THE MAMMALS *SUNSHINER*CREDITS:   
  
Mike Merenda vocals, guitars, banjo, sk5

Ruth Ungar vocals, fiddle, guitar, ukulele

Konrad Meissner drums + percussion  
Jacob Silver bass  
Ken Maiuri piano, organ, guitar (1, 7)

Charlie Rose pedal steel, banjo (2, 3)   
  
Brian Graham saxophone (6, 8)  
Phil Rodriguez trumpet (6, 8)  
Molly Mason arco bass (12)

Jay Ungar violin (12)

harmony singers:

Connor Kennedy (1, 9)  
Sarah Jarosz (9), Sarah Lee Guthrie (3)

Amy Helm & LindsEy Webster (8)

Andy Stack (11), Lyn Hardy (12)  
  
Produced by Mike Merenda, Ruth Ungar, and Adam Armstrong  
  
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All songs by M. Merenda / R. Ungar, Shake Sugaree Music, ASCAP

Recorded by Adam Armstrong at Humble Abode Music in West Hurley, NY   
Mixed by Adam Armstrong except tracks 5 & 14 mixed by Mike Merenda & Ruth Ungar

Additional engineering by Robin MacMillan at Faraway Sound in NYC

Mastered by Greg Calbi at Sterling Sound in NYC

LYRICS:

MAKE IT TRUE All around the world me and you casting off for some place new. Casting out to conjure a cure, there’s a better world in store and we somedays sing the blues, somedays sing those harmonies, too, yeah, we do, and we’ll one day sing those words that will make it true. Every day is a giving day, make our friends along the way. Up the crags and hills we climb sure the world is so sublime and we somedays sing the blues, somedays sing those harmonies, too, yeah, we do, and we’ll one day sing those words that will make it true. Someday earthly ties will sever, I can’t be around forever. Leave behind a world of song, someone else to carry it on and we somedays sing the blues, somedays sing those harmonies, too, yeah, we do, and we’ll one day sing those words that will make it true (x2)   
  
OPEN THE DOOR Back when I was a little babe on my mother’s knee sittin’ in the shade and her pretty hair tucked behind her ear, I leaned in close so that she would hear. I whispered the secrets of my heart and the days go by and things fall apart. And I learned and I learned and I learned and I learned we’re so imperfect oh but we go on workin’ and holdin’ out for more. I see a woman on the street and she’s beggin’ change and that could be me if things were rearranged on the coldest night or the hottest day I’ve got comfort now but that could go away. There’s nothing wrong with wanting to succeed but the greatest gift is to clothe and feed it’s our job it’s our job it’s our job. We’re so imperfect oh but we go on workin’ and holdin’ out for more. Open the door, open the door. Open the door, open the door. Open the door, we’ll be more than we see. What to tell my daughter what to tell my son and what will they tell me ‘tween now and twenty-one and what to tell myself when the day is done on the days when inspiration doesn’t come? Just be kind to the people you know and love and give a little more to the one you wanna shove it’s ok it’s ok it’s ok it’s ok. We’re so imperfect oh but we go on workin’ and holdin’ out for more. Open the door, open the door. Open the door, open the door. Open the door, we’ll be more than we see.   
  
CULTURE WAR I was in the midst of a culture war and i am in the midst of a culture war. My body’s ballot, I cast it every day, I’m just tryin’ to keep some of my demons at bay. Cause I am in the midst of a culture war, yeah, I am in the midst of a culture war. Television rules this culture war, yeah, television rules this culture war. I see the blue light flashin’ in the living rooms as I drive by I can’t help but wonder what they’re feedin’ your mind. Cause you are in the midst of a culture war. You are in the midst of a culture war. So what do you do now in a culture war? What do you do now in a culture war? “This Land is Your Land,” “We Shall Overcome,” you gotta get organized to get anything done. To get something done you gotta do it yourself, you may find there’re some folks out there who wanna help you. Cause we are in the midst of a culture war. We are in the midst of culture war   
  
BEAUTIFUL ONE Hey, beautiful girl, you know it’s a crazy man’s world. You may not stand up to their standards of beauty but you are a beautiful girl. Hey, sweet little boy, don’t be afraid of your joy. Don’t be afraid to be loving and kind, your heart’s at least half of your mind. Hey, beautiful Earth, we thank you for giving us birth. We love how you dance with the moon every night, she changes but she’s still alright. The most beautiful souls are the ones full of holes I guess living and giving take their tolls. The most beautiful eyes are the ones that have cried so keep twinklin’ and winkin’ ’til you know it’s alright. Hey, beautiful one, lift up your face to the sun. Lift up your heart like a true work of art you’ll be stronger when each day is done. You’ll be stronger when each day is done.   
  
FORK IN THE ROAD In the fork of the road I sit, one way’s go and the other’s quit. One way’s trouble and the other’s gold, which is which I still don’t know. Oh, everyday is a fork in the road I’m told, one way’s trouble and another’s gold. I met you at the fork in the road, you spoke to me of your heavy load. We sang a song you had borrowed and deep in the strings of your fiddle you bowed. Every day is a fork in the road I’m told, one man’s trouble is another’s gold. We went on our merry old way into the void and come what may. Whether you landed or whether you stray I hope it’s deep in the strings of your fiddle you play. Oh every day is a fork in the road I’m told, one man’s trouble is another’s gold. Oh every day is a fork in the road I’m told One man’s trouble is another’s gold.   
  
DOCTOR’S ORDERS Won’t you gimme some of what the doctor ordered, hey hey, lemme hear it right now. Won’t you gimme some of what the doctor ordered, hey hey, lemme hear it right now. I don’t need a pill for the kind of ill. I don’t need prescription for this kind of itchin. I need a megadose of you standin’ close. Out on the dance floor, find a real cure. It’s a fiddle tune and it’s a quick fix, it’s a antidote to the politics, come on gimme some of that hot licks, yeah!   
  
THE FLOOD Take me over, take me around, take me anytime, take me anywhere take me down. Watchin’ the world goin’ up in smoke in the city light on a summer night, laugh at any joke. Take me down I’ve had enough, take me over and above. Take me, take me down into the flood, yeah, the one that we call love. Take me wishin’, take me worryin’, take me wild-eyed, take me sick and take me cured. Take with money, take me with none, take me well aware of these poisons on my tongue. Take me down I’ve had enough, take me over and above. Take me, take me down into the flood, yeah, the one that we call love. Take me hopin’, take me full of pride, take me gropin’ for a hold in a landslide.   
  
MAPLE LEAF I wanna go like a maple leaf, big and red and blazin’. Fall down on the ground in a pile with my friends and feed the next generation. I don’t wanna go like the buffalo, cut from the pack when I get too slow. I may not be agile, but I’ll be beautiful when I’m fragile. And I wanna go like the ocean waves, it’s one of my dying wishes. Take my song back out to the sea and feed it to the little fishes. I don’t wanna fade like the big parade, just a street full of trash in the evening shade. I’ve got a pretty loud spirit and if you listen you just might hear it. I don’t wanna be bent or broken. I don’t wanna be caught dead smokin’. The world is a colorful place to be and I wanna be part of that rainbow for as long as I can be. Yes I do. So when they’re singing happy birthday and your cake’s got a crowd of candles, I hope you’ve got a lot of gratitude and all the love that you can handle. Let’s give a cheer for another year. Let’s raise a glass while we’re all still here. This world’ll keep spinnin’ and if my eyes are open then I think I’m winnin’. I wanna fly like the maple leaf. I wanna fly.   
  
SUNSHINER Yes my Daddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. And my grandaddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. Ever since they closed the mine there ain’t too much to do with your time ‘cept wash your clothes in the creek and fold the flannel ’til a gal come ‘round with her solar panel. Yes my Daddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. And my grandaddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. Well, she dug a big hole told me it was normal. She said something about geo-thermal. She gave me a hard hat told me “Make yourself useful. Soon this whole town’ll be carbon-neutral.” Yes my Daddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. And my grandaddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. So I built myself a pretty little house. Generator out back is as quiet as a mouse. And I got me a job and there ain’t none finer goin’ around bein’ a sunshiner. Yes my Daddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner. And my grandaddy was a miner but I’m gonna be a sunshiner.   
  
STAYIN’ UP LATE I’m thinkin’ of stayin’ up late tonight. Babe I hope that’s alright with you. I’m takin’ myself out on a date tonight. For tea and cookies in the living room. I want to remember what it’s like tonight to be all by myself for an hour or two. I gotta get up early and I could use the rest but this is the best thing that I can do. When I was a girl, my imaginary friends would all show up for tea and other games. I’d invite them tonight but I’m embarrassed to say that I don’t remember any of their names. There’s so many lonely people in this world tonight and peace and quiet overflow their empty cup. And I wouldn’t trade my chaos for their solitude. But it’s gonna start the minute I wake up. So let the night roll in, let that old earth spin, and baby I know you can relate. I’m having tea and cookies in the living room. Tonight I’m gonna stay up late.   
  
LILAC BREEZE Threadbare shirt and a lilac breeze, this kind of weather makes you weak in the knees, could it be your inner enemy’s gone? Radio playing a song you like, you pump the tires up on that old rusty bike, could it be your inner enemy’s gone? Well, it only lasts for a couple of weeks, floating around on that lilac breeze. You leave the city, look at the sky, there’s a hundred thousand stars up there waiting for you if you like, could it be your inner enemy’s gone? When your birds are soaring on a lilac breeze, pick your telephone up dial my number if you please, could it be your inner enemy’s gone? Well it only lasts for a couple of weeks, floating around on that lilac breeze. And you leave the city, look at the sky, there’s a hundred thousand stars up there waiting for you if you like, could it be your inner enemy’s gone?   
  
MY BABY DRINKS WATER My Baby drinks water my baby drinks tea. My baby eats an apple from the old apple tree. My baby drinks milk mother nature gave me, so please spare the water for my little ones and me. Now money buys houses and clothing and more, and money buys food at the big grocery store, and money buys trinkets and money buys toys but it won’t buy the earth back for our little girls and boys. Do you measure your wealth by the size of your purse. What size is your coffin? What size is your hearse? What size is your heart if you put money first, high over the children and their hunger and thirst? My Baby drinks water my baby drinks tea. My baby eats an apple from the old apple tree. My baby drinks milk mother nature gave me, so please spare the water for my little ones and me.   
  
WHEN MY STORY ENDS Oh I hope I get to say goodbye to all my friends when my story ends, when my story ends. And if I don’t I pray that we have made amends, when my story comes to an end. All the ones who’ve gone before me they’re around me now, they’re around me now tho I don’t know how. And they’re tellin’ me their stories and they’re tellin me they’re proud. I can hear them talkin’ now. When my breath is still and the light leaves my eye, I’ll take one look around and I’ll take to the sky. I don’t know exactly when I don’t know exactly why but I might hang my head and cry. What do you see in the trees or the soaring of a dove? Is it a father’s plan or a mother’s love? Or a universe that’s swirlin’ in the stars up above? I don’t know but it fits me like a glove. And I hope I get to say goodbye to all my friends when my story ends, when my story ends. And if I don’t I pray that we have made amends, when my story comes to an end. Oh, when my story comes to an end.   
  
BIG IDEAS Roll me home with all my big ideas. And lay me low with all my big ideas. ‘Cause you roll my luck so high, may we never say goodbye to all our big ideas. Where do I go with all my big ideas? Now you know all my big ideas. ‘Cause you roll my luck so high, may we never say goodbye to all our big ideas.

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