



The Donegal X-Press

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March 12, 2012 • Baltimore, MD

Baltimore-based Irish/American roots-rockers The Donegal X-Press release their new album *Paid Off the Boom* on March 11, 2012. Featuring 12 new tracks, including covers by Steve Earle and Old Crow Medicine Show, *Paid Off the Boom* is The Donegal X-Press' sixth studio album and an audibly artistic detour from their previously recorded material.

Produced and recorded in Baltimore by Ed Tetreault, and mastered by Michael McDonald of Algorithms Mastering in New York City, *Paid Off the Boom* combines well-crafted songwriting with earthy audio tones and bare-knuckled song arrangements into a genre of music that has been called "Irish/American Counterculture".

The Donegal X-Press (pronounced 'dä-ne-gäl) has sustained itself for ten plus years as one of the premiere Irish/American roots bands in the country. A high-energy, six-piece outfit that has gained praise and fans from New York to Ireland, Baltimore to Nashville and beyond, The Donegal X-Press (DXP) blends unique combinations of country and blues, folk and rock, rhythm and punk, which John O'Regan of Roots Magazine calls, "...creative ferocity not seen since The Clash's London Calling period."

The Donegal X-Press plans to prove with *Paid Off the Boom* why a band must keep evolving to thrive and why they like to keep their audience guessing. *Paid Off the Boom* displays a renewed strength of artistic direction for the band through a variety of recording techniques and thematic diversity.

Baltimore-based Grammy nominated engineer and producer Ed Tetreault may be best known for his work with classical and jazz artists such as Ana Vidovic, Manuel Barrueco, and Paul Bollenback. His background in classical and jazz music recordings is evident throughout the album and brings a unique perspective to each track. Tetreault's input during the *Paid Off the Boom* sessions brought out a focus and determination in the band that sharpened their collective vision and brought out the best they had to offer. The band members' long-time friendships with one another afforded them the ability to take risks throughout the recording process that resulted in artistic honesty in both the driven

rockers and gentle ballads.

Paid Off the Boom spans honest introspect to lustful excess while engaging in a wide variety of musical styles.

There are songs of forgotten wars, irreverent accolades, ill-gotten romance, honest love, and

summer employment. *Paid Off the Boom* is the next generation of The Donegal X-Press' development as both band and bard.

What the hell does *Paid Off the Boom* mean? Check out paragraph 18 of **The Oyster in Chesapeake History** by Dr. Henry M. Miller.



Track Listing

1. **Paid Off The Boom**
An anecdotal account of the oyster wars of the Chesapeake Bay
2. **Mad Dogs and English**
Irreverent accolade to Noel Coward
3. **Dublin City**
Power pop praise for The Big Smoke
4. **Day In August**
A lifetime proposal ?
5. **Rather Be Dead**
PSA for prophylactics
6. **White Free & 21**
A call for individual responsibility
7. **Green White and Gold**
Brothers in blood
8. **Take My Hand**
Introverted blues
9. **Johnny Come Lately**
Earle Cover
10. **Wagon Wheel**
O.C.M.S. Cover
11. **Town I (Thought) I Knew So Well**
A nod to Phil Coulter via Port Washington, Long Island
12. **OC Romance**
There really is no cure for the summertime blues

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Paid Off the Boom

ALBUM LYRICS

Paid Off the Boom

(Dunnells/Tinney)

You've one life to live - it's yours to give -
my daddy tongued his life away
Culling oysters from the bay - the good Lord will deliver
on the Chester river - he used to say
Oysterin' was not for me - my hands were soft my legs were weak
Still I knew every crook and corner of that
damned old brackish water
What kind of man would I become -
no place to hide nowhere to run
Out here you earn your keep - cuz that's the way its done

(Chorus)

Paid Off the Boom the water's deep -
duck my head there is no shame
Drifting slowly out of sight - floating from my daddy's name
Paid off the house, paid the saloon, stared down the shame -
I'm coming home
Paid off the house, paid the saloon, stared down the shame -
I'm coming home

Chrisfield up in to Rock Hall - them drudgers put up quite a brawl
They made their rules and claimed their rights as shots rang out
into the night
Took a job on the McClain - not for fortune not for fame -
just to make an honest living but ain't that water unforgiving
Drudgers clawed all they could sell - where it would stop we could
not tell - Foxes in the hen house - it all went to hell

Tide rolling in - a slack water calm
Comes across the bay - before the dawn
Skiffs lining up - drudgers will be here soon
Don't worry none - I'll be coming home.....

We chased em' up and down the bay -
them Yankees were the worst I'd say
They never seemed to steal enough -
to make em' wanna call our bluff
If Daddy was alive today - I can't imagine what he'd say
About the choices that I've made - he must be turning in his grave
Cuz what could have been is all but lost -
the shores they culled are all but tossed
I ain't implying which side lost - cuz this war it ain't over

Mad Dogs and English

Dunnells

There's a lynch mob commin' for an innocent man
But the papers keep runnin' just as fast as they can
A little bird told me bout' a boy named Sue
Tried to change his name to Billy but it just wouldn't do
Everyone's pinning for the same small lot
Don't take a genius to discover that we all got took
By the same damn train that ran John Henry through
I think we all could learn something from a boy named Sue

(Chorus)

Hey hey how long must I wait
Hey hey how long
Will it take till we move on
Till we sing another victory song
Till we figure it all out
Till we find what it is all about

There's a million people crying but they ain't been heard
By a billion still denying that there's truth in words
And a trillion are all laughing cuz of what they done
Like mad dogs and the English in the noon day sun

Will the circle be unbroken will it be undone
Can we make up for the losses can the war be won
Scratch the surface and I'm guessing that you too will find
That the answers to these questions you will never find

Dublin City

(Dunnells)

You were standing there - red hair at the city square -
couldn't look more like you didn't care
Nicotine stained grin said you can look but don't touch
I guess I never listened much heard less so I guess -
I never took no for an answer
Especially when it came to you

When you finally called me out from the crowd -
I heard you say it loud.

This one he might last till morning - if he don't bleed out first
But you were made of concrete and busy streets - the sound of
marching feet

The cold steel hum of productivity- this city loved you like you
were its only child

(Chorus)

If you ever leave this city - you'll hear them calling out
if you never leave this city - won't hear them calling out
Calling out loud your name

All roads are leading - from where we're going
Never convening - never returning

You ever wish you were in Baltimore - in a chilly parlour bar
Drinking mad dog margaritas and not caring where you are -
Or where you've been

But there you sit in Dublin rolling cigarettes -
holding back the shakes without regret
Wishing something could be permanent -
or maybe last till your drag burns out

Day in August

(Tinney/Dunnells)

Cows are grazing in the fields - clouds are sitting high
Snake are lying in the grass - think I'll let 'em lie
Boys I think I'll let 'em lie

Sun shines in our eyes - I don't mind the glare
I've been blinded here before - I don't even care
Boys, I don't even care

(Chorus)

Kicking up the dust
Heading west or bust
That's where you'll find us
On a day in August

Held out for so long - no heat on me at all
But you were always there girl - I finally heard your call
Boys, I finally heard her call

I was a hold out - thought that I could run
You tracked me down - and brought me here
I guess you are the one - boys I guess she's the one

Maybe we were bound for more
I threw those letters out the door
I don't even think of before
And leave today from Baltimore

I can't recall what brought us here - I can't recall the move
You said we were moving fast - and that move was coming soon
Boys that move was coming soon

Now I don't trust myself - to make this promise twice
So I'll say it once - and say for all
Will you be my wife?
Boys, she will be my wife

I don't mind the glare - of sunshine in our eyes
Wheels are made for rolling - and yours were made for mine
Boys, hers were made for mine

Rather Be Dead

Dunnells

She'll fill you with lies - laugh with her eyes
Till you beg on your knees - like pilgrim at Lent
She'll fill you all up with her shadows of love
And then lie on her back - as you fill her with jack till your
Weak in the knees - begging her please
Don't you leave me Colleen - I can't speak what I mean
Cuz I love you my girl - and I'd give you the world
But that's nothing it seems - that your empty heart sees

(Chorus)

Rather be dead than to be with a girl who is
Red in the head and of Irish decent
I'd rather be dead than to be with a girl who is
Red in the head and of Irish decent

The lust was all full - but you weren't so cruel
To leave something behind - that was less than un-kind
I had nothing before - now I got news a stor
And the scars are all gone - but still you linger on
With the nits and the lice - from your sugar and spice
The vet says my dogs fine - so I hope you don't mind
If I take him to bed - well I'd choose fleas instead
Than be stuck with a girl - who is red in the head

Now you've gone far away - and I'm sure there you'll stay
On your island of green - where you'll rule like a queen
Over freckled face boys - and their over-sized toys
But the gifts that you bring - they won't find you a king

White Free & 21

(Dunnells)

You still ain't got a lot to tell
Bout the girl you dropped in the bottom of a wishing well
Well ain't that swell
You ran but didn't even hide
The wool was always right before their eyes
No need to apologize

(Chorus)

If you were anyone other than your
Your daddy's son
You never would have run
You got a lot of nerve to do what you done Mr.
White free and twenty one

With lawyers guns and money
Ain't it funny how it all just goes away
Without a price to pay
But you never had to bear no shame
The burden always fell on your last name
Rather than take your blame

So you party it up like the drinks were free
But it ain't no party where your brother would ever want to be
If he was alive to see
I guess with you the party never ends
When the tabs picked up by
Your old friend
Good old tax and spend

Green White and Gold

B.Dunnells

Come on home all you sons and daughters
The storm has passed its just clear blue waters
There ain't no excuse for the times we're missing
We got cups to tip and songs for reminiscing

(Chorus)

If you think it's alright
A story should be told
Bout' the stars and stripes
And the shamrock bold
Cuz when it all came down like a side winder
Two were standing true
Red white and blue
Green white and gold
Red white and blue green white and gold

The time has come for us to sing in chorus
And bow our heads for those that came before us
The path they chose it's the one I'm taking
Cuz it's the only one that'll keep my faith in the Lord

Now the old triangle goes a jingle jangle
And the long-haul truckers still call out their handle
But if there ain't no one gonna' stand and listen
Ain't no one gonna' know what they been missing

Take My Hand

Malcom-Dunnells

She can't wait forever
She got her mind made up
She's old enough to know now
Love it just ain't enough

Said when she's with me she feels lonely
Said when I hold her she feels sad
Says she wanna' count toes on her little baby's feet
Build a home like she wished that she had

(Chorus)

Take my hand
If that's what you think
That you need
Take – take my hand girl
But don't you ever say
What we got ain't good
And lovin' me makes you lonely

(Bridge)

If you're leavin' girl
Don't you lie to me
Say I can't give you what you need
If you're leavin' girl
Don't say goodbye to me
With all your Hail Mary's and your broken dreams
I love you like
No one I've held before
I won't let you
Walk away from me
Look at me girl tell me
You can't love me anymore
I'll give you a night that'll make you
Believe in me

Town I Loved So Well

(Dunnells)

In the early morn' the railroad horn
Called the men away to earn their pay
While the kids played late and moms stayed home
And everyone looked out for their own
When times got rough we all had enough
Cuz no one ever tried to swallow their pride
When it pissed on us we thought it was rainin'
But we saw it through without complaining

There was magic there in the spring time air
It was a language that we all could share
Where I spent my youth to tell you the truth
I was sad to leave it all behind
But when I returned how my eyes did burn
To see how my town could give up its crown
For luxury cars and trendy bars
And towns folk leavin' like shooting stars

(Chorus)

In my memory
I will always see
A town I thought I knew so well
We'd head out in the rain
Runnin' up the dark lane
Through the fields we'd go
Like a south bound train
Those were happy days
In so many ways

Now there's no kids hangin' round the old town square
If they flag don't fly nobody'd even care
Cuz memories they come and go
Depending on the way that the wind might blow
My memories they are made of this
Small town charm and boyhood bliss
The love I lost when I left this place
I cannot find I cannot replace

Ocean Ci ty Romance

Dunnells

One, two, three, four
You got nerve you Irish whore
It's five, six, seven, eight
You're a dollar short and an hour late

You and yours would stay the summer
Fun and sun and pocket change
Find adventure drink some pints

Get away from all that rain
We both got jobs at the Dough Roller
Coastal highway 125
Monday's off seven bucks an hour
Ain't it good to be alive
I grew up in Arundel County
Mom and dad worked for the State
We love Cal Ripken, Gary Williams
Natty Boh and crab cakes

Life was great and life was bliss
We fell in love at our first kiss
As days and nights rolled into one
With drink and lust and sand and sun
I dreamed that you would be my girl
Just you and me against the world
We'd damn the ocean far and wide
And sail our ship upon the tide
But I guess that you had plans your own
And I suppose I should have known
You said and swore you'd never deceive me
Would the devil take the women for they always lie so easy
(On their backs that is)

(Chorus)

One, two, three, four
You got nerve you Irish whore
It's five, six, seven, eight
Months away from your due date
It ain't my kid but he needs a daddy
And your still drinkin' every night
With your too ra loo and your too ra lady
That boy ain't never gonna do you right

What you gonna do when he leaves you hungry
What you gonna do when he's not around
How you plan to keep it all together
Who's gonna suffer when he's not around
Baby clothes ain't cheap diapers don't change themselves
Teething spittin' up baby formula doctor bills
Cravings morning sickness swollen teeth achy boobs
First word first tooth mood swings school shoes
You got a lot of nerve to take the love I gave and run around
With every other Tom, Dick, and Harry in this ocean town
Maybe when you clear the sand between your ears
and in your crotch
You'll tally up the promises and could have beens
and would have nots
And find the best is yet to come for me and you
but you weren't true
Cuz that punky funky ceili song it sounds a bit like me and you
So take your jigs take your reels take your dirty pints of stout
don't let the door hit your Irish arse on the way out