

THE
RIDDLE
BROS.



COTTON VALLEY STORE



BIG CAN ARMOUR'S PORK and BEANS 16¢

2 PONDS TISSUE 15¢

2 CANS RANCH STYLE DOC AND 2 FOR 15¢

TISSUE SOFTEX 11¢ ROLL

BRIGHT & EARLY COFFEE GUARANTEED FRESH HIGH GRADE 69¢ LB CAN

HALF PAST SEVEN COFFEE 69¢ LB

RIDDLES SPECIAL COFFEE PEADERRY 63¢ LB

RIDDLES SPECIAL COFFEE RIO 53¢ LB.

Riddle Brothers Features:
 Michael Riddle: guitars / vocals
 Charlie Riddle: bass / vocals
 Mark Riddle: vocals

Additional Players:
 Dale Menten: keyboards
 Dan Newton: accordion
 Brian Wicklund: fiddle
 Brian C. Peters: pedal steel
 Mike Cramer: mandolin
 Scott Sansby: drums / percussion
 Jolee Becker, Kacie Riddle: vocals

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TRAIN TO DIXIELAND

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It happened every summer - right after school let out
My folks would take our family - to their homeland in the south
Spending three days on the highway - with five kids could be a pain
But it was only 20 hours - if we traveled there by train

At the Rock Island Depot - we'd catch the Golden State
And ride along the Mississippi - making Kansas City late
We'd run through the station - hoping it was not too far
To the Kansas City Southern - and a quiet Pullman car

I can still feel - the big wheels rumble
With the rhythm - of an old time band
As backyard scenery - flew by the window
On the Train to Di - xie - land

Mama said that folk were sleeping - and not to make a peep
Soon the motion of the railroad - rocked us all to sleep
We'd wake up to the sunrise - through the Ozark Mountain pines
And eat breakfast in the club car - always neat and fine.

When we stopped in Texarkana - she pulled in engine first
So when she left the station - she had to do it in reverse
The club car was the tail end - and we all played engineer
As we watched the conductor - drive the train from there

I can still feel - the big wheels rumble
With the rhythm - of an old time band
As backyard scenery - flew by the window
On the Train to Di - xie - land

That same day at lunch time - as Mom and Dad had planned
We'd reach our destination - of Shreveport Luzianne
Spending two weeks with our kinfolk - in the burnin' southern sun
But the train ride back home again - was never quite as fun

I can still feel - the big wheels rumble
With the rhythm - of an old time band
As backyard scenery - flew by the window
On the Train to Di - xie - land

I can still feel - the big wheels rumble
With the rhythm - of an old time band
As backyard America - flew by the window
On the Train to Dixieland
On the Train to Dixieland



All The Time

© criddle 2015

Electric guitar: Michael Riddle

Every day of my life
I thank the stars for all the
things that you are to me
It's you I cherish truly - all the time

When I look in your eyes
I see the sparkle of the jewel
that you are to me
It's you I value hugely

Life's too short to live it alone
spending it with some fair weather friends.
This love's so real I call you my own
Forever in time as if it never ends

All the time, I want to be with you, in my life

When it's you by my side
I feel the comfort in my soul
that you just bring me
It's you that really moves me - all the time

What your love does imply
is that my world's complete
with you, no worries to me
It's you that makes it groovy

Time with you I forget the blues,
not looking back at my old life again
The future's bright when I'm thinking of you
Forever in time as if it never ends
All the time, I want to be with you, in my life

Life's too short to live it alone
spending it with some fair weather friends
This love's so real I call you my own
Forever in time as if it never ends

All the time, I want to be with you, in my life
A love forever true - all the time,
I want to be with you, in my life



Cotton Valley Store

© riddleMEMusic 2012

Mandolin: Mike Cramer
Accordian: Dan Newton

It was a three-room shop
on a two-block street
in a one-horse town
fightin' for its life - and gettin' beat,
A little general store
sellin' produce, canned goods,
cane poles, hardware, chips
And chicken feed.
Just a kid on a summer getaway,
and I could hardly wait
cause I'd be spending the day
by my grandfather's side.

At his Cotton Valley Store,
the customer was king
And your satisfaction worth more
than the profits that he'd ring.
Yeah, you could tell you had a friend,
the way he offered up his hand
and the Golden Rule that
hung above the door
of his Cotton Valley Store

I would stock and bag,
and after a while
he'd hand me a dollar and
I'd spend it on The candy aisle,
And all the local folk would congregate,
sharing news and views
and buy a thing or two.
He'd call them all by name,
asked about their children
saw everybody the same:
you were special in his eyes.

At his Cotton Valley Store,
the customer was king
and your satisfaction worth more
than the profits that he'd ring.
and if times were really tough
and you couldn't pay the bill,
he'd tear it up and throw it on the floor,
of his Cotton Valley Store.

Tell me where did it go,
the service with a smile,
are we nothin' more than
numbers in a line?
Tell me where did it go,
the market in the square
did we trade it for the
"low, low prices" sign?

As they carried him off
in a long black hearse,
a small town felt a
tremor in its universe,
And the store, like the man,
lost its life as the malls
and the chain stores
Took its breath away.
Nothin' remains but a ghost
and a broken building.
Did we lose what
really matters most
for a pocket full of change?

At his Cotton Valley Store,
the customer was king
and your satisfaction worth more
than the profits that he'd ring.
Yeah, you could tell
you had a friend,
the way he offered up his hand
and the Golden Rule that
hung above the door
Of his Cotton Valley Store.

Just a three-room shop
on a two-block street
in a one-horse town
fightin' for its life - and gettin' beat...



DISCON-NECTED

© criddle 2013

Organ: Dale Menten

I feel disconnected from the connection
That ran between you and me
Disconnected from the connection
Are you fed up with my company?

I recall the day we met
It was a four-bar affair of the heart
Didn't matter what plans we had
Friends and family couldn't keep us apart

And I remember our first embrace
Our coverage seemed so complete
Now we're stuck in a dead zone
And I'm not quite sure what to think

I feel disconnected from the connection
That runs between you and me
Disconnected from the connection
Are you fed up with the company?

It seemed to all start with my texting remark
Followed by an email or two
Something I wrote musta turned you off
Interpretation that went askew

Tried to give your cell a call
With an apology straight from the heart
But all I got was voicemail
And it's just tearing me apart

Seems that we're caught
In Androidian thought
Where feelings get lost in translation
We just need to get in the same place
Carry on a real conversation

Let's make some time for no deadlines
Leave our holsters hung on the rack
And use our God-given senses
To try and get our signal back

I feel disconnected from the connection
That runs between you and me
Disconnected from the connection
I really miss your company?



photo credit: Mark Riddle © 2015

CARNEY GIRL

© riddleMEmusic 2013

Calliope: Dale Menten

I'm a sucker for the circus,
I'm a fool for the Fair,
the lights, the tents, the noise,
the smell of corn dogs in the air
and down on the midway I hardly ever won.

She ran the shootin' gallery and we began to flirt.
She flashed some roller-coaster curves
beneath her carney shirt,
when she bent down to show me
how to use my gun.

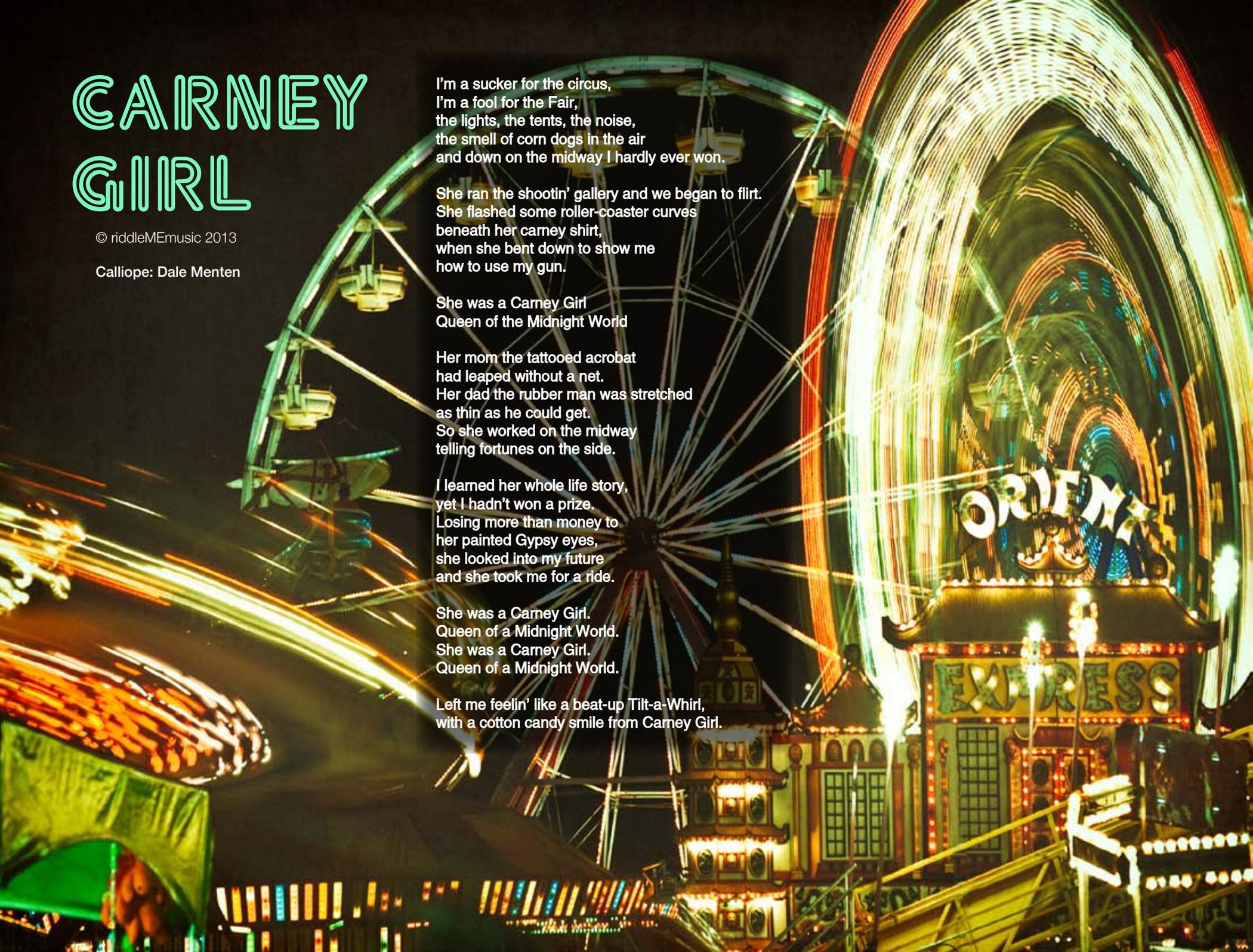
She was a Carney Girl
Queen of the Midnight World

Her mom the tattooed acrobat
had leaped without a net.
Her dad the rubber man was stretched
as thin as he could get.
So she worked on the midway
telling fortunes on the side.

I learned her whole life story,
yet I hadn't won a prize.
Losing more than money to
her painted Gypsy eyes,
she looked into my future
and she took me for a ride.

She was a Carney Girl.
Queen of a Midnight World.
She was a Carney Girl.
Queen of a Midnight World.

Left me feelin' like a beat-up Tilt-a-Whirl,
with a cotton candy smile from Carney Girl.



Play Away Miss Agnes

© criddle 2013

Accordian: Dan Newton
Mandolin: Mike Cramer
Piano: Dale Menten

"You Are My Sunshine" (excerpt)
- Agnes Riddle - Piano

Like the blooming azaleas on the first days of Spring
The grace of your presence was a magical thing
You could take a cloudy day and turn it around
With a smile and a laugh like the sunshine abound

As sweet as a magnolia, you were a true Southern Belle
Greeting a stranger, like you knew them real well
You would play the piano in a Whispering tone
And Walk Thru the Garden as if you weren't alone

Play - a - way Miss Agnes, play away, play away
With every note you make, you brighten up our day
Even though you're not with us, the songs are here to stay
Play for us, Miss Agnes, play away, play away

To have to leave Dixie at such a late stage in life
Would cause any other such hardship and strife
But the warmth of your being and the great songs of old
Brought Southern sunshine to this land of bitter cold

Play - a - way Miss Agnes, play away, play away
With every note you make, you brighten up our day
Even though you're not with us, the songs are here to stay
Play for us, Miss Agnes, play away, play away

A life of loves and losses were the stories you told
Your faith in the Almighty, kept your soul ever bold
You'd play us that song of those *Cottonfields* back home
We'd all join in singing and you knew you weren't alone

Play - a - way Miss Agnes, play away, play away
With every note you make, you brighten up the day
Even though you're not with us, the songs are here to stay
Play for us, Miss Agnes, play away, play away



When I Hear Hank Williams Sing

I am driving thru Northwestern Louisiana
On a gravel parish road in summertime
Feel the cool breeze as I'm rollin' down the window
As the sun is settin' low behind the pines
I'm headed home with a limit on my stringer
I swear I can almost hear the dinner bell ring
All my family's there to join me at the table
I am there - when I hear Hank Williams sing

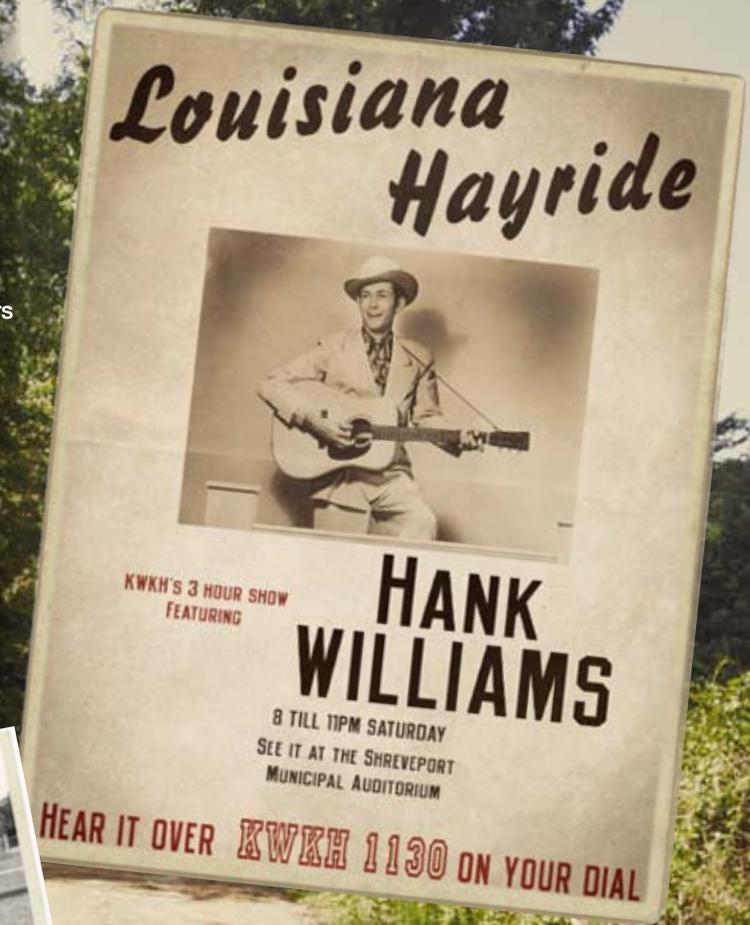
There's a peaceful feelin' fishing on the Bayou
When the water's like a mirror for the sky
Hear the crickets singing praises to the evening
As the Spanish moss waves in the trees up high
Just then I see a movement in the mirror
As a bass jumps up to take my offering
I can see my daddy smilin' as I land it
I am there - when I hear Hank Williams sing

Hank was gone before I made it to the party
But his music puts me in a reverie
And I drift back to a time of simple pleasures
With fond memories of my Southern family
They've all passed on to take their place in Heaven
I hope to see them again upon my reckoning
Oh, but every time I play his old recordings
They are here - when I hear Hank Williams sing...

They are with me when I hear Hank Williams sing

© riddleMEmusic 2014

Fiddle: Brian Wicklund
Pedal steel: Brian C. Peters



Jean Marie

© riddleMEmusic 2014

Fiddle: Brian Wicklund
Pedal Steel: Brian C. Peters

A younger me – carried on so fast and free
I never took the time – when roses were in bloom
I didn't learn – until the day I crashed and burned
And found myself alone and spurned
Crying 'neath a midnight moon

(Then) Jean Marie – As lovely as a melody
Dancin' on a gentle breeze - In a painted sky
You rescued me - Showed me possibility
Together we are harmony - As peaceful as a lullabye
While you're away - I fill up my day
With daydreams of you and I – Jean Marie,
My love will never die

Can't you see - Just how much you mean to me
These feelings that I have - My heart just can't confine
So won't you stay - Don't make me live another day
To wake up and not see your face - or feel your body next to mine

Jean Marie – As lovely as a melody
Dancin' on a gentle breeze - In a painted sky
You rescued me - Showed me possibility
Together we are harmony - As peaceful as a lullabye
While you're away - I fill up my day
With daydreams of you and I – Jean Marie,
My love will never die

While you're away - I fill up my day
With daydreams of you and I – Jean Marie,
My love will never die

DIXIE INN

© riddleMEmusic 2013

Well, I flew out of Dallas Texas,
in a stolen Lexus,
And by nightfall crossed the Louisiana line.

Seeking hibernation and a filling station,

I spun off at the Minden exit sign

Filled'er up and winked at the pretty cashier there,

"Sweet thing, where's a cowboy find a beer?"

She shot back, "Sorry, Sugar, don't you know, you're in a Bible town, And they don't 'llow that kind of thing 'round here!"

She said, "Now, Honey, I don't know you, and don't know what you're up to, But your lookin' fine and I could use a friend.

I'm off at 11, and I think it would be heaven, if you took me for a drink at - Dixie Inn...Dixie Inn...Dixie Inn... bee-ba-da-in-do-dow.

So I jumped into my booty, with this Cajun cutie, And we cruised out in the coal black summer night. We wandered down the back roads, 'til we came upon a crossroads, And a tin shack with a blinkin' neon sign. It was a Mexican cantina with a bayou bill of fare, She cooed, "The crawfish enchiladas are the best!" After a meal and many beers, she caught me studying her lines and cried out, "Tell me, Baby, do I pass your test!"

I said, "Now Honey, I don't know you and don't know what you're into, But I'm on the run, and I got some to spend.

I bet that you could make me smile, so won't you stay with me awhile - Come on and spend the night with me in Dixie Inn...Dixie Inn...Dixie Inn... bee-ba-da-in-do-dow."

She pulled me close and whispered, "there is something you should know - I AM A DEPUTY! Boy you just been stung!" Well, I laughed at her little game, and I looked up to make a move, but I was starin' down the wrong end of her gun....

It seems her police scanner called in, a vehicle description, of the Lexus and the track that I was on, But she'd been working at the station, for her Daddy who was ailin', and it was just dumb luck that I had come along, Cos' the squad car she was drivin' was a beat-up Chevy coupe, and she really liked the way the Lexus rode, And if she nabbed a Dallas collar and a new cool ride to boot, She'd really feel she'd hit the motherlode! And she said, "Sure been nice to know you, but I don't think that I owe you," And she took my car and through me in the pen.

So if you see a Lexus parked 'long side a Louisiana road - SLOW DOWN! And recall the night my life went south in Dixie Inn... Dixie Inn...Dixie Inn... bee-ba-da-in-do-dow."



Dixie Inn is a village in Webster Parish, Louisiana. The population was 352 at the 2000 census. It is located off Interstate 20 at the old Shreveport Road, some twenty-six miles east of Shreveport. -Wikipedia

Deep memories of childhood days
rest upon my mind in the midday sun
of a Louisiana afternoon

Places I've seen in all my dreams
kindled feelings left in a young boy's heart
of a Louisiana afternoon

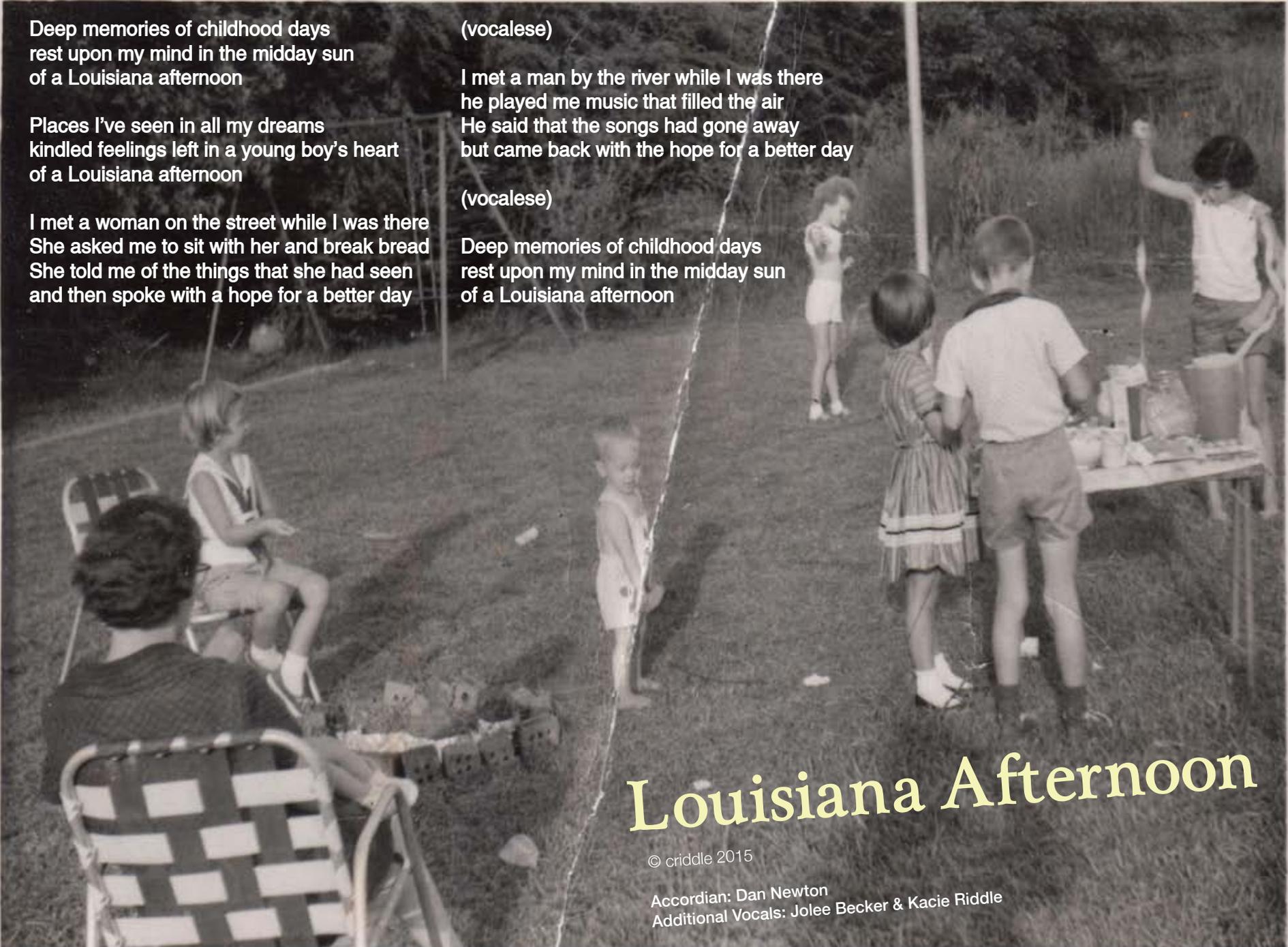
I met a woman on the street while I was there
She asked me to sit with her and break bread
She told me of the things that she had seen
and then spoke with a hope for a better day

(vocalese)

I met a man by the river while I was there
he played me music that filled the air
He said that the songs had gone away
but came back with the hope for a better day

(vocalese)

Deep memories of childhood days
rest upon my mind in the midday sun
of a Louisiana afternoon



Louisiana Afternoon

© criddle 2015

Accordian: Dan Newton
Additional Vocals: Jolee Becker & Kacie Riddle



YER LUV

© riddleMEmusic 2013

Electric guitar: Michael Riddle

My love is fast train,
on a downhill track
My love is fast train,
ain't no turnin' back
Full steam and red hot
one stop on this line
It's Yer Love

My love is hurricane
got me blown away
My love is hurricane
On a sunny day
I'm on a thrill ride
take me to cloud nine
And Yer Love

If you think I'm lyin'
Lightnin' from above
Strike me where I'm standin'
Nothin' that I won't do for your love

Oh and Yer Love is a remedy
top shelf medicine
Yer Love is a remedy
For the shape I'm in
There's only one thing
makes me feel this fine
It's your love

If you think I'm lyin'
Lightnin' from above
Strike me where I'm standin'
Nothin' that I won't do for your love

Run River Run

© riddleMEmusic 2013

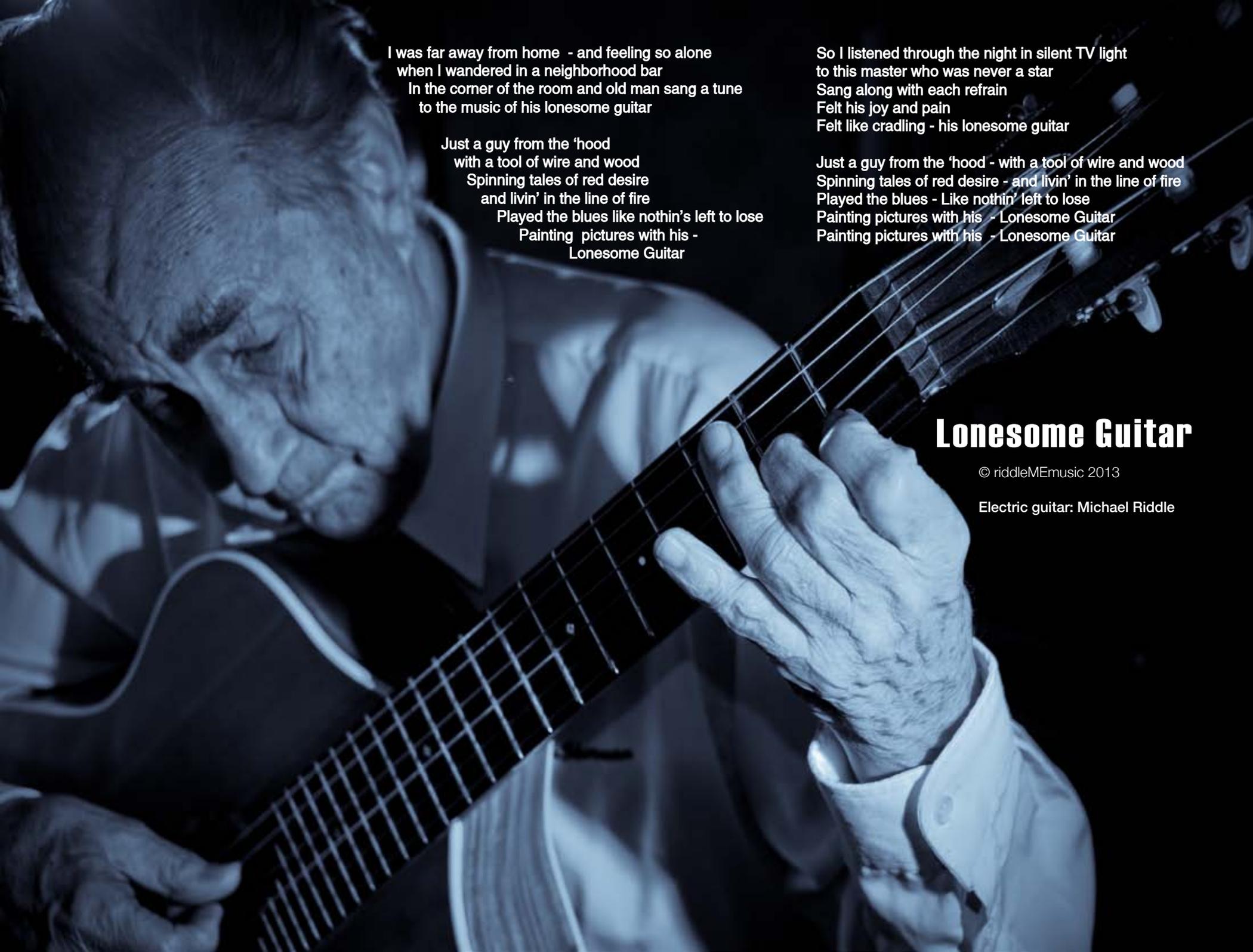
Electric guitar: Michael Riddle

Carry me away, carry me away
Muddy Water won't you carry me away
I am broken and I'm longing - to be free
Carry me away, carry me away
Mississippi won't you carry me away
from your home in Minnesota - to the sea

Run, River Run – Run, River Run
Lay my burden on your shore
Run, River Run – Run, River Run
Northern wind - fill my sail for-ev-er-more

Baby left today, baby left today
tears are fallin' 'cos my baby left today
There's a letter on the window with my name
Baby left today, baby left today
and she wrote that there was nothin' more to say
She's not certain - but I know - who to blame

Run River Run - Run River Run
Do I see her on your shore
Run River Run - Run River Run
Wash away love's memory for-ev-er-more



I was far away from home - and feeling so alone
when I wandered in a neighborhood bar
In the corner of the room and old man sang a tune
to the music of his lonesome guitar

Just a guy from the 'hood
with a tool of wire and wood
Spinning tales of red desire
and livin' in the line of fire
Played the blues like nothin's left to lose
Painting pictures with his -
Lonesome Guitar

So I listened through the night in silent TV light
to this master who was never a star
Sang along with each refrain
Felt his joy and pain
Felt like cradling - his lonesome guitar

Just a guy from the 'hood - with a tool of wire and wood
Spinning tales of red desire - and livin' in the line of fire
Played the blues - Like nothin' left to lose
Painting pictures with his - Lonesome Guitar
Painting pictures with his - Lonesome Guitar

Lonesome Guitar

© riddleMEmusic 2013

Electric guitar: Michael Riddle

Feel

© riddleMEmusic 2013

Organ: Dale Menten

Sometimes - the Truth is not the truth
Sometimes - a lie is not a Lie
Sometimes - you're so damn sure
And when it goes south,
you just can't figure out why
Sometimes - all your facts and statistics
are useless when you're closin' the deal
Most of the time - you just gotta go by feel

Sometimes - decisions you must make
well, they're not always black and white
Sometimes - you just can't get to sleep
wrestlin' with your demons all through the night
Sometimes your grandiose plans
end up being your Achilles' Heel
Most of the time - you just gotta go by feel.

You gotta feel it
Don't let those voices in your head
fill you up with misgivings and doubt
You gotta feel it
Follow your heart and your problems'
gonna work themselves out

Sometimes - the truth is not the truth
Sometimes - a lie is not a lie
Sometimes - you got'em on the run
Sometimes - they're chasing your behind
Sometimes you think you got'em hooked
then the line snaps off at the reel
Most of the time - you just gotta go by feel.



**Dedicated to our Mom, Dad, Nonnie and Papoo.
Thank you for all your love and for making music an
important part of our family.**

Produced by Dale Menten and The Riddle Brothers.
Recording engineer: Dik Shopteau
Recorded at IPR Studios and Go Dik Go Studio in Minneapolis MN in 2014-2015.
Mastering at Magneto Mastering, Minneapolis

Michael Riddle lead vocals on: *Train to Dixieland, Cotton Valley Store, Carney Girl
When I Hear Hank Williams Sing, Jean Marie, Dixie Inn, Run River Run*

Charlie Riddle lead vocals on: *All The Time, Louisiana Afternoon*

Mark Riddle lead vocals on: *Disconnected, Play Away Miss Agnes, Yer Luv, Lonesome Guitar, Feel*

*Train to Dixieland, Cotton Valley Store, Carney Girl, When I Hear Hank Williams Sing, Jean Marie,
Dixie Inn, Run River Run, Yer Luv, Lonesome Guitar and Feel*
written and arranged by Michael Riddle ©riddleMemusic 2015

All The Time, Louisiana Afternoon, Disconnected, Play Away Miss Agnes
written and arranged by Charlie Riddle ©criddle 2015

CD cover and liner notes design by Mark Riddle

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Charlie - I would like to acknowledge and thank my "All The Time" wife - Lani, my son Nathan for continuing on with the passion, my Riddle siblings and the entire Riddle family, Lorraine and the rest of the Jacobs family, those that played a part of the wonderful Cotton Valley Store memories: Uncle Wayne, Ray and Aunt Cleo, Pat Williams, Snyder Williams, Eva Jane, Nell, Gussie May and many more. Last, but not least, Charles Lee and Emma Riddle our great grandparents who first opened the store.

Michael - I would above all like to thank my love and best friend, Jean Marie, for her encouragement in following my passion for music, as well as daughters Sarah and Katy for their love and support. To my son Patrick, your passion for my passion makes me proud. To my grandchildren, Hirut, Helen, Binyam, Miles & Lola, may you grow up find work that makes you as joyful as music does for me. And to all who have influenced and guided me through my life's journey up to this point, you have my deepest gratitude and appreciation.

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Minneapolis, MN

For all inquiries go to our website: www.riddlebros.com or send an email to: riddlebros@gmail.com



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RIDDLE'S STORE GENERAL MERCHANDISE