





# Lindsay Tomasic - A Slice of Life

## Musicians-

- Lindsay Tomasic - vocals, acoustic guitars
- Nicole Falzone - percussion, harmony vocals
- Navi Novog - viola
- Larry Tuttle - upright bass
- Johnny Lee Schell - acoustic slide, electric guitar, harmony vocals
- Guerin Barry - Whistle on "That Old Dog"

Recorded & mixed by Don Murray - Firehouse Recording  
Pasadena, CA

Datolite Recording, Valley Glen, CA

2nd engineer: Milton Gutierrez

Mastering: Bernie Becker

Produced by Lindsay Tomasic  
Arranged by Lindsay Tomasic and the band

Love, support, and world class brownies - Lane Jensen

Photography - Sherry Barnett, Adam Johnson (Brockit, Inc.)

CD Design - Aaron Radzivilowicz

This album was recorded LIVE...old school style!

Contact: info@datoliterecords.com

Download lyrics at  
[datoliterecords.com](http://datoliterecords.com)

## **What Would Buddha Do**

(Lindsay Tomasic)

You thought you'd take a morning drive  
and now you're on the 405  
But things ain't lookin' pretty anymore  
A sig alert five miles north  
A big rig and a car contort  
And no one's getting out of here till four

What would Buddha do? I wonder what he'd feel  
What would Buddha do, to get through this ordeal?  
What would Buddha do? I wonder what he'd choose  
What would Buddha do, walking in your shoes?

Your credit card was falsely charged  
somewhere on Sunset Boulevard  
You're on the phone just trying to get through  
A robot on the other end  
No human there to make amends  
No compassion, no regard for you

What would Buddha do? I wonder what he'd feel  
What would Buddha do, to get through this ordeal?  
What would Buddha do? I wonder what he'd choose  
What would Buddha do, walking in your shoes?

All I ever wanted was to play on what I thought would be a simple day  
But pretty bright blue skies can turn to grey  
when life has someone gotten in the way

There's water leaking on your floor,  
a salesman knocking at your door,  
and pressure in your head that starts to burn  
A winning ticket in your hand  
was stolen by a wealthy man  
You're watching as the "wheel of fortune" turns

What would Buddha do? I wonder what he'd feel  
What would Buddha do, to get through this ordeal?  
What would Buddha do? I wonder what he'd choose  
What would Buddha do, walking in your shoes?

## **Save Your Fork, There's Pie**

(Lindsay Tomasic)

It's a chilly autumn morning and the clouds are hanging low  
I've got my morning coffee, but my engine's running slow  
Heading north on 23, with a long, long way to drive  
The thought of her home cooking; well, it keeps my soul alive

And I can hear her sayin' with a twinkle in her eye  
Enjoy this meal before you girl; now save your fork, there's pie

Well, I've got my music playin' as I'm winding through the trees  
Thinkin' of her homemade jam is really such a tease  
As I'm driving past the bridge, with a yearning in my heart  
To share this meal together, after all this time apart

She just can't help but sayin' with a twinkle in her eye  
It's nice to have you home again; now save your fork, there's pie

Smell that roasted chicken, and her homemade garden beans  
A lovely presentation always garnished with some greens  
And sitting at the table, as we pass the bread and wine  
We're feelin' fine

I'm feelin' mighty hungry; I've been drivin' at this wheel  
I can't wait till Sunday just to sit down at that meal  
Getting closer by the mile, well it's forcing me to smile  
No more counting days, I'm goin' home to stay

And I can hear her sayin' with a twinkle in her eye  
Enjoy this meal before you girl; now save your fork, there's pie  
Save your fork, there's pie

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**You Loved Me Like The Trashman**  
(Lisa Rapport)

Well you loved me like the trashman:  
left the pieces of my broken heart,  
like a worn paper cup  
dog-eared, crumpled up  
and thrown from a moving car:

Lovers refuse....  
Oh you loved me like the trashman

Let's bag the ruse. I can deduce  
Why do you choose to drag this out  
just 'cuz you can  
trashman

All those late nights, all those no shows  
"Nothing's wrong, just working hard"  
Like recycled news,  
your poor excuses  
piled up in the yard

Lovers refuse....  
Oh you loved me like the trashman

It takes no sleuth to see the truth  
there ain't no use to drag this out  
We're in the can  
trashman

I guess you felt stuck, backed up your truck  
and turned on your running lights  
Then you spent your cash taking out that trash  
and came home to pick a fight

It's the truth that's been refused me  
in these twisted ties of love  
But when it comes to  
diving dumpster  
I've had 'bout enough

Lovers refuse....  
I'm done picking up your trash, man

Let's bag the ruse. I can deduce  
this avenue's a dead end route  
From queen to deuce you cut me loose  
It's day old news without a doubt  
It takes no sleuth to see the truth  
It ain't no use to drag this out  
Love's in the can  
trashman.

**Goin' to Paris**  
**(Lindsay Tomasic)**

Nobody wants you, if you're sick or poor  
Ain't much use for you anymore  
So, fuck it; we're goin' to Paris

I've been told that in old Paris  
my big dogs can dine with me  
Voilà! I'm goin' to Paris

After a life of paying your dues  
working yourself to the bone  
in this land of the free, we're getting the blues  
They'll toss you out of your home sweet home

You can't pay the doctor, so you pay the price  
kicked to the curb and they don't think twice  
So, fuck it; I'm goin' to Paris

Imagine a place that's got some grace  
treating you like they care  
Dignity sounds great to me  
I've been looking for it everywhere

I can survive on cheese and wine  
Under a pink parasol divine  
A toute a l'heure! I'm goin' to Paris!

Nobody wants you, if you're old or lame  
And I'm downright sick of playing this game  
So fuck it; I'm goin' to Paris

Au revoir, I'm goin' to Paris!

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**My Sweet Guitar**  
(Lindsay Tomasic )

I recall the first time that I met you  
In a little shop on Liberty and Main  
I was only twenty one  
My career had just begun  
From that day on, I'd never be the same

Your pretty face just stood out from the others  
A diamond in a haystack, I had found  
You were shining like a star  
Oh, won't you be my sweet guitar  
And stay with me, no matter where I'm bound

It's a long, long way  
From Michigan to Californi-a  
And we've come so far  
Me and my old Martin guitar

Thinking back on all the things we've been through  
The time we played out in the pouring rain  
The music felt so good  
I diidn't fret, I knew I should  
I never meant to cause you any pain

And then there was that freezing night in winter  
I accidentally left you in the trunk  
I opened up your case  
And heard the cracking of your face  
A pain shot through my chest  
And my heart sunk

It's a long, long way  
From Michigan to Californi-a  
And we've come so far  
Me and my old Martin guitar

Friends will come and go  
By and by, you never know  
Oh, but my sweet Brazilian pal  
I'm so glad that I know you so welll

All these years and everytime I pick you  
Nothing seems to thrill me like you do  
I love the way you play  
You sound better everyday  
And pick me up when I am feeling blue

I know that Johnny Cash was with your sister  
And Joni Mitchell's in the family too  
You always play in tune  
You're the bright side of the moon  
No one could ever take the place of you

It's a long, long way  
From Michigan to Californi-a  
And we've come so far  
Me and my old Martin guitar

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**Carousel**  
**(Lindsay Tomasic)**

You say east and I say west  
Sometimes I put you to the test  
But baby, I don't mean to yank your chain

You say north and I say south  
And when these words fall from my mouth  
We wind up where we started once again

We try to put up with our ups and downs  
And confidently keep on going  
It don't matter, we know we'll get through

And when there's turbulence, I'll still defend  
this love is true and I'm not pretending to  
be in love with you

You're swingin' high, I'm swingin' low  
You want answers, I don't know  
And baby I don't mean to drag you down

You say stop, I say go  
You're drivin' fast, I'm walkin' slow  
This carousel just takes us round and round

We try to put up with our ups and downs  
And confidently keep on going  
It don't matter, we know we'll get through

And when there's turbulence, I'll still defend  
this love is true and I'm not pretending to  
be in love with you

I love you more than I can say  
And baby, please believe I'm here to stay  
Relationships can make you lose your mind  
but this time you and I have come to find

That we can put up with our ups and downs  
And confidently keep on going  
It don't matter, we know we'll get through

And when there's turbulence, I still defend  
this love is true. No I'm not pretending to  
be in love with you

No, I'm not pretending  
I'm in love with you

**It Ain't Easy Being Blue**  
**(Lindsay Tomasic)**

It ain't easy being blue, living in a red state  
Got to tell you that it's true, it really ain't so great  
They're praying for us sinners, and they tell us we'll be saved  
Passive and aggressive is the way that they behave

It ain't easy being blue  
What are we to do?

It ain't easy being blue, living in a red place  
They will offer you salvation then throw it in your face  
Making sure you feel secure and there will be no doubt  
Prejudice and bigotry are dripping from their mouths

It ain't easy being blue  
What are we to do?

Fundamental coalitions say we must preserve  
the meaning of the family. It's at stake!  
Radical conservatism frighteningly absurd  
Read the constitution for God's sake!

It ain't easy being blue living in a red land  
They will offer hope to you and take you by the hand  
Pledging their allegiance to the old red, white and blue  
Join the crowd or be afraid of what's in store for you

It ain't easy being blue  
What are we to do?

**At The End Of The Line**  
**(Lindsay Tomasic)**

There's a dim light shining through your window  
but I don't know if you're inside  
But as I get closer, I can see you in the shadows  
I guess you're alright

Gone are the days when you and I would share such laughs  
And now we just spend our time with hundreds of your photographs

That was then, this is now  
We're gonna get through this somehow  
To be all alone is such a crime  
At the end of the line

There's a sweet light glowing in your blue eyes  
and I realize you're near the end  
And as these days roll by, got to tell you that I'm grateful  
you've been my friend

Sure, we've had our moments and we've stayed away for so long  
But I still want to be here, and that's why I wrote you this song

That was then, this is now  
We're gonna get through this somehow  
To be all alone is such a crime  
At the end of the line

Living in isolation  
you don't know the day from the night  
But if it's any consolation  
I will be here to make sure you're alright

It's a cool night driving to your doorway  
and in more ways I'm satisfied  
when I see you smile. And no matter how the wind blows  
we know we've tried

All we can do now is take it day by day  
Yesterday's troubles will somehow just wash away

That was then, this is now  
We're gonna get through this somehow  
To be all alone is such a crime  
At the end of the line

## **Beacon Hill**

(Lindsay Tomasic)

I remember it well, like it was yesterday  
Before the night fell, on a summer day  
The water was turquoise against the navy sky  
We drove further still

To Beacon Hill, that empty old house that music would fill  
Beacon Hill; though time has gone by I cherish it still

When we first walked in the door and looked around  
we felt we'd been here before  
We were surrounded by a welcoming feeling in that enchanted place  
It became our thrill

Beacon Hill, an empty old house that music would fill  
Beacon Hill; here in my mind I cherish it still

No electricity, no telephone  
Our eccentricity made it our own

Five of us moved in, ate rice and lentils  
And we got through thick and thin with no utensils  
Yeah, but we had a good time playing music  
Didn't have to pay bills

On Beacon Hill, that empty old house our memories now fill  
Beacon Hill; here in my mind I cherish it still

On Beacon Hill, an empty old house that music would fill  
Beacon Hill; here in my heart I cherish it still

## **Music To My Ears**

(Lindsay Tomasic – Lisa Rapport)

Mama's telling stories and you know she's got so many to share  
She's getting animated and it makes you feel like you're right there  
Some of her pictures have faded, but they come alive  
with the sound of her echoing laughter, the look in her eyes

Memories keep on revolving, as hours roll back the years  
The clock's hands keeping time  
and it's music to my ears

She gets a little hazy about the old days: the bitter, the sweet  
Her daddy tried to keep food on the table, put shoes on her feet  
A tapestry woven from memories intertwines  
and sometimes it seems she gets lost, as the details unwind

Memories keep on revolving, as hours roll back the years  
The clocks hands keeping time  
and it's music to my ears

In stories she speaks of a lifetime  
and now I'm beginning to know  
relations of time and of space  
and how just like a river, we're part of the flow

Memories keep on revolving, as hours roll back the years  
The clock's hands keeping time  
and it's music to my ears

**That Old Dog  
(Lindsay Tomasic)**

That old dog, he follows me no matter where I go  
It don't matter he's just got to show  
his everlasting love for me

That old dog, it don't matter if it's day or night,  
he always wants to keep me in his sight  
to soothe his insecurity

He thinks it's fine to shake and whine  
if I'm not by his side  
When I'm away, he'll cry all day  
When we're together, he's so satisfied

That old dog, he always knows where he can get a treat  
when in the kitchen he is at my feet  
he'll even eat potato peels

That old dog, he's always hungry, and he thinks it's great  
when morsels hits the floor from someone's plate  
he'll love to show you how he feels

He thinks it's cool to scratch and drool  
and do his doggy things  
and he'll walk proud and bark so loud  
every time the door bell rings

He thinks it's fine to jump and climb  
when friends come to the door  
He's not amused when he's refused  
and when you pet him he'll just ask for more

That old dog, I love to watch him with his beat up toy  
He always makes me laugh and brings me joy  
He's so delighted just to play

And with unconditional love like this  
his personality I can't resist  
Oh, you old dog, I'm so glad you came my way