



The Serenader



When everyone gathers around
Telling lies and fables
He stands apart, surveys the crowd
He is your Serenader

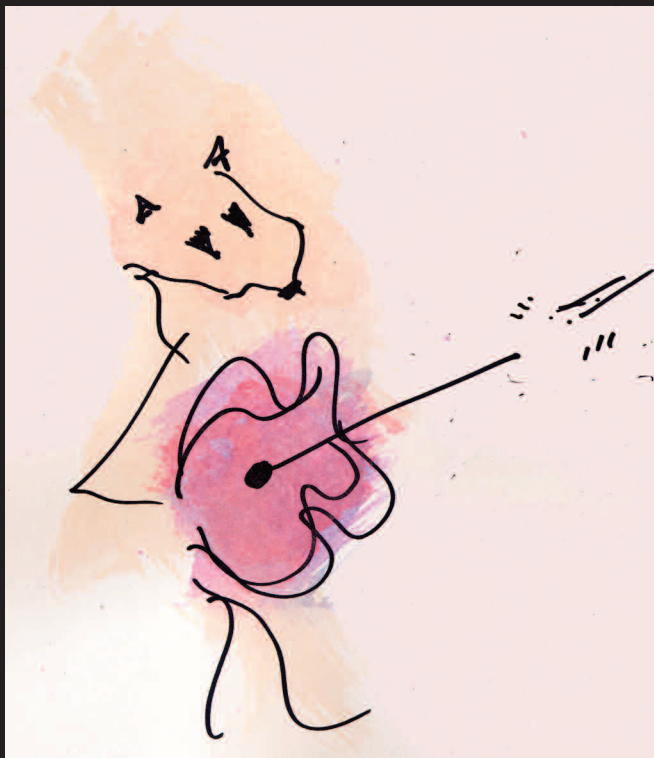
When every friend lets you down
In a cold November
He pours you wine from silver flutes
He is your Serenader

*He thinks in verse
He dreams in song
He plays in time
He knows rhyme from wrong*

When you're alone because your lord has gone
Fighting with Crusaders
Then you hear a Cordoba song
It must be your Serenader

When you look out your balcony
To see the sunrise later
There's someone down on bended knee
It must be your Serenader





River Guerguerian plays drum set and frame percussion on “Street Kids of Heraklio”

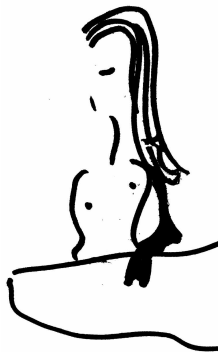
Jonathan Lloyd plays trombone on “Kind of Red Canto/Kinneret” and “Street Kids of Heraklio”

Alan Marcha plays dumbek on “Jerusalem”

Jeff Mettee sings backing vocals on “Street Kids of Heraklio” and plays guitar sunburst solo in “Jerusalem”

Irina and **Anna Moul** shout “Hey!”

Aaron Price plays accordion and passion guitar on “Serenader”



Street Kids of Heraklio

The street kids of Heraklio
Buskin' in the park
Marena plays accordion
Her brothers play the shark
At the statue of El Greco
They hang out after dark
The street kids of Heraklio
and the future Queen of Gypsy Rock

O Marena, where will you go?
The cops are bound to chase you off
the streets of Heraklio

Tsiganes and the patriots
Don't always get along
It's not your fault the gadje try
to keep you moving on
Roma kids on the outskirts, getting kicked around
They don't want you in the schools
They don't want you in the town

O Ileana, you're on the endless road!
The cops are bound to chase you off
the streets of Heraklio



Jerusalem

Everything is mixed up
The sky is unclear
I walked on broken pavement
All the way here
Just to see the sunlight on the hills
of Jerusalem

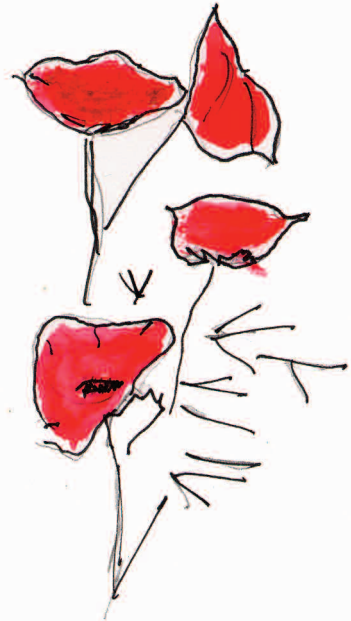
I got hustled in a church
in the Holy Land
I gave all my shekels
to a one-eyed man
Just to see the sunlight on the hills
of Jerusalem

I stood on a hill
near a golden dome
I stood in the dust
near a tomb made of stone
But I only felt further
Away from my home
in Jerusalem

I flew on a Persian rug
made of silk
I heard a man sing
of betrayal and guilt
Another man sang
of kindness and love
in Jerusalem

Someone gave me fruit
from a goodly tree
It quenched my thirst and
reenergized me
Then I saw the sunlight on the hills
of Jerusalem

Whose footsteps are these
and where do they lead?
How much will I lose?
How much will I bleed?
To see the sunlight on the hills
of Jerusalem





"The Serenader" instruments recorded at Echo Mountain; vocals at Dubatomic; mixed at Collapseable Studios by Aaron Price

All other songs recorded at Dubatomic Studio and mixed by D3J

Created by jr. james; produced by jr. james and Nancy Alenier

Mastered by Jeff White at The Laundromat, Philadelphia, PA

All songs by Jr. James Gardner

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Artwork by jr. james; "Jerusalem flowers" drawing based on a photograph by Joanna Stankiewicz



jr. james & the late guitar

STOP THAT
RACKET!

1. kind of red canto (1:41)
2. jerusalem (5:14)
3. street kids of heraklio (3:00)
4. the serenader (3:33)
5. kinneret (1:41)



SERENADER

