

CARRIE NEWCOMER

until now



UNTIL NOW

CREDITS, GRATITUDES, AND LYRICS

1. A Long Way Up
2. The Handing Over Time
3. I Give Myself To This
4. Throwing Rocks At The Moon
5. I Will Sing A New Song
6. Like Molly Brown
7. Who Done It
8. When The Wolf Is At The Door
9. My Dog
10. On The Day You Were Born

Carrie Newcomer — Lead and Harmony Vocals, Guitar

Paul Kowert — Electric and Upright Bass

Allie Summers — Violin, Harmony Vocals (tracks 1,6,7,10)

Jordan Tice — Guitar, Mandolin

Gary Walters — Piano, Field Organ

Jim Brock — Percussion (track 5)

Kayla Behforouz — Harmony Vocals (track 5)

Terrell Sparks — Harmony Vocals (tracks 5, 10)

Gratitude and endless appreciation to my beloved Robert Meitus. Thank you to David Weber for your friendship and continued creative collaboration. Gratefulness to Gary Walters, Allie Summers, Paul Kowert, Jordan Tice, Kayla Behforouz and Terrell Sparks for bringing your whole hearts and individual talents to this project. Much gratitude to Hugh Syme for your always insightful mind and many beautiful images. Deep appreciation and gratitude to Parker J. Palmer for cherished friendship, conversations and sitting up in the mud with me. Gratitude to Kappy, Mike, Lorel, Tim & Kayla for your good hearts and for all the incredibly important work you do “backstage.” Arm loads of love to Amelia, my family, sisters, cousins and dearest friends, zoom euchre buddies, my anam cara, the fav five and Katy. Thank you for walking with me bringing so much meaning and light to my life.

“I Will Sing A New Song” is inspired by the works and writings of Dr. Howard Thurman.
This album is dedicated to LuAnn Baldoni.

“We can’t just be healed, we must be transformed.”

A Long Way Up
A Love Song.

Here in the great unraveling,
So much of this is baffling.
When breathing feels like gambling,
Nowhere to go but here.

Things come together then fall apart.
We gather up our broken hearts,
And endings are just a place to start,
And so we start again.

We're gonna climb this ladder rung by rung.
We're gonna count our blessings one by one.
It's gonna take a little grace and luck,
'Cause baby it's a long way up,
Baby it's a long way up.

When the days are short and the stars align,
We live in time outside of time,
Slow dancing as the new moon shines,
With you humming in my ear.

We're gonna climb this ladder rung by rung.
We're gonna count our blessings one by one.
It's gonna take a little grace and luck,
'Cause baby it's a long way up.
Baby it's a long way up.

Last night my dog sat barking at the world.
Yesterday I heard the wild cranes pass.
Morning came creeping in at dawn
Like amber on the frosted glass.

Mud sat up and looked around
And wondered at the world it found.
'Til 'ventually the mud laid back down,
Smiled and said amen.

We're gonna climb this ladder rung by rung.
We're gonna count our blessings one by one.
It's gonna take a little grace and luck,
'Cause baby it's a long way up.
Baby it's a long way up.
Baby it's a long way up.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

The Handing Over Time

I wrote this song with my dear friend and colleague, Gary Walters. We wrote the song on a morning when the seasons shifted from summer to autumn. There was a subtle change in the air and light, the internal clock of the world shifted and a threshold had been crossed.

The creek bed dries and then it fills,
The shadows lengthen as shadows will.
The last wild roses go to seed,
The summer birds, they take their leave,
As the light goes golden, golden.

Here we are, here I am,
Here we stand in the handing over time.
All that shines, all that rusts,
In the light and borrowed dust,
It all comes round and round again.

Curtains of leaves drift away,
The fields are filled with wheels of hay.
The yellow finches fade to gray,
At least the ones who choose to stay,
As the light goes golden, golden.

Here we are, here I am,
Here we stand in the handing over time.
All that shines, all that rusts,
In the light and borrowed dust,
It all comes round and round again.

Something fine and true and deep
Happened when I was asleep.
Something there right in my palm,
It was here and then it's gone.

The creek bed dries and then it fills.
The shadows lengthen as shadows will,
As the light goes golden, golden.

Here we are, here I am,
Here we stand in the handing over time.
All that shines, all that rusts,
In the light and borrowed dust,
It all comes round and round again.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer and Gary Walters
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by BMG
Chrysalis
©2021 Gary Walters Music (BMI)

I Give Myself to This

In the natural world I glimpse the eternal from the corner of my eye. In such moments I am reminded that I choose where I place my attention and what I will embrace with all my heart.

Light pools like spilled water on the floor,
Cold air slips like silk beneath the door.
The sky feels like a grey wool cap
Pulled down round my ears, that near.

All the ridge is lined with stands of beech.
At the tops they're swaying quietly.
So elegant and raw without their leaves,
All of these I see.

I catch a memory, a scent, another short glimpse,
Like someone leaned over and gave my forehead a kiss.
I give myself to this.

There's a hidden spring back where it's hard to find.
Someone used it years ago to make moonshine.
This forest has a different sense of time
Than yours or mine.

I catch a memory, a scent, another short glimpse,
Like someone leaned over and gave my forehead a kiss.
I give myself to this.

There's a soil horizon,
Layers beneath the trees.
A sign of outward grace
Unraveling.

One bird sits and sings an aching song.
One turning leaf, ten circles on the pond.
Two careful does wait silently beyond,
Then they're gone, they're gone.

I catch a memory, a scent, another short glimpse,
Like someone leaned over and gave my forehead a kiss.
I give myself to this.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer and Gary Walters
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by BMG
Chrysalis

Throwing Rocks At The Moon

This song is about releasing limitations and embracing resilience.

She was staring out the kitchen door,
She closed her eyes as I crossed the floor.
In the last embers of the day,
She said, "I'm bone tired of being brave, being brave."

We piled it up and we lit a match,
Let it all burn down to smoke and ash.
A dumpster fire out there on the lawn.
We let it burn until it all was gone,
All was gone.

A little relief couldn't come too soon.
Waiting on fate to change its tune,
But it seems I've been throwing,
Just throwing rocks at the moon.

I sat for months with an empty page.
Didn't want to but finally forgave.
In a cloud of dust, you drove away.
I couldn't say goodbye I only waved,
Only waved.

A little relief couldn't come too soon,
Waiting on fate to change its tune,
But it seems I've been throwing,
Just throwing rocks at the moon.

I've tried to work hard, out run or out smart.
End the book before I read the middle part.
But every new twist, and every scene
Took me somewhere I needed to be.

I don't know yet what this all means.
Maybe someday it will be redeemed.
That's the long and the short of it,
A good song usually hurts just a little bit.

You asked me, "Why, why me or you?"
I said, "Why not," you said, "I guess that's true."
It's easy to be lost as to be found.
I guess it's time to lay these old rocks down,
Lay them down.

A little relief couldn't come too soon.
Waiting on fate to change its tune,
But it seems I've been throwing,
Just throwing rocks at the moon.

A little relief couldn't come too soon.
Waiting on fate to change its tune,
But it seems I've been throwing,
Just throwing rocks at the moon.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

I Will Sing A New Song

This song was inspired by a poem by the same name by the theologian and mystic Dr. Howard Thurman.

I don't know how,
No, I don't know how.
I've never done this before,
At least until now.

Learned by heart
The hard and easy parts.
But I'm feeling it clearly,
the old song's grown weary.

I will sing a new song.
The old one's carried me this far and for so long,
But it's time to walk on,
Lifting up my voice and heart with a new song.

How it grows out of the last echo,
A new song for new needs,
So I'll follow its lead.

Here I stand, all I truly am.
So I'll rise and lift up
This new curious cup.

I will sing a new song.
The old one's carried me this far and for so long,
But it's time to walk on,
Lifting up my voice and heart with a new song.

In each life of worry and strive
Must be room to untangle,
And the singing of angels.

All that lasts and must surely pass
All that's common and holy,
All that's shot through with glory.

I will sing a new song.
The old one's carried me this far and for so long,
But it's time to walk on,
Lifting up my voice and heart with a new song.

All that's breathless and beautiful,
All I've lost and I retrieved,
All the songs that I was born to

Sing a new song.
The old one's carried me this far and for so long,
But it's time to walk on.
Lifting up my voice and heart with a new song.

I don't know how,
No, I don't know how.
I've never done this before,
At least until now.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

Like Molly Brown

This song was written in honor of the ancestors who's shoulders we stand upon. May we all tap into that well of great courage and wisdom as we row our boats toward the next horizon.

I'm gonna row my boat like Molly Brown,
Picking up an oar, when the ship went down.
When she made it home, Molly kissed the ground,
I'm gonna row my boat like Molly Brown.

Pull and rest, pull and rest.
Do your best, not more or less.
Rest and pull, pull and try.
Keep asking why
'Til we all meet on the other side.

I'm gonna row my boat like Rosa Parks
On that downtown bus, trying to embark
Didn't know if she would see the mountain top
When asked stand, Rosa did not.

Pull and rest, pull and rest.
Do your best, not more or less.
Rest and pull, pull and try.
Keep asking why
'Til we all meet on the other side.

I'm gonna row my boat like RBG,
Saying, "all y'all, take your boot off me."
She worked to change the old paradigm.
Day by day, one law at a time.

Pull and rest, pull and rest.
Do your best, not more or less.
Rest and pull, pull and try.
Keep asking why
'Til we all meet on the other side.

I'm gonna row my boat like Lucretia Mott,
Who stood up and said, "this has to stop."
Believed we all carry a piece of light,
Some called her wrong, but she was right.

Pull and rest, pull and rest.
Do your best, not more or less.
Rest and pull, pull and try.
Keep asking why
'Til we all meet on the other side.

I'm gonna row my boat like Molly Brown,
Picking up an oar, when the ship went down.
When she made it home, Molly kissed the
ground,
I'm gonna row my boat like Molly Brown.
I'm gonna row my boat like Molly Brown.
I'm gonna row my boat like Molly Brown.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

Who Done It

The growing edge is often a great mystery.

It all comes down to timing,
A moment seized or missed.
Like a spool of thread unwinding,
Like a mystery with a twist.

When it had to be the butler,
The parson or ingenue,
The doctor or the chauffeur,
Or maybe it was you.

But it's all right, it's not too late.
It's just gonna take as long
As it's gonna take.

Now it doesn't really matter,
You don't have to think it through.
That movie's old and faded,
And there's nothing more to do.

Some things don't have an answer,
Just the meaning that we make.
From playing out the cards,
And wrestling with grace.

But it's all right, it's not too late.
It's just gonna take as long
As it's gonna take.

I've been circling a sparkler
Like a signal in the deep.
My pocket full of ghosts
That have finally gone to sleep.

On a train to old Chicago,
An alley behind the bar.
The clues were barely hidden,
I'd already come this far.

But the hero didn't show up,
The inspector blew the case.
So I'm picking up the pieces
And putting them in place.

And since were being honest,
I don't know how this book ends.
I'm just following my nose
With a notebook and a pen.

But it's all right, it's not too late.
It's just gonna take as long,
As it's gonna take.

But it's all right, it's not too late.
It's just gonna take as long,
As it's gonna take.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

When The Wolf Is At The Door

Once I watched a tornado funnel cloud form and reach down to the ground. I thought of that experience often in the first weeks of the COVID-19 pandemic. It was a time of great unraveling and yet with great disruption comes a possibility for change. We can't just be healed, we must be transformed.

There's an owl gliding silently tonight,
The hours drag slow as morphine.
In the dark are little flashes of light,
Small hearts hold their breath, then breathe.

There's a storm like I've never seen before,
Rumbling like a train, coming up through the floor.
We can't just be healed, we must be transformed.
When the sky goes dark, and the wolf is at the door.

My old dog lifts her nose into the wind,
She can tell when trouble is near.
We mark the sidewalks with symbols and lines
And pray that it don't stop here.

There's a storm like I've never seen before,
Rumbling like a train, coming up through the floor.
We can't just be healed, we must be transformed.
When the sky goes dark, and the wolf is at the door.

It's like a wave coming in
I can't stop or change.
And the shape of things I knew
Won't ever be the same.

But when the old world ends,
A new world starts.
What finally comes together
First had to fall apart.

I've been seeing things I thought I'd never see,
There once were four, but now there's three.
Change comes slouching in, unnamed and
unforeseen,
With a quiet voice or on soundless wings.

There's a storm like I've never seen before,
Rumbling like a train, coming up through the
floor.
We can't just be healed, we must be
transformed.
When the sky goes dark, and the wolf is at the
door.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

My Dog

Mr. Rogers would end every program with, "You've made this day a special day, by just your being you. There's no person in the whole world like you, and I like you just the way you are. May we all be loved just as we are by others and ourselves."

I have a grey old dog
Who loves me more than bones.
She's seen my best and worst,
And still calls me her very own.
She doesn't think I need a Nobel prize,
I'm just fine in her eyes.
Heaven help anyone who tries
To tell her something less.
She's just not impressed.

I'm doing the best I can,
At least that's what I plan.
I'm trying to be the person that
My dog thinks I am.

There's room to improve, my mother used to say,
"Don't let big dogs get you down, or get in your way."
It just takes a little spit shine,
A little patience, a little time.
And when in doubt just be kind,
Even to yourself,
Not just everyone else.

I'm doing the best I can,
At least that's what I plan.
I'm trying to be the person that
My dog thinks I am.

Though she's not the sharpest crayon,
My dog loves me as I am.
Unenlightened or attuned,
She still thinks I hang moon.

I thought I might skip the middle of the book,
Blow past all those pages without a single look.
Even when its hard see,
I'm right where I need to be.
We all learn to some degree
One step at a time.
And this step is mine.

I'm doing the best I can,
At least that's what I plan.
I'm trying to be the person that
My dog thinks I am.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis

On The Day You Were Born

One lovely evening a dear friend read me the children's story, "On The Day You Were Born" by Deborah Fraizer. It was the inspiration for this song.

The sun went down, and the moon came out
On the day that you were born.
The stars were more than we could count
On the day that you were born.
On a morning that was old and new
On the day that you were born.
The world opened up to welcome you
On the day that you were born.

It's all mystery and motion,
How the wheels of this world open.
There were gentle rains and summer storms
On the day that you were born.

The winds blew patterns through the trees
On the day that you were born.
The waters wandered toward the sea
On the day that you were born.

It's all mystery and motion,
How the wheels of this world open.
There were gentle rains and summer storms
On the day that you were born.

The redbuds fade and bloom again
On the day that you were born.
The birds knew where and they knew when
On the day that you were born.

In the clouds and vapor and the quiet lakes
On the day that you were born.
In the deepest currents and waves that break
On the day that you were born.

It's all mystery and motion,
How the wheels of this world open.
There were gentle rains and summer storms
On the day that you were born.


In the prayers and psalms that whisper through the trees,
In the secret places only God can see.
In the things we feel but cannot be said,
We all hold hands and bow our heads.

Seasons pass and seasons grow
On the day that you were born.
There were things we'll never know
On the day that you were born.
But love is all and love is true
On the day that you were born.
And love will always welcome you
On the day that you were born.

It's all mystery and motion,
How the wheels of this world open.
There were gentle rains and summer storms
On the day that you were born.

It's all mystery and motion,
How the wheels of this world open.
There were gentle rains and summer storms
On the day that you were born.

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer
©2021 Carrie Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by BMG Chrysalis



Booking by Mike Green & Associates
Management and Legal Representation by Robert Meitus, Meitus Gelbert Rose LLP
Carrie Newcomer is a Taylor Guitars Artist.

All songs by Carrie Newcomer, ©2021 Carrie
Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by
BMG Chrysalis except The Handing Over Time
by Carrie Newcomer & Gary Walters ©2021 Carrie
Newcomer Music (BMI), Administered by BMG Chrysalis

Produced by Carrie Newcomer
Engineered and Mixed by David Weber
Recorded and Mixed at Airtime Recording Studios, Bloomington, IN
Mastered by Steve Fallone at Sterling Sound, New York, NY
Art Direction, Illustration and Design by Hugh Syme
Cover Photography by Jim Krause
Inside Photography by David Weber
Executive Produced by Robert Meitus