

# Feather Fingers

Malahat Highway ‡  
Satisfied and Ticked Too †  
Forecast: Bad Weather \*  
Only Trying To Say Goodbye \*  
Feather Fingers \*  
Hanging at Owl Creek Bridge ‡  
Brother of Mine ‡  
Remembering \*  
Can't Imagine Any Future ‡  
Time To Heal \*  
Hooked On You \*

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† by Mississippi John Hurt (Wynwood Music BMI)  
\* by D'Arcy Wickham. Copyright 2005 (SOCAN)

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Executive Producer Robert Carmichael

All songs arranged and edited by D'Arcy Wickham and Jason Fowler.  
Recorded at Canterbury Music Co. Toronto.

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All profits from this recording will be going to the Bloorview  
MacMillan Children's Centre, Toronto.

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dedication and generosity made this project possible.

For more copies of this CD please contact D'Arcy Wickham at  
www.darcywickham.com (416-975-9035) or for credit  
card purchases call 1-800-563-7234 (catalogue # 3229-10)

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## Malahat Highway

Carmichael/Wickham

Down the Malahat Highway  
By white rushing rivers  
Over wooden trestle  
The Sun in my eyes  
It sparkles on the whitecaps  
Blowing in from the Pacific  
Eagle circles slowly  
Above the Malahat Highway

Through rainforest tunnel  
Past Kwakwaka'wakw totem  
And rusted out old cars  
Where children play  
Between clear-cut mountains  
Past stinking pulp mill smokestack  
Into Desolation  
Along the Malahat Highway

It's a mystery  
How this road can be  
Paved with all the tapestries of my life  
Through each twist and turn  
Another memory burns  
Another lesson learned in paradise  
A lesson learned in paradise

Winding down into the harbour  
Through diesel fumes and cedars  
I wait for the ferry  
And another rain to start  
We pull out across the water  
As I lean against a bulkhead  
The pounding of the engines  
Match the pounding of my heart

It's a mystery  
How this road can be  
Paved with all the tapestries of my life  
Through each twist and turn  
Another memory burns  
Another lesson learned in paradise  
A lesson learned in paradise

Down the Malahat Highway  
By white rushing rivers  
Over wooden trestle  
The Sun in my eyes  
It sparkles on the whitecaps  
Blowing in from the Pacific  
Eagle circles slowly  
Above the Malahat Highway

### ***Malahat Highway***

*Rob and I wrote this song about the Malahat Mountain on the southern part of Vancouver Island. This rugged region of heavy forest and steep cliffs is traversed by one of the most beautiful roadways in the world. The Malahat is of great ceremonial significance to the Malahat First Nation whose ancestors used its caves for spiritual enhancement, and is one of their most sacred sites.*

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## Satisfied and Ticked Too

Mississippi John Hurt

Well I'm satisfied and tickled too  
Baby just to know that I'm in love with you  
Well I'm satisfied and tickled too  
Baby just to know that I'm in love with you  
I am, Sugar I been

Well I'm goin' downtown with my hat caved in  
Come back home now, baby with my pockets full of tin  
Well I'm goin' downtown with my hat caved in  
Come back home now, baby with my pockets full of tin  
I am, Sugar I been

### ***Satisfied And Ticked Too***

*I first heard this old country blues classic years ago, played in the traditional style. I wasn't sure who wrote it, but I loved it so much that I began to groove it up into a swampy kind of blues. We wanted it to sound like a back porch jam session.*

Well the little red hen say to the little red rooster  
"Rooster, you don't come around my chicken shack  
as much as you use to, Rooster"  
Well the little red hen say to the little red rooster  
"Rooster, you don't come around my chicken shack  
as much as you use to, Rooster"  
I am, Sugar I been

Well I'm livin' in the country baby, high upon the hill  
In the day I hear the crows, at night I hear the whippoorwill  
Well I'm livin' in the country baby, high upon the hill  
In the day I hear the crows, at night I hear the whippoorwill  
I am, Sugar I been

Well I love you pretty Mama, Sugar you're the one  
Put your arms around me, baby like a circle 'round the sun  
Well I love you pretty Mama, sugar you're the one  
Put your arms around me, baby like a circle 'round the sun  
I am, Sugar I been

Well I'm satisfied, tickled too!

## Forecast: Bad Weather

D'Arcy Wickham

**Forecast: bad weather**, cold front movin' in  
Got a bad feelin' like I just can't win  
Been searchin' through these rain clouds for a lining of silver  
But all my predictions are just **Forecast: bad weather**

Can feel it in my bones, can feel it on my skin  
Winds are picking up, there's a cyclone coming in  
Can see it in your eyes, like a radar warning  
Low pressure readings bringing heavy rains this morning

### **Chorus**

You and I, we're like oil and water  
Just no good at the day to day  
Your slow burn and silence  
Like tempests to my shoreline, torture me  
**Forecast: bad weather**

Visibility zero, fog everywhere  
Frost on my windows, I'm full of despair  
My heart is breaking like trees in a storm  
You're packin' your bags to leave for the sunshine

### **Chorus repeat**

### **Bridge**

Wish I could find an answer  
Just can't take another lie  
I need a new prediction  
Of weather that's warm and dry

### **Chorus repeat**

### **Forecast: Bad Weather**

*I was looking at the weather channel on TV one day and thought about the idea of how a relationship compares to the weather.*

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## Only Tryin' To Say Goodbye

D'Arcy Wickham

I see you're smoking cigarettes again  
You say you started back up yesterday  
Got that goodbye look on your face  
Got that goodbye look on your face

Called you up this morning  
Angry words about the same old thing  
You had that goodbye sound in your voice  
Had that goodbye sound in your voice

Don't patronize me with sweet words  
'Bout being friends and all the good times we had  
Don't put the rush on me baby  
Don't confuse me with how it's so sad  
And what a great guy I am when you're  
Only tryin' to say goodbye  
Only tryin' to say goodbye

I see you've changed the colour of your hair  
Got some brand new clothes and a shiny red car  
Got that goodbye act about yourself  
Got that goodbye act about yourself

And who's that fancy dude you're hangin' with ?  
Whispering sweet things in your ear.  
Is he the new man to take my place?  
Is he the new man to take my place?

Don't patronize me with sweet words  
'Bout being friends after all the good times we had  
'Cause I'm learning some things about you baby  
Seems I just don't feel that sad, so you can go ahead  
Go ahead and say goodbye  
Go ahead and say goodbye

### **Only Tryin' To Say Goodbye**

*The subject of relationships and regret seem to underpin many of my songs. In this tune I take a 'tongue in cheek' approach to all the things people say and do when they are splitting up.*

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## Feather Fingers (Instrumental)

D'Arcy Wickham

### **Feather Fingers**

*I just liked the sound of these two words together. Not only is it wonderful alliteration - they seemed to suit the instrumental tune and the overall feel of this CD as well.*

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## Hanging at Owl Creek Bridge

Carmichael/Wickham

This is the story of a southern planter  
A gentleman known as Peyton Farquhar  
Driven by dreams of military glory, he stole into Union territory  
Dressed like a Fed in camouflage, his heart intent on sabotage  
Now he stands on a plank above a swollen gorge  
With a noose around his neck  
Tied to Owl Creek Bridge

Water swirled below, he closed his eyes  
Distracted by a sound he didn't recognize  
Regular and slow like the tolling of a bell  
He awaited every stroke like his own death knell  
Slower and slower each second stretched  
The sound that he heard was his own watch  
All hope of escape was totally gone as the hangman sent him over  
Owl Creek Bridge

### Chorus

He saw life through a prism  
Of 'daring-do' and hope  
Perception was everything  
'Til he reached the end of his rope

He fell through the dark as if already dead  
And sank like a stone to the riverbed  
The rope must have broke, how strange it seemed  
To hang by the neck at the bottom of a stream  
He struggled to the surface with a desperate thought  
Lynch me ! Drown me ! Don't let me be shot !  
By the five-score rifles on the ridge  
Waiting for me to come up  
Under Owl Creek Bridge

Cast upon a bank of glittering emeralds  
A kind of Eden it did resemble  
He followed a course by the rounding sun  
Strange constellations, unknown tongues  
He reached for her through the morning mist  
Then a stunning blow sent him into the abyss  
Peyton's neck snapped like a twig  
As he swung beneath the timbers  
Of Owl Creek Bridge

**Chorus ...repeat**

### ***Hanging At Owl Creek Bridge***

*Rob based the lyric for this song on a classic Civil War fictional short story written by Ambrose Bierce called "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." The last half of the story – the dream sequence - takes place in the mind of the hero in the few short moments before his death. I tried to make the melody and guitar parts echo his inner struggle.*

## Brother Of Mine

Carmichael/Wickham

In a rusty truck looking down on the mill  
An ocean breeze blows up the hill  
Like a kiss  
In front of the sleepy town where he lives  
He knows he will never be able to give  
Up all of this  
To get ahead of the rush of the human race

A simple home, a steady job  
All of this just suits him fine for now  
Life just seems to drift along  
The Coastal Mountains are a song  
That fill up his soul and gives him enough to get along

The light that burns inside his heart  
Illuminates every part of himself  
Cuts as sharp as the point of a knife  
And fills the space between every part of his life  
Brother of mine

The cedar trees upon the hills  
Guard the town like sentinels  
Shadows cast by the moon's slow climb  
Motionless and still, frozen in time

The light that burns inside his heart  
Illuminates the world around that he sees  
Colours and shapes are only a slice  
Of the peace he finds in every part of his life

Brother of mine, brother of mine  
You and I can never be the same, brother of mine  
As I see your life frame to frame  
My open eyes see the inspiration  
And your love that helps me to carry on

In a taxi-cab looking down on the mill  
An ocean breeze blows up the hill  
Like a kiss  
In front of the town where I used to live  
I Wish I never had to give up  
All of this  
To get ahead of the rush of the human race  
And that's a thing I've got to face  
Brother of mine  
Brother of mine

### ***Brother of Mine***

*Co-written with Rob, this lyric was inspired his brother Rod but is dedicated to all brothers.*

## Remembering (Instrumental)

D'Arcy Wickham

### ***Remembering***

*No matter how busy one gets, you should never forget about the one you love. This song was written for my wife Tess.*

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## Can't Imagine Any Future

Carmichael/Wickham

Once we were lovers  
Crossed by a star  
Now the sky is empty  
And I know just who you are  
We fell in love  
You left me way too fast  
Can't imagine any future  
Without you in my past

Can't forget your loveliness  
Or the fragrance of your skin  
Can't believe the sorry state  
That you've left me in  
Cold as steel  
Feeling lifeless as clay  
Can't imagine any future  
Without you in my day

Waiting by the phone  
Listening for the door  
How could you be different now  
Than you were before?

Said you'd never leave  
But you left me standing there  
Alone and empty handed  
Not a hope, not a prayer  
Come back to me  
That's all I ask  
'Cause I need you in my future  
Like you were in my past  
I need you in my future  
Like you were in my past

### *Can't imagine Any Future*

*Written with Rob and inspired by his late wife, Janice.*

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## Time to Heal

D'Arcy Wickham

A cup of coffee, a handshake greeting  
The story's written all over your face  
So disillusioned, sad and lonely  
Natural things to feel  
When your takin' the time to heal

I want to be a good friend to you  
A safe harbour in a stormy sea  
You say she's still just manipulating  
And trying to make a deal  
'Cause she needs the time to heal

### **Chorus**

And I've been where you are my friend  
And I know it's not much fun  
Being all alone, every night  
Don't forget the lights!  
But the ghosts of our past will slowly fade away  
And time remains the only cure, it's for sure

You laugh about all your ladies  
But we both know you're not ready for that  
Feeling needy, so impatient  
To find a love that's real  
But you still need time to heal

### **Chorus**

The snow that falls holds a strange kind of beauty  
Cold to the hands but warm to the heart  
Just like love...so confusing  
When you're breaking the bonds that seal  
And you're taking the time to heal  
When you're breaking the bonds that seal  
And you're taking the time to heal

### *Time to Heal*

*A friend of mine was going through a rather bad marriage breakup. I've felt this kind of pain myself and it can be unbelievably hard. I urged him, at an early morning breakfast, to take a bit of time.*

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## Hooked on You (Instrumental)

D'Arcy Wickham

### *Hooked on You*

*This song was written as pure self-therapy. I was feeling a bit blue. Picked my guitar and wrote this little happy tune. And, yes, I felt a whole lot better!*

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