

Lyrics and Credits for My Guitar Remembers

CHEYENNE

Along with the Lakota and Apache, the Cheyenne were the last nations to be overpowered and put on reservations. Lift your soul, rise like an eagle, fly away. Listen for the Native American Flute, the eagle and the wind.

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn

Proud like the buffalo once roamed this land
You now are forced into making a stand
Blood like an animal runs through your veins
The moment its caught you're now fair game

Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn
Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn

They want you to live in a world not your own
There are no boundaries that you can call home
Ride towards the mesa to reach higher ground
Where only your brother the eagle is found

Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn
Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn

Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away
Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away
Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away

You see in the distance the dust growing near
Men on their horses have not yet known fear
Just like the brave that you've grown up to be
When you take your last breath
You'll still be free

Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn
Yeah Cheyenne ride on, towards the thunder
Until the dawn

Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away
Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away
Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away

Rick Carlson: Vocals, Guitars, Keyboards, Cajon

Bass: Harry Gale and Rick Carlson

Cris Mitchell: Native American Flute from his album Wind Journeys used by permission

DAYTIME GIRL

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

A new horizon

We're together when the night

Becomes the morning light

You make the sunrise

My daytime girl

I love you like the sun

In my life you're the one

That makes the sunshine

My daytime girl

It's time to rise, dreams in our eyes

Free from the madness that pulled us down before

Now we'll see, where we can be

No one can hurt us anymore

A new horizon

Calls out to me yeah

Over the mountains

Far far away

We're together when the night

Becomes the morning light

You make the sunrise

My daytime girl

I love you like the sun

In my life you're the one

That makes the sunshine

My daytime girl

Now there's no, more aiming low

There's only high notes from now on

And any day we'll slip away

You won't be afraid anymore

A new horizon
Calls out to me yeah
Over the oceans
So far, far away, so far away, so far away

We're together when the night
Becomes the morning light
You make the sunrise my daytime girl

A new horizon
Calls out to me yeah
Over the oceans
So far, far away

I love you like the sun
In my life you're the one
That makes the sunshine
My daytime girl

You make the sunshine, my daytime girl
You make the sunshine, my daytime girl

Instruments and vocals performed by Rick Carlson

UNTIL YOU

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

It was nothing that made me stay
It was nothing that changed my day
It was nothing that made me true
It was nothing until you

It took something to change my style
Really took something after all of the miles
And though I did my best to make it through
It was nothing until you
As the fog rolls in
On anchor bay
When the world turns gray
I will find my way
The little things I found that pull me through
That were nothing until you

Now there's nothing that can make me fall
With you holding me up through it all
And the twists and turns of this coast highway we choose

That meant nothing until you

And as the fog rolls in
On anchor bay
When the world turns gray
I will find my way
The little things I found that pull me through
That were nothing until you

And the twists and turns of this coast highway we choose
That was nothing, nothing,
Until you

Rick Carlson: Lead Vocal, Guitar, Guitar solo, Harmonies, Keyboard, Percussion
Krystle Manning: Harmony
Steve Kershisnik: Bass, Organ and Piano
Ryan Barrett: Guitar
Ryan Hendry: Drums

SEND ME A LETTER

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

When I pass San Bernardino
I'll look back on the time
When tomorrow was before us
Before we made that climb

When I get to Flagstaff
I'll look for the neon sign
To the Diner where we spent the night
On that epic drive

Send me a letter
Not the internet kind
I want something that your hands have touched
That I can hold in mine

Send me a letter
Though the address is unknown
I count the hours and miles between us
I've lost here on the road

I arrived in Amarillo
And there still stands the tree
I carved our first and last initials
In our hearts eternally

The road took me back to Tulsa
Where we laughed one night
We were too young to marry
The band played Bob Wills all night

Send me a letter
Not the internet kind
I want something that your hands have touched
That I can hold in mine

Send me a letter
Though the address is unknown
I count the hours and miles between us
I've lost here on the road

When I rolled into St. Louis
Morning fog still hugged the hills
I saw the image of your family farm
Now silent and still

On the way to Music City
I stopped in from the cold
The coffee warmed my hands
Your words touched my soul

Send me a letter
Not the internet kind
I want something that your hands have touched
That I can hold in mine

Send me a letter
Though the address is unknown
I count the hours and miles between us
I've lost here on the road

Send me a letter, send me a letter

Rick Carlson: Vocals and instruments
Josh Yenne: Pedal Steel

GINNY

When I think of the women
I've loved in my life
That I might be with right now
But here I am the same man and they're gone

Sometimes I wish I could have been a little older

But I was so busy being young
When I realized how precious they were
And it was done
Now they're gone gone gone

Ginny, my Ginny
You can make believe that it's true
Oh Ginny, my Ginny
I could get crazy about you

Every time that I see you come walking toward me
I don't care who you know
'Cause here I am the same man
And I know, I know

Well I hope and I pray I'm as lucky as I was then
The magic it grew, and it grew and it grew
And I know that there's something special girl
And I feel it babe when I look at you

Oh Ginny, my Ginny
You can make believe that it's true
Oh Ginny, my Ginny
I could get crazy about you

Come on Ginny and you will see
Ah Ah Ginny get closer to me
Come on Ginny and you will see
Ah Ah Ginny get closer to me

Every time that I see you come walking toward me
I don't care who you know
'Cause here I am, the same man
And I know, I know

Well I hope and I pray I'm as lucky as I was then
Magic will grow and will grow and will grow
and I know that there's something special girl
and I feel babe when I look at you

Oh Ginny, my Ginny
You can make believe that it's true
Oh Ginny, my Ginny
I could get crazy about
Ginny, my Ginny
You can make me believe that it's true
Oh Ginny, my Ginny

I could get crazy bout you
About you

Come on Ginny and you will see
ah ah Ginny get closer to me

Rick Carlson: Vocals, Guitars
Steve Kershisnik: Bass, Organ, Keyboards
Ryan Barret: Lead Guitar
Ryan Hendry: Drums
Harry Gale and Rick Carlson: Additional Percussion

MY GUITAR REMEMBERS

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

My guitar remembers
A song from yesterday
One I wrote about you
I used to play

I wish that I could teach it
A new song for today
But my fingers just won't reach it
It's what my guitar plays

My guitar remembers
A song from yesterday
With a memory that plays on yet
It lives there upon the frets
Playing the song I tried to forget

Maybe if I hold you
I could make it change
That's what I believed in
Til' you went away

My memory got shorter
As time slipped away
Until this morning
When my guitar played

My guitar remembers
A song from yesterday
With a memory that plays on yet
It lives there upon the frets
Playing the song I tried to forget

Maybe I could get a songbook
Learn some Meryl or Hank or Dwight

A new song to learn tonight
A new song to make it right

My guitar remembers
A song from yesterday
With a memory that plays on yet
It lives there upon the frets
Just playing the song I tried to forget

It lives there upon the frets
My guitar remembers
It lives there upon the frets
Yeah my guitar remembers
Remembers you
Just playing the song I tried to forget
I tried to forget
My guitar remembers
Remembers you

Rick Carlson: Vocals and instruments
Josh Yenne: Pedal Steel

SO I WENT TO MANZANAR

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

Inspired by Dr. Kenneth A. Carlson's visit to the Manzanar Japanese Internment Camp during WWII.
For more information: soiwenttomanzanar.com

There comes a time to take a stand
And be counted with your fellow man
Tear down the walls open the gates
For the days we've lost it's come too late

So I went to Manzanar
To look in the face
Of who we are
Under the mountain
Beneath the stars
Where there's hope in Manzanar

The open spaces that we can see
That mean nothing if you're not free
To the horizon I look above
They can't put fences around our love

So I went to Manzanar
To look in the face of who we are
Under the mountain beneath the stars
Where there's hope in Manzanar

Now the souls have been set free
Live in the faces of you and me
Hear their voices that live on yet
So we remember and won't forget

So I went to Manzanar
We'll climb the mountain
And reach for the stars
And in the faces of who we are
Where there's hope in Manzanar

So I went to Manzanar
We'll climb the mountain
And reach for the stars
And in the faces of who we are
Where there's hope in Manzanar
To where lives hope in Manzanar

Rick Carlson: Vocals and instruments
Krystle Manning: Vocal Harmony
Harry Gale: Organ

65

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

I started out
Back in 65
With my black Deluxe
And a book of rhymes

You drive up Kirkwood
Where Laurel Canyon begins
Then you take up Weepah
And go around the bend

It's there I spent my time
Singing songs into the night
Looking back on 65

In 65 there was Koufax and Mantle
Boy my Mustang could run
Girls in short skirts
Beach boys in sandals
The world had just begun
Lookin back on 65

Lookin Back
And I'm looking up

To the heights went Gemini
As we reached into the sky
Looking up in 65

In 65 There was Koufax and Mantle
The Beatles played at the bowl
Girls in white boots at the Whiskey a Go Go
The dreamin had begun
Looking back at 65

And my black Deluxe
With it's stories told
In jingle jangle words
With vibrato and reverb
As the world that turned in 65

In 65 there was Ali and Liston
The words of King how they rung
Girls in white boots and young boys in Nehrus
The world had just begun

In 65 there was Koufax and Mantle
How my Mustang could run
Girls in short skirts at the Whiskey a Go Go
The dreamin had begun
Felt like the world had just begun
The world had just begun
Lookin back on 65
Lookin back on 65

In 65 There was Koufax and Mantle
The Beatles played at the bowl
Girls in white boots at the Whiskey a Go Go
The dreamin had begun
Yeah in 65 there was Koufax and Mantle

Rick Carlson: All Vocals and instruments

ROWENA

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

Dedicated to Lillian Rowena Shannon, a Grandmother I never knew. She died at the age of 36 from the Spanish Flu during the pandemic in the 1900's, leaving five children.

A hundred years don't seem so long
When dust gets in the way

Did you see it comin towards you
Or not until it swept you away

A hundred years more in the dust
Then one came after us
I didn't see it comin towards me
Until it took me away

Rowena
I'll take you home
To San Antone

Some people think they know
Will never understand
Until it takes them by the neck
And drags them in the sand

You can't deny it's not about you
As another one slips away
Take the road to higher ground
Before dust gets in the way

Rowena, Rowena
I'll take you home
To San Antone

You never know until it drags you down
That's where you're gonna stay
Rowena

I'll take you back to the garden
Where the children play
On the front porch see them swinging
As the evening drifts away

Rowena, Rowena
I'll take you home
To San Antone, to San Antone

Rowena, Rowena

Rick Carlson: Instruments and Vocals
Krystle Manning: Vocal Harmony

CHEYENNE SUNSET

(Words and Music written by Rick Carlson ©)

Cheyenne ride on
Towards the thunder
Until the dawn

Lift your soul, rise like an eagle fly away

Recorded and Mixed at Route 44 Studios in Sebastopol

Harry Gale Engineer and Drum Programming

Final Mixes: Harry Gale and Rick Carlson

Additional tracks recorded at Rickster