



1. WAY I LIKE IT DONE
2. LONELY & THE DRAGON
3. BRING IT WITH YOU WHEN YOU COME
4. FRENCHMAN STREET SHAKE
5. GET RIGHT, CHURCH
6. ONE EYE CLOSED
7. TRAINWRECK
8. PLEASE, DON'T CRY
9. END OF DAYS
10. MI CORAZON

CREDITS

Cuba has a long and rich history of musical arts and the production of the finest cigars in the world. As you can tell on this album, my network in Cuba is growing musically and I have fully embraced my love of Cuban cigars. It is said that the process of farming, leaf selection, blending, and rolling cigars in Cuba is a collective activity of 300 pairs of hands. I thank my musical mentors in Cuba, Pancho & Teo Amat and Cooks Fischer. Also, much gratitude to my Brothers of the Leaf at La Tienda Cigar Shop in Edmonton, Canada where I wrote this album. I offer my deepest gratitude to Steve, Alice & Casey Dawson at Black Hen Music for their tenacity, persistence and creativity to make this album possible during times of this pandemic. This album is dedicated to the unsung heroes who were foundational in making American roots and blues music what it is today – Jessie Mae Hemphill & Gus Cannon!

Slide on,
Kat

PRODUCED BY STEVE DAWSON

LIGEROS

Kat Danser - songwriter, vocals, guitar grooves
Steve Dawson - electric, acoustic, pedal steel guitars
Gary Craig - drums, percussion
Jeremy Holmes - bass
Kevin McKendree - keyboards
Dominic Conway, Jeremy Cook & Malcolm Aiken - horns

MEZCLADOR DE TABACO MAESTRO

Sheldon Zaharko - engineer
Andrew Spindor - Railtown Mastering
Dustin Delfs - Laughing Dog Photography
John Rummen - graphic design

RODILLOS DE TABACO

My sweetheart, Jill Chesley and our pups, Cleo & Bodhi, Marc (B.B.) & Lorna Ranson, Michael MacDonald, Diana Pearson, Roger & Dorthia Jones, Steve Bryson, Charlene Ball, Wayne & Bernice Chesley, Marc Colbourne, Jimmy Guiboche, Alex Jagoldas, Kelly Kruse, Chris Bryzezicki, Cam Hayden, Holger Petersen, Tommie Gallie, Peter North, and Curtis “Lil Webb” Webber.

WAY I LIKE IT DONE

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My hair turned grey and I must say that I'm feelin' freer every day
I aim to please but I know that I've offended some along the way
Cuz I do what I do, the way I like it done

I got opinions 'bout situations that don't concern me at all
I wish I remembered 'em jus' now but I got the menopause recall
I jus' do what I do, the way I like it done

I am a lover, an all nighter
The fuel in a butane lighter
I am the queen on the throne
Drawin' a '64 Padron

I am a hen outside the pen keepin' foxes from my eggs
I'll ask only one-time honey 'cuz you know I don't have to beg
I jus' do what I do, the way I like it done

LONELY & THE DRAGON

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Dear Lonely, you're my one true love
Dear Lonely, you're my one true love
Stealin' my mind with your velvet gloves

The heat of you breathes on my skin
The heart of you breathes on my skin
Whispers nothin' sweet over and over again

We go chasin' dragons all through the night
Baby, baby, you are my rock and you are my pipe

You're no good, you're no good for me
You're no good, no good for me
You're no more than company to my misery

BRING IT WITH YOU WHEN YOU COME

Written by Gus "Banjo Joe" Cannon (1927-1930) *Public Domain

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(Now) I'm layin' aroun' a little town smokin' those nice cigars
I was waitin' on some kindness jus' to catch an empty car
An ol' freight train came rollin' by but it was all in vain
A man say "you dirty bum, catch the next freight train"

(Now) If you wanna be a lil' gal of mine bring it wit'cha when you come
Playin' around the little town with your head chock full of rum
I can't go downtown for a little sap 'fore you're sittin' on another man lap
If you wanna be a sweet gal of mine better bring it wit'cha when you come

FRENCHMAN STREET SHAKE

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Sun's down to ninety-five
Bees buzzin' in the hive
Everyone shakes, shakes, shakes
On Frenchman Street

Who is that Spotted Cat
Tiltin' that purple hat?
He jus' shakes, shakes, shakes
On Frenchman Street

Gotta have that *joie-de-vivre*
Down in the Marigny
All in to shake, shake, shake
On Frenchman Street

Olla sings her blues
Kickin' them sequinned shoes
An' she jus' shakes, shakes, shakes
On Frenchman Street

Pile gumbo on Dat Dog
Puppies rollin' like a log
Oh, shake, shake, shake
On Frenchman Street

Chief's flaggin' feathers high
His beads are shinin' bright
An' he jus' shakes, shakes, shakes
On Frenchman Street

Party's rollin' every night
Blowers are riffin' tight
An' they jus' shake, shake, shake
On Frenchman Street

Shakin' out them Creole Blues
Shakin' out them Slow Drag too
Shake 'em down to your feet
On Frenchman Street

GET RIGHT, CHURCH

Written by Jessie Mae Hemphill © Highwater Recording Company

*Verses 4 & 5 © 2020 Kat Danser

Arrangement: © 2020 Kat Danser & Steve Dawson

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Get right, church and let's go home
Get right, church and let's go home
Get right, church
Get right, church
Get right, church and let's go home

I'm goin' home on the mornin' train
I'm goin' home on the mornin' train
I'm goin' home,
I'm goin' home,
I'm goin' home on the mornin' train

The evenin' train may be too late
The evenin' train may be too late
The evenin' train
Evenin' train
Evenin' train may be too late

Take off your shoes, get on your knees
Take off them shoes, get on your knees
Take off them shoes,

Get on your knees
Take off them shoes, get on your knees

Don't get so high on yourself
Don't get so high on yourself
Don't get so high
Don't get so high
Don't get so high on yourself

ONE EYE CLOSED

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What the hell is goin' on?
The world's gonna end before this song
Rotten eggs shootin' loaded guns
Killin' off our daughters and sons
One eye closed an' one eye open

Aged crackers and an' orange cheese
Punks lightin' fire, it's anarchy
Fascist pigs in masks of rags
It's black blood that stripes their flag
One eye closed an' one eye open

Two hundred thousand dead and kids in cages?!
Got me spinnin' in circles around this stage
Get me a reefer and let me go numb
While they nuke themselves to kingdom come
One eye closed an' one eye open

TRAINWRECK

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Hey trainwreck, pass this station by
Hey trainwreck, pass this station by
You're haulin' heavy honey an' your baggage cars' on fire

Track ahead is crooked an' tickin' rickity-rack
Track ahead is crooked an' tickin' rickity-rack
You're runnin' too hard honey cuz your stack is blowin' black

Cry your lonesome whistle as loud as you please
Cry your lonesome whistle as loud as you please
Cuz you little boy wants and ways, no, they don't worry me

Gonna jump me another line, long and smooth
Jump me another line, long and smooth
Gonna rock me so hard, an' shake away my blues

PLEASE, DON'T CRY

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If you love me, please, don't cry
All I see are the blues in your eyes

Hold my hand, 'til the end of the road
Then, please, please darlin' let me go, let me go

Maybe one day, we will look back
Even if just to say that we loved each other this day

So, if you love me, please, don't make me cry
All I have are these blues in my eyes
All I see are the blues in your eyes
Please, please, don't cry

END OF DAYS

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If I have two, I'm gonna give you one
There ain't no controllin' the fall of the moons or the rise of the suns
Cuz at the end of days
We'll be okay

Lay your worried mind, lay it soft on this pillow
There's a mighty strength, a might strength in the weepin' willow
Cuz at the end of days
We'll be okay

I'm connected with you over lines and through any walls
There's always a response to those who call
Cuz at the end of days
We'll be okay

MI CORAZÓN

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Si hay miedos, yo no se como son
Estan curándose en las olas de las melodías
Flotando en estas calles caprichosas

Oh la Habana, me has robado el corazón
Oh la Habana, me has robado el corazón

Nunca será lo que era
¿Pero, por que querria eso?
Cada momento de mi vida me ha llevado a ti

English translation:

*If there are fears, I don't know them
They are healing in the waves of melodies
Floating on these streets of wonder*

*Oh Havana, you have stolen my heart
Oh Havana, you have stolen my heart*

*I will never again be what I was
But, why would I want that anyway?
Every moment of my life has brought me to you*