

# Sweet Leela

This album is dedicated to my daughter, Leela Scott, who died tragically October 15, 2019, at age 26.

Her lovely spirit has been present throughout the recording of this album, inspiring us all.

She touched the hearts of many people. She was a compassionate, loving and empathetic soul.

Her family and friends miss her dearly. 100% of the profits from the sales of this CD will be donated to social justice causes close to Leela's heart.

Blessings to you all.  
Russell Allen Scott

**Russell Allen Scott** – vocals and acoustic guitar

**Ellen Forrester** – back-up vocals

**Lisa Watson** – back-up vocals

**Jon Scott** – piano and keyboards

**Jesse Baer** – electric guitar

**Dan Patterson** - bass guitar

**Lucas Tensen** – cello

**Larry Kurtz** – harmonica

**Reinier deSmit** – accordion, bass, percussion

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Recorded at the Ecology Retreat Centre. ecologyretreatcentre.com

Grateful Man

All I'll Ever Ask

On Our Way Home

Black and Blues

Little Saviours

When Your Profit Calls

Hardpan

Mr. Almost Mostly

True Blue

The Book of Everything

That's The Way

Sweet Leela

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**Gratitude to:**

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**Special Thanks to these Sponsors for their exceptional support:**

Jonathan Kramer, Jody MacDonald

# Russell Allen Scott

## About The Songs

**Grateful Man** is about a time when I lived in a happy family, on an acre of land by the Nottawasaga River. It has been said that we are grateful because we are happy, when in truth, we are happy because we are grateful. The practice of gratefulness has pulled me out of the darkest times of my life.

**All I'll Ever Ask** is dedicated to folks who experience a Twin-Flame relationship in which childhood pain surfaces in the embrace of deep love. The challenge is to own the origin of the hurt instead of projecting it onto the beloved. If not done, the relationship fails. In the end there is a gem that remains.

**On Our Way Home** was inspired by a friend who is a pathfinder for others. It is also for the many participants of a retreat I facilitate, called Coming Home, in which people share their deepest struggles with others, find freedom and discover where their true home resides ... within themselves.

**Black and Blues** originated from a conversation with a homeless man on park bench. After a concussion, he lost his business, family, health and ended up on the streets. This could have easily happened to many of us. Poverty and homelessness were causes for which my dear daughter volunteered.

**Little Saviours** is the story of a conversation between a landscaper friend and his employer, one of the richest men in Canada, Peter Samuel (not his real name). Sadly, realizing on his deathbed, there was more to life than money and influence, Peter gave some profound advice on what was most important.

**When Your Profit Calls** resulted from a conversation my daughter overheard among investment advisors confessing that returns for their investors were more important than climate change or poverty. The reality of the super-rich deeply disturbed my daughter.

**Hardpan** is a tune I wrote 15 years ago for my wife, who put up with me coming home dog-tired at the end of the day. As a landscape lead hand, I would sometimes struggle while digging through clay hardened soil while building gardens for rich folks. It is a song the male heart would understand.

**Mr Almost Mostly (Nearly Halfway in Between)** is a humorous, fun, jazzy number about a guy who couldn't decide to be in, or out of, a relationship. Does he listen to his heart, or to his mind? In the end he figures it out. Most of us have been there, done that...or maybe, maybe not.

**True Blue** was stimulated by a friend who was a great example of a big emotionally-in-touch male with a huge heart and not afraid to show it. I wrote the song after I found out he committed suicide after his wife had affairs. Sad story about a beautiful man.

**The Book of Everything** was my reaction to predatory fundamentalist religious leaders who "preyed" on followers on both sides, to support the war in Iraq. The destruction of people's souls in the name of God is, in my opinion, one of the worst sins.

**That's the Way** is about that transcendent love one feels for a partner when everything everywhere reminds them of their beloved and makes them want to silly dance. This is for my partner Ellen and for Leela when I saw her shining face with her new boyfriend in Montreal.

**Sweet Leela** comes from the memory of Leela as a child living at a retreat center I managed. It was her happy place surrounded by nature where she could be any animal she imagined. I still feel her spirit sneaking up on me whenever I do a workshop there.

**Chocolate Box** is a touching tune I wrote for Leela when she was teenager, wise for her age, perceptive about the challenges of her parents, and always able to find chocolate wherever we hid it in the house.

Sweet  
Leela

Russell Allen Scott

### Grateful man

Got a chair in my back yard  
A view of the river rolling near  
A night sky taking me to forever  
A mortgage that keeps me here  
An old guitar and a favorite tune  
Got this circle round the moon

For these things I understand  
I am...a grateful man

Got a good woman who's loved me close  
When I got too far away  
Got 2 boys and a lovely girl  
Who've taught me how to play  
A ginger cat that swoons and an ornery dog  
Who loves to chase raccoons

For these things I understand,  
I am ... a grateful man.

With all of my life  
On the tip of my tongue  
I am dumbfounded to the core  
Suddenly seeing  
For the first time  
What I've seen  
A thousand times before

Solo

Got these chickens and this garden grove  
Rusty shovel, and a stirrup hoe  
These muddy boots that fit my soul  
Land that makes my life blood flow

This smile in me that fills the breeze  
And dances in these aspen trees

For these things I understand,  
I am...a grateful man.

### All I'll Ever Ask

We were just two twin flames  
Lit up from both ends  
So hot and phosphorus  
Our burns could never mend

When the fireworks exploded  
And we were spent  
All that was left was smoke  
And an acrid scent

Now all I'll ever ask of you to do,  
Is to remember me as loving you.

Our love was too bittersweet  
Right from the start  
With a hypoglycemic impact  
On our hearts

In a love sweet frenzy  
We got far too high  
And when the low hit us  
Oh god, we almost fried

Now all I'll ever ask of you to do,  
Is to remember me as loving you.

But when we looked into each other's eyes  
We saw a timeless eternity  
A universe filled with love  
Just for you and me

Solo

I was just a little boy hurt by a cruel nurse  
You, a little girl with an absent father's curse  
Two similar people wounded from the start  
Two broken lovers breaking each other's hearts

Now all I'll ever ask of you to do,  
Is to remember me as loving you.

### On Our Way Home

I see you've been a stumbling  
Tears scattered on the road  
Crumbled to this dark curb  
By a lover in the cold.

So many times you've said it's  
Gonna be the last time  
To forgive and follow him  
Now he's left you behind

There's a new dream in these bright stars  
Might be hard to see  
I'll hold the healing for you  
As you hold the healing for me  
On our way home

Can I sit beside you?  
Got left here in the night  
By a crazy-making woman  
Needing to be right

Hurts and denials  
In her web I got caught  
Pulled hard on my heart strings  
Tied my soul in a knot

There's a new dream in these bright stars  
Might be hard to see  
I'll hold the healing for you  
As you hold the healing for me  
On our way home

Let's unravel this twisted thinking  
Wrapped-up in someone else  
Stop doubting what we see  
And trust in ourselves

We don't need no saviors  
We just need a friend  
Lots of gentle listening  
'Till we find ourselves again

Maybe we'll hear it  
That inner voice that calls  
Past the lies we believed in  
To the truth inside us all

There's a new dream in these bright stars  
Might be hard to see  
I'll hold the healing for you  
As you hold the healing for me  
On our way home

### Black and Blues

Sitting on this park bench  
Staring at the night  
Watching the city folks go by  
The "How ya doing, I'm fine"  
Smiles on our faces  
Belie the troubles in our eyes

Sometimes it hits us lookin' up  
Sometimes grabs us from behind  
Sometimes we wrestle  
Struggle with ourselves  
When everything seems it's doing fine

Oh Lord deliver me from these  
Back breaking black and blues  
Oh Lord deliver me from these  
Back breaking black and blues

We can beat so hard  
So hard on ourselves  
We almost turn to stone  
Singing the songs of duty and remorse  
In a lonely monotone.  
Climin' up on that thorny cross of  
Deep sorrow and regret  
To pound another rusty nail in our hands,  
Paying off our karmic debt

Oh Lord deliver me from these  
Back breaking black and blues  
Oh Lord deliver me from these  
Back breaking black and blues

Oh Lord bring me someone to hold  
I'm lost and I'm all alone  
Oh Lord shine your light on the road  
So I can find my way home

We drive into the future backwards  
Looking in the rear-view mirror  
Seeing the pain of what we lost  
Losing everything that is dear

Get so broke from the love never spoke  
And chances we've never tried  
Haunted by shadows of hungry ghosts  
In our dreams that have never died

Oh Lord deliver me from these  
Back breaking black and blues  
Oh Lord deliver me from these  
Back breaking black and blues

### Little Saviours

My name is Peter Samuel  
My wealthy name is world known  
I'm the prince of a golden empire  
Grown deeply in my bones  
Its cancer now commands me  
To repent at death's dark door  
A financial giant I am  
Leveled now with this common chore  
Got an hour or two of redemption  
If you listen and understand  
May my lost life be a lesson  
To make you a better man  
Bigger, better and different  
Accumulation's my family sin  
Trying to save us from the darkness  
Of the loneliness within  
There's a tear in the veil that hangs here unseen  
As we open it slowly  
And look through to see  
The journey of life is right here between us  
In my yearning for you  
And your yearning for me  
Matters not you've been admired  
Fame and fortune are no concern  
Only matters you've given love  
Without regard for its return  
So tell my wife I love her  
She's my Eastern shining star  
She rescued me when I was waylaid  
In the champagne and caviar  
There's a tear in the veil that hangs here unseen  
As we open it slowly  
And look through to see  
The journey of life is right here between us  
In my yearning for you  
And your yearning for me  
As I slip into forever  
The only riches I can show  
Is the warmth of my true love  
And the friends I really know  
I thought my gold would save me  
Death's turned it all to dust  
If you're looking for a saviour  
Not to disappoint you,  
But the saviour is us...  
Each and everyone of us

### When Your Profit Calls

Whatcha gonna do when your profit calls?  
Whatcha gonna do when your profit calls?  
Whatcha gonna do when your profit calls?  
Could be holy Moses  
Begging by those subway walls  
Where ya gonna go when you're called to account?  
Where ya gonna go when you're called to account?  
Where ya gonna go when you're called to account?  
Could be street Jesus  
Asking for a small hand-out  
CEO ~ TSE ~ MBA ~ SUV  
When you meet them at the pearly gates  
And that's all that you can say  
Will they'll kick you in your assets  
And send you the other way?  
Who you gonna see when you feelin' your bonds?  
Who you gonna see when you feelin' your bonds?  
Who you gonna see when you feelin' your bonds?  
Could be red light Mary  
Waiting for another John  
Solo  
CEO ~ TSE ~ MBA ~ SUV  
When you meet them at the pearly gates  
And that's all that you can say  
Will they'll kick you in your assets  
And send you the other way?  
Whatcha gonna do when your profit calls?  
Whatcha gonna do when your profit calls?  
Whatcha gonna do when your profit calls?  
Could be holy Moses  
Begging by those subway walls

### Hardpan

These hands on this shovel are going numb  
This neck is burning in the sun  
These shoulders feel like they'll explode  
This back aches to lift another load  
Pushing this 'barrow  
Down the straight and narrow  
My hope's filled with gravel and sand  
Been digging through hardpan  
The sleep in my bones, its slow droning moan  
I push it to the end of the day  
'Cause the kids need shoes  
You want a new barbeque  
There's 3 years of income tax to pay  
These muscles strain, to this daily refrain  
While this heart beats to the duty it understands  
Been digging through hardpan  
If this body could tell you it's story  
Of what it knows to be true  
With hands on my chest  
These arms would confess  
Every garden I've ever planted was for you  
Home again late to this cold supper plate  
You think I work too hard with the crew  
I can't seem to forget the times I forgot  
To hold you the way you want me to  
By the end of the day  
There's not much to say  
Tough Love's the only measure of a man  
When digging through hardpan  
If this body could tell you it's story  
Of what it knows to be true  
With hands on my chest  
These arms would confess  
Every garden I've ever planted was for you

### Mr Almost Mostly (Nearly Halfway in Between)

Have you ever had a time  
Couldn't make up your mind?  
'Bout a lover got you smiling  
Smiling and crying  
Could be you, could be me  
'Bout a guy mixed-up  
Wantin' to be free  
Hey Darkness, I don't understand  
I'm thinking 'bout my baby and  
I'm holding your hand  
I left her standing by the subway track  
And now I find I'm looking back  
The moon is frowning  
Like something's been slain  
Like a slaughterhouse in my brain  
Cause I've become a someone  
A someone I've never been:  
Mr Almost Mostly Nearly  
Halfway In Between  
Darkness I've gone 'round the bend  
'Cause my baby's been foolin'  
With other men  
Got so used to being used  
Got those Stuck In the Middle Blues  
The wind is groaning  
A ghostly refrain  
Like a psychiatrist gone insane  
Cause I've become a someone  
A someone I've never been:  
Mr Almost Mostly Nearly  
Halfway In Between  
Oh Hurtin' One!  
You know what you gotta do  
Gotta stop baulkin' and keep on walkin'  
Till you find somebody new.  
Solo  
Oh Hurtin' One!  
You know what you gotta do  
Gotta stop baulkin' and keep on walkin'  
Till you find somebody new.  
Hey Darkness I'm odd and even  
My heart is staying but my mind is leavin'  
I'm all mixed up and solidly set  
Like a cement omelet.  
The sun is a rising, it's a brand new day  
I'm breakin' out and walkin' away  
Cause I've become a someone  
A mixed up someone  
I've become a someone  
A someone I've never been:  
Mr Almost Mostly Nearly Halfway ...  
Well maybe just about ¾'s less or it could be  
just a little bit more by a tad  
Just about halfway in Between.

## True Blue

Sitting there by the riverbank  
He watches the sun going down  
Mayflies waltz in water mist,  
Wafting like a white wedding gown

Shadows on the path she once walked on  
In the twilight are growing long

Pink clouds fading, pink clouds fading  
Pink clouds fading into true...blue

Sitting there by the fire pit  
He watches embers burning bright  
Flames rise and warm his skin  
Like her body on that very first night

Sixteen years to the day his memories  
Cannot burn away

Pink clouds fading, pink clouds fading  
Pink clouds fading into true...blue

So flow river flow, take his tears away  
Past rocky shores, and the busy highway  
Past whirlpools and her secret city trips  
Past the other man's stolen kisses on her lips

To the ocean where the lonely eagle flies  
In a long arc above the sea  
Where the warm breeze fills  
With the hope of better day

And the waves beat constantly.

Sitting there by the riverbank,  
He watches water rollin' on  
Crickets click like a needle stuck  
At the end of her favourite song

When the sun slips into the fickle night  
Things are never ever black and white

Pink clouds fading, pink clouds fading, pink  
clouds fading into true...blue

## The Book of Everything

Mari turns on her laptop  
Lights a candle in the dark  
Bows to the sacred screen shot  
Of the holy patriarch  
Tunes into the podcast, the message for today  
Can't wait to hear what the Beloved has to say  
Says all good will come to you  
If you open your eyes to see

The revealing of his prophecy  
In the Book of Everything

Lights the healing incense  
Bought from the on-line store  
Blessed by holy sisters  
When she bought 3 packs or more  
Opens the holy scriptures  
Of the one true path revealed  
Prays for the unbelievers  
And her cancer to be healed  
She knows all good will come to her  
'Cause her eyes can see

The revealing of his prophecy  
In the Book of Everything

And the man in the program says  
Send more money please  
The end is upon us, the prophet is in need  
Don't worry 'bout the mortgage  
We are on your side  
We'll prey on you to him and God will provide

Her husband's down the street  
At the Paradise hotel  
Wondering how he didn't see their life  
All going to hell  
Saved the family car and the big screen TV set  
Watching all the re-runs, trying to forget  
She knows she could have really loved him  
If he opened his eyes to see

The revealing of the prophecy  
In the Book of Everything

Her son he heard the calling  
From the west to the east  
Signed up as a soldier  
In that holy war of peace  
They found him in the desert, staring at the sky  
Looking up to heaven as if he's wondering why  
She so thankful for him  
'Cause he had eyes to see

The revealing of the prophecy  
In the Book of Everything

Mari turns on her laptop  
Lights a candle in the dark

## That's the Way

The way the evening light  
Falls on the trees  
Splashing rubies on the leaves  
Oh that's the way, oh that's the way

The way the morning mist glides on the lawn  
Spiral dances to meet the dawn  
Oh, that's the way, that's the way  
That's the way I love you.

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

The way that silly raven  
Dives like a clown  
Spreads its wings out before the ground  
Oh that's the way, oh that's the way

The way that water spider  
Skips along  
Silver strands flashing on the pond  
Oh, that's the way, that's the way,  
That's the way I love you.

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

And my heart turns into  
A feather in the wind  
Bouncing and twisting and disappearin'  
Into the sky and the wind and the air

I feel your be-you-to-full loving everywhere.

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

Solo

The way the setting sun  
Lights up the moon  
Makes it look like a silly goon  
Oh that's the way, oh that's the way

The way those fireflies flash so bright  
Christmas lights on a summer night  
Oh, that's the way, that's the way  
Oh that's the way I love you.

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

## Sweet Leela

Do do do do do-dat-do...  
Do-do-do-do do-dat-do!

Oh sweet Leela  
Playing on your trampoline  
Hopping up and down  
Like you've always been,

A flying kangaroo bouncing  
Full of levity  
Flapping your arms  
Like you've always been free

I promise to catch you...  
If you pounce on me

Do do do do do-dat-do!

Oh sweet Leela  
Creeping in your leopard suit  
Sneaking up on mommy  
Oh you look so cute

She'll walk by  
Pretending not to see  
You hiding in the branches  
In that lilac tree

I promise to catch you  
If you pounce on me

One two three four five six seven  
Do a somersault all the way up to heaven.

Solo

Seven, six, five, and four and three  
When you get your wings  
Come back to your family

Oh, sweet Leela  
Bouncing down the road  
Hopping up and down  
Like a happy toad

Buzzing back from school oh  
Like a bumblebee  
Skipping up and down  
Laughing like a chimpanzee

I promise to catch you  
If you pounce on me

Do do do do do-dat-do...  
Do-do-do-do do-dat-do!

# Sweet Leela



## Chocolate Box

I've got a chocolate box full of moments  
Got it from my family for a birthday present  
I don't know which one I should choose

I like the ones that are soft inside they are golden  
I don't like the stale ones they are olden  
They taste like they've bin previously chewed

All these grown-ups wearing so many hats  
Work 7 days as wheel running rats

Trying to catch up to the mortgage on their backs  
Saving their future for a heart attack

They're dying, trying to live

I've got a chocolate box full of moments  
I don't really seem to know for who they're meant  
I think that I will eat them all up ....

With you



Leela Scott  
1993~2019