

DON'T GET TOO FALLEN

John Simon and The Band have been going around in my head of late. Been listening to their first album, it's spectacular. John produced my third album Now is Heaven and once suggested to Levon Helm in front of me, in Levon's Woodstock cabin, that they should cover "Moonbeam Josephine," a song from that album. I don't know what Levon thought, and I had no idea that John was going to do that, wish he hadn't done it while I was there. In a way I wanted "Don't Get Too Fallen" to sound something like The Band. I believe you can hear that Gerry, Tony, and Yuval are of that standard, and Héctor recorded it with that timbre, without me saying so to anyone, not even myself, at the time.

Cool down let it blow on to another part of town

Don't get too fallen on the hard times When they come

Down along the West Side Highway we sped In the poorly sprung cab with the Gypsy Reg
Going home after drinking all night in Harlem Slabs of ice water floating past A tug boat pulled a
barge of trash A forfeited day, while running away From the hard times

Don't get too fallen on the hard times When they come

I found myself envying everyone and everything The tug boat pilot and the earnest intent Of the
drivers sat in the next lane All for their right to deserve this day I think of my past Sunday mass
Fields of grass And resign in guilt to the dark clouds

Don't get too fallen on the dark clouds When they come

Just like the darkest clouds Filled with cumulus rain Nothing stays in the same place Or can lay
claim Don't reach up and bring it down Let it blow on to another part of town Don't get too fallen
on the dark sword

