

## KRISTA DETOR — CHOCOLATE PAPER SUITES

All songs ©2009 Krista Detor

[US Booking](#)

[EU CoraZong Records](#)

All songs written by Krista Detor except *Innuendo* and *Middle of a Breakdown*, both co-written by Krista Detor and David Weber.

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### THE PLAYERS:

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Krista Detor - *vocals, piano, accordion*

David Weber - *guitar, vocals*

Jack Helsley - *bass*

Steve Mascari - *bass*

Jamey Reid - *percussion*

### Guest Artists:

[Sam Bartlett](#) - *mandolin (track 2), banjo (track 11)*

[Sara Caswell](#) - *violin (tracks 7, 11)*

[Tom Clarke](#) - *soprano saxophone (tracks 2, 7)*

[Malcolm Dalgligh](#) - *hammered dulcimer (track 3)*

[Dena El Saffar](#) - *violin & viola (track 1)*

[Mark Erelli](#) - *guitar & vocals (track 13)*

[Esme Folley](#) - *cello (track 15)*

[Colin Linden](#) - *guitar (tracks 1, 8)*

[Rachael McShane](#) - *vocals (track 14)*

[Karine Polwart](#) - *vocals (track 14)*

[Moiria Smiley \(Voco\)](#) - *background vocals & arrangement (track 11)*

[Emily Smith](#) - *vocals (track 14)*

[Jason Wilber](#) - *guitar (track 4)*

[Chris Wood](#) - *violin (track 15)*

Art Direction, Illustration & Design: [Hugh Syme](#)

Photography by [Jim Krause](#)

Produced, Recorded & Mixed by David Weber at [Airtime Studio](#)  
Bloomington, Indiana

Distributed in Europe by [CoraZong Records](#)

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### SUITES ~ TRACKS:

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#### I. Oranges Fall Like Rain

1. Rich Man's Life
2. Lorca in Barcelona
3. Recklessness & Rust

#### II. Night Light

4. Dazzling
5. All to do with the Moon
6. Teeter-Totter on a Star

#### III. Madness of Love

7. Innuendo
8. Middle of a Breakdown
9. Deliver Me

#### IV. By Any Other Name

10. A Hundred Years More
11. So Goes the Night
12. Small Things

#### V. Darwin Songhouse — Bonus Suite

13. From Miss Emma Brawley
14. Clock of the World
15. Emma's Lullaby



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### LYRICS:

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#### I. Oranges Fall Like Rain

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##### 1. RICH MAN'S LIFE

Is it the gray or the rain or the bright red poncho  
On the man selling oranges in the street below  
From a horse-drawn cart he's calling out to the people  
Got a cart full of oranges and a red poncho

So who is the seller, did he come from the country  
Is he nice to the pony, does he smile at his wife  
In the rain is he wishing for a green umbrella  
And a roll of tobacco and a rich man's life

*Give me a rich man's life with a green umbrella,  
And a roll of tobacco and a rich man's fun  
Give me a rich man's life with the sharp black edges,  
And the clean white columns rising up to the sun  
(to the sun, to the sun, to the sun, up to the sun)*

Is it the gray or the rain or the man and his pony  
Makes me watch from the terrace through the wine in the glass  
He's calling out to the people from the bright red poncho  
while the soft rain dances where the rich men pass

He's calling out to the people, 'Come and try my oranges  
Try the sweet sweet orange' pulling out his knife  
He cuts a slice of the orange, reaches out to the lady  
with the blue shoe buckles and a rich man's life

*Give me a rich man's life with a green umbrella,  
And a roll of tobacco and a rich man's fun  
Give me a rich man's life with the sharp black edges,  
And the clean white columns rising up to the sun  
(to the sun, to the sun, to the sun)  
(to the sun, to the sun, to the sun)  
The golden sun, to the sun, to the sun  
To the sun to the sun (is setting)  
To the sun to the sun (is setting)*

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## 2. LORCA IN BARCELONA

Jasmine on the breeze, flowers in the trees  
Oranges fall like rain and roll along the plain  
Andalusian spring where the scarecrows sing  
With brambleberry eyes full of butterflies

Brambleberry blue, cobbled avenue  
Colored windowpanes, spinning weathervanes  
Chocolate paper gown, rubies on the ground  
Abalone shells clacking with the bells

*They dance in the street, in the calle  
Lost amid the crowd, the clouds  
The stars, the moon drift lazy in the sky*

From terraces of bone and purple cobblestone  
The waltzing angels wish on coins and silverfish  
Whisper in the ear, lover meant to hear  
The brush of cheek and hand, dance of moon and sand

*They dance in the street, in the calle  
When bells are ringing loud  
The clouds, the stars, the moon drift lazy in the sky*

In flowers made of wine secret stars will shine  
Lovers in a row the only ones who know  
Pray you not look up from your glass too soon  
'Less the secret stars are swallowed by the moon

*Or the moon, the moon on the calle  
Steal the stars from you  
When the rain in Barcelona  
Rusts the buckle on your shoe*

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## 3. RECKLESSNESS & RUST

Everything returns to dust, everything returns to rust  
Is that the buckle on your shoe - soon be copper-colored, too  
All this recklessness and rust drives the whole of us  
To catch the light or catch the bus before it's gone

There might be music, she said, left in the crumbling plaster  
In waltzing angels whispering secrets to the alabaster

*I will go breathless, whispering a name  
I will go breathless, pirouetting in the flame  
And drift like wishes in the orange blossom air -  
But I will go, I will go breathless there*

Across the bridges, through the moors, across a million marble floors  
The surface cracking at your feet, so you tread lightly on the street  
Because all this recklessness and rust, is sometimes too much for us  
Keep your eyes fixed up ahead so you don't see it.

'Poetry is dead,' Delilah said, 'maybe in a pocket somewhere in Prague  
But that's all that's left of it, and aren't you a good dog...'

*I will go breathless, no one will write it down  
I will go breathless, in a chocolate paper gown  
Melt into the river, let the story drift away -  
But I will go breathless into that good day*

Little do they know that I could rise up from the world  
And pick the pockets of the angels - come back here, a rich girl

Oh I will go breathless, skipping every stair  
I will go breathless, throwing pennies in the air  
And turn out every pocket for the very last refrain -  
I will go breathless into that good rain

*I will go breathless, whispering a name  
I will go breathless, pirouetting in the flame  
And drift like wishes in the copper autumn light -  
I will go breathless into that good night ...*

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## II. Night Light

### 4. DAZZLING

Dazzling - sugar beans and firecrackers  
Paradise - it's raining pretty peacock feathers  
On the patio - you dance so funny, oh  
But you don't care a thing - It's simply dazzling

Dazzling - Charlie Parker in the speakers  
*Now's the Time* - stepping right out of your sneakers  
In the sulfur mist - sweet as any kiss  
How the Bird can sing - and it's dazzling

*Dazzling - how the paper lanterns glow on everything  
Tonight's the matter of the muse who paints the blues  
Onto the summer sky of green  
It's only everything - and it's only dazzling*

Dazzling - in his blue suspenders  
Scatting low - to a sea of strangers  
To an audience somewhere beyond the fence  
Mmm...zadda, zadda zing - oh, he is dazzling

*Dazzling - how the paper lanterns glow on everything  
Tonight's the matter of the muse who paints the blues  
Onto the summer sky of green  
It's only everything - and it's only dazzling*

Dazzling - firemen line up  
Hear the sirens call - somebody's acting up  
But who's to say, who rues the day?  
You blow a smoky ring and Lord, it's dazzling

Dazzling - the ashes on the tin roof with the  
Fireflies, sweet lemon in the ice cubes  
The peacocks fly, take to the sky  
And, oh, the flight's the thing - and, oh, it's dazzling

*Dazzling - how the paper lanterns glow on everything  
Tonight's the matter of the muse who paints the blues  
Onto the summer sky of green  
It's only everything - and it's only dazzling*

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### 5. ALL TO DO WITH THE MOON

Truly, sweetheart, my head hangs like the willow  
It's all to do with the moon  
I've studied the lunar eclipses, I tell you  
They're rolling round too soon

It's all to do with shifting apogees and  
The things out there that no one sees  
All the light threads woven over and through  
But nothing at all to do with you

Truly, sweetheart, I'm awake until morning -  
It's all to do with the moon  
It's bright as the daylight and keeps me from dreaming  
And the sun is up all too soon

It's all to do with tides and fluid things  
The magnetic pull on sinews' strings  
And the perilous tilt of the axis, too.  
But nothing at all to do with you.

Truly, sweetheart, I am lingering, aimless -  
It's all to do with the moon  
I wander and linger and love it is blameless -  
It's silly stuff lovers croon

It's all to do with weight and gravity  
And the dark side that we never see  
It's the synchronous orbit that blinds my view  
And nothing at all to do with you

It's all in the moonshadow falling just there  
And nothing to do with the light woven in your hair  
Or the waltz steps imagined - one, two  
And nothing at all to do with you

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## 6. TEETER-TOTTER ON A STAR

Well, I work all day, no one pays my way  
Not a penny handed to me  
Little sparrow says that's the way it is  
Nothing much is ever for free

*But the dreamy time in the evening time  
The twinkle-twinkle isn't so far  
Wanna fly up there through the milky air  
And teeter-totter on a star*

Think my back might break, burdens that I take  
Maybe bend me over backward  
Oh, my eyes are dry, got no time to cry  
Got no call to breathe a sad word

*'Cause the dreamy time in the evening time  
All the glimmer shimmer by far  
Is sweeter than the day - let it fall away  
And teeter-totter on a star*

Am I imagining the world's a smaller place?  
The great big outer space doesn't look so great big  
Take a moonbeam ride to the other side  
Maybe be just like when we were kids

Oh, my eyes are dry, got no time to cry  
Little sparrow's singing to me  
Evening's coming soon, then the nightbird tune  
Whippoorwill is gonna soothe me

*Soon, the dreamy time in the evening time -  
In all the galaxies that there are  
Must be the perfect one so when the day is done,  
I'll teeter-totter on a star*

Gonna plant a tree that'll outlive me  
Growing taller than the worlds are  
And we'll climb up high, laugh until we cry  
Teeter-totter on a star  
Teeter-totter on a star

## III. Madness of Love

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### 7. INNUENDO

The ghost sits on the steps - spins circles at the door  
I laugh and touch my hair, I look at the floor  
Two steps back in time - and then I replay what you have said  
Does this mean what I think - have you said this before?  
This innuendo

This is a chemical rush - from somewhere deep  
I laugh and touch my hair, spin circles - I don't sleep  
Two more steps and then I see you look at me  
With guardian eyes locked in - dabbling in chemistry.

*This innuendo ... shades of 'Afterglow'  
And you know what I mean - it's time for me to go*

I think I think I know that music gilds the air  
I think it's worth the pain - walk thru the mirror there  
And two steps off a cliff - I float on the open tune  
I keep asking only if I'll ever find you here

*This innuendo ... quiet tremolo  
And you know what I mean - it's time for me to go*

This easy resonance undoes the light of day -  
Can't look you in the eye - so I write the night away  
Take the lines two by two - I put the charter down  
It's so hard so close to you - but I keep coming anyway

I keep answering anyway - I keep keeping steady time  
I keep keeping up with it - I walk past the firing signs  
I cover up the smell of you with smoke and darker air  
I pen it in guardian blue and I keep walking this fine line -  
A metaphor - a hazy afternoon  
It's dancing at my door - this reckless, open tune  
I call it weight and light - the shadow and the dream  
Hang on the open string - and I'll be falling soon.

*This innuendo ... this smoke and mirrors show  
And you know what I mean - it's time for me to go  
I gotta let you go  
Let me go.*

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### 8. MIDDLE OF A BREAKDOWN

Where were you darling when they came for me  
Yeah, where were you darling when they came for me  
Where were you darling when they came around?  
When I was counting my steps to the middle of a breakdown

When the TV shows were all the same,  
Painted metal on a rusty train -  
New make-up, new shoes and a brand new dress  
He said I might look pretty but my head's a mess

*And I need a cup of coffee and a cigarette  
I need another cup coffee and a cigarette  
I need a cup of black coffee and I'm out on the town, yeah  
I gotta talk real pretty in the middle of a,  
yeah I need a little money  
In the middle of a breakdown*

I'm like a carousel horse in a locust swarm  
And there ain't no blanket that'll keep me warm  
Carnival operator he looks like hell -  
your girlfriend fell asleep? Oh, well.

'Cause she's not like the kind you wanna take home, no  
Not like the kind you wanna leave alone  
Maybe like that kind that wants to run around  
Maybe a little like me in the middle of a breakdown

*And I need a cup of coffee and a cigarette  
I need another cup coffee and a cigarette  
I need a cup of black coffee - I'm out, I'm out on the town, yeah  
I gotta talk real pretty in the middle of a,  
'Cause I need a little money  
In the middle of a breakdown*

You're like a brand new buggy for Farmer Jim  
When you talk like that and you look like him  
And I'll take a little spin in a brand new rig - maybe roll around  
Running on fumes in the middle of a breakdown

*And I need a cup of coffee and a cigarette  
I need another cup coffee and a cigarette  
I need a great big black cup - and I'm on the town!  
I gotta talk real pretty in the middle of a,  
'Cause I need a little money  
In the middle of a breakdown*

Your daddy says, 'hey...'  
Your daddy says, 'hey...'  
Your daddy says, 'hey boy, when you comin' round...?'  
Daddy says 'hey' in the middle of a breakdown

*And I need a cup of coffee and a cigarette  
I need another cup coffee and a cigarette  
I need a cup of coffee and a ...*

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## 9. DELIVER ME

I told you so - who didn't see it coming?  
Yeah, we all saw it coming 5 miles down the road - 5 miles down

Some kinda madness there in your coffee cup.  
Why do you drink it up and swallow sorrow down til you drown?

*Deliver me from fools and righteousness and movie love  
That promises someday to rise above  
The thing it never could be worthy of*

And revelation comes in packages that may never arrive  
He loves you but he has to say goodbye  
And that, my love has always been a lie ~ always a lie

Yeah, I told you so - and all the while you knew it  
You knew it down inside. And still you sat out on the stoop and cried -  
What a sorry sight

*Deliver me from fools and wickedness and shiny things,  
From laughing at her when Suzanna sings  
About the banjo boys who promise wedding rings*

Yeah, I told you so, I told you so - but what good is the story?  
No hope came with the glory. No line outside my door -  
Five cents advice and more. Five cents advice...

*Deliver me from fools and holiness and Hollywood  
A mouth full of soap might do a world of good  
Oh, the things I've said that no one ever should  
Deliver me from all this victory, all this victory*

## IV. By Any Other Name

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### 10. A HUNDRED YEARS MORE

There are things I'd do that I never did  
With a hundred years more  
And my worries gone -and my worries gone  
In a great big boat - with a steamer trunk - sail the world

There are books I'd write that I've thought aloud  
With a hundred years more  
And a fountain pen - and a fountain pen  
And my worries gone - all my worries gone, write 'em down

I try not to think on it, way time is moving on  
'Cause when the cows come home it'll still be gone  
It'll still be gone

There are girls I missed that I woulda kissed  
With a hundred years more  
And a garden of roses - and a garden of roses  
For the girls I'd kissed - if I could

The crows on the wire - they disagree  
They all laugh at me - Laugh at me - Laugh at me  
Calling fool, fool, fool

Always something new making yesterday  
Like a hundred years gone  
Something gone away, gone away - something I want back  
My cherry blossom days and sultry nights - my cherry wine nights

Someone said to me life is never fair  
And a hundred years more  
Wouldn't change a thing - Love's a funny thing  
Drags you by the hair in the end - scratched up and restless

And a hundred years from what I can see  
Fast and furious - it'd fly like Mercury ... fly like Mercury

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## 11. SO GOES THE NIGHT

On a bicycle built for two bent like spoons in the bed  
Pedaling through - they do what they do  
She looks suspicious of his wishes while the bicycle man  
Looks down at the road wondering if she knows

The couple veer right - So goes the night  
So go the roses that she was expecting

*We stroll on, my darling, we stroll on  
And hold tight - So goes the night*

Past the man dancing on the saddle  
The magnificent horse with the silver bridle and half-crazy eyes  
With a garland of yellow roses twining round the mad horse  
As she gallops below him, her eye on the prize

The gait isn't right - So goes the night  
Down goes the dancer, tumbling, tumbling

*We stroll on, my darling, we stroll on  
And hold tight - So goes the night*

There in the park with the silhouette spiders  
That fiddle like poets in fine silver lines  
You're whistling something and nothing is finer  
Than strolling and whistling ... here, you are mine

Out past the embankment the city is drowning in light  
So goes the night

*We stroll on, my darling, we stroll on...*

The puppeteer in the arboretum  
Yellow roses appear, but will she  
See them with black button eyes?

*We stroll on, my darling, we stroll on  
We stroll on, my darling, we stroll on  
We stroll on, my darling, we stroll on  
Hold on tight  
So goes the night.*

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## 12. SMALL THINGS

Keep me company in my dreaming  
Call me up, tell me what you're thinking  
I get the minutes and you keep the hours  
But from the backroads, tell me, how are you doing?

I know sometimes, I drink you in sometimes  
I drink you in like blue jars of rain  
I keep a small light on, just to see your face  
And in your quiet commitments, I tell you that  
You walk the same roads as me

*But in the small light, with the small gods  
Around the corner from here, I love you, my dear  
I want everything for you and it's enough for me  
Just to look at you when you are looking back at me*

I got a postcard from a roadside stand  
Roses were stacked on a crate, one by one  
And I can't remember what I used to be before now  
Well, I know sometimes, but I forget sometimes

*But in the small light, with the small gods  
Around the corner from here, I love you, my dear  
I want everything for you and it's enough for me  
Just to look at you when you are looking back...*

I rock the cradle by a wishing well  
I pray for small things, for some small grace  
I got my telescope from the back seat  
I watched Jupiter and Europa meet

And at the angle, he kissed her  
In the small space between her fingers  
And in the small light, it was forever  
And he was beautiful like you are beautiful

*And in the small light, the grace of small gods  
And if ever you hear, I love you, my dear  
I want everything for you and it's enough for me  
Just to look at you when you are looking back ... at me*

## V. Darwin Songhouse - Bonus Suite

### 13. FROM MISS EMMA BRAWLEY

Dear Mr. Darwin, I read a letter  
Says I'm no better than a monkey in a dress  
I beg to differ, that's not how it is, sir  
Surely your wife would not agree  
Surely your wife knows what is best

Oh, the good book, sir, here on my dresser  
In black and white, sir, it's there for anyone to see  
It took six days and nights to make the world just right  
And I can tell you there's no man  
Who'll make a monkey outta me

*A monkey's uncle lives in the circus  
Swings on a tent pole and works for peanuts  
Has never read a book, don't know an A from B  
And sir, there's not a man who'll make a monkey outta me -  
No monkey outta me*

No, not my brother when I was younger  
He tried to tell me there were monsters underneath the bed  
Think I'm a fool, son? While you have your fun  
I'm gonna sleep just like a baby 'cause it's all inside your head

*A monkey's uncle lives in the circus  
Swings on a tent pole and works for peanuts  
Has never read a book, don't know an A from B  
And, sir, there's not a man who'll make a monkey outta me*

And not the salesman when he came knockin'  
He tried to tell me he could sell me if I'd let him in  
Foot in the door, sir, I 'bout broke it good, sir  
'Cause any fool can spot the devil when he's peddlin' tin

And not my old man - he asked for my hand  
Then got him a girlfriend like Mr. Fancy Free  
I threw him out, sir - Oh, he could have her  
'Cause like I tell you there's no man  
Who'll make a monkey outta me

So, Mr. Darwin, you might be a smart man  
Oh, but the Lord, sir, will set you straight and true  
I hate to curse, sir - but what is worse, sir  
Is that the road to hell has surely made a monkey outta you

*And I am here today, same as I'll always be  
And sir, there's not a man who'll make a monkey outta me  
No monkey outta me*

### 14. CLOCK OF THE WORLD

I am pondering the citizenry of the place I live  
Privilege and advantage, but a willingness to give  
These droves and droves of immigrants came teeming 'cross the plains  
The cavalry behind them, and we are what remains

And if you've got a dollar, someone'll give you something for it  
But a little more'll get you something nicer, I'm sure of it  
Maybe a watch that's made in China from the trunk of someone's car  
Or a lifesize cardboard cutout of a famous movie star

*Somewhere bells are ringing, somewhere someone's marrying  
Or a casket someone's carrying - A crowd somewhere is gathering  
Somewhere a bell is marking what is passing and sublime  
Like the clock of the world keeping perfect holy time*

Ravenous and beautiful, it's all beyond me, I admit  
I can buy it if I want it, but I don't need so much of it  
And the price will need repaying, don't know how it will be met  
But bells go on ringing, grace may find us yet

Or will the angels stumble weary, tired of tasks they've been assigned?  
Chimes ringing resoundly, while they hold the firing lines  
With great imagination we call these creatures from the air  
And as easily convince ourselves that they were never there

*Somewhere bells are ringing, somewhere someone's marrying  
Or a casket someone's carrying - A crowd somewhere is gathering  
Somewhere a bell is marking what is passing and sublime  
Like the clock of the world keeping perfect holy time*

I am listening for a church bell and I know somewhere it rings  
Reading Darwin by the window, in the order of natural things  
And there is grandeur in his viewpoint - these evolutionary strains  
Still nothing's quiet on the Eastern front  
So the cavalry remains. Always the cavalry remains

And if you've got a dollar, someone'll give you something for it  
But a little more'll get you something nicer, I'm sure of it  
Here's a painting of a woman, maybe all the way from Rome  
Look how sad and pretty, she's so far away from home

*Somewhere bells are ringing, somewhere someone's marrying  
Or a casket someone's carrying - A crowd somewhere is gathering  
Somewhere a bell is marking what is passing and sublime  
Like the clock of the world keeping perfect holy time*

### 15. EMMA'S LULLABY

Charles, the light is soft tonight  
I heard you shuffling 'cross the floor  
You worry so, of all you know  
The world beyond the bedroom door

Is far away - oh, leave it there  
Come to bed and dream  
Of shiny stones and sparrow bones  
And Annie by the stream

Of Annie in her summer dress  
While I was tending all the rest  
You held her hand and walked the land  
We could not love you more than then

Oh, sleep and dream and in between  
The moon and the daybreak, lie with me  
My treasure prime, there will be time  
Tomorrow, oh, the things you'll see ...