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No Animals Were Harmed in the Making of This Book
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HOW WE PROSPER

Songs from the Book of Strawfoot







Large-Country pioneers Strawfoot bring
a dark sound of candy-coated salvation
and hellfire damnation to the stage,
weaving a dark tapestry
of haunting, cautionary tales.

Songs of outlaw scarecrows, wayward preachers,
falling pianos, and the devil
paint a dark and menacing landscape,
creating an original sound
steeped in the rich, dark history
of America and beyond.













ACHILLES' HEEL

LYRICS BY M. EDER, MUSIC BY B. BAUER

OH MY DARLIN' SWEET SALLY LYNN
DELIVER ME TO EVIL WITH THAT SWEET SALLY GRIN.
LEAD ME IN TEMPTATION, WHILE I TRY TO FIND MY PLACE
DROP YOUR INVITATION, WHILE I CONTEMPLATE DISGRACE

WELL COME ON IN, COME ON IN...COME ON IN

I CAN TELL BY THE WAY YOU MOVE, CLEAR AS HOMEMADE GIN
YER MOUTH IS FULL OF HORNETS, AND YER BODY'S BUILT FER SIN
STANDIN AT THE CROSSROADS, TRYIN TO KEEP MY SOUL
BITE YER LIP AND SMILE AT ME AND I'LL FIGHT MY SELF CONTROL

WELL COME ON IN, COME ON IN...COME ON IN

SEND ME TO THE MOUNTAIN TOP, AND TO THE MUDDY BANKS
THEN SEND ME STRAIGHT TO HELL, AND WATCH ME GIVE YOU THANKS
YOU PUT THESE TOMBSTONES IN MY EYES, THE NIGHT WE MADE OUR DEAL
THEN THREW ME TO THE LION'S DEN, MY SWEET ACHILLES HEAL

WELL COME ON IN, COME ON IN...COME ON IN

OH MY DARLIN' WHAT'S YER APPEAL
WHY'D YOU STIR THESE DEMONS IN THOUGHTS I CAN'T CONCEAL
TEMPT ME WITH THAT SMILE, THEN LOOK THE OTHER WAY
YOU KNOW I'LL KEEP ON CHASING YOU EACH AND EVERY DAY

WELL COME ON IN, COME ON IN...COME ON IN

ACHILLES' HEEL YOU GOT ME CALLING OUT YER NAME
IS THIS YOUR LIABILITY OR SHOULD I TAKE THE BLAME
LEAD ME IN TEMPTATION I'LL FOLLOW YOU TO HELL
YOU'VE GIVEN ME A DRINKT NOW I'M TAKING FROM YER WELL

WELL COME ON IN, COME ON IN...COME ON IN

Cursed Neck

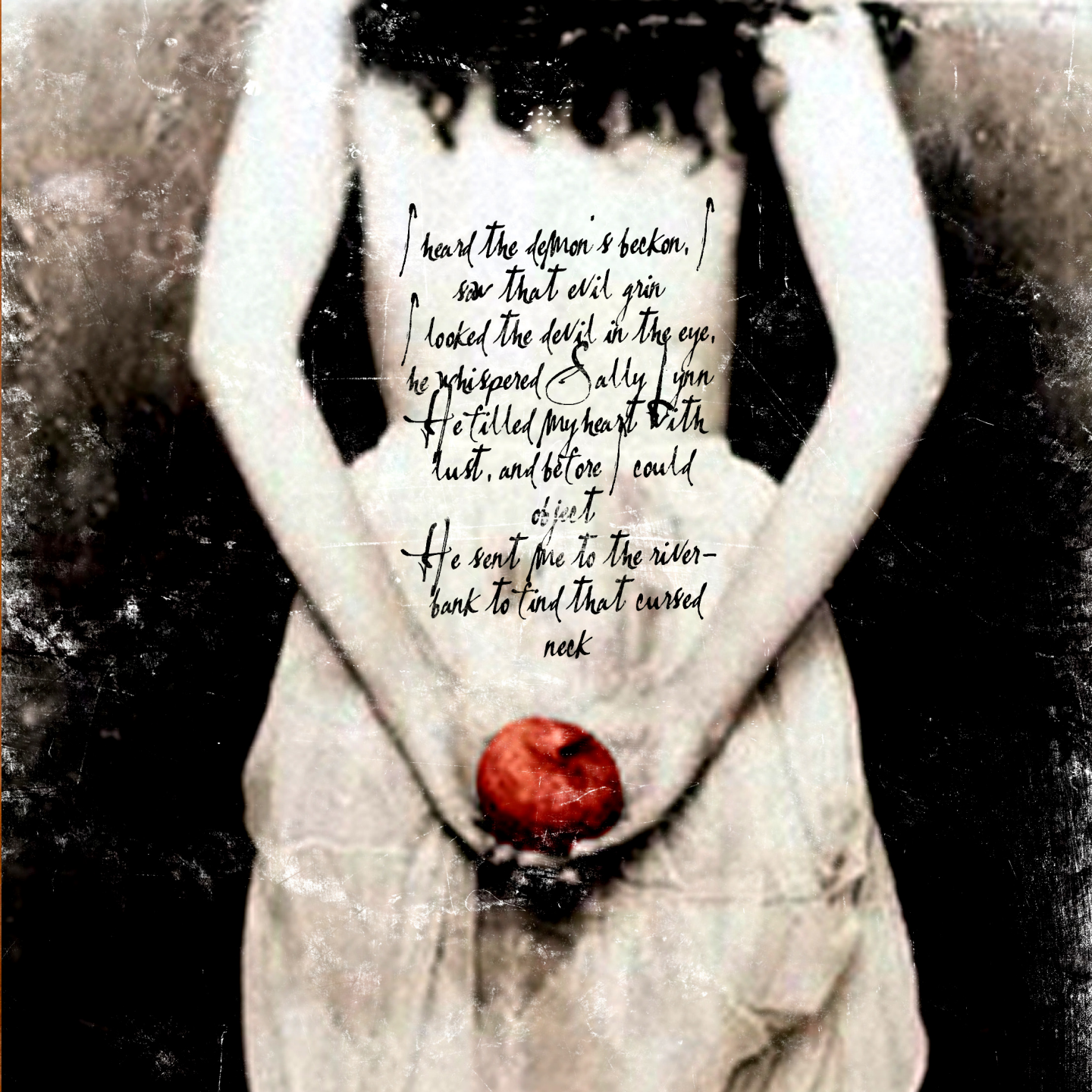
LYRICS & MUSIC BY M. EDER

I used to be a preacher, I walked the higher ground
Tire was my sermon, and brimstone was abound
My congregation feared me, as they feared the lord himself
I was a man of power and I was a man of wealth
but I had a weakness, I broke a deadly sin
the 5th of seven big ones, and her name was Sally Lynn
Ole Sally had a husband, an influential man
He loved him for his money, and Sally had a plan
I swear I was a christian, I swear I lived the word
till Sally Lynn came calling, then truth became absurd
Sally said she loved me in ways I'd never know
but first she needed help, her husband had to go



I didn't want to do it, I knew it wasn't right
but Sally was convincing as she held me through the night
I woke up in the morning, troubled from the start
I went out searching for him, with murder in my heart
I found him by the river, where I'd baptised him before
I grabbed him by his cursed neck, then let him by the shore
ran back home to Sally, to prove the deed was done
But she was with another man, and this man had a gun

Ole Sally called the sheriff, right after I had gone
she played a dirty game, she used me as her pawn
I didn't get a trial, or a moment to reflect
they took me to the cypress tree and cursed my bloody neck

A person is shown from the chest up, wearing a white, draped garment that leaves their arms and back exposed. Their arms are raised, and they are holding a single, bright red apple behind their back, positioned at the base of their spine. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or a backdrop. The overall mood is mysterious and evocative.

I heard the demon's beckon,
saw that evil grin
I looked the devil in the eye,
he whispered Sally Lynn
He filled my heart with
lust, and before I could
object
He sent me to the river-
bank to find that cursed
neck

One sin happens all the time a common trait in man
Five sins in a lifetime the lord could understand
Ten sins and yer troubled the first stone has been cast
Yer straight and narrow's bendin' and it might not be
your last

No man is truly righteous no man's without his faults
Most sins are forgiven others write the music to the
strawfoot waltz

Fifteen and yer lost twenty is a chore
Thirty needs confessin and forty starts a war
Each sin on its own is a forgivable offense
When adam bit the apple he created our defense

Fifty sins yer headed down a dark and lonely path
Sixty and yer begging for a taste of the lord's wrath
Eighty sins yer fallin ninety and you fell
One hundred sins might find you at the very gates of
hell

Strawfoot Waltz

LYRICS & MUSIC BY M. EDER





lyrics by m. eder, music by s. simmons

the Lord's Wrath

I once could see but, now I'm blind
I crossed the Jordan and he left me behind
I should have never left that righteous path
Now I'm left up on the cross facing the Lord's wrath

I cast out demons, and I prayed for souls
I was a servant, till I lost control
Cast from the garden I lost that righteous path
Now I'm left out in the field a slave to the Lord's wrath

They cursed my neck on the cypress tree
Cast out in the fields but I shall be free
Magpie sermons this prison cannot last
Bended knee won't save yer soul when yer facing the Lord's
wrath

I'll break that cross and that crown of thorns
Don't need no choirs or no blowin' horns
Keep those crows because, I've done the math
I'll take my burden to the road the Lord can keep his wrath



DAMNATION WAY

LYRICS & MUSIC BY M. EDER

THE LORD, HE SHUNNED ME , THIS ANGEL FELL
DOESN'T WANT ME IN HEAVEN, WON'T SEND ME TO HELL
DID HE THINK I'D STAY HERE, WELL I'M GONNA BE BLUNT
HE CAN HAVE HIS ETERNITY CAUSE THAT DOG WON'T HUNT

MY PRAYERS WON'T BE ANSWERED, SALVATION IS GONE
LEFT IN THE DARKNESS, THERE WON'T BE NO DAWN

THE WICKED MAN GETS A WICKED WRATH
THE SINNERS ALWAYS PAY
LEFT TO WALK THAT WICKED PATH CALLED DAMNATION WAY

LORD DON'T BE SURPRISED, WHAT DID YOU THINK?
YOU LEAD ME TO WATER, NOW WATCH ME TAKE A DRINK
THERE AIN'T NOTHING STOPPING ME, I'VE BEEN DAMNED BEFORE
LAST TIME FER JUST ONE SIN, NOW YOU'LL SEE A WHOLE LOT MORE

YOU MADE ME WHAT I AM, YOU FILLED ME WITH HAY
YOU PUT ME ON THIS DUSTY ROAD, CALLED DAMNATION WAY

I WEAR THAT

Cloth

BUT MY HEART'S AS BLACK AS COAL

A SCARECROW ON THE CROSS, I'M PREACHIN TO THE CROWS

HUMBL'D BY THE LORD

I'M A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL

REDEMPTION HAS A PRICE
AND MY

Cloth

IS FULL OF HOLES

lyrics & music by m. eder

**I AM A MAN OF CLOTH
BUT NOT WITHOUT MY SIN
I VE HEARD THE DEVIL S KNOCK
I ALWAYS LET HIM IN**

**TEMPTATION IS MY LEFT HAND
SALVATION IS MY RIGHT
I WANDER IN THE DARKNESS
BUT I ALWAYS BRING THE LIGHT**

**THOUGH I PREACH THE WORD
I WAS BAPTIZED IN THE WELL
I COULD SAVE YER WRETCHED SOULS
OR SEND THEM STRAIGHT TO HELL**

**A DIRT ROAD IS MY PATH
MY COLLARS STAINED WITH BLOOD
I'M CHASING AFTER LOCUSTS
AND I'M WAITING FOR THE FLOOD**

**I'VE COME TO TESTIFY
A WAR'S BEEN WAGED WITHIN
AND IF I WERE A BETTING MAN
I'D BET THAT DEVIL WINS**

**I'VE WRESTLED WITH MY CONSCIENCE
I WRESTLED WITH MY SOUL
AND NOW I FIGHT THE DEVIL
AND THE DEVIL S GOT CONTROL**

**MY SOUL IT'S BURNIN
THOUGH I'M COLD AND IN THE GRAVE
I GUESS THE LORD DECIDED THAT
I WASN'T WORTH THE SAVE**

**I TRAVEL IN THE SHADOWS
I WALK AMONGST THE DEAD
THE OUTLAW IS UPON ME
BUT MY GOSPEL HAS BEEN READ**



FIDDLE AND JUG


MUSIC & LYRICS BY M. R. R.

WISH I HAD SOME BREAD TO FEED ME FER A DAY
I WISH I HAD A JUG I'D DRINK MY SINS AWAY
WISH I HAD A FIDDLE, FOR ON IT I WOULD PLAY
I WOULD PLAY UNTIL THE LORD TAKES ME AWAY

FIDDLE AND JUG SAVE MY SOUL FER JUST ANOTHER DAY
THE DEVIL TOOK CONTROL HE'S LEADING ME ASTRAY
FIDDLE AND JUG SAVE MY SOUL AND PULL ME FROM DECAY
FIDDLE AND JUG WON'T YOU WASH MY SINS AWAY

WISH I HAD A HOME A PLACE WHERE I COULD STAY
I WISH I HAD A GRAVE TO LET MY BODY LAY
WISH I HAD A BIBLE FROM IT'S PAGES I WOULD PRAY
I WOULD PRAY UNTIL THE LORD TAKES ME AWAY

WISH I HAD A CONSCIENCE A VOICE I COULD OBEY
WISH I HAD A HEART BUT MY CHEST IS FULL OF HAY
WISH I HAD A FIDDLE FOR ON IT I WOULD PLAY
I WOULD PLAY UNTIL THE LORD TAKES ME AWAY



WELL THE SKY, IT'S A FALLING,
AND I AIN'T GOT NO UMBRELLA
I'M STANDING IN THE PUDDLES
AND AIN'T IT A SHAME

DARK CLOUDS, THEY'VE BEEN A HOVERIN'
FOUR SCORE AND TWENTY YEARS
IT CAN DRIVE A MAN TO DRINKING,
IT CAN DRIVE A MAN TO TEARS

I MAY NEVER FEEL THIS WAY AGAIN
I MAY STUMBLE EVERY NOW AND
THEN

WELL THE RUG, IT'S BEEN A PULLED UP
RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET
LIKE A FALLING PIANO

LIKE A SLAP ACROSS THE CHEEK

LIKE A FIRE EXTINGUISHED
OR A TORCH GONE OUT
THE LIGHT MIGHT HAVE LEFT ME

BUT THERE'S SMOKE ABOUT

I MAY NEVER SEE YOU SMILE AGAIN
I MAY NEVER HEAR YOU LAUGH MY FRIEND
THEN AGAIN

WELL THE STAKES ALL GOT PULLED UP
THE CIRCUS MOVED ALONG
THE GROUNDS ARE SILENT

BUT I STILL HEAR THEIR SONG

LIKE A TERM IN OFFICE
LIKE A CROOKED LINE
NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

NOT EVEN TIME

I MAY NEVER FEEL THIS WAY AGAIN
I MAY STUMBLE EVERY NOW AND
THEN





**YOU GRAB THE BOTTLE
I'LL HOLD THE GLASS
WE TOAST THE FUTURE
AND FORGET THE PAST**

**YOU GOT AN ITCH
I LOST MY COOL
YOU RAN YER MOUTH
I BROKE THE GOLDEN RULE**

**HOW QUICKLY MADNESS
CALLED MY NAME
AS THE WINE FELL TO THE FLOOR**

**YOUR DARKEST SECRETS
QUICKLY CAME
SPILLING OUT WITH EVERY POUR**

**BLAME THE BOTTLE
BLAME THE SMOKE
ROLL IT UP AND SET
IT FREE**

**ACCUSE THE WORLD
CRACK A JOKE
NOONE'S LISTENING
BUT ME**



SO WE RAISE A GLASS
AS WE TUMBLE TO THE FLOOR
YOU CAN STAGGER ON YOUR
THOUGHTS AS I STUMBLE
TO THE DOOR
POINT A BONEY FINGER OR
SHAKE A FIST AT ME
YOU CAN TRY
TO PASS THE BLAME
BUT YOU NEED AN EFFIGY

YOU HATE THE WORLD
AND FIND THE FLAWS
YOU CHEW IT UP
AND WASH IT DOWN
ARE YOU THE VICTIM
OR THE CAUSE
ARE YOU LOST
OR ARE YOU FOUND

WE SHAKE OUR FISTS
~~AND~~ CAST THE BLAME
WE PICK OUR SIDES AND
WATCH THE FLOOD

WE TRY TO CHANGE
IT'S STILL THE SAME
WE END UP TRUDGING
THROUGH THE MUD





















BROKEN CROWN

LYRICS BY M. RÖDER

MUSIC BY B. BAUER

COTTON MOUTH IN ANOTHER TOWN, I DRANK THE RIVER DRY
TRAVELING WITH A BROKEN CROWN, A DEMON PASSING BY
I WATCHED THE BLACKBIRDS TAKING FLIGHT, ASHES IN THE WIND
I LOST THEM IN THE DARKENED NIGHT AND FELT MY SPIRIT BEND

I'D SCREAM RIGHT UP TO HEAVEN, IF I THOUGHT IT'D DO ME GOOD
I'D WASH MY HANDS OF SIN IF I REALLY THOUGHT I COULD
I'D SPEAK MY MIND RIGHT NOW, IF I HAD HALF A MIND TO GIVE
I'D LAY RIGHT DOWN AND DIE IF I HAD EVER REALLY LIVED

I WENT AND KILLED A MAN TODAY, I WATCHED HIM DISAPPEAR
A BROKEN HAND SENT HIM AWAY, HE WAS STANDING IN THE MIRROR
WAS I BORN A WICKED MAN, BROKEN FROM THE START
AM I MADE OF RUSTY TIN, DID THE LORD FORGET MY HEART

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW'S TWISTED, BUT THE FACT IT STILL REMAINS
THE LINE I WALK IS CROOKED, BUT I WALK IT JUST THE SAME
I'D TRY TO PART YOUR WATERS, IF I DIDN'T THINK I'D DROWN
AND I'D FINALLY TAKE A STAND IF I WASN'T LAYING DOWN

the invisible man he lost his soul
went hand in hand with his self control
he walked the earth just like a ghost
a lonely spirit without a host

so he cried aloud and shook his chains
and punched a wall, and felt the pain
he bowed his head and folded his hands
and prayed to god he d understand

he said goodbye to the man he was
did all the things the dying does
then he looked real close into a mirror
and wondered how he got to here

he didn t see his face stare back
the cheeks were hollow, the eyes were black
a stranger s glare was all he found
reflection gone, his spirit bound

so he screamed again with all his might
loud enough to cause a fright
he felt a fool, he felt absurd
but the invisible man was finally heard

invisible man

lyrics by m.eder, music by s.simmons



INDEPENDENCE DAY

LYRICS & MUSIC BY B.BAUER

Wake up girl -this is your founding father
Listen close to what I have to say
Get off that ass, raise a glass to your daddy
Celebrate your Independence Day

You're so keen to keep so clean and pious
But your bleeding heart makes such a filthy
mess

I staked our claim, gave us name and purpose
Now run and pursue your happiness

NO YOU CAN'T BE BOTHERED
BUT YOU'LL BITCH AND YOU'LL CRY
GIRL, DON'T DISOWN YOUR FATHER
ON THE FOURTH OF JULY



Quick to blame, you'd best be careful
Or the crooked get mistaken for the crook
It's all the same -we're all ashamed of our
children

Who can't read between the lies of their
textbook

"This whole world, it must bear witness
To a revolution every now and then"
(Abraham Lincoln)

We clutched our quills to scribe the bills of
this great nation
Now show me you can hold a fucking pen.

BUT OH HOW WE PROSPERED
THE OTHERS -THEY DIED
IT'S NOT FAIR NOR PROPER
BUT OH HOW WE TRIED.





THE CHURCHYARD COUGH

LYRICS & MUSIC BY M. EDER

O COME AND SIT BESIDE ME
I'LL SHARE A DREADFUL TALE
OF SICKLY TWISTED METAPHOR
AND MOONLIGHT FALLING PALE

A MORBID SENSE OF TRAGEDY
A FATE LEFT SO SEVERE
OF FIRES BURNING DAY AND NIGHT
OF BUZZARDS CIRCLING NEAR

SWING AROUND THE ROSEY
KEEP A BLOSSOM IN THE AIR
DANCE THE DEVIL'S PROMENADE
AND SAY A FINAL PRAYER

RAISE A GLASS TO HEAVEN
AND SAY YOU KNEW ME WELL
THEN TAKE ANOTHER DRINK
AND SAY ONE LAST FAREWELL

TIME IS INCONSISTENT
WHEN YOU'RE WAITING FOR THE END
LIKE WRITING SCARLET LETTERS
YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER SEND

TOO LATE TO FLEE, TO LATE TO PRAY,
THE DEVIL'S DRAWING NEAR
A TELLTALE SIGN SO OBVIOUS
FOR EVERYONE TO HEAR

A CAVEAT SO OMINOUS
IT COMES AS NO SURPRISE
A CHURCHYARD COUGH FORESHADOWS
A SONG WITH NO REPRISE

BLACK LUNGS, BLACK EYES,
THE BANSHEE WAILS
TO EVERYONE IN TOWN
BLACK CLOUDS, BLACK DEATH
OUTSIDE OUR DOORS
WE ALL FALL DOWN

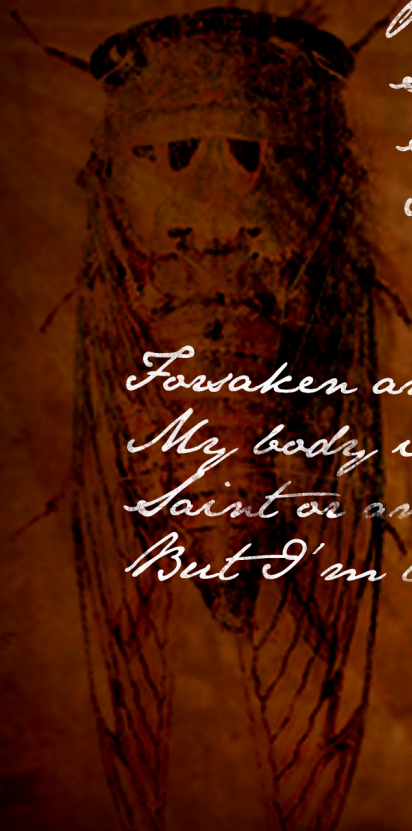


the Sinner's Lament

Walking all my sins away,
Chased by Demons in my head
Country mile at my heels
But no further from the edge

Pavement river calls my name
So I wander out the door
Sinner's mask, an outlaw grin
And a thirst for something more

Forsaken and Taken, my mind is at bay
My body is twisted and bent
Saint or an outlaw, I just couldn't say
But I'm left with a sinner's lament



Rest-stop weary, tired eyes
I face the local store
Where I've been and where I'm from
All burdens I must bear

The devil started as an angel,
The saint was once a rogue
Neither one is on my side
As footsteps meet the road

Beneath the rim I travel deep
And look into the face
Broken vows of consequence
Whisper sweet disgrace

Empty skies and darkened road,
I feel the cold wind's bite
Thinking bout those days of old
I scream into the night

Funeral March

Crooked man with a crooked nose
Crooked neck and a funeral rose

Darkest now before the light of dawn
He's marching on

His praying hands they've been stained with blood
A broken man, baptized in the mud
His torquer, sett is all but dead and gone
He's marching on

Good riddance darling, you're in the clear
you watched me dying, never shed no tear
I used to be a man till lines were drawn
I'm marching on

I tried to pray but I lost the words
voice trailed off like a flock of birds

I took my sins to the riverbank
cast them out and they finally sank

I tried to cry, but couldn't find the tears
tried to run, but I've lost my fear

I gave you everything till everything was gone

I'm marching on

Lyrics by M. Eder, Music by S. Symons



(GONNA DIG ME A) HOLE

LYRICS BY M. EDER, MUSIC BY B. BAUER

YOU AIN'T FROM AROUND THESE PARTS, NO YOU AIN'T FROM THIS TOWN
YOU'RE READY TO ASCEND THE THRONE, AND WEAR THAT THORNY CROWN
WELL I'M HERE TO TESTIFY AND YOU WON'T LIKE WHAT YOU HEAR
BUT IF YOU KEEP THAT MOUTH A RUNNIN' YER GONNA DISAPPEAR

GONNA DIG ME A HOLE, GONNA GRAB MY RUSTY SHOVEL, AND LOSE MY SELF CONTROL
GONNA DIG ME A HOLE, GONNA PUT YOU IN THE GROUND, AND STEAL YER WRETCHED SOUL

WELL I'VE HEARD THE CALL AND SEEN THE LIGHT, THE TRUTH IS PLAIN TO SEE
I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THE SLINGS AN ARROWS YOU'VE GOT AIMED AT ME
THE CRACKS ARE GETTING BIGGER THE FLOOD IT'S COMING FAST
SO PICK AND CHOOSE YER WORDS, CAUSE THEY JUST MIGHT BE YER LAST

GONNA DIG ME A HOLE, GONNA GRAB MY RUSTY SHOVEL, AND LOSE MY SELF CONTROL
GONNA DIG ME A HOLE, GONNA PUT YOU IN THE GROUND, AND STEAL YER WRETCHED SOUL

YOU THINK YOUR WORDS ARE FINAL, THAT YOU SPEAK THE GOSPEL TRUTH
BUT YOU SPEAK THEM WITH A FORKED TONGUE, A FANG LEFT FOR A TOOTH
AND THE VENOM THAT YOU SPIT, WELL IT DON'T GOT MUCH BITE LEFT
SO YOU BEST HOLD YER TONGUE, AND YOU BEST SAVE YER BREATH

GONNA DIG ME A HOLE, GONNA GRAB MY RUSTY SHOVEL, AND LOSE MY SELF CONTROL
GONNA DIG ME A HOLE, GONNA PUT YOU IN THE GROUND, AND STEAL YER WRETCHED SOUL



SEVEN AND A HALF

stories and music by m.eden

Whiskey in the morning scotch the night before
my back is full of catnet butts
from some angels on the floor

A woman called me charming when I said I wouldn't bite
Then she licked at me and with a grin
she told me she just might

Pride, envy, gluttony
I'm begging for my soul, and begging on my knee
 Lust and rage, sloth and greed
Those seven deadly sins are the only ones I need

A vain old scoundrel, all day long
 Always needing more
 Always looking for easy street
 because work is such a chore

I met a man in Arkansas he lived the royal life
 So I robbed him of his fortune Then I stole his lovely wife

Seven years in seven days, An awful mess I'm in
 A checklist straight to hell, And I'll do it all again

Seven rules to disobey
 My soul has done more than
 Heaven knows I'm chasing those
 Seven deadly sins

SOUTH OF HEAVEN



WORTHLESS SINNER, WRETCHED MAN
I BLAME THE LORD FOR WHAT I AM
AND I'M CHASING AFTER HEAVEN
CAUSE I KNOW THY WILL BE DAMNED

I'VE BEEN DOWN THAT DUSTY HIGHWAY
AND I'M A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HOME
BUT REDEMPTION'S RIGHT BEFORE ME
FOR MY CHURCH IS WHERE I ROAM

I HAVE CLIMBED THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN
AND I'VE CRIED OUT TO THE NIGHT
NOW MY LUNGS ARE COLD AND WEARY
AND I'M STILL WAITING FOR THE LIGHT

WELL MY CUP IT RUNNETH OVER
SO I'LL DRINK UNTIL IT'S DRY
AND I'LL SING UP TO THE DARKNESS
RAISE MY HANDS UP TO THE SKY

WORTHLESS SINNER, WRETCHED MAN
BETTER PRAY WHILE I STILL CAN
IF THE LORD WILL ALLOW ME
I'LL BOW MY HEAD AND FOLD MY HANDS

I'M GOING
SOUTH OF HEAVEN
DOWN BELOW,
THE DEVIL WAITS
BUT SALVATION
WAS MADE FOR SINNERS
AND I'M GOING TO STORM
THOSE PEARLY GATES



LYRICS AND MUSIC BY M. EDER



the Congregation



the Reverend Uncle Marc
vocals, mandolin

Brother Steve-O
electric/slide guitar

Brother Brian
banjo, backing vocals

Brother Wes
upright bass

Sister Jen
violin

Brother Mississippi Nate
harmonica

Brother John
percussions





Bibliography & Credits



Achilles Heel, (pgs. 10-11) Chasing Locusts, Lyrics by Marcus Eder, Music by Brian Bauer, Arranged by Strawfoot
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