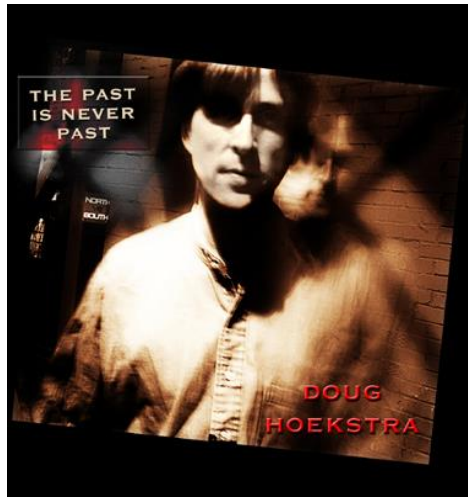


The Past is Never Past (CD #5)



"**The Past is Never Past** is the title for a collection of songs that, like memory and experience, could not lay fallow. Some are selections that didn't quite fit stylistically on **Around the Margins**, my previous disc. Others were cut as songwriting demos; and still others were released on special compilations, magazines, and websites. As I began to compile them for my own archives, I saw an alternate look into aspects of my journey of the past year take shape. This became a special limited edition release of this work, with a couple new pieces added for good measure. So, much like memory and experience, this collection took on a life of its own, and the songs now belong to the present and future, proving that the past is indeed, never past." (*Doug Hoekstra, Nashville TN, liner notes for this Inbetweens Record release*). The title song is indeed drawn from the famous William Faulkner quote; there are co-writes with collaborators George Marinelli and Gary Michael Smith as well as a Brecht/Weill cover ("Ballad of the Soldier's Wife"). Recording was completed at multiple locations in Nashville and Chicago.

"***1/2 (out of 4) - Ever versatile, his arrangement skills present traditional Twang in a new way...colleagues have drawn comparisons from Beck to Leonard Cohen. My proposal: Forget comparisons, listen to this record." (*Joerg Feyer, German Rolling Stone review of The Past is Never Past*)



Produced by Doug Hoekstra; Engineered at multiple studios (as noted below); **Mastered** by Steve Tolson at Masterfonics, Nashville TN; **Cover photograph** by Paul Heartfield, London; **Design/Layout** by Joe Croker

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She Walks in Beauty

Lord Byron - voice
Doug Hoekstra – electric guitar, keyboard
Bill Murphy – marimba
Andrew Robb – cymbals

Engineered by Andrew Robb, Chicago IL

Oh, Zamira

I feel the water on my face
Cold wet rain
Ankle deep in mud
Nothing left to say
Oh, Zamira, where are you?
When the night comes to a close
This night comes to a close

The dark and empty forest
Stops me like a wall
...Behind my back
Limbs bow before they fall
...So lifeless to the ground
A blue jay flutters in front of me
And barely makes a sound
Oh, Zamira, where are you...
When the night comes to a close
The night comes to a close

Walkin' over branches
Where I threw away the ring
I searched myself for innocence
And didn't find a thing
Oh, Zamira, where are you?
When the night comes to a close
The night comes to a close
Oh, Zamira, repeat...

I searched into the night

Flashlight in my hand
You remained inside
I was looking for my past
If I were a different man
I might've howled at the moon
Or made false promises
For a covenant renewed
But it was over
And there was nothin'
Anyone could do

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, bass, vocals
Andrew Robb – mandola

Engineered by Andrew Robb, Chicago IL and Robb Earls, Sound Vortex, Nashville TN

500 Miles Away

Hey, baby, I'm in one of those moods
I wanna clean out the closet
Throw away whatever doesn't move
Look into my open eyes
Help me understand
Lace your fingers into mine
Because you can

Don't tell me, don't tell me
Another wasted day
Five hundred, five hundred
Long and lonely miles away

Oh baby, I wish that you were here
To share the lightning in the sky
Summer air still and clear
Skate punks underneath the stars
I watch 'em flyin' by
In and out among the cars
I never dream at night

Don't tell me, don't tell me
Another wasted day
Five hundred, five hundred
Long and lonely miles away

Oh baby, it's one of those things
If you were here you'd understand
The sadness the world can bring
Lonely people everywhere
Smoke and mirrors

You know me like no one ever will
You answer me like a prayer

Don't tell me, don't tell me
Another wasted day
Five hundred, five hundred
Long and lonely miles away

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, Wurlitzer piano, vocals
Don Kerce - loops
George Marinelli – mandolin, organ
Pat Meusel – baritone guitar

Engineered by George Marinelli, WingDing Studios, Nashville TN

Break My Fall (Hoekstra/Marinelli)

I've been traveling a long time, looking for my soul
I've been breaking up the pieces, just to become whole
I've been walking on a tight rope, a hundred feet above it all
And like a sea of roses, you always break my fall
Break my fall...

There's a place in the desert, New Mexico
Where the sun sets like a painting about to explode
I see us standing on that bridge, babe, a hundred feet above it all
The Rio Grande beneath us and the mountains rising tall
Break my fall

Had a chance to lead a thousand lives
A thousand worlds where a man could hide
A thousand nights now I lie beside you
If I only knew, if I only knew

I've been thinking of tomorrow, where the air is soft and cool
I've been living for the pleasure of breaking every rule
I've been standing on a high dive, a hundred feet above it all
And like a bed of silken water, you always break my fall
Break my fall...

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, vocals
Harold Book - loops
George Marinelli – acoustic and electric guitars, piano, vocals

Engineered by George Marinelli, WingDing Studios, Nashville, TN

The Past is Never Past (Hoekstra/Smith)

Johnny ran into the forest
A canopy of colored leaves
Passing time was at his side
As he wove into an autumn breeze
The trail stopped at a riverbank
A drop of 25 feet, and
Down below there was long ago
At the bottom of that stream
Rocks and sand, touched by other hands
Not gone, simply unseen

The past is never past, it's with us all the time
In the soil beneath our feet and the memories deep inside
The past will always last
The past is never past

Johnny's farmer was a farmer
And wanted him to do the same
There was a wooden cross out by the barn
That marked his father's grave
Johnny struggled with his calling
He read books that made him see
The souls of the long departed
Could come and set him free
Take him where he'd never dared;
Beyond the fallow field

The past is never past, it's with us all the time
In the soil beneath our feet and the memories deep inside
The past will always last
The past is never past

You can't stop the endless flow of time

The past is never past, it's with us all the time
In the soil beneath our feet and the memories deep inside
The past will always last
The past is never past

You can't stop the endless flow of time

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, bass, melodica, organ, piano, vocals
K.K. Falkner – vocals

Engineered by Robb Earls, Sound Vortex, Nashville TN

Drops Fell From My Fingertips

A dark starless night
Across the African plain
On the streets of the cities
The helpless fade away

Drops fell from my fingertips
Drops fell from my fingertips
Drops fell from my fingertips

And as they fell, I saw the ripples that were cast
From Durban to Johannesburg
To and from the diamond mines
Spinning on the curves
Where moments touch each other
Moving slowly and then fast
Spinning on the curves
Moving slowly and then fast

Drops fell from my fingertips
Drops fell from my fingertips
Drops fell from my fingertips

I closed my eyes
I became a child
5000 people every day
Every family cries
These people are not white
These people are not rich
Do they deserve to die?
On a dark starless night
I touched the water with my hand
I touched the water with my hand

And drops fell from my fingertips
Drops fell from my fingertips
Drops fell from my fingertips

Colleen Burke Kave - vocals
Doug Hoekstra – vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – piano
Allison Stanley – percussion

Engineered by Jeff Kowalkowski, Mondo Oakdale, Chicago IL

If the World Was Blind

The world's most beautiful woman was born today
Another perfect diamond cast into the fray
She could grow up to be polished or turn out rough
Could choose to be smooth or wear her edges tough
She could be a lover, mother, president
But right now her fists are small and clenched
And her tiny eyes are closed

If the world was blind, what would we see?
If the world was blind
If the world was blind, what would we be?
If the world was blind, if the world was blind, if the world was blind

The world's most beautiful woman walked down the street
Crossing Bedford Avenue - two blocks away from me
I watched her as she put her key into the door
And turned on the lights inside the flower store
You wouldn't see her on the news or a magazine,
But her features shone softly and serene
As she worked alone

If the world was blind, what would we see?
If the world was blind
If the world was blind, what would we be?
If the world was blind, if the world was blind, if the world was blind

The world's most beautiful woman just passed away
Tired and tested, she belonged to another day
She used to shine, dazzle on the silver screen
And rose to glamour in everyman's fantasy
The radio reporter conveyed the tragedy
Of living in seclusion in Daytona Beach
At a home for aging stars

If the world was blind, what would we see?
If the world was blind
If the world was blind, what would we be?
If the world was blind, if the world was blind, if the world was blind

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitars, harmonica, vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – loops, organ
Kat Parsons – vocals

Engineered by Jeff Kowalkowski, Mondo Oakdale, Chicago IL

What's On Your Mind?

It was a foggy night, wet and damp
A boarding house and an oil-lit lamp
A quiet man in a noisy world
Checkin' out with a string of pearls
It was a typical day for most of us
Ride the el, catch the bus
Messages for you and me
Breakfast at the Busy Bee

What's on your mind, my angel?
What's on your mind, my girl?
What's on your mind, my angel?
What's on your mind, my girl?

It was a sunny spot where it never rained
She never stopped to hesitate
The beach was full of broken glass
The water rose and the day went black
Somebody lost their train of thought
The last thing left from all they got
Time to laugh and time to shout
Time to take the garbage out

What's on your mind, my angel?
What's on your mind, my girl?
What's on your mind, my angel?
What's on your mind, my girl?
Won't you tell me, tell me, what's on your mind?
Won't you tell me, tell me, what's on your mind?

He wanted to move away from here
His dreams were lined with pain and fear
Thrown ahead from far behind
His past was like a fishin' line
She wanted to have a kid someday
And settle down in Paraguay
The stars threw down their mighty spears
And showered heaven with their tears

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, electric guitar, hand-drum, harmonica, percussion, vocals
Pat Meusel – electric rhythm guitar
Chris Minnis – drums

Engineered by Doug Hoekstra, Mondo Eighteenth, Nashville TN

Staring Out the Window

I was staring out the window at refineries and plants
Pumping black into the dirty clouds
The driver started talking, about his wife and his son
And all the things time would not allow

And, there was music on the radio
And, there was music on the radio

Snow began to fall, an ambulance passed us by
Siren spinning, light into the gray
Jet black hair broken speech; he said that he had come from Greece
Left his brother half a world away

It must be hard, I thought out loud, taking such a risk,
On a place you've never lived before
His face filled up the mirror, it was better for their kids
They need to know that life can offer more

And, there was music on the radio
And, there was music on the radio

There's a family at the table; lovers in each other's arms
A clock ticking on the mantelshelf
Over Cicero and Stickney, the sun began to set
Like a painting done by someone else

I was starin' out the window...

I was starin' out the window, bungalows in a row
Planes were flyin' low overhead
The sidewalks, they are empty, but inside there are dreams
Some will follow; others are not led

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitars, vocals
Colleen Burke Kave – backing vocals
Pat Meusel – baritone guitar
Alison Stanley – clarinet, drums

Engineered by Jeff Kowalkowski, Mondo Oakdale, Chicago IL

Where I Worked (Hoekstra/Smith)

I worked in an office, way back when
I didn't have much in common with my so-called friends
Every afternoon, we'd head downstairs to take a break
Talk about baseball or something like that, I'd say let's catch a game
I'm not a hero, I was a clerk, where I worked

Ben was turning gray, but he still lived at home
Fell in love once years ago, nobody likes to be alone
Marriage was inside his mind, but she was outside the faith
And his mother's will turned out to be more powerful than fate
He had a picture of his dog in a golden frame
Mercury was his name, neither one of them complained

I'm not a hero, I was a clerk
The game was on TV, and that was where I worked

Ben lived to please, he paid 25,00 claims
We had a party, the boss bought pizza in his name
I gave my two week notice and said we should get together
But tomorrow turned to yesterday and sometimes into never
Soon after I left, I ran into a friend
Who told me that a heart attack had taken life from Ben
He was at his desk when he grabbed his chest and called for Mercury
I think about him every time I say something I don't mean

I'm not a hero, I was a clerk
The game was on TV, and that was where I worked

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitars, vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – keyboards, orchestral arrangement
Jen Paulson – viola
Allison Stanley – clarinet

Engineered by Jeff Kowalkowski, Mondo Oakdale, Chicago IL

The Life We Love #9

I watched you sleep, arm over me
Dreams slippin' away on the breeze
The room is quiet and I felt a chill
The moment holds me perfect and still
Look out the window and try to shape my will

A circus game when I was a child
Had me spun through the air by hands of guile
I worried I might break his bones
But my father melted like the winter snow
Is the life we love, the life we show?

Ooh, ooh, the life we love
Ooh, ooh, the life we love

Mountains rise from the deeper green
Into a sky so blue it can humble me
And the peaks are covered with alabaster snow

All year round - I can feel you close
And the life we love is the life we show

Ooh, ooh, the life we love
Oooh, ooh, the life we love

Crazy timing, tender chance
Lives thrown together like a fifth-grade dance
Take my number and watch me twirl
Around the room like a gingerbread girl
Let me close my eyes and be taken to a world

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitars
Colleen Burke Kave – vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – accordion, fingersnaps

Engineered by Jeff Kowalkowski, Mondo Oakdale, Chicago IL

Ballad of the Soldier's Wife (Brecht/Weill)

What was sent to the Soldier's Wife?
From the ancient city of Prague
From Prague came a pair of high heel shoes
With a kiss or two, came the high heel shoes
From the ancient city of Prague

What was sent to the soldier's wife?
From Oslo over the sun?
From Oslo there came a collar of fur
How it pleases her, the little collar of fur
From Oslo over the sun

What was sent to the soldier's wife
From the wealth of Amsterdam?
From Amsterdam, he got her a hat
She looked sweet in that, the little Dutch hat
From the wealth of Amsterdam

What was sent to the soldier's wife?
From Brussels in Belgium land
From Brussels he sent
Lace stockings so rare, to have and to wear
Those lace stockings so rare from Brussels in Belgium land

What was sent to the soldier's wife?
From Paris the city of light
In Paris he got her a silken gown
That was hand made in town, that silken gown
From Paris the city of light

What was sent to the soldier's wife
From the south from Bucharest
From Bucharest he sent her a skirt
Embroidered and pert, she looked cute in that skirt
From the South of Bucharest

What was sent to the Solider's Wife?
From the far off Russian Land
From Russia there came just a widow's veil
For the dead to be wailed, in her widow's veil
From the far off Russian land

Doug Hoekstra – vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – piano, orchestral arrangement
Pat Meusel - guitar
Jen Paulson – viola
Tina Paulsen - cello

Engineered by Jeff Kowalkowski, Mondo Oakdale, Chicago IL

Rear-View Mirror Effect

It's the rear-view mirror effect. When one looks back, objects tend to appear larger than they really are. It isn't necessarily fate or synchronicity, it's just that certain things fall away and others are magnified, foreshadowing what follows like key points in a play, the narrative of one's life. But, then again, life is a narrative. Someone said that's why so many of us are running around writing songs and stories and plays, because we're trying to make sense of our lives...

Doug Hoekstra – libretto
Jeff Kowalkowski – piano, loops, organ, orchestral arrangement
Kat Parsons - vocals
Jen Paulson – viola
Alison Stanley – clarinet