



THE DANGERS

A Little Bit of Light

Hello Dangers fans:

Here is a pdf. lyric book for our most recent, and best album, A Little Bit of Light.

Have you ever had a friend who needed to find just a little bit of light to go on?

This is a song cycle about an imagined life of a very real friend of ours, Bob Kjorvestad.

Bob started The Dangers in 1979.

He was a great songwriter whose life was steered by drug addiction. In 2005 Bob was hit by a train and died.

This series of songs comes from a premise that Bob lived. In these songs Bob plays out his life as a troubled soul, a dark man, who might cash his ticket to the other side, but still has a little left to give...

I wrote about Bob's death in "Last Train" from the Death of Me album, but this is a another road. On *A Little Bit of Light*, when you listen to "Stranger," "Broken Wing," or "Big Hearted River," you are on the road with big-hearted Bob K.

The closer, "Yesterday's Girl" was written by Bob Kjorvestad. Thanks, Chris LeRoy



A Little Bit of Light

THE DANGERS

The Dangers
SONGBOOKHIGHWAY.COM
1234 Main Street

TELEPHONE
FACSIMILE
(123)

September 2010

Issue Number 3

U and Media

New Album: A Little Bit of Light

10 Songs:
Examined
Not
Stirred

SONG CYCLE DARK & LIGHT

BIG HEARTED RIVER

Riding on the hood of my car
Someone better get out the way
Straight out to the big hearted river
Straight into the water again

You'd better run now
You're empty handed
You'd better run now
If you can stand it
Headed to the big hearted river
Straight into the big hearted river
Straight into the big hearted river

Hanging on the side of my window
Feeling like a dog in the rain
Straight out to the big hearted river
In the fast water again

You'd better run now
You're empty handed
You'd better run now
You'd better stand it

CHORUS

Deep into the woods of my memory
Someone set my memory afame
Straight out to the big hearted river
Never gonna come back again

CHORUS
© 2009 Chris LeRoy
Published New West Crash



And the wind blows, cross the wasteland



Boat access to the East Branch occurs at this dead channel (left) along M-28. Several oxbows (former channels) can be seen at the upper right.

Fox River changed to Two-Hearted for the poetry



Flying on a Broken Wing

Sprang from Ernest
Hemingway's
"Big Two-Hearted
River"



THE DANGERS: A LITTLE BIT OF LIGHT

PAGE 3



When it's all over, baby



No one's the wiser

DARKMAN
Bm-G-D-A
Another dark man
Out in the jet stream
Another great plan
Another dark dream
Just ask his cell phone
Ask his advisers
When it's all over
Who was the wiser?
Another dark man

They're coming over
They have the car keys
They have agendas
They are the enemy
Just ask his hangers on
Ask his baptizers
When its all over
Who was the wiser?
Another dark man

I barely knew him
It didn't take long

He was a mystery
Wrapped in a sad song
Just ask the howlin' wind
The dust that rises
When it's all over baby
No one's the wiser
Another dark man

There goes the dark man
Out in the jet stream
One soul is touching down
Another leaving
There goes a dark man
There goes a dark man
There goes a dark man
Another dark man

Chris LeRoy
© March 13, 2010
Published by New West Crash
Music/ASCAP

Written for
[Vic Chesnutt](#)
and
[Mark Linkous](#)

OUT
IN
THE
JET STREAM

[songbookhighway](#)

[hickman/leroy](#)
[songbook](#)

[LYRIC BLOG](#)

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THE DANGERS

PAGE 4

“ Now I'm flying on a broken wing, making up miles....

BROKEN WING

Look at that road, under the trees

Look at this night and what you've done to me
If I could turn away
If I could turn around
I would rise so high
Right where you put me down

Now I'm flying on a broken wing
Making up miles
but I'm suffering
I'm never going back
I never felt so bad

Took my money, took my time

But I can't start to get you off my mind
If I could drive this car
Out to the evening star
My heart can't take me
Straight back to where you are

Now I'm flying on a broken wing
Making up miles

but I'm suffering
I'm never going back
I never felt so bad

The time I loved you you, was long ago
But I came back for the things I had to know about you
If I could turn you round
And you could face the day
Look how I'm talking now
There's nothing left to say

Now I'm flying on a broken wing
Making up miles
but I'm suffering
I'm never going back
I never felt so bad

Chris LeRoy
© June 30, 2010
Published by New West Crash Music/
ASCAP



I'm never going back



*A variation on the 1982 Dangers song “Open Arms,” that questioned our commitment to the tired and poor.

This moves to more internal concerns.

†

“Here Comes The Pouring Sun...”

LIGHT JUST A LITTLE BIT OF LIGHT

A LITTLE BIT OF LIGHT

There was a time that I could stop to get a hold of me
There was a time that I could try
There was a time that I could hold on tight to what you mean
Time is a dark and empty sky

Here comes the yellow sun
She's pouring through with blinding light
Here comes the pouring sun...

Light (Just a little bit of light)
Light (With just a little bit of light)

A million miles gone. Someone staring out somewhere
A million miles in your eyes
A million times that I would hold you like you're standing there
Here comes the pouring sun...

Light (Just a little bit of light)
Light (With just a little bit of light)

There was a time that I would stop and get a hold of me
There was a time that I could try
A million miles fade and Time's a dark and empty sky
Here comes the pouring sun...

Light (Just a little bit of light)
Light (With just a little bit of light)

Chris LeRoy
© March 23, 2010
Published by New West Crash Music/ASCAP



“Help information! I’m stuck in DC And I’m trying to find Sweet Marie”

GLITTER GIRL

Help information I’m
stuck in DC
I’m trying to find sweet
Marie
Can’t send a letter
since they went away
And I know it’s so late
I know it’s so late
I know it’s so late in the
day

But I wanted to call you
to say Glitter Girl
I’m living my life in
your smile
And I wanted to call
you to say little girl
I haven’t been clear for
a while

I waited I wandered I
struggled for years
You know that I cried
bitter tears
Help me and help me
I’m fading away
And I know that it’s
late
I know that it’s late
I know that it’s late in
the day

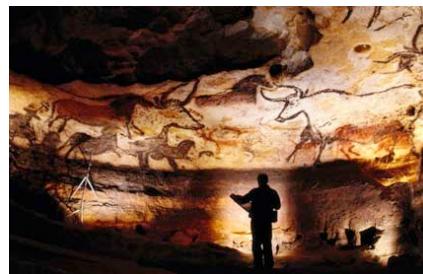
But I wanted to call you
to say Glitter Girl
I’m living my life in
your smile
And I wanted to come
back to stay Glitter
Girl
I haven’t been clear
for a while

Hey information I’m
stuck in DC
But I finally found
sweet Marie
Take out those letters
and throw them away
And I know it’s so late
I know it’s too late
She said it’s too late in
the day

But I wanted to call you
to say Glitter Girl
I’m living my life in
your smile
And I wanted to come
back to stay Glitter Girl
I haven’t been clear for
a while

Give me a smile...

Chris LeRoy ©
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Music/ASCAP



Sweet Marie!

Storyline from
Chuck Berry’s
Memphis,
Tennessee

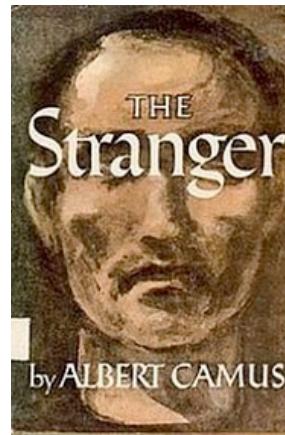
a change of town
and tone.

Chuck Berry
is our master rock
story teller
just a headlight in
front of Mr. Bob
Dylan

†



You can be a stranger



in your own land

STRANGER

The sun came up this morning
I am fading away
Last night as big as life
Growing faint in the day
Growing faint in the day

I left the window open
Is there a songbird near?
Pretty bird won't you sing for me
Before we disappear? Before we
disappear?
And you can be a stranger in your
own land
You can be a stranger on your own

When television is hazy
They turn the rabbit ears
They throw the courthouse open
wide
They take the souvenirs. They take
the souvenirs
And you can be a stranger in your
own land
You can be a stranger in your own

I went out to the city square
Amid the boos and cheers

Something wrong about what I said
You know it didn't ring clear
Didn't ring clear
And you can be a stranger in your
own land
You can be a stranger on your own

It's when the lights are shining
Cross the night of tears
The wind on the silent streets
Is music to my ears
It's music to my ears
I leave the window open
Is there a songbird near?
Pretty bird won't you sing for me
Before we disappear? Before we
disappear?
And you can be a stranger in your
own land
You can be a stranger on your own

Chris LeRoy ©
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The Stranger

A monitor blinks
green
under cool
intensive care light
A nurse leaves her
cellphone pink on
a grey tray
A tired man in the
window
searches
the LA skyline

†

COMES A MORNING

ON THE HIGHWAY THERES A LOW CLOUD DRIFTING...

COMES A MORNING

Comes the morning
On the highway
There's a low cloud
Drifting our way
The hardest night together
The hardest line that ever
Made it down...
And the wind blows
Across the wasteland
Like the song goes
We got fooled again
And the hardest time's
The time you leave behind

When your heart knows

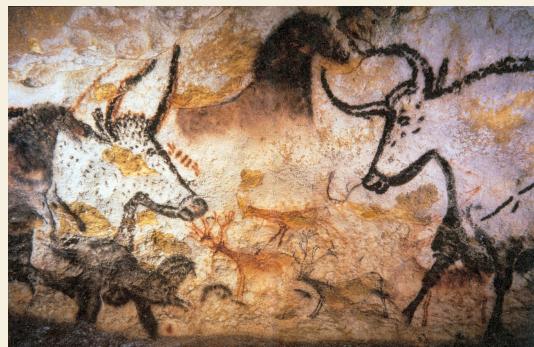
Comes the morning
Comes the morning
Every time/
Comes the time

You seem paler than the moonlight
You seem colder than the firelight
The hardest night together
Is the hardest line that I ever Had to rhyme...
CHORUS

In cold night
Late December

I held you like an ember
Now I flick this cigarette into the night
I remember I let it fly...
CHORUS

Chris LeRoy ©
May 6, 2010
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Serial killer leaves suicide note

“SOMETIMES AN ANGEL BURIED ALIVE”



NEIGHBORHOOD

Light blue flash from
a cigarette
Don't worry now if
you haven't yet
Dead string buzzing
on a blond guitar
One eye closer to a
distant star

Laughed from the
moment you came
around
Laughed at the devil
as he pulled you
down
Didn't see it coming
now I realize
I watched you burn
right in front of my
eyes

Sometimes a letter
set aside

Sometimes an angel
barely alive
Sometimes a rumor
don't sound so good
They're searching
the neighborhood

Found your words
across my screen
Black and white and
no in between
Should've read your
letter when I said I
would
Wondrin' right now
would it have done
any good

Sometimes a letter
set aside
Sometimes an angel
barely alive
Sometimes a rumor
don't sound so good
They're searching
the neighborhood

Mystery rain from
the serious sky
Folding our hands
we pray by and by

Should've seen it
coming but I just
couldn't see
Heart and soul
crashing down on
me

Light blue flash from
a cigarette
Don't smoke now if
you haven't yet
Dead string buzzing
on this blonde guitar
Close my eyes to a
distant star

Sometimes a letter
set aside
Sometimes an angel
buried alive
Sometimes a rumor
don't sound so good
They're searching
the neighborhood
They're searching
the neighborhood
Running out of
neighborhood

Chris LeRoy ©
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To cause to separate into pieces suddenly or violently;

BREAKDOWN

Here comes my summer girl
Summer took my ticket to the station

She took it all away
Gave me back a book of Revelation

But I'm not gonna make time this time
But I'm not gonna make time this time
But I'm not gonna make time this time

Into my heart, breakdown
Into my soul, breakdown
Into my arms, breakdown
Into my love, into my love

Is someone running here?
Someone better stop and get elected
She got it figured out
Summer isn't all that you expected

But I'm not gonna make time this time
But I'm not gonna make time this time
But I'm not gonna make time this time

Into my heart, breakdown
Into my soul, breakdown
Into my arms, breakdown
Into my love, into my love

She was a summer girl
Summer was a different kind of tension
You know those runaways
End up like the mothers of invention

But I'm not gonna make time this time
But I'm not gonna make time this time
But I'm not gonna make time this time

Into my heart, breakdown
Into my soul, breakdown
Into my arms, breakdown
Into my love, into my love

Breakdown
Chris LeRoy
© March 2, 2010
Published by New West
Crash Music/ASCAP



She was a summer girl...



[breakdown](#)

[Mental breakdown](#)

[Decomposition -](#)



Yesterday's Girl

Didn't want to know
me
Didn't want to show
me, girl
What it's all cracked
up to be
You can never own me
I'm the one and only,
girl
That's just who I am

And I could never tell

Why you thought it
would work so well
And you can call
yourself

Yesterday' Girl
She's wild for me
Yesterday' Girl
She's wild for me, now

You won't get to see
No one else can be me,
girl

That's just how it's
gotta be
Even if you're lonely
I'm the one and only,
girl
That's just who I am

And I could never tell
Why you thought it
would work so well
And you can call
yourself

---Bob Kjorvestad



Who the hell is [Buddy Reed?](#)



Bob "DARKMAN" Kjorvestad

Dangers: a little bit of light



Chris LeRoy: Vocals/Keys/Guitars

Bob Vennum: Guitar/Vocals

Brad Vaughn: Drums

Tim Loughlin: Bass/Vocals

A song cycle
as big as life
growing faint in
the day

What if Bob K
had not taken the
Last Train?

Ten new
Dangers songs...
Produced by
Robert Vennum
and
Chris LeRoy

The Dangers | A
Little Bit Of
Light | CD Baby

A Little Bit of
Light on itunes

THE DANGERS

FROM:

THE DANGERS

The Dangers | A Little Bit Of
Light | CD Baby

September 2010

Issue No. Five

DANGERS MAIL TO:

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