

CROWNS I think of you when August falls and children turn their daisies into crowns / I think of you when August falls and children turn their daisies into crowns / I went chasing after monarchs and I found you to cast my net around / And now I think of you when August falls and children turn their daisies into crowns / You were singing for your supper in the springtime when I asked to come inside / You were singing for your supper in the springtime when I asked to come inside / I was looking for the summer or a mother or a lover or the sky / You were singing for your supper in the springtime when I asked to come inside / Bread and roses in your kitchen and the corner with the broken violin / Bread and roses in your kitchen and the corner with the broken violin / Queen Anne's lace in the ditches and the smell of eucalyptus on your skin / The scent would set me sleepin' and when I woke I cried to dream again / How dizzy all the child's dreams / How pretty all the laurel greens / How easy all the child's dreams / How heavy fall the laurel greens / I always fall for heroes like a black stone to the bottom of the sea / I always fall for heroes like a black stone to the bottom of the sea / Leaving daisy petals floating on the surface where my boat used to be / No, I never mean to dive so deep but anyone would love a fall that free

Katie Dabl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – guitars, mandolin, dobro
Tracy Grammer – fiddle
Rich Higdon – upright bass
Michael August – drums

DIAMONDS Living in this little town, most times it suits me fine / I've got my radio, I've got my rhymes / His big bed and this little town, they've suited me just fine / But I get to feeling lonely in my mind from time to time / BUT YOU TURN MY LONESOME INTO SOMETHING FINE AND SHINING / YOU TURN MY STONES INTO DIAMONDS / All them gaggling girls, well, they get me every time / With their gold and their gossip and their wine / That giggling gaggle of girls gets me every time / They make pebbles of my pearls, they turn my dollars into dimes / CHORUS / You live beside the waters where the ships and storm clouds sail / And I know you've seen the belly of the whale / You watch those waves roll in, you keep humming through the hail / From

your cupola in Nineveh you guide me through the gale / CHORUS

Katie Dabl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – gut string guitar, mandolin
Rich Higdon – upright bass

BICENTENNIAL I hear they lit some fireworks / On the bicentennial / On the bicentennial / Up by Manistee / Yeah your parents lit some fireworks / On the bicentennial / In that little blue tent and that's how you came to be / And I think America / Found its way into your blood / It made its way into your blood / That night by Manistee / And I think America / Is as rich as the red clay mud / After a springtime flood way down in Tennessee / A land so green and gracious, it makes you want it all / Beneath a sky so spacious, it makes you feel so small / Well, I knew boys like you in high school / They were all so beautiful / So sweet and beautiful / When they were feeling brave / And all those boys I knew in high school / Could be as mean as a baited bull / As loaded as a freighter's hull in Lake Michigan waves / I think you're shoutin' from that high cliff because you're sadder than you seem / I think you hate to see the sun lift because it wakes you from your dream / And now you act so holy / In this age of the millennial / In these days of the plentiful / Before the hurricane / But we both know you're feeling lonely / Watching all those dark clouds roll / Over the mountaintop, toward the fruited plain / You of the dark and shining sea / You with the breaking heart, 'tis of thee, of thee I sing / So maybe you should light some fireworks / In your king-sized bed / Beneath the quilted spread / That your mother made / Yeah, find your girl and light some fireworks / You can lay down your sweet, sweet head / Shine some light in the night above this home of the brave / Shine some light in the night above this home of the brave / Oh, shine some light in the night above this home of the brave

Katie Dabl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – guitars, mandolin, dobro
Tracy Grammer – fiddle
Rich Higdon – upright bass
Michael August – drums
Claudia Russell – harmony vocal

ORDINARY BAND You are not the handsomest man that I've ever seen / I am not the happiest now that I've ever been / You've never quite been the type makes me weak in the knees / No, you make me strong as Lake Michigan and as tall as the trees / I had been watering rosebushes outside of town / I had been scratching at seeds that were still in the ground / You were a dandelion flower, suddenly there / As strong as a weed and as light as a wish on the air / OH MY DARLING, IF WE'RE LUCKY A LIFETIME IS LONG / IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE CANNOT BELIEVE HOW QUICKLY IT'S GONE / EVERY ORDINARY DAY, I'LL WEAR THIS ORDINARY BAND / WE'LL GO FROM DUST TO DUST HAND IN HAND / I remember that day that you stood hanging clothes on the line / Weathervane creaking above and the cornfields behind / You smiled so sweet at the sun as it started to die / And the light fell so bright on your back as you led me inside / CHORUS / Every ordinary day till we walk those Jordan River sands / We'll go from dust to dust hand in hand

Katie Dabl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – gut string guitar
Tracy Grammer – fiddle
Rory Hoffman – accordion
Rich Higdon – upright bass
Nathan Hosner – harmony vocal

THE BALLAD OF THE LAZY SUSAN AND THE DUMBWAITER Said the lazy susan to the dumbwaiter / You're the only friend I've got in this town / Why don't you come and take me dancing later / You can spin me round and round and round / Well the cook has got a ladle and the chef has got a lady / The baker's always whisking eggs away / If you were crazy for this lazy susan, maybe / You'd swirl me like a fancy French rosé / You just go up and down and up and down and up and then back down / Jumping every time you hear the ding / When you gonna learn this world's direction is around / When you gonna break that string / Well the flatware and the spatulas are always spoonin' / I'm lonesome as a top without its spin / Won't you take some pity on this lazy susan / And twist me like the lemon twists the gin / You just go up and down and up and down and up and then back down / Bouncing like a broken Cuisinart / If you took a chance and took to twirling me around / I'd get to work and you'd get smart / Said the lazy susan to the dumbwaiter / You're

the only friend I've got in this town / Why don't you come and take me dancing later / You can spin me round and round and round / Why don't you come and take me dancing later / You can spin me round and round and round

Katie Dabl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – guitar
Rory Hoffman – accordion, mandolin, whistling
Rich Higdon – upright bass

SNAKES I was too sad to stay at home so I went walking / Too cold to take a walk and so I drove / Out across the county line, out beneath the icy sky / Out into the twenty-five below / I don't think I've heard your voice since April / But lately there's not much that I recall / It's been snowing like the great white sea, snowing like to bury me / December blew in like a cannonball / Now I'M SEEING SNAKES IN THE DEAD TTRES / OUT HERE ON THE HIGHWAY / DRAGONS IN THE CLOUDS UP IN THE BLUE / I'M NOT SEEING ANY SIGN OF YOU / From nights in the suburbs drove us crazy / All those dresses fitting tighter than tattoos / We never wound up finding time for dancing / I only ever wound up more in love with you / Oh you know I loved you like a sister / I swear I never wanted something more / Than your tiny car, those big wide streets, singing in the summer heat / The night had never felt so bright before / CHORUS / If there's a place for feeling lonely it's Wisconsin / All those little bars like angels in the snow / If there's a place that I would fly to it's wherever you are now / Wherever we were all those years ago / CHORUS / I was too sad to stay at home so I went walking

Katie Dabl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – acoustic and electric guitars
Rich Higdon – upright bass
Michael August – drums
Amanda Rigell – harmony vocal

LOMBARDI AVENUE There's a snow-storm on the way tonight / There's shanties on the bay / The Leo Frigo's out, but I'm not driving anyway / The little houses shining bright in the clean Wisconsin cold / Their lights are red and blue and white and green and gold / This morning at the Farm and Fleet / I bought a warmer coat / December came on cold this year,



and it isn't letting go / But there's heat tonight on these tiny streets, the town turning like a wheel / Whole city rushing like a river toward the field / THIS OLD TOWN IS WEARING THIN, THIS OLD TOWN IS LOOKING TIRED / MOST DAYS I FEEL THIN AND TIRED TOO / BUT NOT ON SUNDAYS ON LOMBARDI AVENUE / My dad left me this little house / And his father's gun / And these seats in section 402, row 181 / And when I feel alone sometimes I think of him and I / Eating hot dogs as we watch those footballs fly / CHORUS / Once a week it's nice to know who the good guys are / Once a week it's nice to feel alive / Once a week it's nice to sit beneath the stars / In that big Wisconsin sky / There's a snowstorm on the way tonight / Shanties on the bay / The Leo Frigo's out, but I'm not driving anyway / I'm just walking for a little while 'cross this good old patch of ground / Moon rising up with old Curly looking down / CHORUS

*Katie Dahl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – guitar, mandolin
Rich Higdon – upright bass*

YOUNG MEN Young men in this town, they don't last too long / They tend to drown in the waters that they love / Going out drinking, driving their boat across the ice / Running beneath a starry night, thinking of a song / Thinking of a song / Those boys live for summer, it's like honey here / It flows sweet and slow and golden through the fields / Drinking whiskey in the wheat fields / Playing with the dusty barroom bands / Taking the earth into their hands, they feel it spinning like a wheel / Spinning like a wheel / OH THEY DANCE TO BEAT THE ANGEL BAND / BLOWING ON THEIR HARPS ALL NIGHT LONG / BLOWING ON THEIR HARPS TILL THEY ARE GONE / Sickles in the corn, babies being born / All the boulders on the hills outside of town / The sun in all its swollen red / Lovers in their creaking wooden beds / Leaves and snow and sleds all find there's a time for falling down / There's a time for falling down / CHORUS / CHORUS

*Katie Dahl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – steel string, gut string, and electric guitars
Rory Hoffman – harmonica, Wurlitzer
Rich Higdon – upright bass
Michael August – drums
Amanda Rigell – harmony vocal*

MORNING ROAD I set out on a morning road / I set my teeth against the chill / When I found that I had lost my way / I set my sights on the homeward hill / And I cried home, home, home / Home, home, home, all day / Tell me are the things I learn so far from you / Worth what I forget when I'm away / I set out on a morning road / I set my stone into the stream / In hopes that it would learn to float / I left it for a hundred years / And never it became a boat / It just cried home, home, home / Home, home, home, all day / Tell me are the things I learn so far from you / Worth what I forget when I'm away / I set my stone into the stream / I walked into the desert dry / And waited for those clouds to burst / When the rains made that river wide / I found that I had loved my thirst / And I sang home, home, home / Home, home, home, all day / Tell me are the things I learn so far from you / Worth what I forget when I'm away / I walked into the desert dry / I set out on a morning road / I set my sights upon the hill / I set out for a little while / When the night comes I'll be walking still

*Katie Dahl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – gut string and slide guitars
Rich Higdon – upright bass, shaker*

TAPESTRY Why do you ask when I'm so young / How I believe my days will run / Well, I can tell you I'm afraid of all the dark I see / The way folks fall before their time / The way coyotes call at the treeline / The way things are, and the way they cease to be / OH MY LOVE, WILL YOU STAY / OH MY LOVE, WILL YOU STAY / OH MY LOVE, WILL YOU STAY / OH MY LOVE / The summer heat, the wooden beds / September wheat, the village dead / All the kindness in the kitchens and the corner store / How you whistle in the yard / All the thistle and the chard / Fly as fast as children out the door / CHORUS / If you could ask me when I'm old / How do you turn the days to gold / How do you make a friend of time as he goes walking by / Well, looking back it's hard to say / Just how day leads on to day / But I can tell you how the light looks in July / CHORUS / So when the sight

falls from her eyes / When the light falls from the sky / When the wind leaves all that summer spread across the lawn / Maybe the lucky ones can see / A bright and ragged tapestry / The way it hangs there in the air / Just like smoke or like a prayer / The way it shines / And the way that it is gone / CHORUS / CHORUS

*Katie Dahl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – gut string and steel string guitars
Rich Higdon – upright bass
The Tapestry Choir: Tommy Burroughs, Rich Higdon, Kevin Houston, Bruce Kaplan, Eric Lewis, Claudia Russell*

MMMBOp

*Katie Dahl – guitar, vocal
Eric Lewis – guitar, mandolin, dobro
Tommy Burroughs – fiddle
Rich Higdon – upright bass, washboard, harmony vocal*

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Produced by Eric Lewis
Executive Producer: Katie Dahl
Assistant Producer: David Alley

Recorded by David Alley at Utopia Soundwurks in Sister Bay, Wisconsin, except:
Tracy Grammer appears courtesy of Red House Records and was recorded by Jim Henry, Rubytone Studios, Shutesbury, MA. Michael August was recorded by Nick Broste, MTNBAL, Chicago, IL. Rory Hoffman's parts on "Ordinary Band" and "Young Men" were recorded by Rory Hoffman, Nashville, TN. Amanda Rigell recorded herself in Madison, WI. Claudia Russell and Bruce Kaplan were recorded by Bruce Kaplan, Studio 440, Point Richmond, CA. Nathan Hosner was recorded by Eric Gwin, The Cage, Montgomery, AL. Kevin Houston recorded himself at Music + Arts Studio, Memphis, TN.

Tracks #1, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, and 10 mixed by Kevin Houston and Eric Lewis at Music + Arts Studio, Memphis, TN. Tracks #2, 5, 7, and 11 mixed by David Alley and Katie Dahl at Utopia Soundwurks, Sister Bay, WI. Additional mixing assistance from Jonathan Byrd. Mastered by Bob Klotz, Klotz Audio Productions, Port Matilda, PA.

Graphic design by Nik Garvoille. Flower crown by Jackie Ehlert, Blossoms, Sister Bay, WI. Photography by Rich Higdon.

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