

A photograph of a stone column on a balcony overlooking a green landscape with mountains in the background. The column is the central focus, extending from the bottom of the frame to the top. The balcony has a stone railing. The background shows a lush green field, a dense line of trees, and rolling mountains under a clear sky. The text is overlaid on the image in a serif font.

ROBIN & LINDA WILLIAMS

BUENA VISTA

GOING, GOING GONE

Robin and Linda Williams, Jerome Clark

I guess I'm just a restless soul, a tumbling tumbleweed that rolls
Blowing across the desert sand, down the road across the land
Going, Going, Going Gone

Mama says that she don't know how I got this urge to go
All I know is how I feel when I get behind the wheel
Going, Going, Going Gone

I'm just a feather in the wind all ragged edges and loose ends
Just a dream you can't recall, goodbye says it all

It's an itch I've got to scratch, it's a train I've got to catch
To the west and on beyond, chasing down the setting sun
Going, Going, Going Gone

Nothing hangs around forever, take the changing of the weather
Like the rain, like the snow, like the night I come and go
Going, Going, Going Gone

Any friend of mine you meet can tell why I had to leave
It's the breeze it just blows, it's the day the way it goes
Going, Going, Going Gone

When I pass a church house door I breathe a prayer one time more
I don't know that I belong, but I still sing love's sweet old songs

If I'm not among the blessed, then I'll be like all the rest
Getting by day to day moving down the lost highway
Going, Going, Going Gone

I guess I'm just a restless soul, a tumbling tumbleweed that rolls
Blowing cross the desert sand, down the road across the land
Going, Going, Going Gone

**Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocal, guitar; Linda Williams – vocal, banjo;
Tim O'Brien – electric guitar; Dennis Crouch – bass; Kenny Malone – drum kit; John Jarvis – piano**

TIED DOWN, HOME FREE

Robin and Linda Williams

We got caught up in a fever so we took
the great big chance
On shackles made of love and chains
made of romance
It wasn't long before we got to feeling
And started getting used to being
Tied Down and Home Free

Putting in the years trying to keep the
struggle and strife
From turning the damper down on the
spark of life
We get hit by stormy weather
But we make it through together
Tied Down and Home Free

CHORUS:

Tied Down and Home Free
You can be you, I can be me
There's no place I'd rather be
Than here with your hand on my knee
Tied Down and Home Free

Baby what it comes down to in the
very end
Is finding and holding on to your best
friend
And learning to hedge your bets
So through thick or thin you've got no
regrets
Tied Down and Home Free

CHORUS:

It's turning out real good
Just like we hoped it would
Tied Down and Home Free

Yesterday is history
Tomorrow is still a mystery
Tied Down and Home Free

Thirty years as husband and wife
It's twelve of the best years of my life
Tied Down and Home Free

Tied Down, Home Free – (Robin and Linda Williams) – Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocal, guitar; Linda Williams – vocal, banjo; Tim O'Brien – finger-picked guitar; Dennis Crouch – bass; Kenny Malone - percussion; Jerry Douglas – dobro

BUENA VISTA

Robin and Linda Williams

Hey old friend I heard you hit hard times
Broken home, broken bones, drinking yourself blind
Katie is a lady I'm sure she'd never wish ya
To end up on your last leg down In Buena Vista
You've been cool and collected keeping Carlene on the side
It all goes undetected and the years go rolling by
You never thought that Katie could get so fed up with ya
She'd leave you shaking and forsaken down in Buena Vista

You're talking on the phone It's just you and Carlene
But you're liquor slow old Romeo you don't turn off the phone machine
Now you can't erase the tape your own mouth up and bit ya
Katie got the message now you're down in Buena Vista
On the street all alone, I know how you feel?
With no one but Elijah Craig to help you keep things real
So you beat a path to Rockbridge Baths 'cause blood kin won't quit ya
Or try to dry you out like they do in Buena Vista

It's a long walk from your front porch to the Maury River's edge
But it's longer when you're drunk and hauling back a broken leg
So here's to the sawbones who pinned you up and fixed ya
But you're out of action lying in traction down in Buena Vista
Hard ain't it hard dealing with the shakes?
Hard, ain't it hard confronting the mistakes?
It's hard to face tomorrow when the sorrow grips you
It's hard times, hard times down in Buena Vista

I'm coming down to see you, I'm heading out today
I'm gonna put in on the Maury and drift on down your way
Carlene's coming with me she can't help but miss ya
And I know where you're laid up down in Buena Vista
The sun is shining bright out on the waterway
And the sun's gonna shine on your back door someday
Just lean on that last leg until the sunshine hits ya
One day fine the sun's gonna shine down in Buena Vista

Buena Vista - (Robin and Linda Williams) – Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocal, guitar; Linda Williams – vocal, banjo; Tim O'Brien – mandolin; Dennis Crouch – bass; Kenny Malone – percussion; Jerry Douglas – dobro; Jeff Taylor - accordion

***MAYBELLE'S GUITAR AND
MONROE'S MANDOLIN***
Robin and Linda Williams

I saw silver-spangled cowboy hats and gold-plated Cadillacs
At The Country Music Hall of Fame
Stuff that once was Willy's, Hank's and Webb's and Kitty's
And all the stars we know by their first name
But the one display that took my breath away (was)

CHORUS:

Maybelle's guitar and Monroe's Mandolin
'Standing there together like they were next of kin
Loar Gibsons from the past side by side behind the glass
Maybelle's Guitar and Monroe's Mandolin

Bill found his in a barbershop and he knew from the first chop
He could make that F5 ring
Mrs. Carter's fingers came alive when she played that big L5
Her hand looked like a threshing machine
Built fine and true up in Kalamazoo

CHORUS:

Maybelle's guitar and Monroe's Mandolin
'Standing there together like they were next of kin
Loar Gibsons from the past side by side behind the glass
Maybelle's Guitar and Monroe's Mandolin

Clinch Mountain Girl and the Bluegrass Boy they sure made a lot of noise
With those old arch tops in their hands
Before the glamour and the glitz they were making hits
Way back when the story first began
Before the Nudie suits and the flashy cowboy boots (there was)

CHORUS:

Maybelle's guitar and Monroe's Mandolin
'Standing there together like they were next of kin
Loar Gibsons from the past side by side behind the glass
Maybelle's Guitar and Monroe's Mandolin

Maybelle's Guitar and Monroe's Mandolin - (Robin and Linda Williams)- – Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocals, guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, banjo; Tim O'Brien – low strung guitar, mandolin; Dennis Crouch – bass

THAT'S THE WAY LOVE GOES

LEFTY FRIZZEL

I've been throwing horseshoes over my left shoulder
I've spent most all my life searching for that four leaf clover
Yet you ran with me chasing my rainbows
Honey I love you too
That's The Way Love Goes

That's the way love goes babe that's the music God made
For all the world to sing it never gets old it grows and grows
Losing makes me sorry you say honey don't you worry
Honey I love you too
That's The Way Love Goes

That's The Way Love Goes

That's The Way Love Goes (Lefty Frizzell and Sanger Shafer) – APRS and Sony/ATV Acuff Rose Music, BMI – Robin Williams vocals; Linda Williams vocals; Tim O'Brien – guitar; Dennis Crouch20– bass; Kenny Malone – drum kit; Jerry Douglas – lap steel guitar; John Jarvis - piano

MY VISIONS OF MOTHER AND DAD

ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS

She's always a beauty, bright eyes and quick smile
Soft-spoken and shy in a crowd
Who can make anything on her sewing machine
And the money she saves makes her proud
He's brave and handsome with his uniform on
Like in his World War II photographs
You can tell he wants more than he'd had as a boy
In My Visions of Mother and Dad

I see him standing by his big Cadillac
Heading out on the road
Where he mastered the sell and he always did well
But the long, lonely miles took their toll
She's home alone in her slippers and robe
Putting love in the lunches she packed
She's always there doing more than her share
In My Visions of Mother and Dad

CHORUS:

In My Visions of Mother and Dad
I can see they gave me all that they had
I think of them now everyday without fail
But I don't see them old and I don't see them frail
Only the good times and never the bad
In My Visions of Mother and Dad

Sometimes they'd fight and I lie awake nights
Wishing they'd just get along
Through the bad and the better they stayed together
Neither one was all right or all wrong
But time does erase and fond memories replace
Those old, sad scenes from the past
Now all I see is their love for me
In My Visions of Mother and Dad

CHORUS:

Visions Of Mother And Dad – (Robin and Linda Williams) - Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocals, guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, guitar; Tim O'Brien – fiddle, bouzouki; Dennis Crouch – bass

I'M INVISIBLE MAN

ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS

I'm Invisible Man
You see me I'm not there
Unnoticed so no one cares
But I've got a driver's license from
Birmingham
I keep it to remind me who I am
Cause I'm Invisible Man

I'm Invisible Man
My box says this end up
It's where I sleep and keep my stuff
In a country of cardboard and cement
A shrine to the Great Embarrassment
I'm Invisible Man

I'm Invisible Man
I ain't lost I'm just misplaced
Just cause you can't see my face
You judge me for a life misspent
For being two pay checks shy of rent
I'm Invisible Man

I'm Invisible Man
I'm your sister; I'm your mother
I live in hiding, tucked under cover
I'll do anything for a ride in your car
For a little spare change, for a drink in a bar
I'm Invisible Man

I'm Invisible Man
You don't know me, you know who I'm not
I fought in Vietnam and Iraq
I don't sleep at night I can't stand my dreams
I've fallen into the vast unseen
I'm Invisible Man

I'm Invisible Man
I live in Tampa and LA
And every town along the way
From New York City to the San Francisco
Bay,
My home is Shanty Town, USA
I'm Invisible Man

I'm Invisible Man – (Robin and Linda Williams) - Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocals, lead guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, guitar; Tim O'Brien – bouzouki; Dennis Crouch – bass; Jerry Douglas – lap steel guitar; Ray Bonneville – harmonica

WHEN A THREAD GETS CAUGHT

ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS

He's a man of means a man of power
The constant man of the hour
He takes pride in getting his own way
'Cause the money's good and the clout is sweet
And there's nothing else that can compete
To sitting where the deals are made
But his swanky suits they do deceive
Cause there's something rotten up his sleeve

CHORUS:

There's a flaw in the fabric
There's a snag in the cloth
And it all unravels
When A Thread Gets Caught
Yeah, it all unravels When A Thread Gets Caught

He's pulled the wool over his own eyes
So he can't tell the truth from lies
He can't see how he can be at fault
So he spins some yarn out to the press
"It's just a little trouble with the I.R.S."
Something insignificant and small
No backdated stock option stumble
Is going to cause his whole empire to crumble

CHORUS:

Now the ball is rolling and he can't stop it
They find a big hole in his pocket
Another Wall Street Angel falls
Cause somewhere from way back
A needle in a haystack
Pricks the long arm of the law
Now it's hard for him to act so proud
'Cause the light is shining through the shroud

CHORUS:

When A Thread Gets Caught - (Robin and Linda Williams) – Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocals, guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, banjo; Tim O'Brien – vocals, low strung, flat-picked guitar; Dennis Crouch – bass; Kenny Malone - percussion;

PRETTY POLLY WILLIAMS

ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS

Pretty Polly Williams was born a poor girl
Cast all alone into this cruel world
But a kind old couple gave her a home
And loved her dearly like she was their own

Pretty Polly flowered with features so fine
An unmatched beauty in her prime
She caught the eye of a rich man's son
And seized Phillip Rogers' affections

Polly took Phillip deep in her heart
They swore to each other they never would
part
His father said, "Phillip I'll not allow
This marriage to Polly, go break your vow"

When Phillip said, "Meet me tonight by the
lake"
Polly felt her tender heart ache
She told the old couple, "I fear for my life"
Still she met Phillip Rogers that dreadful
night

The cold blooded coward knocked her in the
head
Held her underwater and killed her dead
Through valleys and mountains they
searched low and high
When the sheriff saw the body he cried

For he knew it was Polly when he saw her
dress
And he put Phillip Rogers under arrest
But his father's fortunes found justice for
sale
False-hearted Phillip never went to jail

The town held its anger, each woman and
man
As Phillip Rogers walked free through the
land
But fifty pent up, long years of rage
Rained down on his burying day

They said, "You won't sleep with the good
and the saved
But outside of town in an unmarked grave"
Guilty of an unrightable wrong
His name is forgotten except in this song

Her tombstone says for all who pass by
Here doth the bones of Polly Williams lie
Who was cut off in her youthful bloom
By a vile wretch her intended groom

Pretty Polly Williams (Robin and Linda Williams) – Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocals, guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, banjo; Tim O'Brien – fiddle; Dennis Crouch – bass

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS

I don't want to get out of bed
Think I'll hide under the covers instead
Cause we didn't settle things last night
Now we're both still mad and it's getting light
For Better or Worse that's what we said
Standing in the Church when we were wed
We didn't really understand those vows
But buddy we know what they mean now

CHORUS:

For Better or Worse, For Better or Worse
We slam doors, we shout and we curse
It's such a struggle to make things work
But we love each other For Better or Worse
We love each other For Better Or Worse

Last night we went round and round
Covering the same old ground
All riled up, blistering the air
Acting tough and getting nowhere
It's time to make things right
Or else keep having the same old fight
We can't stay stuck in a rut
We got to get out so we can make up

CHORUS:

The ties that bind we got to make them strong
If we want to take the long road home
True blue trust and faith
We're going to need them every day
Stiff-necked pride is no good friend
It makes you break when you just need to
 bend
That's good advice, now go and use it
Get out of bed and face the music

CHORUS 2:

For Better or Worse, For Better or Worse
We slam doors, we shout and we curse
It's worth the struggle to make things work
'Cause we love each other For Better or
Worse
We love each other For Better Or Worse

For Better Or Worse - (Robin and Linda Williams) - Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams – vocals, guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, banjo; Tim O'Brien – mandolin and fiddle; Dennis Crouch – bass; Jeff Taylor – accordion

SOUTHERN SHORES

ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS

I can't take this town anymore
Gotta get down to the Southern Shores
Pack the car, honey let's drive south
Where the pines grow straight and tall
And life is slow as daddy's drawl
We'll be there by dark if we go now
Way out where the mainland ends
And the waves roll out and the waves roll in

Take the back roads from Richmond down
To the Southern Shores
Through the cotton fields to the peanut
towns
To the Southern Shores
Come on baby, let's ride
Across the bridge to the other side
Hear that ocean roar
It's the sunny sound of the Southern Shores

Throw away your watch, forget the news
Lose the list of things to do

The tide is out and the blues are running
Out to sea and out of mind
We'll be cutting bait and dragging line
Standing in the foam tomorrow morning
We'll cash in all our overtime
Swap fishing poles for the daily grind

CHORUS:

Wilbur and Orville they were right
Just like them we're taking flight
We'll kill the devil by those sandy hills
We'll rob the kitty and hawk our cares
Nag the blues and head down where
We can warm our feet and cool our heals
Past the harbor point to the briny blue
Where's there's nothing much important to
do

CHORUS:

**Southern Shores – (Robin and Linda Williams) - Songs For Dixie, BMI – Robin Williams –
vocals, guitar; Linda Williams – vocals, banjo; Tim O'Brien –mandolin; Dennis Crouch – bass;
Jeff Taylor – accordion; penny whistle**