is the same.
So we stand here breathless and smile at each other,
While the curve of the earth is set all aflame.

Longing

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

"May we all forgive" was tattooed on his arm.
It felt like a sign from god,
Or a hit and run.
He handed me my coffee,
That he'd just poured.
May we all know grace,
And a sheltered place,
May we all find what we've been longing for.

I walked out on the ridge to watch the sun go down,
And a whip-por-will called in the still.
This is where the veil feels like a paper door,
May we all be thirsty,
May we all find mercy,
May we all find what we've been longing for.

It's in the music and the words,
In every prayer I've ever heard,
It's in the golden light troubling the pond.
It's in the fog that will burn off,
and all the foolish things I've thought,
And when it all gets quiet, and completely clear.

I have a box of shadows that I kept for years,
It took so long to know, how to let it go.
Some wisdom only comes in what can't be ignored.
May we all be kind,
It's been a long hard climb,
May we all find what we've been longing for.

Our souls are shy, the heart is such a tender thing.
If I wait I'll see, It'll work with me.
We are something new and all that's come before,
May we all ask questions,
May we all hear what beckons,
May we all find what we've been longing for.

The Gathering of Spirits

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Let it go my love my truest,
Let it sail on silver wings.
Life's a twinkling that's for certain,
But it's such a fine thing.
There's a gathering of spirits,
There's a festival of friends,
And we'll take up where we left off,
When we all meet again.

I can't explain it. I couldn't if I tried,
How the only things we carry,
Are the things we hold inside.
Like a day in out the open,
Like the love we won't forget,
Like the laughter that we started,
And hasn't died down yet.

Oh yah, now didn't we,
And don't we make it shine.
Aren't we standing in the center of
Something rare and fine.
Some glow like embers,
Or light through colored glass,
Some give it all in one great flame,
Throwing kisses as they pass.

Just east of Eden,
But there's heaven in our midst,
And we're never really all that far,
From those we love and miss.
Wade out in the water,
There's a glory all around,
The wisest say, there's a 1000 ways,
The kneel and kiss the ground.



Haunted

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

I've been hearing footsteps on the stairs
Flip on the light and no one's there.
This is how we learn to navigate
All the ghosts and lingering wraiths.

The things you try to hide will not be hid
They said it didn't happen, but it did
All the things you that scared you as a kid
In basement underneath the bed.

Haunted.

If you look long into the dark
Something will illuminate or spark.
If you wade where the silence is deep
If you listen long enough it speaks.

Not every haunting is redeemed
But not every ghost is what it seems.
When we name the dragons, dragons fall
Armored flanks, flaming wings and all.

Haunted.

It's calling through the keyholes
Underneath the doors
Slipping through the windows and floorboards.

Shameful stories and unmet needs
Old ideas and even older deeds
It's safe to finally release
The shadows of all these.

It's dangerous to live in a normal world
When you're not an ordinary girl.
For years in dusty attics you could find
Where the mad and voiceless were confined.

Haunted.

The Weight of Water

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

I could see it in the distance, I saw it I swear
So I stopped the car and walked out there.
But all I found was a shimmer in the air
A mistake that I'd had followed for years.
Yeah a lot of this world walks around asleep
And most connections are wider than deep.
It's a weary world that's longing for change
A thirsty world leaning' out for rain.

I've been thinking about water
I've been dreaming about water
I believe there is water
Even when the ground feels dry.

I lost my way, and retraced my tracks
Took a rabbit trail and circled back.
I'm not the first to base my plans
On a mirage, a gleam or a sleight of hand.
But when the movie ends and the credits viewed
Some tales are real but others are true.
So I check the drift of the weather vane
And breathe a prayer when it smells like rain.

From the open palms of our empty hands
Far below the ache of the shifting sands.
What looks like dry might be more
Might be what my heart is waiting for
Finally a river I can follow to the sea.

I don't believe because I know
But I do believe we reap what we sow.
What we tear we can't always mend
What goes around comes around again.
So today I stand on the side of hope
Read the signs and watch for smoke.
And heed the news of my own heart
And make my peace with the question mark.





Bare to the Bone

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Here I am without a message
Here I stand with empty hands
Just a spirit tired of wandering
Like a stranger in this land.
Walking wide eyed through this world
Is the only way I've known
Wrapped in hope and good intentions
And bare to the bone.

There is nothing I won't show you
Nothing I can hide
I've risked it all and dreamt it all
And seldom questioned why.
You took me in when I was hungry
When my spirit ached and groaned
Laid wide open and defenseless
And bare to the bone.

When I rise I rise in Glory
If I do I do by grace
Time will wash away our footprints
And we'll leave without a trace.
Between here and now and forever
Is such precious little time.
What we do in love and kindness
Is all we ever leave behind.

When the light is slowly fading
And my eyes are softly waning
And the evening sun is setting
And the world is barely breathing
Then your voice can call me
And your hands will lead me home
Like a newborn awed and naked
And bare to the bone.

Here I am without a message
Here I stand with empty hands
Just a spirit tired of wandering
Like a stranger in this land.
Walking wide eyed through this world
Is the only way I've known
Wrapped in hope and good intentions
And bare to the bone.



Produced, Recorded, and Mixed by Günter Pauler

SACD- and CD-PreMastering by Hans-Jörg Maucksch

Recording Assistance - Inés Breuer at Pauler Acoustics, Northeim, Germany

Art Direction, illustrations, and design by Hugh Syme

Photography by Jim McGuire

Booking - Mike Green & Associates

Management and legal representation - Robert Meitus, Meitus Gelbert Rose LLP

Carrie Newcomer - lead and harmony vocals, acoustic guitar

Gary Walters - piano, marimba

Ian Melrose - guitar, percussion

Jean Kelly - Irish harp

Lutz Möller - keyboards

Jens Kommnick - tin-whistle, ocarina, mandola

Manfred Leuchter - accordion

Beo Brockhausen - hang

Lea Morris - backing vocals

Sven von Samson - percussion

Hans-Jörg Maucksch - fretless bass

Guitars - Jeff Traugott BK, Lowden L25, Taylor 914 CE / Grand Piano - Fazioli F228

All titles by Carrie Newcomer. ©2015 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by BMG Chrysalis.

© 2015 Stockfisch Records

www.stockfisch-records.de

www.carienewcomer.com

www.facebook.com/CarrieNewcomer

My deepest gratitude to Günter Pauler and all the wonderful professionals at Stockfisch Records.

It was a delight and honor to create this recording together.

Also, my great appreciation to all the musicians, Ian, Jean, Gary, Hans-Jörg for adding your insights, energy and formidable talents to this project.


Special thanks to Ian Melrose for your artistic vision and for helping this recording shine its brightest.

Much love to my husband, Robert and daughter Amelia. The slender thread has always connected my heart to yours.

Produced and recorded by Günter Pauler

Mastering monitors - B&W Bowers & Wilkins 801 D

Distribution in Germany - www.in-akustik.com

CLOSER TO THE MUSIC® 

www.carriewcomer.com

www.facebook.com/CarrieNewcomer

www.stockfisch-records.de



1 **I Believe** 4:31

2 **There is a Tree** 4:42

3 **Geodes** 3:33

4 **The Slender Thread** 3:33

5 **Cedar Rapids 10 AM** 3:39

6 **If Not Now** 3:51

7 **Sparrow** 3:00

8 **The Wind Does Not Understand Glass** 3:53

9 **Longing** 3:52

10 **The Gathering of Spirits** 3:56

11 **Haunted** 3:08

12 **The Weight of Water** 4:11

13 **Bare to the Bone** 3:58

©+© 2015

CC04910

