

The image features a vertical stack of four distinct layers of textured paper. From top to bottom, the colors are a light tan, a vibrant red, a deep blue, and a greyish-tan. The edges of the paper are rough and deckled, creating a layered, organic appearance. The lighting is soft, highlighting the fibrous texture of each layer.

CONCERT IN D | ROBIN BATTEAU

I'm dedicating this my 14th (15th?) album to all my brilliant partners in crime and rhyme over the years, like David Buskin, Marshal Rosenberg, Johnny Comp-ton, Gene Rosov, David Reiser, David Batteau, David Chase, Win Fowler, Don Gilligan, Phil Lucht, Peter Karagi-annis, Doug McLaran, Peter Freiberger, Bill Elliott, Frank Arcuri, Jeff Kent, Doug Lubahn, Bobby Chouinard, Werner Fritzsching, Judy Collins, Andy Goldmark, Helen Kent Nicoll, Carlo Pellegrini, Josh White Jr., Jon McAuliffe, Jeff Southworth, Joey Levine, Kenny White, Dave Wolfert, Lloyd Landesman, Billy Alessi, Chris Palmaro, Alfred Hochstrasser, Susan Hamilton, Neil McGee, Chris Cerf, Rusty Ford, Lee Weissman, Dee, Mark, Dawn, and of course Wendy and Robinson, for all the input, output, and putting up with me. Collaboration is a dangerous game. You are all my heroes.

COVER ME

I'm afraid of love, I'm afraid of hate
I'm afraid to move, I'm afraid to wait
But if you cover me, I'll cover you
And maybe we'll get through

I'm afraid of silence, I'm afraid to speak
I'm afraid of strength, I'm afraid of weakness
Baby, cover me, I'll cover you
And maybe we'll get through

You hear a lot of talk these days
About bad predictions coming true
Saw a spot on the sun last week
Now I'm afraid of what the moon might do

Maybe we'll get through

I'm afraid of holding back, I'm afraid to let go
I'm afraid of ignorance, I'm afraid to know
Baby, cover me, I'll cover you
And maybe we'll get through

I'm afraid of losing, I'm afraid to win
I'm afraid of endings, I'm afraid to begin
Baby, cover me, I'll cover you
And maybe we'll get through

You know how nothing in the world is what
it seems
Now I'm not even sure about my dreams

I'm afraid of victory, I'm afraid of madness
I'm afraid of the bullets, I'm afraid of sadness
I'm afraid of tears, I'm afraid of laughter
I'm afraid of our first kiss, I'm afraid of what
comes after
But if you cover me, I'll cover you
And maybe we'll get through
Oh, maybe we'll get through
Mmm, maybe we'll get through

EVERYBODY'S ON A ROAD

Everybody's on a road
Everybody's on a mission
Everybody's got a wish they're secretly wishing
Everybody's on a road
Everybody's on a quest
Everybody's got a light to guide them
A dream inside them
Everybody's reaching for the bright horizon
Everybody's on a road

The night will hide you when you're hurting
The morning opens up your heart
Every new day brings you a new danger
But even if they drive you to the end of the world
They'll never blow your dream apart

Everybody's on a road
Everybody's on a mission
Everybody's got a wish they're secretly wishing
Everybody's on a road
Everybody's on a quest
Everybody's got a light to guide them
A dream inside them
Everybody's reaching for the bright horizon
Everybody's on a road

In lightning flashes we are frozen
Shadow tableaus in the shattered night
Like enemies and roses we are chosen
To travel in a world where time
Is the song of scattered light (shattered
night)

Everybody's on a road
Everybody's on a mission
Everybody's got a wish they're secretly
wishing
Everybody's on a road
Everybody's on a quest
Everybody's got a light to guide them
A dream inside them
Everybody's reaching for the bright horizon
Everybody's on a road

THE EYES OF HEISENBERG

O, what's that light?
Through the broken window there
What's that face that's castling in the air
That shields the king behind the checkered
curtain
That loves the love of the sky and the uncertain

A handful of houses, a string of blue hotels
A heartful of happenstance and wedding bells
We dance the dance of pawns and gameboard
tokens
Searching through the cards for what's unspoken

And it's your move, my move, waiting on a word
Watching through the eyes of Heisenberg
Your move, my move, waiting on a word
We are watching through the eyes of Heisenberg

You turn the pages of the Sunday paper
I used to look in there for clues and secrets
But it's like trying to speak to whales by count-
ing waves
Tea leaves on the surface are the weakest

You cannot only be the shy observer
You cannot only be the distant architect
Deep inside your eyes I see my future
Our hearts were born to intersect

And it's your move, my move, waiting on
a word
Watching through the eyes of Heisenberg
Your move, my move, waiting on a word
We are watching through the eyes of
Heisenberg

Fusion is the other side of fission
We arrive by another bride and groom's
decision

Your move, my move, let's move together
The eyes of Heisenberg are just a vision
We know better

We are more than we seem
We are each other's dream

We are each other's dream

Your move, my move, waiting on a word
Watching through the eyes of Heisenberg
Your move, my move, waiting on a word
We are watching through the eyes of
Heisenberg

Watching the eyes

VOICES FROM THE HOLE IN THE WALL

We think we listen, we think we hear
We think we're close just because we are near
But there's always this partition that separates
us all

And you could spend a lifetime wishing for a
hole in the wall

Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
They're singing for us all

Once upon a time
In a hospital hallway, behind a door
Little children played on the critical floor
Pretending they're so tiny, two by two they
could easily crawl
Right out into the sunlight through a hole in
the wall

Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
They're singing for us all

When you speak your mind and you speak
your heart

The words you find are your work of art
When you have a voice, you have a choice
When you feel it, don't conceal it

Look at all those children laughing
Look at all those grownups crying
Just goes to show you how much can
happen
When you never stop trying

Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
Listen to the voices from the hole in the wall
They're singing for us all

DREAM THAT DREAM AGAIN

Long ago I had a dream, held it in my heart
Didn't always know what was happening
The world was torn apart

The heart got broken
The dream was torn
And I thought they'd never mend

But now I just might let myself
Dream that dream again
Tonight I just might let my heart
Dream that dream again

Long ago I had a dream, held it in my heart
Didn't always know what was happening
The world was torn apart

But there's this change in the wind
I hear a voice of hope
And I feel it all begin to mend

And now I just might let myself
Dream that dream again
Tonight I just might let my heart
Dream that dream again

THE WISH

words and music by Dee Carstensen

He told me I remind him of you
Your spirit on the wind
He could never pin you down
Yet you're his dearest friend

I imagine that your lips are sweet to kiss
I imagine your hair falling on his shoulders
as you lay him down
I imagine you're a presence a man like him
would miss
I wish that I were you

He told me I remind him of when
His heart but all stood still
Time and time again
As first love sometimes will

I imagine that your lips are sweet to kiss
I imagine your hair falling on his shoulders
as you lay him down
I imagine you're a presence a man like him
would miss
I wish that I were you

I imagine that his lips are sweet to kiss
I imagine my hair falling on his shoulders
as I lay him down
I imagine all the heartache I probably will miss
I wish that I were you

LIVING ON THE EDGE OF DREAMS

You can't fool me, you're just sleepwalking, girl
You can't fool me, you're just trying to keep
One foot in and one out of this world

Don't it sometimes feel like you're
Living on the edge of dreams
Trying to hold back the sea, singlehandedly
Doo doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Isn't everybody living on the edge of dreams
Or just you and me

Look at this heart
Close your eyes, you'll see much better in the dark
Give up your heart and tell me what you feel
Every poet is born with a license to steal

Don't it sometimes feel like you're
Living on the edge of dreams
Trying to hold back the sea, singlehandedly
Doo doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
Isn't everybody living on the edge of dreams
Or just you and me

Hold on, hold out
Maybe someday someone'll tell you what this is all about
Stay strong, flash that smile
Sure, you got a dossier full of tears and nowhere to file it
And you still don't know if you're the cargo or the pilot
But I can see a light surrounding you
Between indigo and violet

Don't it sometimes feel like you're
Living on the edge of dreams
Trying to hold back the sea, single-
handedly
Doo doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo
Isn't everybody living on the edge
of dreams
Or just you and me

Don't you feel like you're
Living on the edge of dreams
Trying to hold back the sea, single-
handedly
Doo doo doo doo doo, doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo
Isn't everybody living on the edge
of dreams
Or just y and you

Isn't everybody living on the
edge of ...

LANCELOT'S TUNE (GUINEVERE)

Guinevere
In my castle in Normandy
Make a new home with me
Come follow me down
Guinevere
All my honor and glory
Will just be story
Of the Fall of the Crown

Am I some dancing Lancelot, who only falls in love
With a woman who belongs to someone else
Is it just the blood of Paris, running through my veins
That sees a taken woman, and myself, I can't restrain

Is this Knight of Cups, in his noble stance
Just the Jack of Clubs, with an eye askance
On the Queen of Hearts, in her Royal Blue
I may shield the poor, but I can't save you

Guinevere
In my castle in Normandy
Make a new home with me
Come follow me down
Guinevere
All my honor and glory
Will just be story
Of the Fall of the Crown

Golden Apples on the mountain, this
one fell to me
We are planets in a heartless gravity
I never chose to make a choice, it felt
like someone else's voice
Saying all those crazy things, down
on one knee

Cassandra never cast a shadow, now
it's racing to the shore
O, the face that launched a thousand
ships is sailing one more

Guinevere
In my castle in Normandy
Make a new home with me
Come follow me down
Guinevere
All my honor and glory
Will just be story
Of the Fall of the Crown

I'M ONE

One day you're Zero, the next day you're One
Today's my birthday, I'm One
Today I got my first number-- and it's a hit
Yesterday I was nothing at all-- they had to
prop me up against the wall

But I'm older, and I'm wiser
One bigger, and I'm one nicer
I'm One

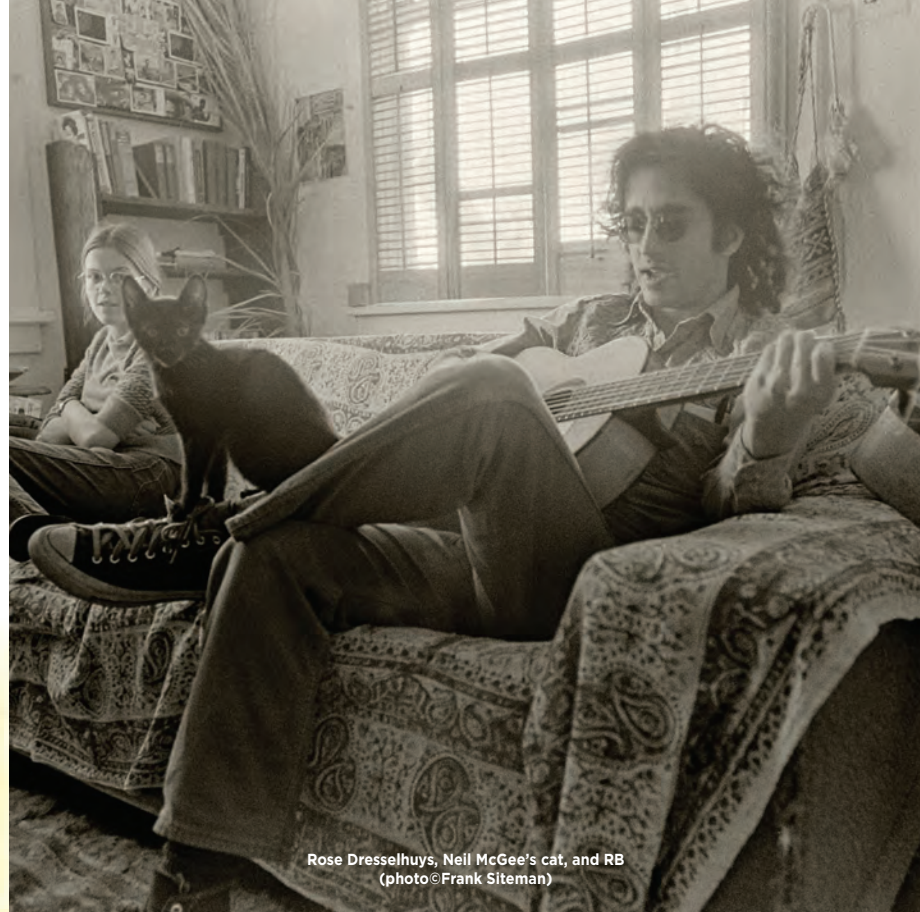
I've been counting every minute and hour,
the tension began to mount
It's lucky that I turned One today-- that's
as high as I can count

But I'm older, and I'm wiser
One bigger, and I'm one nicer
I'm One


Daddy thinks I'm the Northern Star
Mama says I'm prettier than the
flowers are

But I'm older, and I'm wiser
One bigger, and I'm one nicer
I'm One

I'm One



Rose Dresselhuys, Neil McGee's cat, and RB
(photo © Frank Siteman)



CONCERT IN D ROBIN BATTEAU

C R E D I T S

Dee Carstensen, harp & vocals
Dawn Buchholz, cello

Mark Egan, fretless bass
Robin Batteau, vocals & guitar & violin

All songs ©Robin Batteau Music (ASCAP) except

“The Wish” © Skyward Bound Music (BMI).

All words and music by RB, except “The Wish” by DC;

“Dream that Dream Again,” words by RB and Linda Kaplan Thaler,
music traditional, arranged by RB; and “I’m One,” words by RB and
Susan Plunkett, music by RB. Used by permission. DC appears courtesy
of NYC Records. ME appears courtesy of Wavetone Records.

Recorded March 28, 1993, at Tarrytown Music Hall, Tarrytown, New York.

Post engineering and mastering: Lee Weissman.

CD package design by Kathy Sayre

CONTACT: CHATEAUBATTEAU.COM

© NOUVEAU RETRO MEDIA 2016 | ALL RIGHTS RESERVED