



# Jason Wilson Perennials

*Lyrics Booklet*

## **THE PERENNIALS:**

Marcus Ali - saxophones, whistles, clarinet, vocals

Patrice Barbanchon — trumpet, vocals

Perry Joseph — guitars, vocals

Andrew Stewart — bass

Zaynab Wilson — cajon, percussion, vocals

Jason Wilson — vocals, piano, organ, keyboards, accordion

## **WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:**

Izzy Giammarco — vocals on 'Getrude'

Mars Giammarco — backing vocals on 'Mirage'

The Valley Road Peepers — choir on 'Eden'

'Perennials' Cover Painting by Colleen Kapell

Field Photograph by Cabot McNenly

Graphic Art by Anthony Chelvanathan

Lyric Booklet Design by Joris van Drunen Littel

For contact info, lyrics and videos visit: [www.jasonwilsonmusic.com](http://www.jasonwilsonmusic.com)



# GERTRUDE

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

I can just about make you out in the twilight  
I can near enough see your face, peeking out from the backlight  
The artist has laid it on: *Impasto*  
What my eyes can't see,  
My heart still knows

You're all there now  
In the day's-end sun  
Planting with your trowel

Crouching down by the stream, will they survive the transplant?  
I see you clearing out the weeds in accordance with your covenant  
I sense the essence of your love: *Tulipa*  
I dig an impression thereof,  
Earthen, raw

You're all there now  
In the day's-end sun  
Planting with your trowel



# GOTHAM

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Is the lark on its wing?  
And is the snail on its thorn?  
While you trod these busy breathless streets forlorn  
Well you need to return,  
to braes ablaze o' green  
Begone blanched faces, vaguely mean

*And you feel like you're the only one  
You feel like you're the only one  
You feel like you're the only one (you're alone)*

Gotham-grey and banker-dull  
Pallid, joyless, every one  
Drift now, hasten lemons, limes and crimsons  
Porous was the thinking  
Brittle were the reasons  
That kept you country miles from your Eden

*And you feel like you're the only one...*



# GABRIELLE

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

She found the Lord in New York City, sky-high  
A doomsday-believer from the Upper East Side  
Puts on her best hat for the Rapture, time-nigh  
Something borrowed, something blue, so salvation can arrive

*Gabrielle blows her horn 'til kingdom come; Thy will be done,  
...blows her horn on top of Brooklyn Bridge  
Tumble-tumble, round and round  
Whites now whiter, soft as down  
And there's no way Gabrielle's coming back down now*

She feels the heat coming off the steamers, power-dry  
The devil's in the details, but the ironers rarely lie

*Gabrielle blows her horn...*

She'll press between the different cycles; it's the only way  
See the High Priestess of the Laundromat counting (the days)

Puts on her best hat for the Rapture, time-nigh  
Out the dead-sweater office walks Revelation's bride

*Gabrielle blows her horn...*

She found the Lord in New York City

## JELLYBY

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Jellyby cuts a mighty swath, doffs her crown, rocks the ground,  
while willowy minions quiver  
Jellyby beats a path to war, loves a fight, is always right,  
where a “lesser” can’t deliver

Empire maker

*A bona fide* mover and shaker

And through her deeds, praise and glory be

Deep breath in: here comes Jellyby

Jellyby’s work is rarely done, schedule tight, first class flight,  
the bureaucratic bowels bind

Jellyby’s galas find no match, her balls are large,  
she’s the man in charge, see?

She’ll chew the gristle out a fallow mind

Empire maker

*A bona fide* mover and shaker

If not in humanity, then in whose name,

Surely Jellyby’s

Jellyby's staff, it's all top-notch, though rarely heard, a timid herd:  
bleak builders building her legacy  
Jellyby puts the children first, though not her own, why, they're nearly grown:  
Telescopic philanthropy

Empire maker  
A *bona fide* mover and shaker  
And through her deeds, praise and glory be  
Step one side, make way for Jellyby

# FELICITY

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Run come Felicity, don't fail me now  
We'll see beyond the trees, so, no furrowed brow

You've	I
got	don't
to	know
help me heal my heart	how or where to start

Don't leave Felicity  
I'll give you what you need  
Say you'll remain for awhile  
With no mean ability, gumption and guile

We've been running, two, many's the mile  
Hiding from hungry wolves who prowl this dark isle

I'm	I
going	will
to	not
help you find your heart	let us come apart

Don't leave Felicity  
I'll give you what you need  
Say you'll remain for awhile  
There now Felicity, fortune's warm smile



# JUNO

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Behold Juno and her proud peacock  
How she worries on her man  
Perhaps a Siren in a greener pasture?  
Perhaps another lover still?

And Juno's peacock bears a hundred eyes  
And Jupiter will hide beneath the clouds  
I find it strange how I abandon my devices  
Now I find I'm thinking them out loud

Trust you to trust me implicitly  
And now the pressure's on  
To love you like you love me unequivocally  
But I'm up for the task, bring it on

When Valentino took a bride in Mexico,  
he became the imagined sultry Sultan  
But I'm less inclined to follow in those footsteps,  
Even if a former self once was...

Don Juan, Rabbie Burns and Cassanova  
threw a bachelor's ball for married men  
But they'll never know what sweet surrender  
And what it's like to be wholly loved by one

Trust you...

## MIRAGE

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

I could have loved you: kind, torch-bearing lady  
But I did not arrive amid thy huddled masses  
Nor was I poor, though perhaps, tired and wretched

Nor did I come like Gatsby or Blavatsky...  
with some half-imagined past from a distant shore,  
in some place over the way  
Still, try as I might,  
I could not unlock that golden door to find you

The faithless and gormless dance the breadth of the borough  
While I, the street urchin, take shelter in the Rose Room  
Yes, I could have loved you: my 'gold shimmering mirage'

And now I'm dodging panel thieves and out bagging carpetbaggers  
All of them power-dressing, affecting *mien* and feigning swagger  
Presently I find I've been swindled, defrauded,  
losing me, finding you

# RUMMLEGUMPTION

(Words and Music by Jason Wilson – Ochiltree 136 Publishing 2016)

Ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring my lickle “liberty bell”  
You’re the fairest songbird far as I can tell  
You’ve got conviction, you’re so very certain  
Ring it out and loud and I’ll drive us home

When I’m down you lift me up  
When I’m up you take my higher  
When I’m down you lift me up  
When I’m up you take my higher

And I know  
You’ve got rummlegumption in your heart  
Yes I know  
You’ve got rummlegumption in your (soul)

Ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring my lickle “liberty bell”  
You’re the fairest songbird far as I can tell  
Don’t New York City, look so pretty...  
in the rear-view mirror, flying up the interstate?

**PERENNIALS**

*Volume I of the Valley Road Trilogy*

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