

Heartland

By Erik Didreksen and Erin Crowley

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This is a total collaboration between Erik Didreksen (a sophomore at NYU studying music technology) and I. We knew we wanted to collaborate, but weren't sure exactly where to start. So I started pitching orphaned lines to Erik, and he took a few of them and began to develop this beautiful story. We've passed the lyrics back and forth numerous times, each adding and editing, until we reached the near-final state you see below. Music-wise it worked much the same way. I pitched a piano riff for the verse to Erik, which he took and filled out with other instrumentation, adding a really nifty chord progression for the chorus. Final version still in process, but this is going to sound UH-MAZING when it's done! Stay tuned...

Destinies manifest; we take our carriages out to the west.
The road dissolves into the sky, and so will I.
Every open trail disclosed and every fine contour exposed
But the map that's in my hand can't trace the shadows of the heartland.
But it's not where my heart's ever been;
I've packed it, but the luggage wore thin.

Trade my past for this barren plain;
yoke my faith and stake down my claim.
Pray for love, and wait for rain
on this heartland.

Cover our wagons with care and let the trail select its heirs
with pioneers and wars and plagues recorded on the same black page.
Fingernails dark with dirt; our backs bent hard with history's work.
Build a life as best I can with these two small and soiled hands.
But your home leaves its mark anyway;
Wash your hands but it won't rinse away.

Sew our hopes with the broadcast seed; defy the pestilence and weed.
We sweat and love and thresh and pray --
Look across our heart's great field; chaff so light for the wheat it yields.
Rolling winds like waves on sea -- the pastures of our destiny.
And it's here where my heart now resides --
Like the fields, here it is, open wide.

Destinies manifest; we took our carriages out to the west.