

1. Don't be Discouraged	3:59
2. Reunion	3:53
3. Nothing Can Change	3:07
4. So Far So Good	2:52
5. It Just Depends	3:26
6. Please Mr. Squirrel	3:13
7. The Huntington's Waltz	4:34
8. Guilty Survivor	3:56
9. Tonight I Wish	3:22
10. Two Cents' Worth	2:54

All songs 2022 © Peter Lehndorff/BMI

Produced by **Jim Henry** at Rubytone Studios

Peter Lehndorff: guitar, vocals

Jim Henry: acoustic and electric guitars, dobro, mandolin, electric bass and vocals

Susan Hill: vocals

Tracy Grammer: vocals and violin

Lisa Bastoni: vocals

Chris Haynes: accordion and piano

Joel Tepp: clarinet and harmonica

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

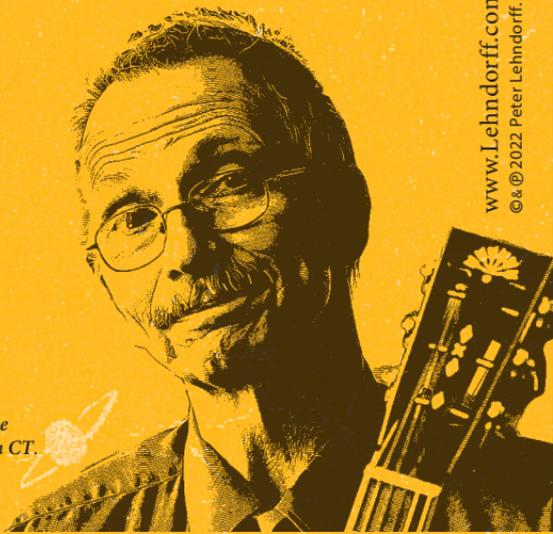
Lorne Entress: drums

J.J. O'Connell: drums

Dave Chalfant: mastering

Lehndorff Design: graphic design

A portion of the proceeds from this project will be donated to the Huntington's Disease Program at UConn Health in Farmington CT.



www.Lehndorff.com/music
© & © 2022 Peter Lehndorff. All Rights Reserved



This collection of songs is my first full album since *Love on the Line* was released in 1996 on Signature Sounds. A few years later, my wife Kathy started having behavioral and emotional problems. It started out as mood swings, anxiety, and violent anger. For a number of years, we were in denial. But by the time Kathy was diagnosed we knew she had inherited Huntington's Disease from her mom.

Huntington's is the same genetic brain disease that Woody Guthrie had.

Some say it is like getting Parkinson's, ALS, and dementia at the same time, usually at middle age. It took her aunts, uncles, cousins, and two of her siblings as well. It became difficult for me to make a living as a graphic designer and keep an eye on her. Continuing to perform was not a possibility. She was finally diagnosed in 2007 and I was her home caregiver until she passed in 2015.

Music was my medicine. During those times I kept writing songs and recorded them on my computer. I developed creative friendships with Sam Reynolds and other musicians on SoundCloud. I began collaborating with people around the world. Some of these songs come from that period. A few of them are funny. But there are also love songs and stories about my life. Since then I have found love and my Susan Hill sings harmony on some of the songs here. Thanks for listening and supporting this project.

About the songs

Don't Be Discouraged started out as an optimistic hymn. It has been rewritten more than a few times since.

Reunion is the account of my 50th high school reunion. It is also about my hometown of Fitchburg, Mass. and the river that runs through it.

Nothing Could Change started out as an instrumental. Incidentally, I have never used a Dustbuster on a cat.

So Far So Good is about hope and resilience.

It Just Depends is a letter about moving forward after loss.

Please Mr. Squirrel was written after a hike in New Hampshire.

The Huntington's Waltz explains Huntington's Disease in the form of a letter to a caregiver.

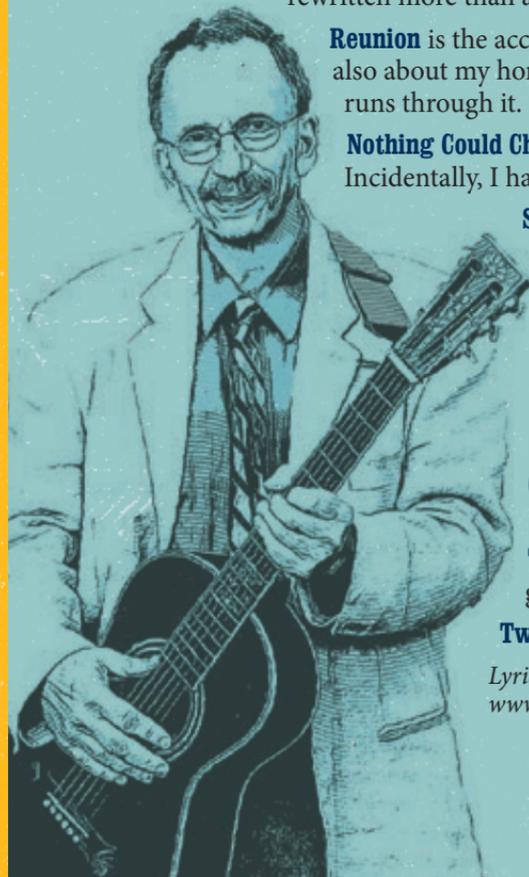
Guilty Survivor talks about survivor guilt. Sometimes the one who is spared is worse off.

Tonight I Wish is a love song about trying to get back to where you were.

Two Cents' Worth is about unsolicited advice.

Lyrics are available for download at:
www.Lehndorff.com/music

Illustrations based on photos by
[Julian Parker Burns](#)



1. **Don't Be Discouraged**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Sue Hill: vocals

Jim Henry: dobro, vocals,
acoustic and electric guitars

Joel Tepp: harmonica

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

2. **Reunion**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Chris Haynes: accordion

Jim Henry: acoustic guitar, mandolin

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

3. **Nothing Could Change**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Lisa Bastoni: vocals

Jim Henry: dobro, acoustic guitar

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

4. **So Far So Good**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Sue Hill: vocals

Joel Tepp: harmonica

Jim Henry: electric bass, guitar, mandolin

5. **It Just Depends**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Chris Haynes: accordion

Joel Tepp: clarinet

Jim Henry: acoustic guitar

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

6. **Please Mr. Squirrel**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Sue Hill: vocals

Jim Henry: acoustic guitar

Joel Tepp: clarinet

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

J.J. O'Connell: drums

7. **Huntington's Waltz**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Chris Haynes: accordion

Tracy Grammer: vocals

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

8. **Guilty Survivor**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals, acoustic guitar

Chris Haynes: accordion, piano

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

9. **Tonight I Wish**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals and acoustic guitar

Tracy Grammer: vocals, violin

Jim Henry: acoustic guitar

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

10. **Two Cents' Worth**

Peter Lehndorff: vocals

Jim Henry: acoustic guitar

Chris Haynes: piano

Joel Tepp: clarinet

Paul Kochanski: upright bass

Lorne Entress: drums

This album is the work of many, many people. Jim Henry kept me on track. And on a schedule, sort of. Due to the pandemic, the musicians recorded their parts in their home studios. Susan Cattaneo, Tracy Grammer, and Joel Tepp gave me advice and ideas on crowdfunding. How and when to release music. And when to email people. My Susan Hill kept me sane and laughing. And she sang harmony on songs, too. Huge thanks to everyone who pledged and contributed to this project. Even though some of us have never met I feel I know you like family.

Dr. Bonnie Hennig-Trestman ■ Barry Jessurun & Maria Sangiolo
Robert Nathan ■ Andrew Linne ■ Jim Henry ■ Judi Jaeger
Dan Tappan ■ Arthur Grossman ■ Jimmy Pollard
William Roland Hunn



Chuck McDonald ■ Susan Cattaneo ■ Norman Prince
Daniel Russell ■ Michael Biolchini ■ John Lehndorff
Brant Miller ■ Laura Bloom ■ Paul Wallen ■ Robert Currie
Kirk Thomasian ■ Jeanne Ryer ■ Scott Cadwallader
Mike & Linda Sullivan ■ Randy Emmons ■ Edward McKeon
Peter Krantz ■ Hans Lehndorff ■ Karen Sullivan
Janet Steucek ■ Richard Fox ■ James Eagan ■ Tom Heany
Hank Stone ■ Lisa Martin ■ Brad Yoder ■ Erin Sullivan ■ Martin Siegel ■ James Morrissey
Michael & Nell ■ Robin Browne ■ Ric Allendorf ■ Michael Gutierrez-May ■ Rob Lincoln
Bunny Barnes ■ Matt Ryan ■ Marlynn J. Block ■ Mark Stepakoff ■ Raymond Crete
Jude Russell ■ Anthony Alario ■ Peter Nelson ■ Tom Smith ■ Cheryl Bobbitt
Randy Garbin ■ Aimee Van Dyne ■ Christine Lavin ■ Marcia Hendrick ■ Liz Freeman
Lisa Lehndorff ■ Bernie Drury ■ David Riedel ■ Kim Long ■ Theodore M. Zebert Jr.
John Hamilton ■ Transgressions ■ Eileen Hug ■ Michael Finfer ■ Klsea Lamb
Mary Linne ■ Steph Casey ■ Annie Capps ■ Bill Revill ■ Kerry Kean ■ Michael Roth
Marilyn Rigby ■ Simon Mottram ■ Jay Anthony ■ Kathleen Boehmer ■ Chris Lavancher
Lydia Fortune ■ Tom Cooney ■ Roberta Lamb ■ Patty Romanoff ■ Chelsie Elizabeth

This song really started out to be a positive, hopeful secular hymn along the lines of "From a Distance." It morphed into something else.

1 **Don't Be Discouraged** by Peter Lehndorff

Chorus: Well, don't be discouraged, when the future is not bright.

And don't be discouraged when nothin' turns out right.

Don't be discouraged if things look bad at first

No, don't be discouraged. It's bound to get worse.

Well your pipes seem to leak a lot. Your plumber's name is Ray.

Your wife seems to call him over, whenever you're away.

Your kid pulled off her braces, now she wants a new tattoo.

Your in-laws they just sold their house

and they're moving in with you.

Chorus

Well they're cuttin' back your hours at work.

There's rumors going 'round.

Everything keeps going up. While yours keep going down.

You're angry at the government. You voted to let them know.

It turns out it was all a trick, some kinda Russian TV show.

Chorus

Well you saved up for a vacation.

To go off to Italy.

You ended up being quarantined
with your plumber's family.

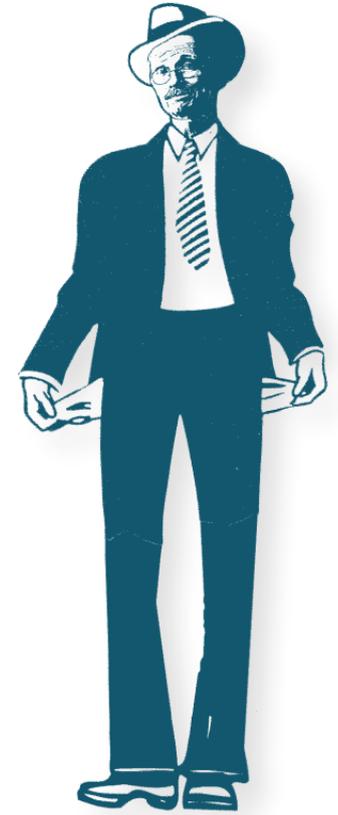
And folks ask "How's it goin'?"

You always say, "It's just fine."

Well two can live as cheaply as one
for about half the time.

Two can live as cheaply as one f
or about half the time.

Chorus



Unfortunately some of the friends mentioned in this song have passed. My intention was to play it at the next reunion or next time we got together. The original version listed all twelve of the people that attended but the song would have been too long. As I performed it at other places several people came up to me to talk about their high school years. Also the location of the reunion was actually in New Hampshire.

2 Reunion by Peter Lehndorff

I went back to Fitchburg Mass. I Had lunch with some old friends
We were the class of '68. It's fifty years since then.
We arrived as strangers, 12 guys with thinning hair.
We could have used some name tags when we first got there.

We went to an all boys school, taught by brothers, not by monks.
We held dances in the gym, by and large, they stunk.
We laughed about our teachers and Catcher in the Rye.
How every day we had to wear a jacket and a tie.

*The river that ran through my town changed colors every day.
Sometimes it was red or green, sometimes purple, sometimes grey.
The paper mills and the factories have all but moved into away.
The river kept on flowin' and we all moved away*



The Nashua river (above) was once one of the most polluted rivers in America.

The 12 guys who made it to the 50th reunion. We have since located some others. (left)



Probably part of our debate team or forensics in the school library. I'm in the back row on the right.

Bill was a park ranger. He wore a wide-brimmed hat.
Our quarterback was a beekeeper. Try to picture that.
Norman moved to Montreal. He was a social worker.
Frank became a CPA. Bobby became a lawyer.
Well some were good at science. Some wrote computer code.
Some of us are all high tech. Some still have flip phones

A few of us brought our wives. A few of us are gay
A few of us still go to church. But most have dropped away.
Some guys couldn't make it there. But Jeff called from Idaho.
And we made plans to say goodbye to Nick at his nursing home.

*The river that runs through my town is all cleaned up today.
The paper mills have all closed down. And the fish have come to stay.
I looked at that old yearbook. I was on the debating team.
And for an hour or so I was seventeen.*

I went back to Fitchburg Mass. I had lunch with some old friends...

[Reunion: At the Linden Tree Coffeehouse](#)

Notre Dame High School in Fitchburg Mass.



This started its life as an instrumental in an unusual open tuning. Eventually I found the right lyrics for it. And no, I have never used a Dustbuster on a cat. My basset hound Marty did like to be Dustbusted, though.

3 **Nothing Could Change** by Peter Lehndorff

Well some people wonder what they could've been
If they could go back and start over again.

But nothing could change my love for you.

I wish our life could've been a little easier, A little more fun — a little less theater.

But, nothing could change my love for you.

I suppose I could've worked a little harder, Been a little richer. Been a little smarter.
For richer or poorer, good times or bad,
I wouldn't change much about the love we've had...

But nothing could ever change my love for you.

No, nothing could change my love for you.

We've had more ups, than we've had downs. You pick me up when I'm on the ground.

And nothing could change my love for you.

Well, I love you a bushel and a peck. A bushel and a peck, my heart's a wreck.

But, nothing could change my love for you.

Sometimes you don't. Sometimes you do.
Sometimes I get a little confused.
Sometimes I get a little bit flustered —
Sorry 'bout your cat, and the dust buster.

But, nothing could change my love for you.

No nothing could change my love for you.

I suppose I could've worked a little harder,
Been a little richer. Been a little smarter.
For richer or poorer, good times or bad,
I wouldn't change much about the love we've had...

But, nothing could ever change my love for you.

No, nothing could change my love for you.

[Nothing Could Change: Songwriters' Spotlight](#)



My late wife, Kathy was in hospice for around ten months.

One evening as our visiting nurse, Sharon was leaving she said, “So Far So Good.”

But I think of it as a song about hope and resilience.

4 **So Far So Good** by Peter Lehndorff

I used to think about my bucket list.

Was the glass half empty? Or was the glass just too damn big?

I Woke up each morning. You were smiling at me.

When I looked into your eyes, you were all I need.

After every rain storm. After that hurricane.

After it snows like hell, the sun always comes out again.

Things are what they were. They will be what they are.

People said we were goin' places. And we did... Just not far.

So far. So good. Doin' okay. Feelin' pretty good.

Can't complain, knock on wood. So far. So good.

When I was fifty, things were a little iffy.

When I turned sixty I just said, “Oh what the hell!”

I wish you were with me, I wish you were near.

I wish I could show you that we're doin' okay right here.

So far. So good. I'm doin' okay. I'm Feelin' pretty good.

Can't complain, knock on wood. So far. So good.

So far. So good.

I'm doin' okay.

I'm Feelin' pretty good.

Can't complain, knock on wood.

So far. So good.



[So Far So Good: Livestream](#)



A letter about moving on after experiencing loss.

5 **It Just Depends** by Peter Lehndorff

Your coat is in the closet; Your purse is by the door.
There's a box of your things up on the second floor.
I live in the same old house. I still have your old hound.
Every day he walks in, to see if you're around.

*I've got a sense of humor.
And I've got some real good friends
I'm easy going. But some times it just depends.*

When I think about the bad times. Sometimes I have to laugh.
Last month was your birthday. Two years now have passed.
I tried to join that dating site, but I quit halfway through
They kept asking, what I want? I kept describing you.

*I wrote: "I've got a sense of humor.
And I've got some real good friends
I'm easy going.
But some times it just depends.*

We both came with lots of baggage. We unpacked it over time
Now it fits, in one suitcase. What was ours is just mine.
The sun came through the curtains, On to your side of the bed.
I was drinking my morning coffee, I remembered what you said...

*You said: "You've got a sense of humor.
And you've got some real good friends
You're easy going. But sometimes it just depends.
You're easy going. But sometimes it just depends.*

[It Just Depends: Video at NERFA](#)

I wrote this song in the 1970s after a hike on Mt. Monadnock in New Hampshire.

6 **Please Mr. Squirrel** by Peter Lehndorff

Please Mr. Squirrel, don't eat all my granola.
Please Mr. Squirrel, climb into your tree.
Well, I love Mother Nature, and the birds and the bees,
Rocky and Bullwinkle on TV.
Please Mr. Squirrel, don't eat all my granola.

I climbed the mountain, to see what I could see.
Got to the top, and pulled up a rock, and fixed myself some tea.
I fell asleep under a tree, I woke up as the victim of a robbery.
Please Mister Squirrel don't eat all my granola.

I gave him a candy bar. I gave him a piece of cheese.
He never said thank you. He never said please.
He ate my sandwich. He drank all my tea.
I don't know what that squirrel wants from me...

*Please Mister Squirrel don't eat all my granola.
Please Mister Squirrel, climb into your tree.
I know he seems cute enough
He took my raisins. He grabbed my nuts.
Please Mister Squirrel don't eat all my granola.*

I packed up my tent to move away, to get away from him.
Walked on down the mountain, to go back home again.
Started to drive, and nearly lost control.
Squirrel in the back seat with my jelly roll.
Please Mister Squirrel don't eat all my granola.

Please Mister Squirrel, climb into your tree.
Well I brake for rabbits and chipmunks too.
I don't wear fur. I eat tofu.

Please Mister Squirrel don't eat all my granola.



[Please Mr. Squirrel: Live at Luthier's](#)

Huntington's is the genetic brain disease that took the life of my late wife, Kath as well as Woody Guthrie.

7 **The Huntington's Waltz** by Peter Lehndorff

When my dad got sick I guess I was nine
We walked on eggshells. He was mad all the time
He fell down a lot. He slurred when he talked
He looked like a drunkard. But never touched a drop.
He went to his doctor. He went to his shrink.
And even that med school didn't know what to think.
Well no one looked back at his family tree.
How his mom and his granddad had that same malady.

Chorus

If I knew then, what I know now, I couldn't change much of anything, anyhow.

It was 50/50. And life's a coin toss

When you have to dance the Huntington's Waltz

They had him committed back in '83
Then some brothers and some cousins got that same damn disease
A ticking time bomb began to go off
And we all started dancing the Huntington's Waltz.
When I turned forty, more or less
The Huntington's caught me. My life was a mess.
They said I was crazy. It was killing my brain.
I pushed you away. Somehow you remain.

Chorus

Some brothers and some sisters, they have it as well.
Their kids and our grandkids, only time will tell.
I guess I'm pretty lucky to know how this ends
Thanks for sticking with me goodbye my good friend.

If I knew then, what I know now, I wouldn't change much of anything, anyhow.

It was 50/50. But I won the coin toss

When you danced with me at the Huntington's Waltz. When you danced with me at the Huntington's Waltz.

[The Huntington's Waltz: video for World Nurses Day](#)



Guilty Survivor talks about survivor guilt. Sometimes the one who is spared is worse off.

8 **Guilty Survivor** by Peter Lehndorff

People say that I'm a lucky guy. I try to smile and not be blue.
But there are times that I have to wonder, if it could have been me and not you.

*I guess I'm a guilty survivor. I should feel lucky, but I don't know how.
People say I dodged a bullet. But every silver lining has a cloud.*

When we were kids, you used to say (that) You'd grow up to be just like mom.
You'd learn to dance. I'd learn guitar. We always seemed to get along.

You got her smile. And you got her figure. But you also got her damn disease.
As your mind slipped away, your so-called friends used to say.
"The apple didn't fall far from that tree."

*I guess I'm a guilty survivor. I should feel lucky, but I don't know how.
People say I dodged a bullet. But every silver lining has a cloud.*

When you got home from college, I remember how you used to joke.
(You said) "I'm afraid I'm becoming our mother." How I wish that was never so.

*I guess I'm a guilty survivor. I should feel lucky, but I don't know how.
People say I dodged a bullet. But every silver lining has a cloud. Every silver lining has a cloud.*

A song about trying to get back to where you were.

9 **Tonight I Wish** by Peter Lehndorff

Tonight I wish that I could be with you.
To hold you in my arms again and tell you "I love you."
Look into your smiling face,
And be held in your warm embrace.
Tonight I wish that I could be with you.

And tonight I wish that we could kiss again.
Feel you breathing next to me. My lips upon your skin.
Run my fingers through your hair, Just to know that you are there.
Tonight I wish that I could be with you.

*Remember that old couple at the grocery store.
They were smiling at each other
as they shuffled through the door.
You said as they rolled down Aisle Two,
"Hey, wait a few years buddy, there goes me and you."
And tonight I wish that I could be with you.*

And I wish that I could hear your voice tonight,
And hear you softly whisper that "everything's all right."
Wish that we could talk again,
Laugh and cry like two old friends.
Tonight I wish that I could be with you.

*Sometimes you and I would go out driving,
Sometimes with no maps or a special place to go.
You will always be my destination.
And you will always be all I need to know.*

And tonight I wish that I could be with you.
Hold you in my arms again and tell you "I love you."
Wish that we could kiss again,
Laugh and cry like two old friends.
Tonight I wish that I could be with you.

A song about giving and receiving advice..

10 **Two Cents' Worth** by Peter Lehndorff

Well I did my homework and I worked real hard.
I got good marks on my report card.
I got a prize in science. And I got a prize in art.
But my teacher still gave me her two cents worth.

Well, Everyone's an athlete, everyone's a nurse.
They know the secrets of the Universe
None of them were famous (that would be worse)
They all wanna give me their 2 cents worth.

*Bridge: They tell me what to do. They tell me where to go,
They tell me what they're thinking and how much they know.
Somebody famous was a friend of a friend.
I've heard that same story Again and again.*

*Chorus: Everybody gives me their 2 cents worth,
2 cents worth, 2 cents worth.
Some of them are smart, Some of them are jerks
And they all wanna give me their 2 cents worth.*

Verse: I went to college. I got a degree.
(Maybe I should go and get my Phd.)
I'll write a book. I'll be on TV.
And then I'm gonna give you my 2 cents worth.

*Bridge: It's not worth a quarter. It's not worth a dime.
Not worth a nickel. Half of the time.
2 plus 2 plus 2 cents worth, Add it all up it's just 2 cents worth.*

*Chorus: Everybody gives me their 2 cents worth,
2 cents worth, 2 cents worth.
Some of them are smart, Some of them are jerks
And they all wanna give me....
Yeh, they all wanna give me their 2 cents worth.*

