

The Wood Brothers
Puff Of Smoke

Produced by Chris Wood, Oliver Wood, Jano Rix and Brook Sutton
Recorded by Brook Sutton at The Studio Nashville in Nashville, TN
Additional recording at Number C studio In New Orleans, LA
Additional engineering by Jano Rix
Assistant engineering by Will Tyson, Robert Mercurio (New Orleans)
Photos and Videography by Daniel Thiels
Mixed by Brook Sutton at The Studio Nashville in Nashville, TN
Mastered by Eric Conn at Independent Mastering in Nashville, TN

Chris Wood – bass, harmonica, vocals
Oliver Wood – guitar, vocals
Jano Rix – drums, percussion, shuitar, keyboards, vocals

Roy Agee – trombone
Jeff Coffin – saxophone
Collins McLaughlin – strings

Art direction & Design by James Aloysius
Management by Liz Penta at Emcee Artist Management
Catering by Rebecca Wood

1. Puff of Smoke
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Witness

I'm not the bee's knees, I'm not the seventh son
I'm not the Hoodoo man, I'm not the chosen one
I'm not the muddy water, sure 'nuff not the big fish

I'm just a witness

I'm not the egg head, I'm not the Einstein
I'm not the quickest bunny, I'm not the mastermind
I'm not nobody's fool, sure 'nuff not the genius
I'm just a witness

Witness, nothin' here to see
None of that was me

I'm not the Joe Blow, I'm not the peepin' Tom
I'm not the sorry Charlie, I'm not the honest John
I'm not the no way José, no hablo inglés
I'm just a witness

I'm not the rusty nail, I'm not the Manhattan
I'm not the dark and stormy, I'm not the old fashioned
I'm not the come to Jesus, sure 'nuff not the sloe gin fizz
I'm just a witness

Witness, nothin' here to see
Witness, none of my business
None of that was me

I'm not the dandy, I'm not the rounder
I'm not the salty dog, I'm not the scoundrel
I'm not the mojo workin', I'm not the cream dream
I'm not the Casanova, I'm not the lovin' machine
I'm not the alimony, sure 'nuff not the hot mess
I'm just a witness

CHORUS

Puff of Smoke

Every day is a puff of smoke
Before you know it it comes and goes
Maybe it burns your throat
And if you're lucky you get high
And you take a little ride

Every day is a puff of smoke
A little cloud of heartbreak and hope
Maybe it's God's little practical joke
And if you're lucky he stops by
And you take a little ride, you take a little ride

Every day is a puff of smoke
Or maybe it's a river flowin'
Takin' you where you're goin'
No matter how you fuss and fight
You're gonna ride

Every day is a puff of smoke
Disappears in the moon glow
Maybe you wake up or don't
If you're lucky you'll be smilin'
Always smilin'

Every day is a puff of smoke
Disappears in the moon glow
Every day is a puff of smoke
(Take a little ride)

Every day is a puff of smoke
Or maybe it's a river flowin'
Takin' you where you're goin'
No matter how you fuss and fight
You're gonna ride
You're gonna ride

Pray God Listens

Pray comma God listens is what I read
Way up high on a sign, that's what it said
800 phone number gave a call
Still on hold growin' old
Waitin' for God

And I pray God listens
I pray God listens
To the band I'm in

And the song we're singin'
I pray God listens
I pray God listens
And he's smilin' down
Cause he likes the sound

Pray comma God listens, say it's true
I need a girlfriend, guitar strings, a transmission too
Then there's world peace, the hungry, the sick and all
Of the helpless, the hopeless, waitin' for God

CHORUS

There's world peace, the hungry, the sick and all
Still on hold growin' old
Waitin' for God...waitin' for God

And I pray God listens
I pray God listens
To the band I'm in
And the song we're singin' him
I pray God listens
I pray God listens
And it's his favorite song
And he sings along
And he takes the call

Money Song

Money rich, money poor
No money and you're out the door
Born into a world unkind

Money love, money lies
Money tears you cry
Born under the dollar sign

Money drunk, money high
Money pie in the sky
Money gives you peace of mind
Like a drug it wears off over time

Money don't make the world go 'round
Every day the sun goes up and down
Money don't make the world go 'round

Money blood, money red
Money hide under the bed
Born into a world unkind

Money see, money do
Money blind like a fool
Born under the dollar sign

Money up, money down
Happiness never found
Money gives you peace of mind
Like a drug it wears off over time

CHORUS

How much do you need to relieve frustration
How much do you need to fix a bad situation
How much do you need to satisfy temptation
Can you make enough to buy salvation

No money no play
No money no say
No money you pray

Is there no one who will give it away
Can't make enough even when you work all day
How much do you need to receive an invitation
How much do you need to make a big donation
How much do you need to make a change to the nation
Can you make enough to avoid annihilation

CHORUS

The Trick

Stuck on a mountain, nobody around

Just the valley below, and you can't get down
You're s'posed to be somewhere, you're bound to be late
S'posed to be someone, you created

I heard the trick is not to give a damn

You sing like a bird, and you bring on tears
You feel yourself shakin', crippling fear
Like your heart won't open, that last little bit
And you're almost there, but you still give a shit

I heard the trick is not to give a damn
Helpless hopeless all the way stuck
The trick is not to give a damn
Good luck

Pounding of hammers, tick of the clock
Wakin' up rude, your mind won't stop
Trucks in the alley and they're hauling in nails
Finishing up that soul for sale
Wish it would rain, shut it all down
Wash it away, clean up the town
Wish you could die, every now and then
Wake up fresh, start over again

She hugged me tight, didn't breathe for a while
Coulda died right then, with a big old smile
But you know things change, like it's all for naught
Where she kissed my cheek, still feel the spot

CHORUS

Is It Up To You

You think you found the words to describe
The feeling you get when you don't even have to try
If you choose to speak you can kiss it goodbye

If the singer has you under her spell
Chances are she's under it as well

When it's time for the muse to walk out of the room

Do you feel high
Do you feel blue
Is it up to you
Is it up to you

You think you see the girl of your dreams
Don't worry yourself it's not as real as it seems
You fell in love with a ghost in your machine

If the poet has you under a spell
Chances are he was under it as well

CHORUS

When it all slips through your fingers look for a sign
Answer comes from nowhere let it be divine

When the girl's got a spell on you
Chances are she's under it too

CHORUS

Above All Others

You got your fighters
They like it rough
The left and the righters
They're nothin' but tough
And they can't get enough, can't get enough, no they can't get enough

Then there's the dreamers
Fighting for peace
The righteous redeemers
Knockin' us off our feet
And we can't get enough, we can't get enough, we can't get enough

Above all others
You got the lovers
And it's a wonder

How we love to suffer
And we can't get enough, can't get enough, can't get enough

All the lost souls
That ain't feeling strong
Nobody told 'em
That they belong

And you got your heroes
That you hold high above
It's hard to believe
They don't get all they need
But they can't get enough, they can't get enough, no they can't get enough

And above all others
You got the lovers
And it's a wonder
How they love to suffer
And we can't get enough, can't get enough, can't get enough

The Waves

The waves keep coming
They never stop
The waves keep breaking
They break against the rocks
I am a rock
You break against me
I stand my ground
Face-to-face with the sea
Little by little I turn to sand
I'm through breaking you
And gently you land

When will you land on my shore
The angry water's for me no more
Rest your weary soul
You don't have to fight anymore

The waves keep coming
The waves keep coming

The waves keep coming

CHORUS

We hide our wounds within
It still hurts when the salt hits my skin
I won't pull away
I'd rather be lost in the waves

CHORUS

Slow Rise (to the middle)

The king died young was the first of his kind
All alone in his castle suspicious was his mind
The moon's got a dark side it's black in back
Every star is born leaves some blood on the tracks

You wanna make it big, wanna make it big, wanna make it big
I'm on a slow rise to the middle

There's plenty of ways to stab yourself in the heart
Get a grave in Paris or even Central Park
Manhattan assassin and a chopper goes down
Mississippi takes you under in a Tennessee town

You wanna make it big, wanna make it big, wanna make it big
Give me a slow rise to the middle

You had a heart of gold now it's lead in your veins
When you turn it up loud it's shelter from the pain
The cry of the wind and the weepin' guitar
Little plane disappears like a shootin' star

CHORUS

You Choose Me

We don't know the reason why
We ended up side by side
A flower wants a honey bee
I'm so glad you choose me

I know I'm not pretty and young
Got dirt under my nails and burns on my tongue
Been through hell once or twice
You still feel the love when I'm too down to be nice

I'm so glad you choose me
I got something only you can see
You choose you choose you choose you choose
You choose me
You choose not to lose me

Like a beater in a used car lot
A dusty painting in a coffee shop that's never been bought
Bellbottoms on a thrift store rack
You left your dress in the dressing room and never looked back

I'm so glad you choose me
I got something only you can see

CHORUS

The secret way we lock our hands
Only we can understand
It's what we want not what we need
It's something we can't explain
It's a mystery

CHORUS

Till The End

Let me all the way in
I've seen enough to know
I'll be here till the end
There's no place I'd rather go
And speaking of the end
Could be any time now
It's no use to pretend like a child
I'll always be around

Why did I wait for so long to believe
You are here till the end to show me

All my dreams at night
They tempt me with pearls
When I open my eyes
They disappear into the world
They disappear into the world...

Why did I wait for so long to believe
You are here till the end to show me

And speaking of the end
Could be any time now
It's no use to pretend like a child
We'll always be around
We'll always be around

Till the end

All songs written by Oliver Wood, Chris Wood and Jano Rix
Royal Kook Music (BMI) / Wood Sound Publishing (BMI) / Spinach Pitts
Music (ASCAP)

Except "Above All Others" written by Oliver Wood, Chris Wood, Jano Rix
and Sean Scolnick
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