



MICHAEL SCHATTE
TURN BACK THE VIKINGS

- 1 **The Rehabilistate** 4:19
- 2 **Northern Dancer Boulevard** 4:38
- 3 **Honey Doll** 2:56
- 4 **Turn Back the Vikings** 4:10
- 5 **If I Find Love and Leave It Be** 3:38
- 6 **Odessa** 4:57
- 7 **Baby's On the Border** 3:55
- 8 **Push, Pull, and Swing** 4:49
- 9 **Pistol On Her Pillow** 3:53
- 10 **All For Me** 6:08
- 11 **Old Ties Gone** 2:59
- 12 **Sam Jones** 5:27
- 13 **Bring You 'Round** 4:36
- 14 **Our Sun Sets Early** 3:48
- 15 **Ottawa** 4:23

Produced by Michael Schatte
Associate Producer: Randy Cassidy

All songs written by Michael Schatte (SOCAN)
except Sam Jones, written by Richard Thompson (Beeswing Music)

www.michaelschatte.com

© & © 2015 Michael Schatte.
All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction, copying, and rental of this recording is prohibited by law and subject to criminal prosecution. Tous droits réservés. Sauf autorisation, la duplication ou la location de ce disque sont interdites sous peine de poursuites judiciaires. Made in Canada.

1 The Rehabilitate

Well I killed a man just for jaywalking on my street
And I stole money from a bum nearly on his feet
But there ain't no sin so sinful
There ain't no crime so crim'nal
That lawyers won't fix, that money won't nix, that charm won't mitigate
No matter what you do when you're living in the Rehabilitate

I done set fire to a Folio of Shakespeare's rhymes
And I shot a hole through the Mona Lisa's eye
But there ain't no sin so sinful
There ain't no crime so crim'nal
That lawyers won't fix, that money won't nix, that charm won't mitigate
No matter what you do when you're living in the Rehabilitate

I contrived to launch a full-scale nuclear war
And I suggested that Beiber sing a few songs more
But there ain't no sin so sinful
There ain't no crime so crim'nal
That lawyers won't fix, that money won't nix, that charm won't mitigate
No matter what you've done when you're living in the Rehabilitate

I got higher than a kite on the taxpayer dime
But I was drunk back then so the blame just couldn't be mine
'Cause there ain't no sin so sinful
There ain't no crime so crim'nal
That lawyers won't fix, that money won't nix, that charm won't mitigate
No matter what you've done when you're living in the Rehabilitate

Michael Schatte: *lead vocals, guitars, Hammond organ, hand claps*
Randy Cassidy: *bass, hand claps*
Jeff Halischuk: *drums*

4 Turn Back the Vikings

How came this age of roving thieves?
Unchecked they plunder as they please
We've left our fruit upon the branch
It falls and it rots, but they eat it given the chance

Hey now friends, I see how this ends
What's mine is yours 'till I'm begging from the gutter's edge
Hey now friends, let's all play defence
Cover the rear, protect what's dear and then
We'll turn back the Vikings

Here comes your chum from bygone days
He's seen your stuff, the films you've made, how nice
"I love them all" he cries, "they're great from stern to bow
And that's why I shared them 'round, so all can see 'em now"

You're not a thief, you only take what others steal
The work's priceless, so getting it for nothing's ideal
You drink well water from the tap
And then you piss into the well out back

Michael Schatte: *lead vocals, guitars, mandolin, percussion*
Randy Cassidy: *bass, backing vocals*
Chad Davis: *drums*
Andrea Caswell: *backing vocals*

2 Northern Dancer Boulevard

Pretty little house
A nice young wife
Add a sedan, a kid, and call it a life
A sunday roast
She cooked it tough
Chew, chew the cud, I've had enough

On Northern Dancer Boulevard
I lost my mind
On Northern Dancer Boulevard
I left her behind

Honey I'm going
For a nice wee stroll
Back before the TV credits roll
Out I walk
A one-track mind
A heat seeking missile, payload primed

There's a woman up ahead
With a pagan tattoo
She don't know the things I'll do
We meet at last
And the seed is sowed
The deed goes down right there, right there in the road

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, cookie sheet*
Randy Cassidy: *bass, backing vocals, rainstick*
Chad Davis: *drums*
Andrea Caswell: *backing vocals*

5 If I Find Love and Leave It Be

I saw my love inside the forest
And every bird it sang a song for her and I
Threw my watch onto the soil
Who needs a clock when here's a love transcending time
I think it fair to say I knew her
I heard the poem, the one she wrote in every stride
We didn't speak, we didn't have to
Who needs a word when in her eyes was all implied

Call me crazy
A coward, maybe
I'm sure I caught her kiss upon the wind
And is it a sin
If I find love and leave it be?

Well what a silly little problem
I hear you say I'm just a dreamer wasting time
But in a glance we had a union
And I resolved to keep it safe inside my mind

Call me crazy
A coward, maybe
I'm sure I caught her kiss upon the wind
And is it a sin
If I find love and leave it be?

3 Honey Doll

Oh lord, there she goes
Shaking those hips and you know she knows
That each and every twist makes a better little slave out of me
Oh please baby, don't you dress so nice
I'm all locked in and you're crankin' that vice
I need a witness to the theft of my every heart beat

Yes I'm stuck with a sweet tongue for that honey doll
She's a shrewd opportunist with her sugar plum
But I always fall for the honey doll

Shame, shame, shame I say
Put those legs and lips away
Poor me, the victim of a heavenly view
Oh she plays it coy and she plays it nice
But she's a hot little devil in a suit of ice
You won't melt her, but you might just enjoy being used

No, no, something must be wrong
Collecting my thoughts never took so long
It gets harder still, with every sweet word from her mouth
Oh please baby don't you tempt me so
My blood it runs hot and it's starting to flow
Just like a river, it's a brain drain heading down south

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitar, mandolin, tenor banjo, violin, accordion, hand claps*

Randy Cassidy: *bass, backing vocals*

Riley O'Connor: *drums, percussion*

Erica Reid, Shannon Schatte and Kirsten Gallagher: *hand claps*

'Cause it's fleeting
I'll not chase love lest it run away
While my heart's beating
The thought of her is sure to stay

Again I walked into the forest
Still every bird it sang a song for her and I
Felt a tap upon my shoulder
She says hello, and by chance have you the time?

Call me crazy
A coward, maybe
But now she lays her head upon my chin
For yes it's a sin
If I find love and leave it be

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitar, mandolin, tin whistle, accordion, percussion*

Randy Cassidy: *bass*
Chad Davis: *cajon*

6 Odessa

Well I've had my share of twisted little love affairs
Those pretty girls will leave you dead broke, bent, and beguiled
But all the while there was one who stood alone
A real plain jane just until that moment she smiled

Odessa
I've come around
I see the good thing in you I've found
Odessa
I've come around
Late is the hour, desperate's the sound

I know we all like the feeling of a good old chase
But race too long and your heartbeat's gonna decline
So sure was I that those beauties were worth the pace
I'd left that field running right past the finish line

So here I stand looking every little bit the fool
I passed you by, I don't know why, it's true
There'll be no more playing this game to lose
I've set my sights on the only one worth the woo

Odessa, I want you, I love you, please
Odessa, I see you, I need your squeeze
Odessa I'm down on my knees

Odessa
I've come around
I see the good thing in you I've found
Odessa
I've come around
Late is the hour, don't turn me down

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, hand claps*

Randy Cassidy: *bass*
Jeff Hallschuk: *drums*

9 Pistol On Her Pillow

She don't care what her old man say
So I smile and nod
She knocks down any fool in her way
And I done got taught

A short fuse and without ruth
She's a grenade without a pin
I like 'em tough
And I like 'em rough
But she's gonna do me in

To bed nightly with a...
Sleeping lightly with a...
Little girl keeps a pistol on her pillow
I'm scared of a...
Won't dare leave a...
Little girl keeps a pistol on her pillow

We walked down where that old river flows
I try to steal a kiss
Her right hook makes whoopee with my jaw
She lets out a hiss
"You might be the man I love
Or maybe you're just filling in
I'll be the one who's making those moves
Forget it and I'll throw you in"

It's a dangerous world out there
A man could use a friend
A pistol, a woman, either could do
But together they'll be my end

7 Baby's On the Border

She goes walking, mojo hidden in her tights
Eightball's safe from friskers aiming flashlights
When she walks she whistles "How High the Moon"
She's so sweet the boys in blue can only swoon

My baby's on the border
She's serving up an order
My baby's on the border
And I'll reward her

Esperanza treats her daddy like a king
I say fly and she goes looking for her wings
Father's dead and brother's busy in the clink
He didn't have the legs or the lips or the captivating wink

Love is mixed up in the powder
It makes me all the prouder
When she makes it home

Keep it up baby, ten more runs will do the trick
We'll get married, leave this city on the quick
No more screams and gunshots ringing in our ears
Old El Paso's gonna wash away your tears

Michael Schatte: *lead vocals, guitars, Hammond organ, percussion, hammered dulcimer*
Randy Cassidy: *bass, backing vocals*
Chad Davis: *drums*
Diego de Oro: *flamenco guitar*

8 Push, Pull, and Swing

You got my mind, you hold my soul in sway
You tippy toe around like you're staying out of the way
Clever thing, you take the back alleys after dusk
Judas, the killer I'm dying to trust

You look good, you feel right, how nice
You brought me in from the cold not once, not twice
A thousand times you made the old world shine anew
One thousand times I bought the truth that wasn't true

Under your push, pull, push, pull, and swing
Under your push, pull, push, pull, and swing
I'm just a puppet hanging here on a string
Under your push, pull, push, pull, and swing

You got me numb, you got my mouth agape
The Huxleyan pill, O brave new means of escape
I've half a mind to send you back whence you came
But half a mind has left my body much too lame, much too tame

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, bass, drums*

10 All For Me

We met under an eastern sky
In the molten stare of a red sun's eye
I said "you'd better walk away
There's a beast in me, a boiling sea
You'll know one day"

And she moans low
And she screams "no"
And how she cries so
All for me

Where did she get the iron will
The love stun gun set to maim or kill?
She picked the lock and came on in
To a dark-lit place, a haunted space
On ice too thin

She, she said "I don't wanna fear
Tears from eyes not wet yet
I've charmed a snake or two
And you're no threat"

And there she stood a broken thing
A bird shot down leaving nary a wing
My dear I think I'll leave you be
And on I'll roam, a beast alone
A false-calm sea

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, Hammond organ, hammered dulcimer*
Randy Cassidy: *bass, backing vocals*
Chad Davis: *drums*

11 Old Ties Gone

They call them friends, vultures after a kill
They want to love me against my will
They want the latest tidings every hour
And I'm afraid it's out of my power

This ain't a link, this ain't a bond
An empty sync, and old ties gone

There's little Johnny, you know his thumbs are ablaze
Who needs a voice when the thumbs talk for days?
There's pretty Lisa, they say her eyes are so green
I'd love to see them but they're aimed at a screen

Now I've known a love or two
I've touched a rose in bloom
You can't program, you won't program these

I see your pretty face in every possible pose
There's something missing, my god it shows
Where is the mystery, you stole the flame of desire
You threw the wonder right on the pyre

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, violin, percussion*
Randy Cassidy: *bass, backing vocals*
Chad Davis: *drums*

14 Our Sun Sets Early

Falling on down like a rotten old tree
Can't you see, can't you see, can't you see?
Yes we're sapped and the poison is trapped
From the foot to the canopy
Oh you say "we'll live another day"
Can it be, can it be, can it be?
The last I checked the future was wrecked
And the past is the place to be

Come with me
The gates they look so pearly
Come with me
Our sun sets early

Listen here brother when I tell you what I tell you
'Bout the sea, 'bout the sea, 'bout the sea
Your smug little chuckle's gonna meet my knuckle
If you cry "conspiracy"
The water's gonna boil over fires from hell
Oh the heat, oh the heat, oh the heat!
Pantheon judges holding ancient grudges
And Apollo plays a war beat

Where's that voice, where's that voice, where's that voice I hear?
Whispering words of a doomsday ditty gonna take us all out of here
Follow me brother I'm the one receiver
Don't you see, don't you see, don't you see?
The time has come, I'm the chosen one
To lead us through the prophecy

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, mandolin, Hammond organ*
Randy Cassidy: *bass*
Riley O'Connor: *drums, percussion*

12 Sam Jones

Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me occupation
Chuck your old hocks out for my consideration
Thirty years a bone man, up and down the nation
Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've been among the shamrock and I've been among the thistle
I like it all picked over, clean as a whistle
No sign of meat on, no sign of gristle
Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've seen battlefields white with human ivory
Noble dukes and princes stripped of flesh and finery
When the crows have done their job, they say that's the time for me
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I even dream of bones when I'm lying very ill
Rooms full of skeletons a-dancing the quadrille
Rows and rows of skulls singing Blueberry Hill
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And if you're unburied, the likes of me will find you
You're no good to worms, but you might become the finest glue
We'll grind you up and spread you out as fertiliser, too
Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I've got a lorry, it's me own boneshaker
Where's there old knuckle joints I'll be the undertaker
I'll come calling 'round just like the butcher and the baker
Sam Jones deliver them bones

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, tenor banjo, accordion*
Randy Cassidy: *bass*
Chad Davis: *drums*

15 Ottawa

The train it brought me from Southwesto
Late and yet on time
For timing locked your lovely eyes with mine

Men they speak of golden smiles
The fools they're off the mark
Unless they saw the smile you gave me turning to depart

Something still resides here
Plain refused to leave
Though far away you dwell, love
Deep in me you live and breathe

Seven days and seven nights
The city under snow
We skated on the old Canal Rideau

An olive picked before the blossom
New Scotland called you home
A thousand miles between us dear and yet I'm not alone

Michael Schatte: *lead vocals, guitars*
Randy Cassidy: *bass*
Chad Davis: *drums*
Andrea Caswell: *backing vocals*

13 Bring You 'Round

That night the world it came alive
I watched the moon glow in your eyes
I came, I saw, and I made my vow

Some day, not now
Some way, somehow
Some say you're out of bounds
Some day, not now
Some way, somehow
Some play will bring you 'round

You looked my way and gave a smile
And then you danced with him awhile
I came, I saw, and I made my vow

Michael Schatte: *lead and backing vocals, guitars, percussion*
Randy Cassidy: *bass*
Chad Davis: *drums*



All songs written by **Michael Schatte** (SOCAN)
except **Sam Jones**, written by **Richard Thompson** (Beeswing Music, BMI)

Produced by **Michael Schatte**
Associate Producer: **Randy Cassidy**

Recorded by **Michael Schatte** at **Bibliotech**, Toronto, Canada

Mixed by **Simon Tassano** at **Rumiville**, Austin, Texas, U.S.A. except **Odessa**, mixed by **Michael Schatte** at **Bibliotech**

Mastered by **Peter Letros** at **Wreckhouse Mastering**, Toronto, Canada

Graphic Design by **Michael Schatte**

Coloured pencil cover drawing by **Allison and Lauren Knight (LaurAl)**

Photography by **Kevin Thom**, Hamilton, Canada

Thank You: **Gary** and **Mary Ellen Schatte**, **Kirsten Gallagher**, **Shannon Schatte** and **Jonathan Alberi**, **Heather** and **Branden Dramnitzke**, **Don** and **Joyce Schatte**,
Randy Cassidy, **Allison and Lauren Knight**, **Diego de Oro**, **Brian Pike** for the drums,
Guy and **Gerva Shields** for the Hammond M3, **Riley O'Connor**, **Chad Davis**,
Jeff Halischuk, **Andrea Caswell**, **Wayne** at **Headstrong Amps**, **Peter Letros**,
Simon Tassano, and **Roxanne Sylvestre**

www.michaelschatte.com