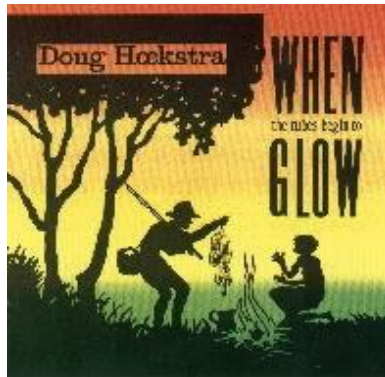
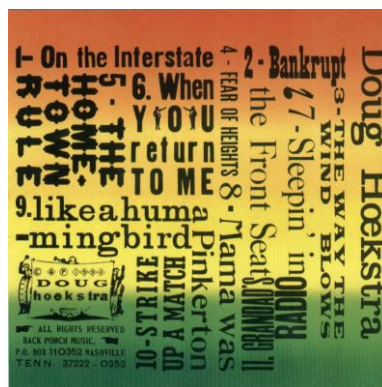


When the Tubes Begin to Glow (CD #1)



Doug Hoekstra began working on his first solo disc When the Tubes Begin to Glow at various "hipster" Chicago studios from Lincoln Park to Wicker Park back in the day. An assortment of players appeared, including all of his old Bucket Number Six chums, Hugh Hart, and whiz producer Brad Wood (i.e., *Liz Phair*, *Shrimp Boat*, etc.). The album was released after Hoekstra moved to Nashville, and has one foot in Bucket's alt-country beginnings. Songs such as *Bankrupt* and *Mama Was a Pinkerton* became staples of Hoekstra's early live set. Other highlights include *The Home-Town Rule* (a countrified diatribe on the price of fame via John Lennon, Frank Lloyd Wright) and *The Way the Wind Blows* (a plaintive tribute to folks struggling with AIDS featuring Alison Chesley aka *Helen Money* on cello.)

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Tubes was recorded at studios throughout Chicago – and Nashville

Produced by Doug Hoekstra

Mastered by Benny Quinn at Masterfonics, Nashville TN

Cover Art by Jim Sherraden and Craig Allen, Hatch Show Print, Nashville, TN

Back Photo by Nina Russin

On the Interstate

Bent in a booth, down in a diner
The trees and seas of North Carolina stretched out in front of me
She brought me coffee and a biscuit on the side

With a rag in her hand, she cleaned the counter
Fools on stools cast eyes upon her – red and bleary souls
Tired of leavin' their weariness at home

The glass on the window was speckled with paint
So I chipped at a piece of the interstate
Outside on the interstate
Where the rain was poundin' down

A fella came in with a package and a slip
A gray-haired cashier signed for it, handed it to the girl
The other waitresses gathered like mother hens

She started to laugh, she started to cry
The years rolled away like a tear from her eye – her cheeks were rosy red
I wanted to hold her, but she didn't even know my name

The glass on the window was speckled with paint
So I chipped at a piece of the interstate
Outside on the interstate
Where the rain was poundin' down

The commotion died down and she went back to work
I don't think she said a single word. The pay phone rang and rang
Somebody laughed at an old cornball joke

I felt like a man in a terrible dream
Sittin' alone among ten-thousand seats. I headed for the door
It's a shame these days how the interstates all look the same

So, I turned up my collar and dove into the rain
Splashin around on the interstate
Outside on the interstate
Where the rain was poundin' down

Allison Chesley – cello
Mark Fornek – drums
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic & electric guitars, lead & backing vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – cello score
Bill Murphy – bass

Engineered by Brad Wood & Casey Rice, Idful Studios, Chicago IL

Bankrupt

This is my deliverance and my curse
Makes me feel better and worse
There's nothin' I can do about it

Give me the eyes of a child
Make me see what is worthwhile
What can I do about it?

Everybody bankrupt on my street
Goin' bankrupt as we speak
Please deliver me...

This is a dark and lonely road
Sometimes I see myself explode

All along I've been resisting
All these changes still persisting

Everybody bankrupt on my street
Goin' bankrupt as we speak
Please deliver me...

What did I do to deserve this beautiful night?
Let me rediscover what I need to find
Before I'm bankrupt

The best intentions goin' wrong
Takin' money for a song
What can I do about it?

They dealt me in a long time ago
Cards to the chest I didn't fold
There's somethin' I can do about it

Everybody bankrupt on my street
Goin' bankrupt as we speak
Please deliver me...

What did I do to deserve this wonderful ride?
Let me rediscover what is deep inside, before I'm bankrupt...

Mark Fornek – drums
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic & electric guitars, lead & backing vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – organ
Bill Murphy – bass

Engineered by Brad Wood, Idful Studios, Chicago IL

The Way the Wind Blows

There's a word for it, the way the wind blows
And there's a place for it, where all the time goes
And I don't now, I can't remember 'bout either one
Lord, let me know, when you've had your fun

I was born this way, I did not become
The kind of man who had to hide his love
I never wanted to be no sacrificial lamb
All I wanted to be was just who I am

Talkin' about the way the wind blows
Hurricane quick, or sweet and slow. Let it go
The way the wind blows

On quiet nights, I can lay awake
And listen to the train put on its brakes
The little boy I can see so well
Was gone for good, when the hammer fell

Talkin' about the way the wind blows
Hurricane quick, or sweet and slow. Let it go
The way the wind blows

Now, I'll trust in you to speak for me
When my throat gets dry and I lose my dreams
I've never been one to scream and shout
When my flame gets low, please blow it out

Talkin' about the way the wind blows
Hurricane quick, or sweet and slow. Let it go
The way the wind blows

Allison Chesley – cello
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – cello score
Brad Wood – bass, drum

Engineered by Brad Wood and Casey Rice, Idful Studios, Chicago IL

Fear of Heights

There's a church in my neighborhood
Steps leadin' to the sky
The other day it was pourin'
And I wanted to get dry
I don't know why I was so dizzy
Those steps were three feet wide
But, I had one hand on the railing
And my stomach turned inside
I felt like someone else comin' in from the other side
Carryin' a fear of heights
I had this fear of heights

I didn't want to look behind me
To see where I'd begun
I had a long way left to go
And my knees were growin' numb
Sweat was rollin' down my back
I saw the end in sight
There was a statue of a saint
Promisin' a brief respite
When I reached the top, it felt so good I don't know why
I'm so afraid of heights
I got this fear of heights

I can remember...the other kids were wild and free
Hangin' loose from silver branches
And climbin' in to trees
A place I couldn't see, no matter how I tried
My feet were firmly planted
My hands were always tied
To my fear of heights

I was ridin' in New Mexico
High upon a horse
Straddlin' a cliff
And followin' a course
That was beaten in the ground
By all who came before
Everytime we took a turn
I saw them openin' a door
I felt like someone else from another place or time
Carryin' a fear of heights
I had this fear of heights
The air was growin' colder
As we reached another plane
When you get a little older
You learn to love the pain

My woman knows me well
And she still does not complain
I learned to love the sound of gravel
Fallin' down like rain
When we reached the top, it felt so good I don't know why
I had this fear of heights
I dreamed of endless flight

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, rainstick, vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – mellotron
Bill Murphy – bass

Engineered by Matt Allison, Windy City Recorder, Chicago IL

The Home-Town Rule

Under an umbrella, never gettin' wet
Everytime I swallow, it's easy to forget
It's easier yet
To wave a little finger and see what you can get

Short changed, rearranged, never givin' back
I want what I need, don't see what I have
The sense I lack
Is in the bottom of the ocean in a big brown sack

You now, I've read a little bit about Frank Lloyd Wright
I've read about the choices that he made in life
They seemed so right
Lookin' down from the top of the Guggenheim

When I was done, I checked my pulse
When you're not around, you can't defend yourself
Dancin' on a grave, diggin' up the bones are
Third-rate writers that you didn't even know at all

Is it fact? Or is it fiction? Is it a matter of contradiction?
The home-town rule

Under an umbrella, never gonna freeze
What we rave about today, tomorrow we bereave
No one looks, no one sees
If it's a cheap imitation or the real live thing

There's a shadowy corner and an iron gate
A fan is hidin' and he patiently waits
Is this the price of fame?
Well, what about the price John Lennon paid?
How many people really know

Where you've been and where you wanna go?
Up above or down below
It's getting' so expensive to put on a show

The public is waiting for a gentleman's bow
The gentleman measures what the public allows
Anyhow
All of us expect too much somehow

Is it fact? Or is it fiction? Is it a matter of contradiction?
The home-town rule

Walkin' alone on a desolate path
The moon is brighter on my pocket map
Rich men, poor men, paupers and thieves
Will all come together in eternity

Mark Fornek – drums
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitars, lead & backing vocals
Steve Meisner – electric guitar, harmonica
Bill Murphy – bass

Engineered by Matt Allison, Windy City Recorder, Chicago IL

When You Return to Me

Flowers grow in the dead of winter on my windowsill
In a window box on a bed of cinders, I hope they well
Be bloomin' by the summertime
When you return to me

Flowers grow in the dead of winter, I bought your favorite kind
Marigolds that burn, even though I'm color blind
I see these flowers through your eyes
When you return to me

When you return to me
When you come walkin' up that drive
The first thing you will see
Is something precious and alive

Flowers grow in the dead of winter and all I have to do
Is water them every day and begin to think of you
You remind me of the smallest one, fightin' for its space

When you return to me
We'll have a garden of our own
I hope that you will see
How the both of us have grown

Ed Breckenfeld – drums
Derek Brand – bass
Bob Egan – pedal steel
Hugh Hart – piano
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, vocals
Steve Meisner – electric guitar

Engineered by Scott Barnes, Paragon Studios, Chicago IL

Sleepin' in the Front Seat

I like drivin' at night
When no one's on the road
Except the long-distance truckers
Workin' on a roll
The reception on the radio is so much clearer
If you get far enough from the city
You can even see the stars

Once, I drove off the shoulder
Parked my car along a field
Saw rows and rows of corn
Swayin' gently in the breeze
I tuned in a talk show, comin' in from Kansas City
And fell asleep to voices
I would never hear again

Sleepin' in the front seat
With my feet up on the dash
I think I'll slip into the back seat
And dream of long ago

When my daddy did the drivin'
Back then, it seemed impossible
I would ever be arrivin'
In a flash, without him
And look back to see my own boy
Watchin' stars pass by the window
The way I used to do
When everything was new
I never dreamed of growin' old
When night blanketed the road
And he took care of everything
And nothin' seemed impossible
When I was sleepin' in the back seat
So many years ago
I'm gonna hold him tight
I'm gonna think of him tonight

Molly Breen – backing vocals
Pernell “Slim” Chance – bass
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitars, lead vocals
Jeff Kowalkowski – piano, timpanis

Engineered by Brian Jensen, DePaul Studios, Chicago IL

Mama Was a Pinkerton

Every day I walk these stairs and I don't know where they lead
Every night I say my prayers and I don't know what I need
Mama was a Pinkerton – what am I doin' here?
I got an answer, but the questions are unclear

All across Great Britain, the micks are doin' jigs
Am I just a monkey, doin' time for Mr. Big?
Mama was a Pinkerton – I think about it every day
Everytime I get real close, I'm twice as far away

Mama was a Pinkerton
Mama was a Pinkerton
Mama was a Pinkerton
Yes, she was

Every day I'm shakin' hands, a means left to an end
The sun is high and mighty, shinin' on the bend
Mama was a Pinkerton - a very long time ago
I never try to hide it, it always seems to show

Mama was a Pinkerton
Mama was a Pinkerton
Mama was a Pinkerton
Yes, she was

Molly Breen – backing vocals
Pernell “Slim” Chance – bass
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, squeeze box, lead vocals
Steve Meisner – slide guitar, jaw harp, tambourine

Engineered by Brian Jensen, DePaul Studios, Chicago IL

Like a Hummingbird

Like a hummingbird, she hovers above
Dances down below
Drippin' sweet and slow
So honey-sweet and fancy free
A whisper in a shakin' tree
The quietest calliope that anyone can see

She's like a hummingbird

Like a hummingbird, she comes and goes
Flutters, dips and dives
Takes my hand and then we fly
Across a field of prairie grass
Wild and free like broken glass
We're never touchin' down
We swing around and 'round
Just like hummingbirds

Like a hummingbird, she hovers above
This flower in full bloom
I want to dive into a pool
To cool my runnin' racin' pulse
Beyond her lips as soft as felt
They're wet as slippery elm
They're meant for only me
Life's possibilities
Never ever cease
They never ever cease
She's like a hummingbird

Pernell "Slim" Chance – bass
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, bicycle bells, lead and backing vocals
Michelle McCauley – tap dancing
Steve Meisner – slide guitar, slide whistle, rubboard

Engineered by Brian Jensen, DePaul Studios, Chicago IL

Strike Up a Match

I was walkin' down the street
Starin' hard upon my feet
I saw clay from my granddaddy's grave
Brittle and dry, like the skin around his eyes
When we laid him to rest yesterday

They dressed up his bones
In a stuffy funeral home
While the priest made hocus-pocus for the kin
And we all looked back on eighty years gone past
Never to be seen again

My brother and I
We raised his casket high
With four men we didn't even know
And the rain soaked through our new black and blue
Suits bought for this occasion

I'm still a young man, but when I'm dead and gone
Don't bury me deep in the ground
Strike up a match, strike up a band
And let me burn on and on

Yes, strike up a match
And throw me a party
I don't want no tears to be shed
You can bet I'll go down swingin'
When it's my turn to bat
There won't be any need for regrets

Don't blow a lot of money
On flowers that will die anyway
Turn the music up loud
If you have a preacher, make sure he tells the truth
Hell, bring him in from out of town

I'm still a young man, but when I'm dead and gone
Don't bury me deep in the ground
Strike up a match, strike up a band
And let me burn on and on

Now, back to the point
That I was getting' at
About this man who was a dad to my own dad
Some talk about heaven, others talk about hell
I'd rather talk about the stories that he told

While he was swingin' on the porch
He was carryin' the torch
I can feel him when the cold winds blow
So, bless the here and now
We will all make it through somehow
In suits bought for this occasion

I'm still a young man, but when I'm dead and gone
Don't bury me deep in the ground
Strike up a match, strike up a band
And let me burn on and on

Doug Hoekstra – acoustic guitar, keyboard, vocals
Pat Meusel – second and third acoustic guitars, percussion

Engineered by Pat Meusel, Back Porch Studios, Nashville TN

Grandad's Radio

I remember Grandad's radio
Had lots of tubes that'd start to glow
Whenever he left it on too long
Somethin' right goin' wrong
I do believe he's growin' dim
Turn the dial and try again
C'mon, rattle that box again

Heatin' up, ready to blow
There goes Grandad's radio
Hit it hard, watch it glow
There goes Grandad's radio

She was like the television
Lots of talk but somethin' missin'
The day that she became my wife
It forever changed my life
How could I ever fail to see?
Sittin' up I fell asleep,
Woken up by Fibber McGee

Heatin' up, ready to blow
There goes Grandad's radio

Grandma said to live and learn
A penny saved is a penny earned
A stitch in time will save you nine
But, Grandma died in '55
Nowadays it's hard to trust
Even though you know you must
When the tubes begin to glow
Like they did so long ago
You're back to Grandad's radio

Heatin' up, ready to blow
There goes Grandad's radio

Ed Breckenfeld – drums
Hugh Hart – piano, backing vocals
Doug Hoekstra – acoustic & electric guitars, lead vocals
John Pazdan – bass

Engineered by Bruce Barrett, Ravenswood, Chicago IL