





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!

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Download lyrics at
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