

The Bear and The Bison - Credits and Lyrics

The Bear and The Bison features:

Dean Vivirito on vocals

Harmony Griffin on guitars

Patrick Jackson on standup bass

Jim Whitford on lap and pedal steel

Jacob Brockway on pedal steel

Charlie Coughlin on fiddle

Michael Russeck on piano

Mark Lennon on vocals, guitars, banjo, bass, and drums

Produced by Mark W. Lennon

Mixed by Dean Nelson

Mastered by Danny Kalb

All songs are written by Mark W. Lennon and Courtney S. Lennon.

Train, Train

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Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals

Harmony Griffin - Guitar

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Patrick Jackson - Standup Bass

Hey, Hey Mama, you never told me it would be like this
On an Amtrak train in the middle of the night, just trying to get to Memphis
I'm too slow to run, too scared to drive, lord knows I'd never fly,
So you can see me living my young life, like it's 1865

Train, Train, slowly taking me out of town
This country it don't look the same
But I still hear the whistle sound

Riding these rails, the wind in my sails, going north just to get down south
From Buffalo to Toronto, we're just waiting to turn around
Two days gone, the horizon's so long and shadows chasin the trees
Where we're going, when we get there,
we're still waiting on Tennessee

Train, Train, slowly taking me out of town

This country it don't look the same
But I still hear the whistle sound

Hey, Hey Memphis, well I just got in today
The muddy Mississippi waters, are gonna make me want to stay
Walkin down Beale, no sign of Lucille, just gotta take things slow
So head on down to the station line, it's just about time to go

Train, Train, slowly taking me out of town
This country it don't look the same
But I still hear the whistle sound

Misery

© 2022 Courtney S. Lennon, Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Jim Whitford - Lap Steel

Patrick Jackson - Standup Bass

I don't know why she asks me things, when she knows I'm always wrong
I don't wanna read the books she gave me, and I can't stand her favorite song

But I can't go home because she took that from me
O' well now, all I got left is misery
Yeah, all I got left is misery

I made her breakfast in the morning time, then she comes home late at night
She never asks me what I did or how I am, all she wants to do is start a fight—————
But I can't go home because she took that from me
O' well now, all I got left is misery
Yeah, all I got left is misery

She don't like, the way I talk, she's always drunk and always mean
I've been here for all these years, and she tells me I got to leave

But I can't go home because she took that from me
O' well now, all I got left is misery
Yeah, all I got left is misery, yeah, all I got left is misery

She's Cold

© 2022 Mark W. Lennon, Courtney S. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Patrick Jackson - Standup Bass

Jim Whitford - Pedal Steel

Charlie Coughlin - Fiddle

She's cold, She's cold, Cold she's cold, all this cold, it's getting old
It's just one more night with you
But do you really want me to go?
Do you really, really want me to go?
Do you really want me to go? That's just cold

Tired and pushing, 12am, no there's no more stopping again,
I guess we can't turn back now, LA, Amarillo to Chicago
Now we're stuck down here in Ohio, now we're stuck down here in Ohio

She's cold, She's cold, Cold she's cold, all this cold, it's getting old
It's just one more night with you
But do you really want me to go?
Do you really, really want me to go?
Do you really want me to go? That's just cold

Been buried deep, deep for weeks, now they say it's gonna reach six feet,
From all the ice and the rain and snow,
And I'm lonely and scared and a long way from home
I'm lonely and scared and a long way from home
I'm lonely and scared, i'm a long way from home

She's cold, She's cold, Cold she's cold, all this cold, it's getting old
It's just one more night with you
But do you really want me to go?
Do you really, really want me to go?
Do you really want me to go? That's just cold

Did I make a mistake, did I go too far, when all the streets are closed, except for the bars
She just laughs and she says that I'm weak, and I got lost in the land of the buffalo
I got lost in the land of the buffalo, I got lost in the land of the buffalo

She's cold, She's cold, Cold she's cold, all this cold, it's getting old
It's just one more night with you
But do you really want me to go?
Do you really, really want me to go?
Do you really want me to go? That's just cold

That's just cold, so cold. Yeah that's cold. So cold. Yeah that's cold. So cold, that's just cold

Screen Fever

© 2022 Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals, drums

Harmony Griffin - Guitars

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Patrick Jackson - Bass

Looks like you've been thinking them hard thoughts again, my friend
Cycling through life, like playing Tetris in an all night band
Just saw a picture of you from like the 90s, in a parallel world

I've been doom scrolling for days, again
I've been doom scrolling for days again
I've been doom scrolling for days and days and days and days again

Well I feel you talking to me, I hope you see that i'm nodding along
The moment when you've found yourself, and you just changed the song
and then you asked me "If I'm not the same person I used to be, would you recognize me?"

I've been doom scrolling for days, again
I've been doom scrolling for days again
I've been doom scrolling for days and days and days and days again

I can't even look in your eyes anymore
I've got this screen fever and all I want is more

My attention span has left again while I orbit your sun
Second guessing all the times that i've forgotten your love
Won't you have some mercy on me and take my hands in yours

I've been doom scrolling for days, again

I've been doom scrolling for days again
I've been doom scrolling for days and days and days and days again

I can't even look in your eyes anymore
I've got this screen fever and all I want is more

It's All Downhill

© 2022 Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals, bass, drums
Harmony Griffin - Guitar
Dean Vivirito - Vocals
Michael Russeck - Piano

You asked me to write you a love song, but then you asked me too much
Now you're standing at my door saying you're leaving,
Cause you just don't know which way we're going

I think back to how all this could be, but my mind is drawing a blank
New York it sounded so good when you said it, but you always said it was up to me

Just going the way the river flows, so if somebody asks, I just don't know
All the hustle, and all the fuss, and all the bullshit, don't seem to matter anymore
Well that great big hill we climbed to get here, but now it's all downhill

Pictures bring me back to when we first met, lost days in those Los Feliz side streets
Then you came in trying to sing just like merle haggard, well I guess that's all it took

I was in the Brian Wilson Tshirt that caught your eye, and we would dance around to Van
It all seemed so simple, just frozen in time, we couldn't recreate it if we tried

Just going the way the river flows, so if somebody asks, I just don't know
All the hustle, and all the fuss, and all the bullshit, don't seem to matter anymore
Well that great big hill we climbed to get here, but now it's all downhill

Now she's got a bolo of a lone star steer, she found her way right out of here
If California brought us to our knees, just getting out pulled her closer to me

All the hustle, and all the fuss, and all the bullshit, don't seem to matter anymore

Well that great big hill we climbed to get here, but now it's all downhill

Got To Make These Times Better

© 2022 Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals, banjo

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Patrick Jackson - Standup Bass

Charlie Coughlin - Fiddle

All we seem to do is work and pray, the gifts we were given just wasting away
I was told a long time ago, there's nothing you can take from what I know
Listen up now it's easy to sing, sing it to yourself till you change your way
Listen up now it's easy to sing, sing it to yourself till you change your way

Oh, Oh, we got to make, got to make, these times better

Oh, Oh, we got to make, got to make, these times better

Got to try just a little bit harder, ain't too hard just to be a little smarter
Turn around and smile and wave your hands, life is always better when you dance
Clap your hands and tap your toes, save your soul with rock and roll
Clap your hands and tap your toes, save your soul with rock and roll

Oh, Oh, we got to make, got to make, these times better

Oh, Oh, we got to make, got to make, these times better

Kind Hearted Man

© 2022 Courtney S. Lennon, Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals

Harmony Griffin - Guitar

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Patrick Jackson - Standup Bass

I don't drink, I don't cheat, I don't lie, I don't hurt her, I don't make her cry
I do everything that I can
But my woman don't want no kind hearted man

I pay the rent, she says don't do that, let's just get drunk like Townes Van Zandt
There's not much in this world she can stand
But my woman don't want no kind hearted man

Well the lord he has, his hold on me, tried so hard now just to get free
And to the devil that I ran
Cause my woman don't want no kind hearted man

So I bought a Colt 45, thought we were gonna be like Bonnie and Clyde
She looked at me like I lost my mind
Cause my woman don't want no kind hearted man

She said honey now please, if it's not too late, this dark side of you I'm startin to hate
And this whole thing just got outta hand
Now my woman she wants a kind hearted man

Country Mood

© 2022 Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals, bass, drums

Harmony Griffin - Guitar

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Jacob Brockway - Pedal Steel

Well she wakes up, in a country mood, yeah it's all good, just misunderstood
But thank God she can sing every verse, so we raise another and start it again

It started one day, like a lightning bolt, what she found on my phone, sure made her blood boil
Of course you know, you're the only one for me, them stupid damn pictures don't mean a thing
So forget it all now, it's all in the past, but of course you know, I'll never do it again

Well she wakes up, in a country mood, yeah it's all good, just misunderstood
But thank God she can sing every verse, so we raise another and start it again

Well the next time we were out, I called you her name, I know it all felt like a game
I was just born with a foot in my mouth, always said too much, too soon, too loud
So let's drop it all now, those women are all gone, come on we both know I was wrong

Well she wakes up, in a country mood, yeah it's all good, just misunderstood
But thank god she can sing every verse, so we raise another and start it again

Well I guess it's a good thing just my ego was bruised, I can live another day past all the booze
You know I have a big ol' heart, that's why you loved me from the start
So remember it now, it's the same ol sin, before we go and start it again

Well she wakes up, in a country mood, yeah it's all good, just misunderstood
But thank God she can sing every verse, so we raise another and start it again

Woman of Mine

© 2022 Courtney S. Lennon, Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals, bass, drums

Harmony Griffin - Guitar

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Well I left my place in Los Feliz, gonna drive straight across los angeles,
Headed out to West LA, that black eyed boy better start to pray

I hop the five just to get to the ten, do the "sign of the cross" and I shout amen,
Well it takes an hour just to go a mile, that back stabbin devil gonna reconcile

5 foot 8 in my cowboy boots, that son if a bitch needs talkin to
Take my woman, won't come out alive, now I'm barrelin down the 405

I'm from the back woods North Carolin', just can't take that woman of mine
Doc Watson on the radio, i'm the craziest man you ain't ever known

Well I get off the road down on Tennessee, can barely see anything that's ahead of me,
Been drinkin beer, gun on my seat, i'm headin down that cold cold sea

When I get to that guy, gonna hear from me, might bury his body down in Joshua Tree
My woman's cruel, evil mean but that ain't nothing, that's compared to me

Parkin my car, walkin down the street, I'm angry like I ain't ever been,
Pop pills, knockin on doors, I'll throw that boy right across the floor

I'm from the back woods North Carolin', just can't take that woman of mine
Doc Watson on the radio, i'm the craziest man you ain't ever known

Foot on his back, I don't care what he says, you mess with me you gonna wind up dead

So where's my woman, he said "she's in my bed," right over there, and she's lookin straight ahead

She let out a scream, like I ain't ever known, she said honey I'm sorry, but I think we gotta go
Fire in my eyes, rage in my heart, slammin that door, we need a fresh new start

I'm from the back woods North Carolin', just can't take that woman of mine
Doc Watson on the radio, i'm the craziest man you ain't ever known

Last Try

© 2022 Courtney S. Lennon, Mark W. Lennon

Mark Lennon - Guitar, vocals, bass, drums

Harmony Griffin - Lead Guitar

Dean Vivirito - Vocals

Jacob Brockway - Pedal Steel

Down in the basement, New York summer came and went
reading The Stranger and the Fall
but she don't understand nothing at all

She won't go nowhere, she's alone all the time
me i'm the one she never wanted to find
says she loves more from a far, but i can't take it any more

Courtney you don't see, this situation's not for me
life ain't the books you read, this is my last try, last try

I came from the south, and she'd been to jail
there was no one like her there for miles
acting old, past her age, calling out for us to look the other way

She was already, on the edge
walking a fine line, all the things in her head
she drove for days just to get away
looking to run, but she found me instead

Courtney you don't see, this situation's not for me
life ain't the books you read, this is my last try, last try

I said some things, that left a scar

drinkin on her breath, hiding out in the car
everything was new, the days they just flew
and we were trying to keep up

But everything came crashing down down
maybe we weren't ready the first time around

Courtney you don't see, this situation's not for me
life ain't the books you read, this is my last try, last try
this is my last try