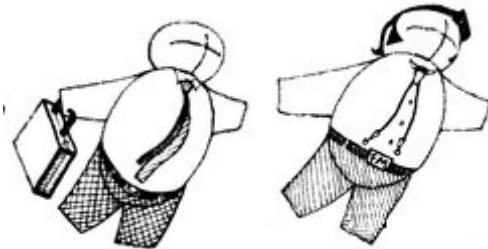
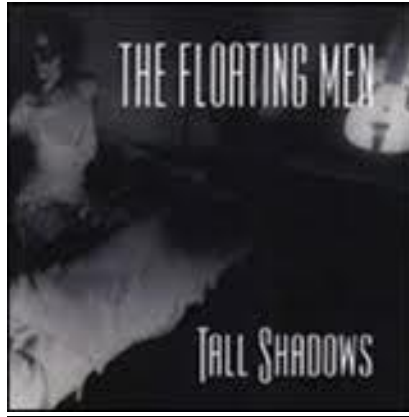


THE FLOATING MEN



COMPLETE ALBUM LYRICS

TALL SHADOWS (1993)



Where The Miracles Fly

I'm watching the angst-ridden damned as they dance to industrial thunder all night
The girls and the boys share their works and their toys
in a place called "Where The Miracles Fly"

Where the miracles fly

The leathered and tethered all gather together in shadowy corners to grind

The sign at the bar says you're never too far out for where the miracles fly

A hazel-eyed child with a nail in her smile says I'm driving her out of her mind

She shudders and sighs an amphetamine sigh then ascends back up into the lights

Where the miracles fly

Where the miracles fly all night

Where the miracles fly

Where the miracles fly all night

They vow to die glamorous, violent and young but they're certain they never will die

They're just hungry for more in the methadone roar down at where the miracles fly

Where the miracles fly

They're kissing too deep and too hard and too long and they're holding each other too
tight

They're chewing their lips and they're grinding their jaws; they're in love

Where the miracles fly

When the ecstasy thins into sweat on their skin and the chemical lightning subsides

They follow a "grin" with a swallow of gin and again they go off for a ride

Where the miracles fly

I want to live on a farm and raise a family

I want to bathe in a pail of morning rain

And wash away where the miracles fly

Where the miracles fly

Where the miracles fly all night
Where the miracles fly
Where the miracles fly all night

The chapped and the gloved promise undying love as they fondle each other goodnight
Out in the cold they look ghostly and old in the fog and the pre-morning night
A gallon of rum and a valium should quiet the hum in their ears and their eyes
They black out the day using blankets for shade
'Cause they're sick and they're certain they're dying
If they could just pass out 'till sundown
It will all be alright
They could head back to the underground
Where the miracles fly
All night
I want to live on a far and raise a family
I want to bathe in a pail of morning rain
And wash away where the miracles fly
Where the miracles fly
Where the miracles fly all night
Where the miracles fly
Where the miracles fly all night

A Pillar of Stone

No, leave all of the lights on
I want to stare you in the eye
What kind of demons make you so hard to satisfy?
Hell, I dread every sundown
You're so evil when you're high
You want to close down the town and stay up making love all night
I've been a pillar of stone too long and I'm tired of being tempted and taunted
If that's the only way of turning you on I'm gonna die of what I thought I wanted
I tried to build a home for you, Delila
But sweat, muscle and bone alone is all you're looking for
I've been a pillar of stone
But I can't be that strong
I can't be that strong anymore

I can't keep up with the club life
And the party's wearing thin
I keep waiting for the mating to end and the love to begin
And what's the deal with the fast lane?
Does the danger turn you on?
Are you recalling the gaze of a stranger when we're all alone?
I've been a pillar of stone too long
aren't you tired of being painted and flaunted?

If that's the only way of turning you on, I was wrong all along, I don't want it
I tried to build a home for you, Delila
But sweat, muscle and bone alone is all you're looking for
I've been a pillar of stone
But I can't be that strong
I can't be that strong anymore

Ah, to Hell with the fast lane
Ah, to Hell with dying young
Ah, to Hell with the sunken-eyed punk you've been trying to become
Ah, to Hell with the club life
I don't care what turns you on
If you go back to the jungle tonight you can go alone
I've been a pillar of stone so long I've gone deaf from the wails of the haunted
If that's the only way of turning you on, from now on I don't want to be wanted
I tried to build a home for you, Delila
But sweat, muscle and bone alone is all you're looking for
I've been a pillar of stone
But I can't be that strong
I can't be that strong anymore

So Be It

Tonight's the night we planned to say our vows
We planned for candlelight and evening gowns
We planned for wild romance
We planned for years
Now here I stand abandoned
No plan, no you, and no tears
We prowled the haunted caverns underground
We came alive each time the sun went down
We buzzed away the morning
On black coffee and dreams
We laughed and danced away just
One too many nights it seems now
No situation at all
No clever writing on the wall
One kiss goodbye and that was all
So be it

You're free to wonder what we could have been
If not for all the lies and all the sins
You're free to long for afternoons we dozed away
You're free to wonder why
A light inside you died when you strayed
You're free to share the blame

And call him by my name
No situation at all
No clever writing on the wall
One kiss goodbye and that was all
So be it

You're free to hunger for the life we led
Then wonder why you shiver in his bed
And I'm free to love whoever won't put me to sleep
You're free to marry money
And touch him thinking of me
No situation at all
No clever writing on the wall
One kiss goodbye and that was all
So be it

Forgiven

No need to lie
'Cause I'm not mad or broken hearted
I'm just surprised at how I feel so tell me more
And we'll pretend for the rest of the night
And when we wake up I'll make up my mind
For now, forgiven
For this strange double life you've been living
At least for tonight
It's all forgiven

I can see in your eyes
How you could hide a secret darkness
And I've known for some time of your desire for something more
So let's pretend for the rest of the night
And when we wake up I'll make up my mind
For now, forgiven
For this strange double life you've been living
At least for tonight
It's all forgiven

It's so surreal
Am I dreaming?
Secrets flood into my mind
I can't believe what I'm feeling
You're sins somehow set me on fire
No need to leave
'Cause I can be the one you long for
And if we try just for tonight I'll show you how

So let's pretend that we're strangers tonight
And when we wake up I'll make up my mind
For now, forgiven
For this strange double life you've been living
At least for tonight
It's all forgiven

So Wild

Mesmerized
I can make out your face through the veil and the candlelight
Paralyzed
I can make out your lips through the smoke and I'm hypnotized
By your eyes
Oh, I'm wild for you
Your eyes...
Oh, I'm wild for you
So wild
So wild

Thrill me
Just one breath on my breast, you can take me alive
Steal me
Just one touch of your claws at my throat and I'm hypnotized
By your eyes
Oh, I'm wild for you
I tremble and writhe at the touch of your fingers on fire for you
So wild
So wild

Tease me
Keep your kisses inches from my reach and breathe on me
Seize me
Whisper your secrets, whisper your forbidden dreams
And your eyes...
Oh, I'm wild for you
I tremble and writhe at the touch of your fingers on fire for you
So wild
So wild
So wild
So wild

So Much Fire

I ain't nothing by ribs, knees, and elbows
I'm way too young to be dry, brittle, and cold

I've been wondering how I let her hurl me into madness
I've been wondering how she bled the child in me away
I've been hammering boards over the windows
I've been nailing the doors to the frames
I've been wondering how I let her fill my heart with lightning
I've been wondering how she led a long haired boy astray
No, I've fought to the man for the last time
And I don't understand how a girl so much like rain can breathe so much fire

I've been tapping the walls listening for angels
I've been eyeing the halls spying for ghosts
And in a shadowy dream, I can see her barefoot on the glider
I try to beg her for peace, but I'm just too vague and far away
No, I've fought to the man for the last time
And I don't understand how a girl so much like rain can breathe so much fire

And in a shadowy dream, I see her barefoot on the glider
I try to beg her for peace, but I'm just too vague and far away
No, I've fought to the man for the last time
And I don't understand how a girl so much like rain can breathe so much fire
She breathed so much fire
How could she see through the flames?
How could she see through the flames?

Friday Afternoon

It's raining
Hands on the wall don't move
I'm getting crazy now
The doorbell's broken and I've thrown the telephone across the room
The TV's on
But I keep the volume down
The blinds are drawn
I like it dark in case the sun comes out
It's Friday afternoon
If I'm giving up too soon, don't tell me
It's Friday afternoon and I'm waiting
If I'm giving up too soon, don't say it
You'll have your Saturday blues
What do you want from me anyway?
I've done nothing but lose
Everything I ever wanted always slipped away

Five o'clock
Seems like hours
Nobody knocks

Maybe the clock has stopped; nobody bothered sending flowers

It's Friday afternoon

If I'm giving up too soon, don't tell me

It's Friday afternoon and I'm waiting

If I'm giving up too soon, don't say it

You'll have your Saturday blues

What do you want from me anyway?

I've done nothing but lose

Everything I ever wanted always slipped away

It's raining

Hands on the wall don't move

I'm getting crazy now

The doorbell's broken and I've thrown the telephone across the room

It's getting late

There's a leaky tap somewhere

I'm wide awake and I'm sick of waiting

With a busted telephone just lying there

It's Friday afternoon and I'm waiting

If I'm giving up too soon, don't say it

You'll have your Saturday blues

What do you want from me anyway?

I've done nothing but lose

Everything I ever wanted always slipped away

(Go home)

(Go home)

It's Friday afternoon and I'm waiting. If I'm giving up too soon, don't say it

You'll have your Saturday blues

What do you want from me anyway?

I've done nothing but lose

Everything I ever wanted always slipped away

World of Shadows

Don't say a word

Words won't change things

'Cause if I thought it was right, you could stay every night from now on

I don't need a friend

And you ain't gonna save me

You can romanticize and fantasize at night but some things you can't own

You're so damn young

Thrills come so easy

When you've been kicked around the underground like I have you might turn to stone

Don't swallow the lies

The hallow glamour

'Cause if you think it's all handshakes and earthquakes, girl you got it wrong

Don't you fear the darkness?
Let your dreams be dreams
You don't need what you want
I don't know how to make you go home
How do I turn off what I never meant to turn on?
Go spend all your time out in the sunshine
Girl, you don't belong here in my world of shadows.

Don't get me wrong
I know how love feels
And if I couldn't care I wouldn't dare pretend that it's time to move on
You might be strong
But you're never strong enough
See, I was born with the clean heart of a child but now look how I've grown
Don't you fear the darkness?
Let your dreams be dreams
You don't need what you want
I don't know how to make you go home
How do I turn off what I never meant to turn on?
Go spend all your time out in the sunshine
Girl, you don't belong here in my world of shadows.

Hey Maria

Welcome back to the trauma
I see you're still getting high. All that healing and karma
Ain't doing you no good tonight
You're still too sexy to marry
And far too evil to love
With all that cocaine you carry
You shouldn't miss me so much
No, I can't let you stay here tonight
I've got a big day tomorrow
Hey Maria, are you blind?
Don't you see how the walking dead ignite?
For no reason at all
No reason at all

We were legends on Forest
We danced in cages till dawn
But all your heeled and your harnessed
Did me no good at all
I would wait by my window and pray
You'd still be here tomorrow
Hey Maria, are you blind?
Don't you see how the walking dead ignite?

For no reason at all
No reason at all

Go on, close down The Modern
This is your hour to shine
Before the *faux couture* fodder
Stagger home to get fried
Before the drag queens start jonesing again
-all out of rush till tomorrow
Hey Maria, I'm too grown up to play
But what I still see in you won't fade

Right about now all the speed freaks are crashing
The X virgins are convinced that they're bi
And all the cokeheads are nervous
They check their pulse to be sure they're alive
'Ree, I can't let you stay here tonight
Or ten thousand tomorrows
Hey Maria, are you blind?
Don't you see how the walking dead ignite?
For no reason at all
No reason at all
Hey Maria, I'm too grown up to play
But what I still see in you won't fade

Fade To Gray

I can't trade another day in the shade for a night on the town
All this whiskey and risky behavior is wearing me down
(What are you dreaming of?)
Hell, a shack in the woods would be more than enough
(What are your dreaming of?)
This ain't no way to live or to try to find love
(Slow down)
I want to live where the sunlight lights
(Slow down)
Feather-light on my face
(Slow down)
I want to leave all this neon and vice
Before the fire inside me dies or finally fades to gray

I had a car – it's still parked in the yard – I can't give it away
But I can walk to the bar and the market ain't far if I can bear the light of day
(What are you dreaming of?)
Hell, a dollar to spare would be more than enough
(What are you dreaming of?)

This ain't no way to live or to try to find love
(Slow down)
I want to live where the sunlight lights
(Slow down)
Feather-light on my face
(Slow down)
I want to leave all this neon and vice
Before the fire inside me dies or finally fades to gray

Oh no, don't let it fade to gray
Oh no, don't let it fade to gray
Oh no, don't let it fade to gray
Oh no, don't let it fade to gray

Girls will maul you and promise to call you then run away
Hell, I blew all my bread on some redhead, it turned out that she was a he anyway

(What are you dreaming of?)
Hell, a red-blooded girl would be more than enough
(What are you dreaming of?)

This ain't no way to live or to try to find love
(Slow down)
I want to live where the sunlight lights
(Slow down)
Feather-light on my face
(Slow down)
I want to leave all this neon and vice
Before the fire inside me dies or finally fades to gray

(Well, what are you dreaming of?)
I've been tainted and tattered and tarnished enough
(What are you dreaming of?)

This ain't no way to live or to try to find love
(Slow down)
I want to live where the sunlight lights
(Slow down)
Feather-light on my face
(Slow down)
I want to leave all this neon and vice
Before the fire inside me dies or finally fades to gray

A Date With A Vampire

Now the clouds are towering over Rainbridge Station
Again today the clouds will yield no rain
She lights her last and turns her eyes away from the window
And wonders is there no end to the pain

She bathes and dries by candlelight and stares into the mirror
She brushes out her hair until it shines
She slides into her gown with just the breeze beneath to cool her
She lines her lips and eyes and sips her wine
"Lie down don't cry
Just wipe those teardrops from your eyes
Since it's too late to wonder why..."

She hears the hinges creaking on the front door below her
She hears the tap of boot heels on the stairs
She turns away to watch the curtains shudder when he enters
He'll breathe upon her throat and she won't care
"Lie down don't cry
Just wipe those teardrops from your eyes
Since it's too late to wonder why..."
"I'll cower here beneath the sky"
"Lie down don't cry
Just wipe those teardrops from your eyes
Since it's too late to wonder why..."
"I'll cower here beneath the sky"

Swallowed By The Night

She seems so tangled and wild
Me? Am I too wide-eyed and mild?
She might not think so
I've been around you know
She sets the smoke overhead all aglow with the lights in her eyes
She parts the underground sea
And weaves through the elbows and knees
She might be solo
I'm too shy to ever know
Please, I can't breathe with her inches away from me ordering wine
And she might be lazy
She might be the kind to sleep in a coffin all day
But if I'm so crazy
How come she makes tomorrow seem so far away?
Wake me up
I think I'm falling falling falling
I give up
I think I'm falling falling falling
If I'm not crawling home by morning
I was swallowed by the night
Swallowed by the night

She's damp from dancing alone

Please, have I been down here too long?
She might be lonely
She might just need room to breathe
She faintly smells of patchouli and leather and sweat and I'm losing my mind
And she might be lazy
She might be the kind to sleep in a coffin all day
But if I'm so crazy
How come she makes tomorrow seem so far away?
Wake me up
I think I'm falling falling falling
I give up
I think I'm falling falling falling
If I'm not crawling home by morning
I was swallowed by the night
Swallowed by the night
Wake me up
I think I'm falling falling falling
I give up
I think I'm falling falling falling
If I'm not crawling home by morning
I was swallowed by the night
Swallowed by the night

Renee

Sweet Renee
If I lived a little cleaner someday
Got a break and maybe made a little money
Then would you stay?
Or is there nothing left of me to save?
Please Renee
If I gave up all the poison today
If I gave up all the bars and the parties
What would you say?
Is it too late for me to change my old ways?
Speak up and tell me that I'm not dreaming
Renee, please say that I'm not losing my mind
Because I need you to believe in me this time

Sweet Renee
I think a lot about forever these days
What happened to the wild boy that won you?
I'm far from gray
But I can feel my body aging these days
Please Renee
God, I used to be your hero those days

I made your heart race every time I held you
Is it so strange
To want to fight the way things always change?
Speak up and tell me that I'm not dreaming
Renee, please say that I'm not losing my mind
Because I need you to believe in me this time

Sweet Renee
Do you think I'm going to die young someday?
Do you really think it's too late to save me?
I'm so afraid
Will I just feel my body go away
Speak up and tell me that I'm not dreaming
Renee, please say that I'm not losing my mind
Because I need you to believe in me this time
Speak up and tell me that I'm not dreaming
Renee, please say that I'm not losing my mind
Because I need you to believe in me this time
Because I need you to believe in me
Renee believe in me
I need you to believe in me this time

INVOKING MICHELANGELO (1995)



The Idle Hours

Clear-eyed and fair
She led me up the stairs
And piled her pillows where the sunlight through the blinds

Could find her hair
Who would know?
The party goers flowed
In lurking circles all around the grounds
With no minds left to blow

We made a blood vow
And played the music loud
She tried to drown out
The laughter and the sound
Of making sacred love to me
To while away the idle hours

Pedals and blooms
Powders and perfumes
A dogwood blossom breeze that furred and teased the
Curtains
In her room
As we shared our fill
Of hushed and shameful thrills
Flushed and naked,
Damp and aching
In pools of beaujolais we'd spilled

We made a blood vow
And played the music loud
She tried to drown out
The laughter and the sound
Of making sacred love to me
To while away the idle hours

A distant thunder undermined the whine of
Debutantes
And parasites collapsing in their tracks outside
Their ghostly voices fell and rose
Invoking Michelangelo
Muffled through the floor below

A midday moon
A single afternoon
A simple sin between two friends that sadly had to
End so soon
But I never cried
I never compromised
The wall of lies I helped her hide behind pretending
Not to mind

We made a blood vow
And played the music loud
She tried to drown out
The laughter and the sound
Of making sacred love to me
To while away the idle hours

How dare you? How dare you? How dare you?

Wringing The Wheel

Right about now her heart should be pounding
Her hands are trembling, her head's getting light
She's turning the sound down, afraid it'll drown out
An engine in the night
I'm still enthralled by the last time I saw her
The traffic was crawling the highway was white
I cancelled my plans, and abandoned the van and was stranded
In town for the night

We toasted southern winters in the snow
And pounded warm drambuie in the cold
We held our own til it was almost day and came to
In each other's clothes
I was leaving
She was breathing on the window as I fishtailed away
Through the tears and the rear view mirror
I could see her disappear in the fogged over pane

Please angeline deliver me
I'm bearing down on the outskirts of town
With the reins in my teeth
The clean smell of the wild onions sweetens the heat
I'm drunk on the wind in my mouth
And wringing the wheel for a little more speed

The wind is rising
Along the horizon
Blue sheets of lightening are gaining on me
I'll be home as the first of the overgrown raindrops
Impact the street
In the high beams
Blooms and pine needles
Fall in squalls like a blizzard of dreams
She's watching the highway, for headlights

And wringing her highball for a little more speed

Please Angeline deliver me
I'm bearing down on the outskirts of town
With the reins in my teeth
The clean smell of the wild onions sweetens the heat
I'm drunk on the wind in my mouth
And wringing the wheel for a little more speed

Please Angeline deliver me
I'm bearing down on the outskirts of town
With the reins in my teeth
The clean smell of the wild onions sweetens the heat
I'm drunk on the wind in my mouth
And wringing the wheel for a little more speed

A Married Man

Tonight on Keyhole Street
Where tablet, spoon, and needle meet
Painfully dangerous fallen angels will swoon over crooners
With powdery eyes
On Elliston square they're dying their hair
And they're finger-painting on their criminal stares
They'll have to struggle to tell paradise from hell
Without
Me tonight

And I don't understand
No, I don't understand
What it means to be a married man
I don't understand

A summer ago after years of gathering mold
She stowed her ripped up slips and her jet black lipstick
Away and let her strawberry blond roots grow
Now it's hard to believe we were the king and the queen
Of the fiends in the leather and mascara scene
And the trampiest pair of vampire magazine pin-ups
On dance
Hall row

And I don't understand
No, I don't understand
What it means to be a married man
I don't understand

In the warm morning light
The undead all someday arise
And if the sunlight don't strike them blind
They'll wind up in limbo condemned to survive
I don't understand
I don't understand

I remember a june when each afternoon
She awakened me softly with kisses and coffee
And sat naked on the edge of the bed smoking
Marlboro reds
Til the rise of the moon
But I'm too numb now to dream
Suspended between the handsome woman she's become
And the
Need for the hellcat she used to be
I don't see why they both can't be true

And I don't understand
No, I don't understand
What it means to be a married man
I don't understand

In the warm morning light
The undead all someday arise
And if the sunlight don't strike them blind
They'll wind up in limbo condemned to survive
I don't understand
I don't understand

Tonight on keyhole street
Where fabric, moonlight, and heat all meet
Awkwardly cruel little harlots will drool over bar stool
Sex
Tools with x's for eyes
On Elliston square they're teasing their hair
And they're painting on their latex play wear
They'll have to balance the peril of paradise and hell
Without me tonight

And I don't understand
No, I don't understand
I can hold her sweet face in my hands
I still don't understand

She Dreams About Me

By now the azaleas are blazing
And there's parties every night on her street
And she reads on the lawn in the sunlight
And at night she has dreams about me

It's fine with me
If her nights are lonely
Cause when there's a warm breeze
She opens all of the windows
And surrounded by the sounds of the town winding down
She has dreams about me
She still dreams about me

We were too young and mean to be serious
But she sure knew her way around a man
And we swore there'd be no lies between us
But the truth was getting way out of hand

It's fine with me
If her nights are lonely
Cause when there's a warm breeze
She opens all of the windows
And surrounded by the sounds of the town winding down
She has dreams about me
She still dreams about me

I'll always remember the horse little whimpers and pleas
She breathed in the dark
It's hard to believe she still dreams about me –
Those little sad dreams that weigh down your heart
Hell, if you have a heart

She gets lonely sometimes
I don't mind

She would bury her cries in my shoulder
And she tasted like merlot and sin
And sometimes if the windows were open
She would come at the touch of the wind

It's fine with me
If her nights are lonely
Cause when there's a warm breeze
She opens all of the windows

And surrounded by the sounds of the town winding down
She has dreams about me
She still dreams about me

It's fine with me
If her nights are lonely
Cause when there's a warm breeze she opens all of the
Windows and surrounded by the sounds of the town
Winding down
She has dreams about me
And I'm satisfied

South Carolina

I drove my new love to South Carolina
To walk in the footsteps of planter and slave
To talk with the spirits that haunt all the islands
To smell the lilacs on Alice's grave

I drove my new love to Charleston county
To ask for her hand at the low country fair
To see her little eyes light up at the fireworks
To smell the lilacs entwined in her hair

We're pretending it's the end of the world, we're the
Last survivors alive
I don't want to see another living soul on the king's
Highway tonight
But far away from here
In a dreamy little town
As the sun is going down
A broken hearted girl holds a photograph of me smiling

I drove my new love home to the city
But the city didn't feel like home anymore
Tonight we're driving back to South Carolina
I've never been so frightened or so much in love before

But far away from here
In a dreamy little town
As the sun is going down
A broken hearted girl holds a photograph of me smiling

Let the thunder and the hurricanes roll, we're the last
Survivors alive
I don't want to see another living soul on the king's

Highway tonight

But far away from here
In a dreamy little town
As the sun is going down
A broken-hearted girl holds a photograph of me smiling

Long Gone Tomorrow

I was only ever really in love til a year ago
With a pale little torch of a girl with a hurricane in
Her soul
I never laughed so hard, I never cried so much
I never went to bed so mad or woke up so much in love

I won't deceive you, I won't deceive you
Tonight I need you but I'll be long gone tomorrow

We hung out in a trashy little coffee house every night
With mountains of maps and old magazines scattered
Around inside
This one little room upstairs smelled like hand-me
Downs and time
We burned a lot of hours up there smoking cloves and
Blowing on chimes

I won't deceive you, I won't deceive you
Tonight I need you but I'll be long gone tomorrow

We woke up in the grass one morning with the radio on
Still reeling from the sex and the beer and still
Damp from
The dew on the lawn
No more tequila for me, I get all freaked out
There's still time to make up your mind if you think you
Have any doubts

I won't deceive you, I won't deceive you
Tonight I need you but I'll be long gone tomorrow

I won't deceive you, I won't deceive you
Tonight I need you but I'll be long gone tomorrow

Fellow Traveler

Want me to hate you for the boys you've had?

The toys you keep in the drawers by your bed?
What every tacky little fool back at school ever said?
I've got my own set of rumors and lies
That buzz around me like so many horse flies
From doing battle with the clap to having two or
Three wives

So fellow traveler raise your eyes
You're way too young to die inside
No need to be denied if you're saddled with a hunger
Raise your eyes

So what's the score between the floor and your eyes?
I'd be more ashamed to go unsatisfied
No need to lie awake and pray to be saved from desire
Give the booze another hour or two
You'll light right up like I always used to
I think I'd rather walk away from it all now with you

So fellow traveler raise your eyes
You're way too kind to die inside
No need to be denied if you need a little danger
Raise your eyes

For me it gets a little hard to explain
Were you sunburned and naked in the cool summer rain?
Was it feather-light petting punctuating the pain?
Or a long, slow, drawn out denial?

When all their lovers have fallen asleep
They're all alone with their anger and need
Deep in their dreams you know they all want to be
You and me
I thought that brought a little spark to your eyes
We'll let them wonder for the rest of their dull lives
We'll let them lie awake a pray to be saved from
Desire

So fellow traveler raise your eyes
You're way too sweet to die inside
No need to be denied
I think I feel a little hope here
So raise your eyes

Don't Save Me

When I turned 21 I knew I'd never be the same
I wound up underground among the gothic and the
Strange

The first time I laid eyes on her I could not look
Away

Now I lie here hypnotized without the will to stray

I bathe myself in ashes and I clothe myself in clay

I mutter incantations over altars I have made

My fortune never ever changes

Don't save me

Is it her beauty or the danger?

Please...

Don't save me now...

When I turned 22 I made a vow to change my ways
I swore I'd go to bed each night and go to work each day

I tried to close my eyes but I was haunted by her face

I'd rise to walk the night and somehow lose another day

Don't save me

Please don't save me

Don't save me now

I don't want my freedom

At 23 I seemed to be a million miles away

A shadow of a man with little left inside to save

A single thing to long for, just one thing to crave

She don't know I'm breathing but I'll love her to my grave

I bathe myself in ashes and I clothe myself in clay

I mutter incantations over lambs that I have slain

My fortune never ever changes

Don't save me

Is it her beauty or the danger?

Please...

Don't save me

Please don't save me

Don't save me now

I don't want my freedom

Another Maybe Someday

Maybe tomorrow afternoon

I'll throw a little party for you,
Load a little bit of bud in a bowl and break open a
Bottle of wine
And, hell, if it's sunny and warm
I'll spread out my quilt on the lawn,
Open the windows and turn up the music inside

The man took the cable away
I guess I'd forgotten to pay
Hell I never turned the damned thing on more than
Once a day
But hey I'm doing ok
A lot of good things are coming my way
Got an inside line on a new kind of gold mine just
Yesterday

It's hard to lie about the vodka
Someday I'll learn to hide the phone
And though I'll lay around and hate myself
Tomorrow
Tonight I thought you'd like to know
Underneath the pain
Underneath the pain
The faintest rays of sunlight fight their way
Through
Blinding rain
Underneath the pain
I close my eyes and say your name
And find a way to make it through another maybe
Someday....

Every summer or two
I buy a little present for you
They're stacked in the attic if you just let me know when
You're passing through

I'd sure love to show you around
It'll seem like a whole new town
They're buying and selling and building and
Tearing so much of it down

It's hard to lie about the vodka
But I just thought you'd like to know
Underneath the pain
Underneath the pain
The faintest rays of sunlight fight their way

Through
Blinding rain
Underneath the pain
I close my eyes and say your name
And find a way to make it through another maybe
Someday....

I've still got a head full of dreams
I still keep the bedroom clean
But none of the old team of deadbeats come around
Here anymore

Sometimes on a clear summer night
When the angle of the moon is just right
It lights up your picture and I drift off to sleep in
The
Emerald glow

I now surrender to the vodka
I've wasted too much of your time
And if I lay around and hate myself tomorrow
At least I'll sleep in peace tonight

Underneath the pain
Underneath the pain
Somewhere underneath the fearsome thunder angels sing
Underneath the pain and bitter never ending shame
I say your name and make it through another
Maybe someday....

A Married Man (Part II)

An old friend of mine
(and a snake of a guy) took a streetwalking whore
For a bride and hired a sensible mistress for
Friendship and deep
Conversation on the side

Til the day he died
He swore he never lied and he never had to lie awake
Neglected or desperately unsatisfied
I'm losing my faith though I've tried
God knows I've tried

It's like she don't give a damn
What makes me feel like a man?

How a woman can so warm a heart
And then lie there frozen to the touch of a hand
I will never understand

The Call of the Wild

She minds the door at a beach inferno
She don't wake up til the heat of the day
She licks her wounds by the pool til the sun warms the
Cobwebs away
More and more these days she's had a million mile gaze

She made a date to change her hairstyle
She's given away all her old shoes
We rarely make love anymore so I grope like a teen
When we do
And she says it's not me but I know it's not true

Tonight the call of the wild will claim her
I'm swallowing hard but I'll try not to cry
She'll pack her bags in the dark and I won't even open
My eyes
Stay young, stay lost in the call of the wild

She stares out at the ocean for hours
She's given away all her old clothes
She's hiding maps and brochures in her drawer and
She thinks
I don't know
And she says were okay but I know it's not so

Tonight the call of the wild will claim her
I'm swallowing hard but I'll try not to cry
She'll pack her bags in the dark and I won't even put
Up a fight
Stay young, stay lost in the call of the wild

I've fired cannons into tornadoes
And I built a wall to hold back the sea
And I've tended fires in orchards to keep the frost off
Of the trees
She will never be tame
I will never be free

Tonight the call of the wild will claim her
I'm swallowing hard but I'll try not to cry

She'll blow away on the same wind that first blew her
Into my life
Stay young, stay lost in the call of the wild

Tonight the call of the wild will claim her
I'm swallowing hard but how can I cry
When all that I love about her will lead her away in the
Night
Stay young, stay lost in the call of the wild

The Fire Escape

Caught a little sun
Feel a little lazy
Had a little fun
Drank a little wine
Made a little love
Got a lot of nothing on my mind
It's a good night to lay around here killing time

I made peace with the dark
I'm over the nightmares
I've got a strong heart and clean desires
I'm turning out alright
It's been a sweet life so far
It's a good night to kill a little time in your arms

I get a frail hollow longing in my dreams still
And a far off sense of loss when I first wake
But, I'm turning out alright
Ain't it a sweet life these days?
It's a good night to kill a little time on the fire
Escape

I nearly let the lust destroy me
If not for you I'd have surely drowned
But I've seen hunger most will never comprehend
Plant friends and lovers one by one in the stony ground

There's a gathering storm
I hear a little thunder
I feel a little wind
I smell a little rain
But I can deal with the angels
Cause it ain't me they're here to claim
It's a good night for blowing 'em off til some other day

I get a frail hollow longing in my dreams still
And a far off sense of loss when I first wake
But, I'm turning out alright
Ain't it a sweet life these days?
If you think you can stand holding my hand on the
Fire escape

I'm a good man who's done a couple of bad things
Along with way

THE SONG OF THE WINDS IN THE PINES (1998)



A Tall Stand of Pines

Lost my way graduation day
One sunny morning, one spectacular May
I got far too charming on chardonnay
And I woke up naked out on Biscayne Bay
Now, I know the night like the back of my day
But I'm having a hard time finding my way
Yes I'm having one hell of a time finding my way back to a tall stand of pines.

I shackled up with a dame
With the sun in her mane.
Velvet loins and a funny last name
I had no way of knowing why she was going insane
Till the law caught her D-E-A-ling cocaine
You have no idea how much that explains
But it's safe to say I lost more than a day

Just another wrong turn on the long way around to the pines

Pardon me handsome stranger, do you
happen to have the time?
I can't find a trace of 1988 or '89
If you see the ghost of my daredevil youth go racing by
Flag him down and let him know
That I'll be running a good ways behind
And he can wait for me in the shade of a tall stand of pines.

I fell under the spell of a pansexual belle
With one barefoot in heaven and one high heel in hell
She caught on to my fears with her keen sense of smell
Man, if handcuffs could talk all the tales they could tell
Somehow I clawed my way up the walls of her well
Man I shook off the moss and saw how far I fell
Another bombshell successfully repelled on the way to the pines.

Pardon me handsome stranger, do you happen to have the time?
I can't find a trace of 1988 or '89
If you see the ghost of my daredevil youth go racing by
Flag him down and let him know
That I'll be running a good ways behind
And he can wait for me in the shade of a tall stand of pines.

Now I sailed in the Keys
And scaled the Cascades
And I stared down a gator in the Florida glades
I just winked and I waved and I waded away
To go chasing tornados in the panhandle plains
I've been mouthed in Manhattan
I've been lipped in LA
I've been fingered in Frisco and I'm not even gay
I got high in the john at the White House one day
Then I picked up a page and I got my ass laid
No, I can't take away the mistakes that I've made but it's been a sweet ride
Lost on the long way around to a tall stand of pines.

Pardon me handsome stranger, do you happen to have the time?
I can't find a trace of 1988 or '89
If you see the ghost of my daredevil youth go racing by
Flag him down and let him know
That I'll be running a good ways behind
And he can wait for me in the shade of a tall stand of pines.

Pink Champagne

Is she still rolling in old money?
Is she still driving way too fast?
Is she still drinking too much Stoli?
Busting balls and kicking ass?
Is she still dozing off at red lights?
Passing out behind the wheel?
Offering traffic cops mimosas
Telling lies and making deals?

Don't let her know you saw me here
Don't even say I came
There's diamonds in her eyes tonight
And fountains of pink champagne

Is she still always over sleeping?
Staying out too late at night?
Spending all her family's money?
Raising hell and telling lies?
I'll bet she met him at The Preakness
Or crashing parties at The Club
Was she still taking ballroom dancing
When she finally fell in love?

Don't let her know you saw me here
Don't even say I came
There's limousines lined up outside
And fountains of pink champagne

Does she still talk about Savannah?
Or one sweet summer by the sea?
I bet she sold off all her horses
I doubt she ever thinks of me

Don't let her know you saw me here
Don't even say I came
There's starlight in the pines tonight
And fountains of pink champagne

Endless Highway

The city sure looks pretty in the moonlight
The skyline sure is beautiful at night
There's music floating in and out of windows
But I ain't seen the sunshine in a while

When I dream, I see an endless highway
No one ahead of me, No one behind me

Part of me's still lost out in the desert
Part of me's still sleeping in the shade
Part of me's still bathing in the sunlight
Hell my ghost is bound to walk the night
most anyplace

When I dream, I see an endless highway
No one ahead of me, No one behind me

I bought a hammock by the ocean
Brought it home and strung it up outside
Gathered up a basket full of seashells
Wrapped it up and gave it to my bride

I know my way around the backroads
And I'll always love the way the asphalt whines
But, honey, I ain't lost nothing nowhere
That I can't find when I'm staring in your eyes

When I dream, I see an endless highway
No one ahead of me, No one behind me

When I dream, I see an endless highway
No one ahead of me, No one behind me

Over The Wateree

No, I really couldn't stay
What with all of these meetings to make
I keep waking up naked, clawed up, and sore in a goddess's bed every day
I'll take part of the blame
If I seem a little lost in a daze
Every time I think I got my feet on the ground I look down and the ground moves away
It goes shaking away
I look down and the ground moves away

Why the hell would I want any money?
With all these acres of anger to farm,
A quiet understanding with manhood, and a fist full of feathers and yarn?

I'm wading over the Wateree
To lay me down in the shade of the trees
In the shade of the trees

I've been speaking in tongues
With the breath of gods in my lungs
I've been channeling Ponce de Leon
Swallowing sunlight, and coming undone

I remember how tenderness tastes
I can still see the smile on her face
When she spotted me drunk on the trunk of the car in Kentucky on the day of the race
Laughing "My, what a waste!"
Howling "My, what a pitiful waste!"

Why the hell would I want any whiskey?
When I done shot out the lights on the street
With a kerosene lantern in one hand and
The mysteries of manhood clamped in my teeth

I'm wading over the Wateree
To lay me down in the shade of the trees
In the shade of the trees

In the dark at the top of the stairs
We were way too wasted to care
Our naiveté beaded like sweat on the walls, hell, it hung like honey in the air

But, hey, what's a memory or two
In the cycle of planets and moons?
If I came here to claim the lifeless remains of my wildest dreams, I should know what to do
I ought to know what to do
I should know what to do
I should know what to do

Why the hell would I want marijuana?
With all these mountains of madness to move?
When the Martian marauders come marching they'll march with our manhood stuck to
their shoes

I'm wading over the Wateree
To lay me down in the shade of the trees
In the shade of the tallest trees
In the shade of the trees

All Young Ladies

I swore I could hear the call
Clear to the end of the mall

She blew like a wrecking ball right
through the promenade
She turned 21 that fall
She brought her own alcohol
She shook off all the confetti and danced
on a Chevrolet

Do all young ladies lie?
Our ghosts are damned to walk these
hallways night on night
Do all young ladies lie?
Do all young ladies lie?

A friend of a friend of mine
An Indian summer night
A thin little wind whistled in on the fenders of minivans from out of state
Blame it on berry vines
In the shade of a stand of pines
Blame it all on the wine skin she hid in
Her boot at the gate.

Do all young ladies lie?
Our ghosts are damned to walk these hallways night on night
Do all young ladies lie?
Do all young ladies lie?

It was cider and cinnamon tea
And grass on a golden knee
It was flannel and clean hair drying out there in the autumn sun
I swore I could taste the heat
Of a thousand eternities
Mingled with watery beer on her swirling tongue

Do all young ladies lie?
Our ghosts are damned to walk these hallways night on night
Do all young ladies lie?
Do all young ladies lie?
Do all young ladies lie?
Do all young ladies lie?

Devastated Divorcee

She squeezes into her sexiest hose
And a little black dress from a decade ago
And she won't stay home curled up in that big bed alone anymore

She washed the smell of the kids from her clothes
And she's trying not to wonder why the money all goes
Where the cold winds blow and the picked over wallflowers grow anymore

But she won't let herself get mad
And she won't lie awake broken hearted and sad and she won't fade away where the old
maids sleep in the shade anymore
And she's not got to play the devastated
Divorcee anymore

She'll lock her purse in the trunk of the car
And take over the bar like a Hollywood star
Yeah, she'll leave 'em all rode wet, put up hard, and heart-broken tonight
She'll pout her lips and she'll bat her little eyes
And she'll sit back and wait for a stallion to ride
One who might not a few harmless little scars to remember her by

But she won't let herself get mad
And she won't lie awake broken hearted and sad and she won't fade away where the old
maids sleep in the shade anymore
And she's not got to play the devastated
Divorcee anymore

She pauses to push her past from her mind
With her kids at her mom's she can finally unwind
But she can't put that asshole behind her no matter how often she tries
She locks her keys in the trunk of the car
And she breaks off a heel going into the bar
And the longest and hardest thing she can recall is the passage of time

But she won't let herself get mad
And she won't lie awake broken hearted and sad and she won't fade away where the old
maids sleep in the shade anymore
And she's not got to play the devastated
Divorcee anymore

Gathering Souvenirs

Too many fools . Lost on the highway
What could we do today that we can't do tonight
Pull off the road. Roll down the windows
Lie back and doze to the song of the wind in the pines

Too many fools. Crammed into that city
What could we do in a crowd
That we can't do at home

Damn I feel young. My, you look pretty
What have we ever done worth doing we can't do alone

It's always springtime
In the Low Country sunshine
They sunbathe away every cold winter day just like the Fourth of July

I'm driving my new bride from here to the ocean
Imbibing the sweet life from eden to goshen
Gathering souvenirs. Hallelujah

Too many fools. And ghosts on the bowery
What could we do half dead that we can't do alive.
To hell with the fame. The terrible glory
The glamour and shame that haunts their lost souls in the night

It's always springtime
In the Low Country sunshine
They French kiss away every heat of the day just like the dark of the night

I'm driving my new bride from here to the ocean
Imbibing the sweet life from eden to goshen
Gathering souvenirs. Hallelujah

It's always springtime
In the Low Country sunshine
They sunbathe away every cold winter day just like the Fourth of July

I'm driving my new bride from here to the ocean
Imbibing the sweet life from eden to goshen
Gathering souvenirs. Hallelujah

Sign of Surrender

I-95
We saw the heat rise off the road beneath an unforgiving sky
She heaved a sigh
"I feel the sunlight right between my thighs
Pull over, I'm on fire."

Carolina line
She rolled the window down and turned the radio up loud and sang
A tall stand of pines
We counted waves of red and yellow signs to try and stay awake

She made the moon rise
She turned her blue eyes away when I tried to find some kind of sign of surrender
She made the moss weep
I tried with all my strength but I never could divine her ghost.

Parked in the shade
We saw a smuggler land and throw a load of bales out on the glades
We lay in wait
But late in the day the federal agents came and they hauled our little gold mine away

She made the moon rise
She turned her blue eyes away when I tried to find some kind of sign of surrender
She made the moss weep
I tried with all my strength but I never could divine her ghost.

Lost in the Keys
We fell asleep on some old silent picture idol's private beach
Then while I dreamed
She brushed the sand from both her sun-tanned knees and she left me to the sea.

She made the moon rise
She turned her blue eyes away when I tried to find some kind of sign of surrender
She made the moss weep
I tried with all my strength but I never could divine her ghost.

Dead Stallion Carousel

No can do. You don't need to drink anymore
I've heard about enough out of you
I can't hear myself think anymore
Ah, to hell with it, I'm going home for the night
Just to get away from me
Because I'm too mad to fuck and I'm too tired to fight
Just get away from me

No can do. I can't do that dance anymore
I've heard about enough out of you
I can't make romance anymore
I'm still tattered and blistered
And battered and sore
Just get away from me
I keep stepping on mines in your chemical wars
Just get away from me

Same old knock-down drag-out fight
Same old tunnel at the end of the light

Same old brick wall way too high to climb
Same old dead stallion carousel ride

No can do. I can't watch the sunrise from here
I've heard about enough out of you
I can't tell the anger from fear
I don't want to be afraid anymore
Just take your hands off of me
I keep stepping on mines in your sexual wars
Get the fuck away from me

Same old knock-down drag-out fight
Same old tunnel at the end of the light
Same old brick wall way too high to climb
Same old dead stallion carousel ride

No more horses to ride. All the ponies have died
So through down your bullwhip and swallow your pride
My macabre Annie Oakley your horoscope lied
This affair's going nowhere in big lazy circles tonight

No can do. This Prozac moment is gone
I've heard about enough out of your
They're my toys and I'm taking them home
Let's just see how you do on your own for a while
Now why don't we
If you wake up and shake all the apes off your back
Look me up in the shade of the trees

Same old knock-down drag-out fight
Same old tunnel at the end of the light
Same old brick wall way too high to climb
Same old dead stallion carousel ride

Slide Guitar Music

All our finest restaurants have folding chairs
And you won't find a meaner waitress
anywhere
When you first walk in, grouchy old men turn their heads and stare
All our finest restaurants have folding chairs

All our brightest kids are either weird or gay
They can't wait to graduate and move away
It seems like only jocks and unwed mothers ever stay
All our brightest kids are either weird or gay

If my life had a soundtrack
It'd be slide guitar music
Drunk on the heat in the middle of the day
If this house was a graveyard
There wouldn't be any bones in it
If this town was a lifeguard
It'd be asleep in the shade

All our blue haired ladies keep their houses clean
And they keep a Kleenex neatly tucked up in their sleeve
They love that instant imitation lemon flavored tea
All our blue haired ladies keep their houses clean

All our deacons smoke unfiltered cigarettes
They have to pass the offering plate all out of breath
After every sermon they light up out on the steps
All our deacons smoke unfiltered cigarettes

If my life had a soundtrack
It'd be slide guitar music
Drunk on the heat in the middle of the day
If this house was a gold mine
There wouldn't be any gold in it
If this town was a bloodhound
It'd be asleep in the shade

Y'all vacation with us any time you want to
But please, dear god, don't move down here to stay
We don't need you building condos on our dove fields
So set a spell then go the hell away

If my life had a soundtrack
It'd be slide guitar music
Drunk on the heat in the middle of the day
If this house was a graveyard
There wouldn't be any bones in it
If this town was a lifeguard
It'd be asleep in the shade

Pink Lemonade

How touristaorlando
How so faux85
How so cocainboca can anyone be and
expect to survive?

How utterlyscarface
How so chemicallyvain
How so crockettandtubbs can you possibly
Be without going insane?

Lay down with me
Within sight of the ocean
On a blanket of mango leaves
Lay down with me

We can sleep in the shade
Sipping pink lemonade
In a compound by the sea

How so precunanan
How so purpletherain
How so billyidollian can anyone be with-
out bursting in flames?
How so wheeloffortillian
How so murdockandface
How so preliveaidillian can anyone be and
expect to get laid?

Lay down with me
Within sight of the ocean
On a blanket of mango leaves
Lay down with me
We can sleep in the shade
Sipping pink lemonade
In a compound by the sea

How so discopsychosis
How so thunderingbass
How so scentedfogotious can anyone be
without hiding their face
How so checkerboardlaces
How so colaandrum
How so tackyandtasteless can anyone's
passionforfashion become?

Lay down with me
Within sight of the ocean
On a blanket of mango leaves
Lay down with me
We can sleep in the shade
Sipping pink lemonade

In a compound by the sea

Hmmmm. Ahhhh (audience salutes)

HEY HEY HEY HEY ARF ARF ARF ARF

If it's alright with you
Hell, it's alright with me
We can sleep in the shade sipping pink
lemonade in a compound by the sea
We can sleep in the shade sipping pink
lemonade in a compound by the sea

The Upper Room

Sunlight
I lost track of time
I wander through patterns of fragrance
and light
In the valley of the shadow of the sky

Wind sighs, Ghosts fly
Torn curtains flutter and rise
In the valley of the shadow of our time

In the upper room
On a shaded avenue
I'll ache for you as we while away the last
of our summer days in the upper room

Mown grass
Hay season last
I lie down in green pastures
In the valley of the shadow of the past

Stand tall
Arch your back and yawn
Time shepherds us languid and drawn
Through the valley of the shadow of the dawn

In the upper room
On a shaded avenue
I'll ache for you as we while away the last
of our summer days in the upper room

All these long summer afternoons

In the upper room
Lie awake recalling
Try and make the sky stop falling
In a quiet room
All these long summer afternoons
In the upper room

Praying hands
Funeral parlor fans
I lie down beside still waters
in the valley of the shadow of man
Midnight
I lost track of time
I wander through patterns of fragrance
and light
In the valley of the shadow of the sky

In the upper room
With a shaded garden view
I'll lay with you as we while away the last
of our summer days in the upper room

All these long summer afternoons
In the upper room

Two and a Half Hours

I saw the sunset die slowly behind me
I saw the last veins of light bleed from the sky
Say it ain't true, I'm 2 ½ hours away
I'm coming to find you, I'm 2 ½ hours away

I bought the first pack of smokes I've had in ages
I've got a warm flat coke tight in my fist
I'm coming for you, I'm 2 ½ hours away
Tell me it ain't true, I'm 2 ½ hours away

I've got a wide river of lies over my shoulder
It's nearly sunrise
I'm finally seeing my way clear
I'm 2 ½ hours away
And, man, it's a jungle in here

I hear the night wind whine
and sing in the window
All of my clothes cling stale and damp on my skin

Say it ain't true, I'm 2 ½ hours away
I'm coming to find you, I'm 2 ½ hours away

I see the first cool, blue light of the morning
I feel a whole new rush of caffeine in my eyes
I'm coming for you, I'm 2 ½ hours away
Tell me it ain't true, I'm 2 ½ hours away

I've got a wide river of lies over my shoulder
It's nearly sunrise
I'm finally seeing my way clear
I'm 2 ½ hours away
And, man, it's a jungle in here

I see the sun rise red on the horizon
I see the outline of a lone pine up ahead
Say it ain't true, I'm 2 ½ hours away
I'm coming to save you, I'm 2 ½ hours away

I've got a wide river of lies over my shoulder
It's nearly sunrise
I'm finally seeing my way clear
I'm 2 ½ hours away
And, man, it's a jungle in here

East of the Sunrise

I know all about those big city women
I know what goes on in those back rooms at night
A handsome young man with his wallet in his hand
Can get by on a wink and a smile
I can prey on the urban romantics
Weeping haiku over café au lait
I can load up the truck when things start to heat up
And if the waitresses beg me to stay I'll say

Look for my tail lights. East of the sunrise
You don't understand, ma'am, I'm way too
much man for such a civilized life
Listen for bloodhounds
West of the sundown
Don't get me wrong but there's things
going on out there you and I know nothing about

There's way too much money in Dallas
I feel obliged to set some of it free

I might leave part of my heart down in Texas
But I'll take a shitload of Texas with me
Maybe I'll marry a billionaire's daughter
And become an embarrassment out at the club
I'll start in on the gin by eleven a.m.
And when my in-laws start getting fed up I'll say

Look for my tail lights, East of the sunrise
I don't give a damn, ma'am, I'm way too
much man for your brand of sanitized life
Listen for bloodhounds
West of the sundown
Don't get me wrong but there's things
going on out there you and I know nothing about

I can knock over banks out in the Badlands
And start my own band of thieves on the run
Disappearing into the desert at night
Building campfires and polishing guns
Living off biscuits and jerky
Whisky and twisted cigars
Falling in love with my hostage
And being glamorized by fools with guitars singing

Look for my tail lights. East of the sunrise
No thank you, ma'am, I got some awful
big living to cram into such a small life
Listen for bloodhounds
West of the sundown
Don't get me wrong but there's things
going on out there you and I know nothing about

If I ever do make it back home again
It probably won't be alive
Tell my mother and father I missed them
And kiss all my sisters and brothers good-bye
Bury me out on the Trinity Plain
Where the clay is carnation red
Plant a muscadine vine
Where my foot stone should lie
And a halo of pines at my head

And look for my tail lights. East of the sunrise
You never did understand, I was way too
much man for such a tiny little life
Look for the dust cloud

West of the sundown
Don't get me wrong but there's things
going on out there
you might want to find out about

The Gathering

Shake off the highway and put your things away
Come share a bottle in the evening shade
Bow to the ladies and thank our gracious hosts
Tonight we'll go riding out looking for
Yesterday's Ghost
I've been in hiding since the last day of fall
Looks like another had been kind to us all
Maybe a kind year
is just what I needed most
To drag these old bones out of bed and
come looking for Yesterday's Ghost

Slow moving cars in a row
Frozen in time
Raise your hands if you believe in ghosts
That rise and walk the night in a tall stand of pines
Forever young and free to wander a tall stand of pines

So clear off the table and tuck the children in
Warm up your coffee
and gather round me friends
Dust off your manhood
and kiss the girls goodnight
Watch all the shadows out at the edge of the light
We'll shut off our engines out in a moonless grove
Roll all the windows down and listen close
If you think you hear voices
or see distant cigarettes glow
Let your eyes adjust to the night and you
might see Yesterday's Ghost

Slow moving cars in a row
Frozen in time
Raise your hands if you believe in ghosts
That rise and walk the night in a tall stand of pines
Forever young and free to wander a tall stand of pines

Here's hoping the coming year is kind to us all
I go back into hiding on the last day of fall

You settle for wisdom
when time steals your boyhood away
But I'd be a thousand year fool
to be nineteen for one day

Slow moving cars in a row
Frozen in time
Raise your hands if you believe in ghosts
That rise and touch our lives in a tall stand of pines
Forever young and free to wander a tall stand of pines

LEMON PIE (1999)



Beer Deli Ice Diesel

Sunrise
Royal Palms Cafe
I'm still unaccustomed to the pace. They're spinning plastic parasols and
wearing paisley overalls in air conditioned shopping malls all day.
Poolside
Royal Palms Motel
I can't put my finger on the smell. Chlorine or Coppertone? Curried lamb
or pheromones. Pulpwood? Bones? Wisteria? Or Raid?

Beer Deli Ice Diesel
I'm sleepy and drunk from the heat
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
What more can a fat boy need?
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
Clean sheets and a color TV
Beer Deli Ice Diesel

What more can a fat boy need?
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
What more can a fat boy need?

Sundown
One-Eyed Parrot Lounge
I can't find my way around this town. The barmaids all wear cutoff jeans
and clean the frozen drink machines. They smoke and flip through
magazines all day.

Midnight
Room 7. Channel 8.
I'm all confused about the date. I'm running out of alcohol. From here the
walls seem awful tall. Western man's dramatic fall can wait.

Beer Deli Ice Diesel
I'm sleepy and drunk from the heat
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
What more can a fat boy need?
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
Clean sheets and a color TV
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
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Beer Deli Ice Diesel
I'm sleepy and drunk from the heat
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
What more can a fat boy need?
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
Clean sheets and a color TV
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
What more can a fat boy need?
Beer Deli Ice Diesel
What more can a fat boy need?

Tropic of Capricorn

Indian River
It's your turn to drive
Living off pralines, healing waters and lies
How long, how long?
How long, how long?

We followed the turnpike
From Wildwood to Mars
Drove until sunrise and passed out in the car
How long, how long?
How long, how long?
From Boca Raton to Cape Horn?

Follow the turnpike
Till the continent ends
So cloudy the pleasure for so clear a sin
How long, how long?
How long, how long?
From Bogota to West Palm?
To the Tropic of Capricorn?

We're nearing the ocean
I can smell it from here
I can't see the moments for the glare of the years
How long, how long?
How long, how long?
From newborn to well-worn?
From the top of the Matterhorn to the Tropic of Capricorn?

The Fallen Edens

Dinero
Dinero
A primer and lime green camaro
Tres banditos
Uno perro
Where do all the lost explorers go?

Orlando
Orlando
Lawless and lost in Orlando
Desperados
Los commandos
Where do all the young Desotos go?

Thought I saw a ghost out walking up and down the road
Where do all the fallen Edens go?

Mi madre
Mi madre

Nuestra heartbroken madres
El Diablo
Es mi compadre
Where do all the new Magellans go?

Manana
Manana
I'll deal with manana manana
Tres banditos
No manana
Where do all the new frontiersmen go?

Thought I saw a coonskin halo lying by the road
Where do all the fallen Edens go?
Thought I saw a coonskin halo lying by the road
Where do all the fallen Edens go?
Thought I saw a ghost all walking up and down the road
Where do all the fallen Edens go?

Georgia

I'll tell you all about Georgia
Some night on the hood of the car
When planets and moons align
In a brown bag of shooting stars

Tonight feels a little like Georgia
After we close down the bars
We'll roll all the windows down
And pass the time over cheap cigars

How could she not remember me?
How could she ever forget?
She stared into my eyes and saw what hadn't happened yet

Have you ever been jilted in Georgia?
Have you ever been jilted at all?
How could she not remember the moss at the waterfall?

I'll tell you all about Georgia
Some night when you're too tired to sleep
And youth dangles overhead
In haunted shadows just out of reach

I'll sing a love song to Georgia
To one drunken, innocent year
When all of our wildest dreams
Rose, curtsied and disappeared

How could she not remember me?
How could she ever forget?
She stared into my eyes and saw what hadn't happened yet

Have you ever been busted in Buckhead?
Have you ever been busted at all?
How could she not remember the Junkman's Daughter-in-Law?

Some nights I dream about Georgia
I wake up afraid and alone
I lie there and wonder how
I wound up so far from home

How could she not remember me?
How could she ever forget?
She'll stare into your eyes and see what hasn't happened yet

Have you ever been wasted in Waycross
And vowed to never grow old?
How could she not remember the thimbles of shimmering gold?

From here to Folkston and Fargo
All the way to the Tennessee line
How could she not remember the trembling valentine?

Rocket To The Moon

We'll leave the kids at the movies tonight
We'll lock ourselves up in our room
We'll buckle up for a bumpy ride
On a rocket to the moon
Just like we used to do

Won't you let me take you on a freakadelic joyride
Won't you let me take you on a rocket to the moon
Let me take you dancing on a funkalicious landslide
On a rocket to the moon
On a rocket to the moon

We'll eat godiva by candlelight
We'll drink champagne from a shoe
We'll buckle up for a bumpy ride
On a rocket to the moon
Just like we used to do

Won't you let me take you on a freakadelic joyride
Won't you let me take you on a rocket to the moon
Let me take you dancing on a funkalicious landslide
On a rocket to the moon
On a rocket to the moon

So dream only of me tonight
I'll dream only of you
We'll buckle up for a bumpy ride
On a rocket to the moon
Just like we used to do

Won't you let me take you on a freakadelic joyride
Won't you let me take you on a rocket to the moon
Let me take you dancing on a funkalicious landslide
On a rocket to the moon
On a rocket to the moon

Southern Woman

Headlines
Land mines
A southern woman is just a martini away
Red wine
Neon signs
She's my once-in-a-lifetime chance of the day

Oh no, she's the talk of the talk of the town
Oh no, southern woman you're the love of my life...

Fast cars
Movie stars
A southern woman's a double manhattan away
Biker bars
Mason jars
She's a once-in-a-lifetime love of the day

Oh no, she's the talk of the talk of the town

Oh no, southern woman you're the love of my life...
Of the hour...
For now...

White trash
Sour mash
A southern woman's a shot of hard liquor away
Stained glass
Cold hard cash
She's a once-in-a-lifetime chance of the day

Oh no, she's the talk of the talk of the town
Oh no, southern woman you're the love of my life...
Of the hour...
For now...

Stock cars and rock stars and chocolate bars and venus and mars
You're making me crazy
You're driving me crazy
You red-lining, white-wining, nicotine-in-the-nick-of-timing, man-enslaving,
too-far-gone-for-saving southern woman.

Wasting My Time On You

Out on the town
Head in the clouds
My, what a lovely view
I'd give anything to be wasting my time on you

A pitcher of tea
The birds and the bees
And, mmmm, what a kiss could do
I'd give anything to be wasting my time on you

Poolside, June brides, boutonnieres, balloons
Women with cats wear ridicules hats
And play cards in the backyard all afternoon
I've got chicken to fry
Biscuits and pies
And my, what a lovely view
I'd give anything to be wasting my time on you

An out of the way
Courtyard cafe

What a way to waste an afternoon
I'd give anything to blow all of my cash on you
A bottle of wine
Look at the time
My, what a lovely view
I'd give anything to be wasting my breath on you

Poolside, June brides, boutonnieres, balloons
Women in hats wear ridicules cats
And play cards in the backyard all afternoon
I've got chicken to fry
Biscuits and pies
And my, what a lovely view
I'd give anything to be wasting my time on you

Poolside, roll tide, I drank my cap and gown
Women in France wear ridicules pants
I've got money to spend for a night on the town
I've got steak on the grill
Bourbon to spill
And behinds to swat with a broom
I'd give anything to be wasting my time on you

Kingdom of Heaven

She saw her South go by on the side of a trailer
She saw her past explode and fall from the sky
She saw her youth drive off in the eyes of a salesman
She heard the voices of angels in the song of a child

She furnished her home like the kingdom of heaven
With ivy and garland she spray painted gold
She watched the sky at night for signs of her savior
To smite down the bulldozers outside her door

Church organ gospel played in the parlor
Quietly calling us back to the fold
She furnished her home like the kingdom of heaven
With white candelabras and arbors of gold

She saw her town fall at the hands of outsiders
She saw her neighbors sell out and move to the sea
She watched as strangers paved over all of her memories
And drown out her ancestors' echos and pleas

Church organ gospel played in the parlor
Quietly calling us back to the fold
She furnished her home like the kingdom of heaven
With white candelabras and arbors of gold

Misunderstood

She just thought they all always saw her as bashful and quiet
But she's through being all the boys' sweet little kid sister tonight
So she's painting it on, lacing it up, and cinching it tight
Practicing poses and closing her eyes

Way too smart for her own damn good
And she's way too misunderstood
Misunderstood
Misunderstood

If it's the effortless, offhand wit and casual grace they admire
Then she just knows she can shoulder the weight of setting the night on fire
So she's tucking it in, tucking it out, and sucking her tummy in tight
Practicing pouting and rolling her eyes

Way too smart for her own damn good
And she's way too misunderstood
Misunderstood
Misunderstood

Way too smart for her own damn good
And she's way too misunderstood
Misunderstood
Misunderstood

Now her thoughts are all clouded and stained
from Mescal and leveraged champagne
Her cards are all maxed and her funds are all drained
So she's staggering home, drunk and alone
and the snow is changing to rain
Just a scared little innocent child in the rain

Way too smart for her own damn good
And she's way too misunderstood
Misunderstood
Misunderstood

Way too smart for her own damn good
And she's way too misunderstood
Misunderstood
Misunderstood

Hair Tonic and Cheap Aftershave

Out beyond the stars somewhere there's buttermints and barber chairs
And hair tonic and cheap aftershave
Orbiting the moon at night there's sports reporters bumming lights
In hair tonic and cheap aftershave

Hey there, Sport, it's time to court the ladies like a man
Splash a little on your mug, hey, maestro, go strike up the band
Oh, why not eenie meenie minie mo go take her out on me
Whiskey sours, happy hours, corduroy, and thee
Out beyond the Milky Way they're scoring dames in negligees
With hair tonic and cheap aftershave

Out beyond the harvest moon there's motor lodges, banquet rooms
And hair tonic and cheap aftershave
Riding on a shooting star there's chocolate bars and cheap cigars
And hair tonic and cheap aftershave

Hey there, champ, a dab'll do a dapper do up fine
Comb a little through your rug and watch the gals all get in line
Oh, why not eenie meenie minie mo go take her out on me
Dry martinis, Hank Mancini, sirloin tips and thee
Out beyond the Milky Way they're scoring dames in negligees
With hair tonic and cheap aftershave

Don't Look Away

Look at me, look at you
Boy, I'm all you have to look forward to
Out all night in the big city lights trying to drink away all of your blues
If I happen by hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, and ashen
Don't look away
Don't look away, boy, don't look away

Another face in the crowd
Just one more night on the town
One more song before we all go home

and pour my new little friend another round
If my baby blues stare at you in your mirror more and more every day
Don't look away
Don't look away, boy, don't look away

Don't look away
Don't look away
If you want to survive the nightlife don't look away
Don't look away
Don't look away
Look at me, I'm you tomorrow
Don't look away

Maybe a friend, maybe a wife
Somebody somewhere's glad you're alive
But love won't erase the lines from your face or relight your fire when it dies
If I happen by hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, and ashen
Don't look away
Don't look away, boy, don't look away

Don't look away
Don't look away
If you want to survive the nightlife don't look away
Don't look away
Don't look away
Look at me, I'm you tomorrow
Don't look away

Floodplain

Here in the floodplain
Our men die too young
Smoking and drinking to quiet the pain
Of back breaking days out in the sun
From here to the crossroads
Our women are strong
They bury their husbands
And grow old alone

Here in the floodplain
Our winters are hard
We string up our tinsel
And light up the yard
The winds of December

Cut through to the bone
Christmas is coming
Then Christmas is gone

Here in the floodplain
Our winters are long
We pack up our lights and our tinsel
And drag the manger scene in off the lawn
From here to the crossroads
You gotta be strong
The sun don't shine for days at time
But somehow we always keep carrying on

Here in the floodplain
Our winters are dark
Muddy and lifeless
Barren and stark
In the heat of the summer
We pray for the fall
In the dead of the winter
God help us all

Here in the floodplain
Our winters are long
We hand out our hearts and our candy
And watch the freezing rain glaze over the lawn
From here to the crossroads
You gotta be strong
The sun don't shine for days at time
But somehow we always keep carrying on

Mountain and river
Ocean and sky
You're born and you marry
You work and you die
Remember me always
As a morning in May
As the first breath of April
As the first light of day

Here in the floodplain
It's the cycle of life
But I can't bear the thought of the woman I love
All alone in that big bed at night

As hair turns to silver
Our families are strong
The sun don't shine for days at a time
But somehow we always keep carrying on

Lemon Pie

After all the pots and pans are washed and put away
Meet me on the swing to bid adieu another day
A glass of Pepsi Cola and a slice of lemon pie
Waiting for the moon to rise

Lemon pie, lemon pie
I'll have ice cold lemon pie
And a glass of Pepsi Cola while we watch the world go by
You and I, you and I
Every evening in July
Waiting for the moon to rise

I made a mint in Macon but I blew it all in Rome
I bummed around up north awhile but never found a home
I memorized the highways and I wore out both my shoes
Trying to find my way back home to you

Lemon pie, lemon pie
I'll have ice cold lemon pie
And a glass of Pepsi Cola while we watch the world go by
You and I, you and I
Every evening in July
Waiting for the moon to rise

Lemon pie, lemon pie
I'll have ice cold lemon pie
And a glass of Pepsi Cola while we watch the world go by
You and I, you and I
Every evening in July
Waiting for the moon to rise

HEROES, FELONS and FIENDS (2001)



Roll Down the Windows and Drive

Where have all the Dead Heads gone?
Shake your chains and rattle them bones
Cast aside thy satellite phones
It's time for Casey Jones to rise

I don't know where my manhood ends
Or where my manicured yard and my sports car begins
Or whether ravenous greed is a deadlier sin
Than a shiftless and idle life

CHORUS:

A stone's throw closer to home
We can ride around with the radio on
Now we can stay and be slaves to our beepers and phones
Or we can roll down the windows and drive

I don't know what to wear anymore
I've tried the gigantic jeans with the polka dot drawers
It's kind of hard not to look like a dirty old dork
Done up in satin and platform shoes

I wouldn't mind being debonair
I wouldn't mind showing off a little gray in my hair
I wouldn't mind making younger women stumble and stare
But I can't bear to wear a tie and suit

CHORUS

Modern love is driving me mad

I've tried a kindergarten marm and a charm school grad
I've tried a mopey little doped up deb gone bad
I've had the queen of the damned and survived

All I need is a long slow ride
With a bow legged cowgirl strapped on behind
Dust off your jeans and shine up your hides
And slide your boots in my stirrups and grind

CHORUS
CHORUS

Alright Chameleons

We're riding out the jones
With no computers and no telephones
We'll roll away the stone
I swear, your honor, the guy pulled a microphone

The world sure get small
For those who've seen it all
We gotta learn to crawl
Before we can tango

Alright Chameleons
We're riding out the ghost town jones
Sit tight Chameleons
Till we roll away the stone
And come sundown
It's afternoon in Rome

Come in out of the rain
As sayeth Plato, so sayeth Tangeray
We're circling the drain
I swear, your honor, the girl took my breath away

The world sure get small
For those who've seen it all
We gotta learn to crawl
Before we can mambo

Alright Chameleons
Come in out of the ghost town rain
Sit tight Chameleons

We're circling the drain
And come sundown
It's happy hour in Spain

We'll pass around the jar
We fall so easy and land so hard
We're pondering the stars
I swear, your honor, the guy pulled a Visa card

The world sure get tall
For those about to fall
They should've learned to crawl
Before they fandangoed

Alright Chameleons
We'll pass around the ghost town jar
Sit tight Chameleons
We're pondering the stars
And come sundown
It's Saturday on Mars

You Let Me Down

A dead rose for my dearly betrothed harlot
You let me down
So goes another one-of-a-kind starlet
What do we do now?

CHORUS:

You let me down
You let me down
What do we do now?
You let me down

A dead rose from the throes of my ghost garden
You let me down
Behold the coals of a soul hardened
What do we do now?

CHORUS

So goes the hearts we break
The highs and the lows

And the chances we take
Why cry and lie awake?
And suffocate under the weight of our fate?

Behold another one-of-a-kind starlet
You let me down
So goes the loves of a life scarlet
What do we do now?

CHORUS

Older Men

She's sick and tired of child's play
She's shooing all the boys away
She smolders like the coals of a forty year old divorcee

She wouldn't want a wedding band
Just a night with a grown man
Who keeps brandy and peppermint candy upstairs on the night stand

CHORUS:

She wouldn't mind a little elegance and savoir faire
She's got an eye for the older men
They're always so debonair
They're just so debonair

She likes her margaritas strong
She likes to leave her heels on
It feels so good to be bad and dammit she's been good too long

She wouldn't mind a millionaire
She wouldn't mind a little silver hair
On a playfully dangerous stranger at a strictly black tie affair

CHORUS

She's chewing on a string of pearls
And dreaming of a man of the world
One who'll hold her and tenderly scold her, she's been such a bad girl

She's way too cool for the boys in the band

She's holding out for an older man
One who'll whisper and tenderly kiss her with her slender wrists in his
hands

CHORUS
CHORUS

New Orleans

All the Harley Kings are growling around
And the voodoo queens are out on the town
Beware their powers
And prepare to be devoured

All the barbie dolls wear ponytails
Heels and hose and eelskin belts
As they conjure up spells
From the armies of god and the legions of hell

CHORUS:
Beware the power of New Orleans
Prepare to be devoured
Beyond your wildest dreams
Beware the power of New Orleans
Prepare to be devoured
Beyond your wildest dreams

All the porno stars and leather fiends
Are tumbling out of their limousines
Dressed like Halloween
Beyond your wildest dreams

Up on the roofs and under the stairs
All the beautiful youths with thundering hair
And honey to spare
Move to the music in bundles and pairs

CHORUS
CHORUS

When the after hours start closing in
And the walls and buildings start to spin
And the lights grow dim

Will you win your soul back sin by sin?

CHORUS

The Wrong Kind Of Man

Fell under the spell of it all
With the belle of the Hellfire Ball
The wrong woman in the long black gloves
I'm laying low and I'm standing up tall
I'm broad shouldered and strong in the jaw
And longing to fall into the wrong kind of love

CHORUS:

I'm broad shouldered and strong in the hands
I'm laying low till I know where I stand
If she's looking for the wrong kind of love I'm the right kind of man
So go tell her I'm the wrong kind of man
Let her know I'm the wrong kind of man
And all we leave are glowing pools of longing wherever we land

The wrong place at the wrong time of night
The wrong haunted gaze in her eyes
The wrong ominous signs in the sky
The wrong stars and the wrong moon
The wrong look from across the room
Strong perfume and a long string of lies

CHORUS

Tell the woman in the long black gloves
I'm the right man for the wrong kind of love
I'm broad-shouldered and strong in the hands
Tell her lovers eat each other alive
And leave glowing pools of longing behind
That run like honey through the hands of the damned

CHORUS

Peeing On The Usual Trees

I'm having a breakthrough day
I'm making up cool things to say
Like "Does it matter if my former is her latter coming at her or going
away?"

I'm up at the crack of noon
I'm hatching my breakaway move
I'm still scratching all the usual fleas and keeping track of who's where
and with who

CHORUS:

I'm still peeing on the usual trees
And blowing in the usual breeze
If she needs me, it's easy to find me
I'm still pirating the usual seas
Conspiring with the usual thieves
You can tell her if she ever wants to see me I'll be peeing on the usual trees

I'm playing the usual field
On the verge of a breakthrough deal
I'm still dreaming up the usual schemes and greasing up all the usual wheels
I'm the usual idea man
I'm hatching a sack full of plans
They're all super secret matters that could jack me up the ladder in the right pair of hands

CHORUS

I'm not a loser
I'm not such a loser anymore
I'm not a loser
But my backside's still just a little bit sore

I'm making the usual scene
Being free's agreeing with me
It sounds silly but, no really, all these pretty little fillies won't let my willy be
I'm stomping the usual grounds
With a whole new attitude now
I'm still waking and baking and making all of the usual man-about-town rounds

CHORUS

Nouveau Super Heroes

Look at me, I'm a nouveau super hero
Keeping the malls and the subdivisions clean
Trolling the sprawl and beating back the bad guys
Weeding out all the felons and fiends

Who'd have believed we ever succeed beyond our mildest dreams?
Keeping the peace and sweeping the streets
In unmarked minivans and sensible jeeps?

CHORUS:

Look at me, I'm a nouveau super hero
Keeping the sprawl and the Galleria clean
Patrolling the malls
And fending off all the felons and fiends

We're waiting in line for a pager at a steakhouse
We're waiting in line for a table at a chain
We're waiting in line for cappuccino take-out
We're waiting in line for the traffic lights to change

Who'd have believed we ever succeed beyond our mildest dreams?
Keeping the peace and sweeping the streets
In unmarked minivans and sensible jeeps?

CHORUS

We're blending in and working incognito
We're blending in till it's time to make our move
We're blending in and embedding our libidos
In woods and irons and closets full of shoes

Who'd have believed we ever succeed beyond our mildest dreams?
Keeping the peace and sweeping the streets
In unmarked minivans and sensible jeeps?

CHORUS

Better Days

It's not the end of the world
But I've had better days
How sinfully tenderness swirled
In whispers and kisses betrayed
But out where the sun breaks through clouds
I'll see the elms sway

No, it's not the end of the world
But I've had better days

She's not the light of my life
But I keep holding on
How sinfully lies entwined
Where breathless confessions belong
But out on the square waiting for noon
I'll hear the wren's song
No, she's not the light of my life
But I keep holding on

In her sighs
I heard the choirs of paradise
But in her eyes
All I saw was me

And I'm not so young anymore
But I've made peace with time
How sinfully years implore
What wisdom and grace deny
But up where the spire yawns in the blue
I'll hear the bells chime
No, I'm not so young anymore
But I've made peace with time

Coming Home a Hero

I'm dressed like a millionaire
With my head held high in the air
Why in the world are these women all staring at me?
I'm dapper and debonair
I'm showing off all the gray in my hair
They're lining the square just to get a good look at me

CHORUS:
Cause I'm coming home
Coming home a hero
And when my money's all gone
Hell, I won't even care
Cause I'm coming home
Coming home a hero
With my head held high in the air
And dressed like a millionaire

What a beautiful afternoon
The kids are all out of school
They're dropping ice cream and popping balloons all around the square
Up and down the boulevard
They're hoisting toddlers and standing on cars
And look who's the star yall I'm dressed like a millionaire

CHORUS

So let the confetti fly
Let the fireworks light up the sky
Hang a sign from the window to welcome me home again
Signal the saxophones
The majorettes and the slide trombones
Show my mom to her throne and then let the parade begin

CHORUS

Me and Louise

Me and Louise
Shooting the breeze
Brewing iced tea and fussing
Snapping our peas
Slapping our knees
Flapping our beaks and discussing

CHORUS:

Me and Louise
Me and Louise
Me and Louise
Shooting the breeze

Taters and beans
Maters and greens
Biscuits with jam and honey
Me and Louise
Are easy to please
We don't give a damn about money

CHORUS

Sipping our tea

Under a tree
Beating the heat with laughter
Me and Louise
Shooting the breeze
Happily here ever after

CHORUS

A MAGNIFICENT MAN (2002)



Wastelands

I'm on my way
I'm breaking through
The clouds of gray and powder blue
Hooray
Hallelujah
I'm a beautiful man

On fields of stone and rusted cans
Bones and bottles and disowned lands
I will stand
Hallelujah
A magnificent man

Out in the wastelands, my, how I dream
I'm pounding my chest while the girls in the grandstand scream

I'm a work of art

I'll take your heart
I'll fill you with fountains of fire and sparks
In the dark
Hallelujah
We'll lie littered with laughter and riddled with dazzling stars

I'll fall to my knees in the hall of my dreams
Majestically posing while girls in the mezzanine scream
Hallelujah!?
For exotic oils and forbidden teas

Out in the wastelands, my, how I dream
I'm curling my lip while the girls in grandstand scream,
Please outsider
You seem like such a lonely man
Take me away with you
I want to see the wastelands?

All the Romeos burn just a little too bright
All the harrowing rodeo gigolos wither and die
Hallelujah
At the hands of day, at the feet of the night

So dress my wounds and soothe my brow
We'll make it from here to the border somehow
Where we'll drown
Hallelujah
In exotic oils with forbidden powers

Out in the wastelands, my, how I dream
I'm dusting my chaps while the girls in grandstand scream,
Please outsider
You seem like such a lonely man
Take me away with you
I want to see the wastelands
Please show me the wastelands
Show me the wastelands
You seem like such a haunted man
I want to see the wastelands
Please show me the wastelands?

Outsider

I'm gravel and stone

I'm weeds and rattlesnakes
I'm bottles and bones
I'm a long, flat interstate

I'm brambles and thorns
I'm wild blackberry vines
I'm traveled and worn
I'm sundown all the time

I'm wandering barefoot down her tar and gravel eroscape
I'm much obliged, stranger, much obliged
I lost my bearings in her maze of veils and tattered drapes
I'm evening as the crow flies

I'll always be the new guy
I'll always be the last of the fools in line
I'm evening as the crow flies
I'm twilight as the last of the scarecrows cry
"Outsider, nobody home"

I'm August at noon
I'm miles of railroad
I'm a sucker for June
I'm a long, long time ago

I'm stranded on a Ferris wheel of yearning I don't understand
Help me down, stranger, lend a hand
I'm locked in battle with the Herculean shadow
Of her once upon a fine man

I'll always be the new guy
I'll always be the last of the fools in line
I'm evening as the crow flies
I'm twilight as the last of the scarecrows cry
"Outsider, you're on your own"

This Invisible Life

I don't ever get lost anymore
I'll never falling behind
'Cause I don't care where I wind up sleeping
And nobody notices what time I arrive
It feels like a Sunday morning out
I'm guessing it's June

Maybe that highway leads to paradise
Maybe it leads to the fountain of youth

CHORUS:

I'm going to hire me a spotlight
And the finest crowd that money can buy
I'm going to build me a grandstand
And stand around staring down at the barren ground
Of this invisible life

I don't dream about wealth anymore
And I don't let myself dream about fame
And I refuse to dream about the poacher's daughter
Or the laughter at midnight in the mud and the rain
I've given up on ever joining the rodeo
But I'll still make one hell of a spy
I know I've never be a Hollywood Romeo
It's too easy to see through and so hard to find

CHORUS

It's a glorious world out here
And I'm a glorious man
And it's a glorious day to wait around for a tow truck
With both axles stuck in the sugar-white sand
It feels like a Sunday morning out
Hell, maybe it's noon
Maybe that highway leads to the ocean
And maybe it leads to the moon

CHORUS

Abandoned Mansions

The pool where my soul passed though you glows blue
Still glows blue
The pool where our molten tears cooled glows true
Glow true
Glow true

The taller the ballroom, the smaller the dance
The calls of the years lost are cobwebs impaled on a dagger of chance
The folly of chance
A boarded-up dance

The room where we saw our days bloom glows blue
Still glows blue
The room where we saw our fears loom glows true
Glow true
Glow true

The taller the hallway, the smaller the fool
Who calls from the staircase still lost in the harrowing swagger of youth?
The folly of youth
A boarded-up truth

The halls where we heard our years fall still calls,
Still walls, still walls?
The sky where we hung our wind chimes still cries,
Still life, still life?

It's already someday, it's already soon
If I haunt all these hallways impaled on a dagger of daylight for you
A boarded-up room
A boarded-up room
A boarded-up room
A boarded-up room

Loser for the Evening

I'll be your loser for the evening
Take your time
Can I start you off with a clever line?
Are you still making up your mind?
Take your time
Can I recommend a glass of wine?

Is this seat taken? Do you mind?
She's out there crawling all over some other guy
Pleased to meet you
I'll be your loser for the night

She's out there somewhere making plans
And holding hands
With some unsuspecting man
It's almost more than I can stand
But it's true
I was getting used to feeling used

Is this seat taken? Do you mind?

She's out there crawling all over some other guy
Pleased to meet you
I'll be your loser for the night

It's almost more than I can stand
She's holding hands
With some unsuspecting man
It's almost more than I can stand
Are you alone?
You want to wrap me up and take me home?

Is this seat taken? Do you mind?
She's out there she's out there screwing up some millionaire's life
Pleased to meet you
I'll be your loser for the night

Is this seat taken? Do you mind?
She's out there scratching out some centerfold's eyes
Pleased to meet you
I'll be your loser for the night

No Ordinary Man

A courier in Calais
A stolen attach?
With sealed assignments sewn inside
A double-cross in Nantes
A mousetrap in Milan
The general's taster's double lied

I'm lethal and maligned
Distinguished and refined
I'm being reassigned to Rome
There's a camera in the flowers
I have superhuman powers
In a drawer somewhere at home

CHORUS:

You're going to let me fall right through your hands
You don't even know who I am
I'm no ordinary man
I'm no ordinary man
I'm no ordinary man
I'm no ordinary man

If danger is a crime
I've done a little time
Stealing secrets overseas
They call me "le mirage"
The maitre 'd's corsage
Contains the microfilm I need

Just try to play along
Pretend like nothing's wrong
And hang on every word I say
I'll stare you in the eyes
And whisper little lies
Till the waiter looks away

CHORUS

"Aimez-vous??
Aimez-vous??"
I'll sigh and coo and lie to you
"Echappes?
Echappes?"
The closer I appear, the further I am away

A cell in Belarus
A Cypriot chanteuse
With serum sewn inside her sleeve
A stranger on a train
A getaway in Spain
My car's a plane's a submarine

If I should disappear
Deny that I was here
I know a safe house in Bastogne
Meet me in the shower
I have superhuman powers
I can't reveal till we're alone

CHORUS

Bathtub Gin

She's got my bathrobe flapping on a flagpole
She's got my choir robe tangled in her concertina wire tattoo
And now my billfold is to water what a train wreck is to a rainbow
And I'm a hottie bottled up inside the body of a red-eyed fool

I need a half a tank of gasoline
I need some chocolate bars, some nylons, some cigarettes and magazines
I need some raw meat
Some bed sheets
A window and a little less wind

CHORUS:

I'm doing battle with the Herculean shadow of another man's sins
I'm doing battle with the Herculean shadow of her bathtub gin

She had me kidnapped, abducted, probed, and programmed
And now her mothership is skipping off the atmosphere with me inside
And all these implants are to water what a wiretap is to a sink trap
And I'm a hottie bottled up inside the body of her big brown eyes

I need a hammer and some Vaseline
I need some chocolate bars, some nylons, some Hagen Das and magazines
I need a steel trap
A road map
A thumbtack and a way to cut tin

CHORUS

She's had her share of dancing bears and diamond-scarred blas? affairs
She's had her share of dancing bears
She's never here
She's barely ever there

I need a q-beam, a mickey and a swat team
This whole Mcgyver-of-ill-advised-love thing just ain't working out
And all this whipped cream is to water what a wildcat is to a wet dream
And I'm a model bottled up inside the body of a red-eyed clown

I need a half a tank of gasoline
I need some chocolate bars, some nylons, some ammo and some thorazine
I need a hacksaw
A golf ball
I'll gnaw my leg off but I'm running out of limbs

CHORUS

Cheap Rags

She was sizing me up

She was staring you down
She glared at me and growled my eyes looked lovely on her gown
She was feeling us out
To see who's daring who
She sighed and cooed your lipstick sure looked lovely on her shoe

She curled up and purred
In a wrought iron bed
You closed your eyes and whispered, he looks gorgeous in red?
She said, the Jag really brings out my bag and my shoes
I need leathers, pearls and diamonds
Bring me feathers, furs and fools?

She wore our wind on her wastelands
She wore our hearts on her sleeve
She pinned the medal of our sins to her gown
She was only wearing you and me around

We swung from her rafters and her grand chandelier
I drank from her slipper with her tongue in my ear
We crawled through her stairwells, her cellars, and her halls
We rattled all her windows and left cracks in all her walls

She wore our wind on her wastelands
She wore our hearts on her sleeve
She pinned the medal of our sins to her gown
She was only wearing you and me around

She said, sin only wears us all around for a while
We rise into fashion, then we fall out of style?
Now we're tattered on her barbed wire
And scattered on her thorns
We're litter on her roadside and we're fodder for her scorn

She wore our wind on her wastelands
She wore our hearts on her sleeve
She pinned the medal of our scent to her gown
She was only wearing you and me around

Ladyfriend

I have to see her
I have to see her
I have to see her
I have to see your ladyfriend

I have to see her
I have to see her
I have to see her
I have to see your ladyfriend

I hate to wake you but I hope you understand
How the nights drag on out in these vacant lots and wastelands
I didn't come to ask for handouts, I don't need anything to eat
But I used to know your ladyfriend, she once belonged to me
And I have to see her

CHORUS:

(I have to see her)
Has she changed at all?
(I have to see her)
My body's failing me
(I have to see her)
I feel so frail and small
(I have to see your ladyfriend)
I just have to see her
(I have to see her)
Just on last time
(I have to see her)
Just one last time before I die
(I have to see her)
(I have to see your ladyfriend)

You can put away your dollars; you can put away your dimes
Well I might have lost my bearings but I haven't lost my pride
But I finally lost her photo so before my memory fades
I want to write her face across my mind then quietly go away
I just have to see her

CHORUS

Do you help her zip her dress up? Does she straighten up your tie?
Do you spiral down the ages when you stare into her eyes?
No, me and her and marriage never could agree
But you can't bottle up the ocean it just keeps on breaking free
And I have to see her

CHORUS

Mere Mortal Men

It's too late for a nightcap
Too soon to go home
I'm too wiped out to party
But I don't want to be alone
I'm too rough for romance
Too smooth to resist
I'm too wild for one woman
But I could sure use a kiss

CHORUS:

I'll never dance until dawn
I'll never really feel at home
I'll never lay around stoned all summer long again
I finally understand
Where the pavement ends
And mere mortal men

I'm too poor to be a playboy
Too proud to be bought
Too slow to make trouble
And too fast to get caught
I'm too old to be a soldier
Too blissed out to fight
Too drunk to be driving
And too smart to try

CHORUS

If I could do it over
I'd own a souvenir stand
On some dust covered highway
On some boarded up strand
Where the ghost of a thrill ride
Looms, creaks, and commands
Lost armies of seagulls
On a kingdom of sand

CHORUS

Vanishing Man

I can't find a trace of my south
I've been driving around in circles for years now
These little railroad towns are so strangely lit at sundown

I'm the wind in the weeds
I'm a stir in the leaves

I can't find my way through this maze
Of the pace and the space and the grace in decay
I can't bear to stay
I can't leave and I can't look away

I'm the wind in the weeds
I'm a stir in the leaves
I'm the light through the hole in the hat in your hand
I'm a wandering soul
I'm a vanishing man
A vanishing man

I chain-smoke till dawn
By the green glow of the dash and the cell phone
I let the seek keep cycling on
Bursting preachers and Spanish and static and songs
And I don't have a home
I still don't have a home
Just when you think I'm in the palm of your hand
You'll hear clattering bottles and rattling cans
I'm a ghost in the grandstand
A sacksful of wind
I'm a bat in the rafters
And a rat in the tin
In the cool before dawn
I'm a creak and a groan
I'm a breath on the back your neck and I'm gone
I'm so goddamn alone

I'm a pall of unease
I'm the wind in the weeds
I'm the light through the hole in the hat in your hand
I'm a wandering soul
I'm a vanishing man
A vanishing man
A magnificent man
Such a frail little man
I'm a terrified man

A Terrified Man

I'm wearing a wire
Ignore the matador's more formal attire
And magnificent moves
I'm bearing her dreams
Of imperiled Romeos, of harrowing jeans
Of magnificent fools

I close my eyes and slide my armor on
I close my eyes and rev my thundering chrome

I'm a he-man
I'm a wasteland
I'm baring my chest for the wind in the grandstand
Bottled up inside the life of a terrified man

Pardon my fame
Beware the barren, snarled, and jagged terrain
Of magnificent fools
And beautiful spies
Disguised as ordinary husbands and wives
In magnificent shoes

I close my eyes and slide my brilliant disguise on
I close my eyes and wait for stolen codes on a park bench alone

I'm a heartthrob on a bandstand
I'm swirling my hips for the wind in the grandstand
Bottled up inside the life of a terrified man

I'm far away
Drifting so far away
I'm far away
Floating so far away

She wiggles her toes
At them dandy Romeos emphatically clothed
In magnificent shoes
She giggles and grins
I don't want to win her back, I only want to win
Her magnificent jewels

I close my eyes and slide my leathers on
I close my eyes and ride these wastelands alone

I'm an outlaw, I'm a cowhand

I'm tipping my hat to the ghosts in the grandstand
Bottled up inside the life of a terrified man
I'm a spy and a Romeo
A suave and exotic mysterious gigolo
Bottled up inside the life of a terrified man

Poacher's Daughter

I'm nodding off
I'm getting full and lazy
Floating down the river in a second-hand canoe
I've got grapes and apples
I've got cheese and lemonade
Floating down the river staring off into the blue

CHORUS:

I bet she wonders what I think of her now
I don't care what she thinks about me
Floating down the river half asleep

I've got my hat pulled down
I've got my toes in the water
Floating down the river getting drowsy from the heat
And I can close my eyes and see the poacher's daughter
Barefoot on a sandbar with a straw in her teeth

CHORUS

I've got my hat pulled down
I've got my toes in the water
Floating down the river with a straw in my teeth
And I can close my eyes and see the poacher's daughter
Barefoot on a sandbar like she's waiting for me

CHORUS

THE HAUNTING (2004)



Unwanted

Twilight
Dusk is settling in for awhile
Twilight
Come in out of the steamscape
My life?
Miles of decades and decades of miles
My life?
Lust and mischief and shame
Twilight
I'll be traveling at night for awhile
Paradise
Swear to God that you'll wait

CHORUS:
Unwanted
Unwanted
Unwanted
You and I
You and I

Twilight
Scrawled on bridges and scribbled on signs
Twilight
Carved in bark on the parkway
My life
Etched in threads of red in her eyes
Paradise
Swear to God that you'll wait
Twilight
I'll be traveling at night for awhile

Paradise
Swear to God that you'll wait

CHORUS

Twilight
Sipped the almond liquor from my lips
Twilight
Felt my breath whisper over her face
Twilight
Pressed her breasts to my chest and my hips
Paradise
Swear to God that you'll wait
Searchlights
I'll be traveling at night for awhile
Bullhorns
Swear to God that you'll wait

There's mysterious lights in the sky along the county line
Where you and I threw bottles at signs and scoffed at time
Hard-bodied
Nude
Sardonic
Entwined

CHORUS

Waiting For A Sign

Quelle surprise, my dear
I figured I might could find you here
I've been drinking beer with vultures and crows
I brought you a curio
This abalone cameo
Am I damned to wander twilight alone?

I'm waiting for a sign
Some kind of omen in the sky
The light from a burning bush to shepherd me through
I've been sleeping behind the dunes
And keeping my eye on you
I'm damned to wander twilight for you

Waiting for a sign

Some kind of calling
Waiting for a sign
Somehow I've fallen

A steamy caution light
Flashed in across the marsh at night
But our glasses were too fogged to see
We danced on the patio
We danced to the stereo
Am I damned to wander twilight unclear?

Your hips were flush with mine
Your lips were plush with wine
Along the county line the sky seemed to breathe
You whispered a lie to me
You whispered goodbye to me
I'm damned to wander twilight unwanted, unseen

Waiting for a sign
Some kind of calling
Waiting for a sign
Somehow I've fallen
For you

I'm going to hide out here till it's night out dear
But I'll stay within sight of the lighthouse pier
I'm stale and shivering, pale and quivering
I'm waiting for the gales to clear
I blew all my tears on you
I wasted my beer on you
I'm damned to wander twilight unwanted for you

Waiting for a sign
Some kind of calling
Waiting for a sign
Somehow I've fallen
For you

Remembering Paradise

There's a mold
There's a mold
In our tinderbox, cinder block souls
Now the Paradise Disco is closed

And it's choking on sacrifice

Once a feast
For the fleas
Now a banquet of fire ants and bees
Once a mender of tender misdeeds
Now a vendor of parasites

All these scuzzy old hoboes keep walking
All these buzzards and crows won't stop talking
There's some creep selling Bibles, a maid serving tea
Don't you heathens see what I see?
Aren't you listening to me?
The parking lot's choking on vines
Bow your head for a moment of silence
Remembering Paradise

I hear time
Only time
All these slivers of glass were a sign
That would sizzle and crackle and whine
In the window of Paradise

It's not fair
It's not fair
It's a cancer of unanswered prayers
It's the dance of our rancid despair
On the Barrens of Otherwise

All these scuzzy old hoboes keep walking
All these buzzards and crows won't stop talking
There's some creep selling Bibles, a maid serving tea
Don't you heathens see what I see?
Aren't you listening to me?
The parking lot's choking on vines
Bow your head for a moment of silence
Remembering Paradise

There's no peace
There's no peace
In the twilight of our ill-at-ease
Seems like everything's moving but me
And the padlock on paradise

All these crabby old hags keep on walking
All these gabby old bags won't stop talking

The sunset is busy with silhouettes unwanted, unclear
Don't you heathens see what I see?
Aren't you listening to me?
The parking lot's choking on time
Bow your head for a moment of silence
Remembering Paradise
Close your eyes for a moment of silence
Remembering Paradise

Girls' Night

She slides her heels off at the door and in her stocking feet
She glides across the floor while I pretend to be asleep
It's too late to take her makeup off
It's too dark to see
It's girls' night
She made a promise to me

Between the discothèques and lounges and martini bars
They ride in hansom cabs and limousines and new European cars
They pretend that they're still single
They pretend to be stars
When it's girls' night
You're free to be anyone you aren't

CHORUS:

It's girls' night
While all the haunted city sleeps
It's girls' night
And the unwanted spirits weep
It's girls' night
She made a promise I know she'd never keep

Don't fuck with me
Don't fuck with me
I'm not in the mood
Don't fuck with me
Don't fuck with me
I'm not in the mood

Every hair is still in place without a trace of sin
Her kisses don't taste anything like cigarettes or gin
She eases up the blinds to let the moonlight in
It's girls' night

We made a wager I knew I'd win

CHORUS

The Haunting

Tonight she'll be Kandi
It's so lewd with a "K" and an "I"
She's always all pickled in brandy
Tonight she's a girl but sometimes she's a guy

She's whoever might tickle her fancy
She can't keep a lesbian around
And she can't keep a man
'Cause she can't keep her hands
Off the useless excuses for ghouls in this town

Sundown in these rundown lounges, honey, only the dead come alive
Sundown in these rundown lounges, honey, only the ghosts survive

Tonight she's a dancer
She don't mind being naked at all
She's in love with the night and the pulsating lights
She's in love with herself, she's in love with applause

Or she might be a jet-set call girl
With a phantom elite clientele
They keep her diamonds, they keep her pearls
They keep her in irons in abandoned motels

Sundown in these rundown lounges, honey, only the dead come alive
Sundown in these rundown lounges, honey, only the ghosts survive
Only the ghosts survive
Only the dead come alive
Only the poltergeists and unwanted souls arise
For the haunting

Tonight she's a webcam porn star
In a trailer just off of the base
She's all drunken and painted, she's all sunken and scarred
But she can knock that little shit-eating grin off your face

She's always off wandering twilight
Lost between the daylight and dark
You can see through her lies and all those gaudy disguises

You can see through her eyes out the back of her heart

Sundown in these rundown lounges, honey, only the dead come alive
Twilight in these all-night dives and, Kandi, only the unwanted souls arise

Only the ghosts survive
Only the dead come alive
Only the poltergeists and unwanted souls arise
For the haunting

Boo.

Long-Winded Prayer

I was born to be salesman, can't you tell it by the smell of my hairspray?
I watch a lot of Lawrence Welk to keep this creepy, brainwashed smile on my face
I've been selling stolen Bibles
I'm going door to door
When I ask to use their bathrooms I ease open all their drawers
I'm taking all their medications and drinking all of their aftershave

I can counterfeit a funeral plan and falsify financial peace of mind
I'm a devilishly handsome man with the glimmer of salvation in my Demerol eyes
I go through other patients' purses
I'm in agonizing pain
I wink at all the nurses when they ask me to explain
I could forge my own prescriptions if you'd step out in the hallway while I change

CHORUS:

Women crawl all over me
I'm as smooth as a millionaire
The preacher always calls on me
I got a soothing way with a prayer
A soothing way with a long-winded prayer
A soothing way with a long-winded prayer

I made a phony DEA card and told the preacher's daughter I'm a spy
Undercover for the drug tsar, I penetrate cartels and sever pipelines
I'm closing in on a kingpin
I'm setting up a buy
I need the Reverend's credit cards but I can't tell her why
"Just do it for your country,
For the glory of the lord,
And for the good of our unborn child"

CHORUS

They found me quoting scripture to the poltergeists and parasites at the Twilight Lounge
Mixing percodan and spirits and evading the incriminating daylight out
Once the deacons called me "brother"
Their wives all called me "hon"
The hookers called me "candy man"
The judges called me "son"
There's money in the hymnals if you steal 'em them every Sunday one by one

CHORUS

Demolition Day

Your favorite movie star called
She said she wants her poster back
I took the thumbtacks off the wall
And saw that it was safely, softly packed
I'm waiting on a wrecking ball
By now they're on their way
I guess I thought you'd never call
On demolition day

I saved the velvet chair
Where you sat cross-legged at my feet
I brushed the tangles from your clean hair
I kissed the tears from your blushing cheek
I'm waiting on wrecking ball
By now they're on their way
I guess I thought you'd never call
On demolition day

OK, I'll never be the same again
But what do I do now?
Walk this world unwanted?
I can't do with or without

I built this hideout out of stone
With barely room enough to stand
And I holed up in here alone
And fought off everything I am
I heard the bullhorns and the blood hounds at the door
Before you stormed your way inside
And through the searchlights and the smoke
I saw the triumph in your eyes
I prayed that you would never leave
I prayed you would never stay

I let you rifle through my dreams
I let you rifle through my safe

OK, I'll never be the same again
But what do I do now?
Walk this world unwanted?
I can't do with or without

When you stopped coming home at night
I sat alone in here for days
They came and repo'd my disguise
They took the hope chest and the safe
I know I look a fright right now
With these red and swollen eyes
Can't say I've ever been so down
But I can't say I'm surprised

Do I wait and watch the wrecking ball?
And then just turn and walk away?
How quaint of me to think you'd call
On demolition day
I can't believe I thought you'd call
On demolition day

Crave

I fall for the bad girls, the hard women
I saw all the good girls fall right through my hands
I wander a sad world of hard living
I run like a least most wanted unwanted man

CHORUS:

Once you've had your fun
You're going to wonder what the hell you've done
And you'll crave me
Do you crave me?
Do you crave me?

I live in a dead hole with no windows
I sleep on bedroll on a pad on the floor
I stare at a TV with no signal
I stare at a scrap heap when I walk out my door

CHORUS

I smell like a stale beer, I taste like an ashtray
There's nobody in here - he's out trying to find you
I dreamed that the rail yard was really the ocean
The soot and the freight cars were all breakers and dunes

CHORUS

It's getting darker out
But I refuse to fall apart
Cause I'm on fire right now
And I'm a warrior for your heart
And I refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
I refuse to lose
Do you crave me?
Do you crave me?
Do you crave me?
I need you to crave me

Dark & Cool

It's so damn hot outside
Let's go someplace dark and cool
There's too many fools out on the beach
I want to be alone with you

CHORUS:

You can breathe your life into me
I can breathe my life into you
Just like we used to do
In the sweet dark and cool

It's so damn hot outside
Why don't we just melt away
And find some haunted little dive
And hide out there and drink all day

CHORUS

If we're so damn young at heart
Let's live like we're runaways
Over long deep kisses in the dark
Endless cigarettes and Sauvignon

CHORUS

Cronies

Cronies
Buzzards and crows
Dour and sour and glowering down at our bony fingers and toes
Grumbling and fumbling with tumblers of rum runners

Cronies
Cronies
At the Paradise Lounge

Cronies
A feast for the fleas
A banquet for ants
A buffet for the bees that come swarming our unanswered prayers
A cancer of dance on the rancid despair of our

Cronies
Cronies
At the Paradise Lounge

Cronies
Shiver and wheeze
With queaks in our elbows and screams in our knees and our bony fingers and toes
Dour and sour and glowering around at our

Cronies
Cronies
At the Paradise Lounge

Join me
Join me
At the Paradise Lounge

Jones

Oil up them knobby old knees, Jones
Chomp on that stogie and wheeze
Oh please
All you need is a day of the nightlife

Don't whine to me "It's not fair," Jones

Don't whine to me - I don't care
I don't care
We don't care who you were on the outside

CHORUS:

Come on in out of the steam
Come on in out of the blinding daylight
Come on in out of the heat
Come on in and have a seat at the Twilight

Dance on them tables and sing, Jones
Latch on them rafters and swing
Hey sweet thing!
Yo sweet thing! Another hit of the high life!

Bang on that banjo and growl, Jones
Stomp on them ivories and howl
Bartender!
Yo, Governor! Line em up and we'll mow em down!

CHORUS

So what? She'll dance on your grave, Jones
So what? She'll dance on your grave
Your seat's saved
Your seat's saved
Belly up to the high life

Haunt You Down

Bundle up my clothes
And dump them down some dead end road
Out in the raw and cold
The buzzards and the crows
Are watching from the cypress grove
The walk of fallen souls

Out under skies of gun-metal gray
You'll wander miles of unbundled hay
You'll stop in cotton lying rotten on the blood red clay
When you lose your way
In squalls of autumn brown
I'm going to haunt you down

Some windy Halloween

I'll come scratching at your window screen
Unwanted, unwanted, unclean
Some windy Halloween
You'll hear scratching at your window screen
It's only falling leaves

Out under skies of gun-metal gray
You'll wander miles of unbundled hay
You'll stop in cotton lying rotten on the blood red clay
When you lose your way
In squalls of autumn brown
I'm going to haunt you down

Some windy Halloween
When the world is slick and damp with leaves
I'm going to haunt you down
Some windy Halloween
While you're erasing every trace of me
I'm going to haunt you down

Bundle up my clothes
And burn them down some dead end road
Out in the raw and cold
The buzzards and the crows
Wait in jagged snags of oaks
To gnaw your fallen soul

Unwanted
Unwanted
Unwanted
Fallen souls
Fallen souls

Dreamland

There's a midnight show at the Must and Mold A Go-Go
They call it "Lust and Shame Beneath a Blushing Moon"
If we wake new and shine our jewels and our Sunday shoes in time
We can rendezvous at Dreamland after noon

You don't remember Dreamland?
We used to go to Dreamland
You know, the gothic oaks and rolling hills of sand?
You wore your little black dress
I wore my Sunday best

You held out your hand
And followed me to Dreamland

The twilight lands like powder out the window on the lawn
And there's a grainy swirling darkness at the door
There's a closet where the halls should be and the walls are all wrong
And the votives sag in puddles on the floor

You don't remember Dreamland?
We used to go to Dreamland
You know, the gothic oaks and rolling hills of sand?
You wore your little black dress
I wore my Sunday best
You held out your hand
And followed me to Dreamland

At the kind old blind man's fireworks stand by the highway to the sea
He closed his lifeless eyes and smiled, "Yeah, it's still there
I see bows and bells and Spring pastels and a clear blue Easter breeze
I see potions, spells, and golden April air
I see the twilight land like powder out the window on the lawn
I see a grainy swirling darkness at the door
But there's a closet where the hall should be and the walls are all wrong
And the votives die in puddles on the floor
The votives weep in puddles on the floor"

You don't remember Dreamland?
We used to go to Dreamland
You know, the gothic oaks and rolling hills of sand?
You wore your little black dress
I wore my Sunday best
You held out your hand
And followed me to Dreamland
Wear your little black dress
I'll wear my Sunday best
Hold out your hand
We're going back to Dreamland

PLEASURADO (2007)



Even While She Sleeps with Me

New, we're postapocafluent; she just dances to enhance her narciphelia
She wanders pharmatopia and ponders paraphoric polyphrenia
The lines around her eyes say I'm not quite the daring acromantic erobat I used to be
The graceful way she ages is so awesurrelegrageous it's not fair

I marvel at her noirveau eronautics and diloxymethophrenia
And egorotic, shegoroic, chronic chemonautic omniphelia
The softness in her eyes says I'm not quite the handsome erochanting hedocrat I used to be
The way she elegantly ages is so awesophisticageous it's not fair

We sleep in matricholy postapocafluent forniplacency
She dreams of all her other lovers even while she sleeps with me

She still craves mystieranger; she's still prey for sinistrangers at Sadisco
She concinchually wenches for avantdrogytrois with machophistos
The distance in her eyes says I'm not quite the cliterati pleasurado that I used to be
The way she smolders as she ages is so awesurrelegrageous it's not fair

We sleep in mascocholy postapocalatent fantaplacency
She dreams of all her other lovers even while she sleeps with me

She's still postapocaphoric; she still smolders with unholy autophelia
And egomantic, shegomantic, frantic hedotantric panaphrenia
The lines around her eyes say I'm not quite the eroteric esorotic used to be
The way she never seems to age is so damn irriliciousitigious it's not fair

We sleep in menocholy postapeakalyptic nouveauplacency
She dreams of all her other lovers
All those other lovers It's not fair
We sleep in sedacholy postapocosceptic narcoplacency
She dreams of all her other lovers

All those other younger lovers
She dreams of all her other lovers Even while she sleeps with me

The Crack of November

Cotillions of fodder for millionaire's daughters were dwindling down
We toasted our hostess and host and then flagged down a cab into town
A squall blew spanish moss across the road
With swarms of moths and charming orange leaves
We collapsed in back of the taxi as lightning bolts fractured the clouds
Thunder cracked and then crumbled to talus somewhere deep underground
When I turned to pay the driver he was gone I'm still not sure if he was ever even there at
all

She compromised me
She traumatized me
She never apologized to me for crack of November
She hypnotized me
With powdered herbs and clouded teas
If she ever apologized to me I don't remember

Squinty little sinister shapes in the shadows stirred just out of sight
They scurried in the hedges and skirted the edges of dread and delight
We kept hearing our own whispers in our ears
But every time we spun around we were gone
The heavens were rolling with boulders exploding in showers of fire
Voltage and static were crackling through frantic antennas and wires
I saw the angel of death land on the eave
He was shaking his head and just laughing at me

She compromised me
She traumatized me
She never apologized to me for crack of November
She hypnotized me
With incantations, charms and teas
If she ever apologized to me I don't remember
I don't remember

We spun to the floor at the door down a vortex of glorious stars
We cuddled in puddles of kisses and tunnels of glitter and sparks
Our souls floated up overhead to give us room
They were smiling down from ceiling as we danced The rats in the attic were scratching
the rafters and chewing the wires
We couldn't tell the bats in the flue from the music of Lucifer's choirs
The clock kept flashing midnight all night long

I'm still not sure if she was ever even there at all

She compromised me
She traumatized me
She never apologized to me for crack of November
She hypnotized me
With spells and charming orange teas
If she ever apologized to me I don't remember
I don't remember I don't remember

Smoke Rings, Ether and Mood Light

The bottom of the bottle's still a shot or two away
And so she toggles up her throttle plotting how to make him pay
They say that smoke rings, ether and mood light never complain
He's got her by the necklace and she's got him by the hair
It's all so elegantly reckless she forgets he isn't there
Who cares if smoke rings, ether and mood light never change? S
moke rings, ether and mood light never complain
Smoke rings, ether and mood light never change
Smoke rings, ether and mood light won't complain

There's a high heel on the nightstand and an earring on the floor
And there's a threadbare pair of panties on the chair against the door
She keeps her smoke rings, ether and mood light pleading for more
She's got him by the collar and he's got her by the hair It's all so elegantly squalid she's
forgotten not to care
They say that smoke rings, ether and mood light never change
Smoke rings, ether and mood light never complain
Smoke rings, ether and mood light never change
Smoke rings, ether and mood light won't complain
They never complain

Smoke rings, ether and mood light never complain
Smoke rings, ether and mood light never change

The bottom of the bottle's just a drop or two from gone
She's finally toggling her throttle down, relieved to be alone
They say that smoke rings, ether and mood light never change
Smoke rings, ether and mood light never complain
Smoke rings, ether and mood light never change
Smoke rings, ether and mood light won't complain
They never complain Smoke rings, ether and mood light never complain
They never complain
They don't ever change
They don't ever change

It's just not the same

Death Drives a Sky Blue Bonneville

She stormed our hallucinated town
Tossing Molotov cocktails and squeezing off rounds
She shot up the Hot Chocolate Whorehouse
And chopped the lock of the Lollypop Lounge
She's hot on my blood-droplet trail
And sick of digging through the lint in her pockets for bail
So she chained the bars to the frame of her car And sprung her gimpy little minions out of
jail

They came welling up out of the foul-smelling ground
Like avengers of violated burial mounds
They came welling up out of the foul-smelling ground
Like a cheap animated crowd scene

She drives a sky blue Bonneville
She drives a sky blue Bonneville
Swimming all over the road

I've been a slack of all trades for too long
I think she planted a bug in my unicorn bong
And she's spying through a tiny little fish-eye lens
Just waiting for me to even look at her wrong
Her knuckles say "piggy" and "squeal"
Her t-shirt says, "Shut up and learn how to deal"
She's nothing but a fuzzy little blue tuft of hair
Peering over the fleece-covered wheel

She keeps her monochrome motorhome parked in shade
It's full of bennies and goofballs and marital aides
She's wife-swapping, pill-pooing swinger by day
But she's all business at go time

She drives a sky blue Bonneville
She drives a sky blue Bonneville
Swimming all over the road

She's got a well-hung, bell-run stud on the side
He's got a customized, air-brushed van in the drive
She keeps her big ol' hairy barrel-chested husband alive
With Pringles and crinkle-cut french fries
He was bar-hopping heart-throb back in the day

He was a Beatle-booted, leisure-suited hack of all trades
Now he's a button-popping, mutton-chopping slob on the stay
And he's the last thing on her mind tonight

She's got that bridal shower wallflower look on her face
She's got that one-too-many-whisky-sours glaze in her gaze
With all that bell tower happy hour ammo to spray
You better ixnay on eeingsay me here

I come up for air and I drop out of site
I'm navigating patterns of shadows and lights
I sleep in abandoned plantations by day
I slip out and forage through garbage at night
She's about to be locked in the fight of her lives
'Cause I'm bristling with rockets and pistols and knives
And I'm wise to her polyester sleepover parties
Where creepy old swingers swap their creepy old wives

They came welling up out of the foul-smelling ground
Like offenders of untended burial mounds
They came welling up out of the foul-smelling ground
Like a cheap animated crowd scene

She drives a sky blue Bonneville
She drives a sky blue Bonneville
Swimming all over the road
She drives a sky blue Bonneville
She drives a sky blue Bonneville
Swimming all over the road

Word Gets Around

She clawed through the stalled hours
Through the awkwardly paused hours
Where balls full of wallflowers stood perfectly still
While cluelessly amorous
And ghoulishly glamorous
Fine southern ladies came swooping in for the kill

She smeared on the mirror in eyeliner, "Word gets around" Word gets around
It's all over town
I'm not sorry

She blew through her nude scenes
It was gruesomely routine

It was putridly unclean and pushed her over the edge
A drastically glamorous
Plastically amorous
Streetwalker sweet-talked her down off the ledge

She scrawled in the stall of the ladies' room, "Word gets around"
Word gets around
It's all over town
I'm not sorry
I'm not sorry
I'm not sorry
And there's no turning back now

Her sex drive took a nose dive between low tide and I-5
It's a wonder she survived all nine lives on the edge
But meticulously amorous
Ridiculously glamorous
Fag hags and drag queens talked her down off the ledge

She chewed through the frayed ropes
Of her neutered and spayed hopes
While the brutally straight dope circled high overhead
And magically amorous
Tragically glamorous
Coke whores and french doors shattered bloody glass on the bed

She called to the ball full of wallflowers, "Word gets around"
Word gets around
It's all over town
I'm not sorry
I'm not sorry
I'm not sorry
And I ain't backing down now

Clean White Linens, Cool White Sheets

Dark_Lord_Dragon: A couple of Truckstop_Rent_a_Cops are dolled up in tube tops, hot
pants, knee socks, big yellow wigs, and impossible heels
the_faerie_of_the_fyre: They're creeping out battalions of collagen and botoxic
Fillies_and_Stallions still blotched up from botched up chemical peels

Dark_Lord_Dragon: Clean white linens
Cool white sheets
the_faerie_of_the_fyre: Clean white linens
Cool white sheets

the_faerie_of_the_fyre: A Bag_Lady drags the rags that hang on her craggy old bones
through the jagged old stones of the Godless_and_Vile
Dark_Lord_Dragon: She mutters and sputters and jerks and then blurts out unutterable
cloudburst of unearthly curses
And merciless bile

Dark_Lord_Dragon: Clean white linens
Cool white sheets
the_faerie_of_the_fyre: Clean white linens
Cool white sheets
Clean white linens
Dark_Lord_Dragon: Clean, cool white sheets
May peace be mine

the_faerie_of_the_fyre: The_Voices sound like a Dali looks
And smell like a Hollywood, Florida phonebook feels
Dark_Lord_Dragon: They oddly embody Picasso
They're squirming with vermin and swarming with eels
agon: They oddorida phonebook fa Dali looks

A sonic boom rattled the chat room where Dark_Lord_Dragon and the_faerie_of_the_fyre
were off licking T/their wounds
She was strapped to the chat room rack when a tractor backfired in the pasture in the
back of his shack and shattered the magykal mood

Clean white linens
Cool white sheets
Clean white linens
Cool white sheets
Clean white linens
Clean, cool white sheets
May peace be mine

Dream Girls

Dream girls
They equestrian headmistress spied
They riding and manners and grooming she caning they naughty behinds
Clean girls
Might be of a door next ours
They pouty and giggle and toweling tickle in prisoner showers

Dream girls, oh
Dream girls you
Here are now dream girls

You like I turning on?

Dream girls
She love for you shackles and chains
She nun and she nurse and she cunningly merciless curse you in shame
Clean girls
Here is moms I might like you enjoy?
They naughty librarian governess covered in rubber and oil

Dream girls, oh
Dream girls you
Here are now dream girls
You like I turning on?

Dream Girls
She worship and serve you enslaved
She tongue-bathe you leathers and feather-dust damsel in uniform maid
Clean girls
Here enlarging to you well-endowed
They still haven't already left yet they wet for you naked and now

Dream girls, oh
Dream girls you
Here are now dream girls
You like I turning on?

Dream girls who might be the one from the shoppe already haven't left yet
Clean girl who might be the ones making home already haven't gone
You like I turning on?
You like I turning on?
You like I turning on?
She you number one turn on!!

The Devil's Daughter

Whomsoever she screweth
Shalt not be unscrewed
If she covet thine clothes
Then thou shalt walk around nude
If she smiteth thine ass
Then, brother, smote ye shall stay
And if ye don't give a damn
She'll by-god take one away

She smoked all my weed
And drank all my Cuervo

If she kicks thee around
Then kicked around ye shall stay
If she dicks thee around
Hereafter dicked ye shall lay
You can't make out her eyes
Behind those tangles and bangs
She's spitting venom and bile
And she's baring her fangs

Hear ye, brethren, beware!
The devil's daughter's scratching spider egg sacs in her hair
Hear ye, brethren, beware!
The devil's daughter's hatching broods of serpents in her hair
In her hair

If she screws ye all up
All up-screwed ye'll remain
And if she driveth thee wild
Let no man driveth ye tame Keep your toes and your fingers
Away when she feeds
Keep your nose in your notebook
And when spoken to, speak
When you're spoken to, speak
When you're spoken to, speak
Keep your nose in your notebook
And when spoken to, speak

She smoked all my weed
And drank all my Cuervo
She smoked all my weed
Keep your toes and fingers away from her cage when she feeds

She smoked all my weed
And drank all my Cuervo
She smoked all my weed
Keep your toes and fingers away from her cage when she feeds

Whom she screweth all up
Let no man screweth back down
And, no, you can't screw back in
All the brains she screws out
She drank all my Cuervo
And smoked all my weed

Don't take your thighs off your guys
Don't take your eyes off her knees

Hear ye, brethren, beware!
The devil's daughter's hatching sacs of spiders in her hair
Hear ye, brethren, beware!
The devil's daughter's hatching lairs of adders in her hair
Hear ye, brethren, beware!
The devil's daughter's hiding tiny spider in her hair
Hear ye, brethren, beware!
The devil's daughter rides the night with vipers in her hair In her hair

The Night Is Young

The first word we heard came from the outskirts of town
It came pounding in on the last light of day
It was too dark to see it from the trailer park
And too late to hear it from the grave
The quiet grave We're all finally safe in the grave

The system broke down before the siren could sound
And for a second there all our hair stood on end
And then from small and far away we heard a low unholy growl
It came howling in on the wings of the wind

If we're all still alive When dawn finally comes
I've lived through things men weren't meant to see and survive
And the night is young

The sheriff died trying to hide inside a Texaco
Where it smelled like diesel, chesterfields, and men
We found pieces of his cruiser scattered up and down the road
We heard the "click click click" of his lights still trying to spin
And the cries of broken men
The law ain't above the wind

It was hard to tell the lightning from the fire trucks and the sparks
It was hard to tell the living from the dead
It was hard to feel our fingers as we fumbled in the dark
As we dug through chunks of nightmares till they bled

If we're all still alive
When dawn finally comes
I've lived through things men weren't meant to see and survive
And the night is young

The air was rich and dripping with the smell of fertile ground
It was frigid with the brittle smell of freshly splintered trees
All the methane and gas mains reeked of a broken town
Why did God forsake this part of Tennessee?

When we huddle in our cellars and we dare not make a sound
When the treefrogs and the whippoorwills fall ominously quiet
When the dampers in our chimneys start faintly tapping up and down
They say Satan walk among us in the night

If we're all still alive
When dawn finally comes
I've lived through things men weren't meant to see and survive
And the night is young
If we're all still alive
To honor our dead
I've seen things men weren't meant to see and survive
And it ain't over yet

One Final Tear

I'd trade our tallest days
Or, hell, our widest years
If you'd stoop to grace my grave
With a single final tear For all we used to be
For all you lost from me

We piled our wildest dreams
At Laughing Buddha's feet And defiled our childish schemes
With feats of light and heat
With sweet and clumsy sins
We'll never know again

I'd trade our finest years
If you'd save one final tear for me
They build retirement homes
On our amusement parks
They plow up human bones In madmen's salvage yards
Whatever else they find Nobody seems to mind

They pave our vacant lots
With jewels and precious stones
Our manifestos rot In madmen's catacombs
Whoever else I've loved Never measured up

I'd trade our finest years
If you'd save one final tear for me

It's not about my age
I'm not a slave to time
This body's not a cage
I'm not afraid to die
But I'd trade a thousand years
If you'd waste one lousy tear

I'd trade our finest years
If you'd save one final tear for all we used to be

Unclean

Word gets around
This pious little town
She never lived down the cadaver the deacon found
The judge said she bound him and drowned him in the bay
He said fondness made absence grow heartless with hatred and rage

The scar on cheek
The scars on her wrists
Said "Unclean" like the mark of a demon's kiss
Some called her Satan and some said insane
She stared out at the harbor for hours alone when it rained

Unclean
I don't want to talk about it
Unclean
No one's to blame
Unclean
I don't want to talk about it
Unclean
No one's to blame

Word gets around
This superstitious town
They burned down the mansion but swear they still hear the sounds
The six feet of concrete they poured in her tomb
Just made fondness grow heartlessly absent and safely removed

Unclean
I don't want to talk about it

Unclean
No one's to blame
Unclean
I don't want to talk about it
Unclean
No one's to blame
She stared out at the harbor for hours alone when it rained

When she hung
Nobody's pain was undone
They all walked away pale and numb
Some say she cursed them and some say she cried
When they turned her away from the harbor and told her to close her eyes

Unclean
I don't want to talk about it
Unclean
No one's to blame
Unclean
I don't even want to have to think about it
Unclean
No one's to blame
She stared out at the harbor for hours alone when it rained
She stared out at the harbor for hours alone when it rained

My Scrawny Little Outlaw

All we ever do
Every single night Is tweak and fight and screw
And fuck and drink and fight
We crank the 700 Club
To drown the choirs of Hell out
The voices in the trailer walls
Call my little outlaw
My scrawny little outlaw

Every single day
All we ever do
Is smoke and sweat and pray
And tweak and fight and screw
We crank the 700 Club
To drive the spies and flies out
The demons in the trailer walls
Call my little outlaw

My scrawny little outlaw

I hear those people in the hall again
What if one of us turns out to be one of them?
Their mice fall through holes in our walls
And their lice crawl all over our skin

All we ever do
Every single night
Is tweak and fight and screw
And fuck and drink and fight
We crank the 700 Club
To beat the bats and bugs back
The choirs in the trailer walls
Call my little outlaw
My scrawny little outlaw

I know how to make a naughty girl behave
I know what it takes to make the girls behave
I know how to make a naughty little lady behave
Disembodied choirs from beyond the grave
Taught me how to make the naughty girls behave
If it weren't for the rabies then maybe the state wouldn't keep taking our babies away
I know how to make a naughty girl behave
Disembodied choirs from beyond the grave
Taught me what it takes to make the naughty little ladies behave
Disembodied choirs from beyond the grave
Taught me how to make the naughty girls behave
If it weren't for the scabies then maybe the state wouldn't keep taking all our babies away

THE SIGHING HOURS, ACT I: NO CLOCKS, NO CALENDARS (2009)



ACT 1

My sweet love I hope this letter finds you well
We survived another night in Hell
I'm writing by the light of dawn
Another night's finally come and gone, hallelujah
I'm lost and I can't find my way back home
Was that you I heard clawing at my door?
Was that you I heard call out in the storm?
Satan sent his only spawn
To scrape the meat from our pelts and bones
A chip off the old apple never falls far from alone

I swear to God, no matter how this ends we'll meet again beneath
the sighing hour tree
The sighing hour tree
When the sea-salt eaten see-saw sings, "Remember me?"
Will you remember me?

When the lightning strikes the pines outside my window
It lights up every ghost for miles around
I'm already too old to die young
But I'm still too young to die
A chip off the old apple never falls far from a lie

I swear to God, no matter how this ends we'll meet again beneath
the sighing hour tree
The sighing hour tree
When the sea-salt eaten see-saw sings, "Remember me?"
Will you remember me?

I swear to God, no matter how this ends we'll meet again beneath
the sighing hour tree
When time lingered windburned
And some bastard cracked his plastic hatchet hacking at your
alabaster statue of me
But the sighing hour tree's still standing
And the weed-eaten swing set there survived
Though the faded playground
creaks abandoned
The sighing hour tree abides

NO CLOCKS OR CALENDARS ALLOWED

I had that godforsaken heartbreaking dream again
A storm tore ashore and tried to sweep us all away

I sat you safely on your favorite cemetery stone
I turned to block the wind but got taken by the waves
I could still hear you screaming out my name as I went down
When sea fell back to sleep it left my body on the sand
The Doctor found a black grain of sand clutched in my hand
He said, "Angel, hon, he's gone. He was a sweet and
decent man."

He was trying to swim back to you
He was trying to swim back to you
I know he wasn't perfect, but his love was pure and true

Even as he was dying, he was trying to swim back home to you

Do you remember where we were on the night that we first met?
Down at the teapot in Savannah?

You had a spam can crammed full of man-eating contraband
That Panama Pam scammed on her first trip to Atlanta

We sat our bare asses in the crackers and the crumbs
On the ragged shag carpet and the peeling linoleum
There was no one else around but just us townies and
bums

When I asked where you were from, you said,
"Everywhere," and I said

"No clocks or calendars allowed
Otherwise welcome to town
Here let me show you around
Oh, and everywhere's a mile or two from

anywhere I've ever even dreamed about

Justin Payne still thinks he wants a sex change
So he can rearrange the rules in
women's softball

And Warren Self's about to wreck his health again
Snortin' collared greens and gobbling rotten
Guatemalan mothballs

There's still blisters in the paint on the wall
around the shower
And the poltergeist and haint count is growing
by the hour
And every time it rains the whole damn island

loses power

When I asked you for your name, you said,
“Everyone,” and I said

“No clocks or calendars allowed
Otherwise welcome to town
Here let me show you around

Oh, and everyone’s still one or two from anyone I’ve ever even
dreamed about”

Think how sweet our lives would be if you would just admit you
love me

Yeah, and life would have no stems or seeds if weed were free
and you and me were ordinary mortals in love
Ordinary mortals in love
Ordinary mortals in love

Think how sweet our lives would be if only
you’d just stop pretending like you own me

If I don’t get a ring by then I’m leaving come
Labor Day evening

That ought to do you for now
That ought to do you for now
That ought to do you for now

Oh, and love is still a scar or two from anything I ever dare to
dream about

Do I need to shove some of Love’s Enlightenment Dust
Up the puckered-up buttocks of your disgusting injustice?

The last time you even tried to pry your way inside
The sodomy Gestapo sent a SWAT team into bust us

Look, your number’s still in pencil on the wall beside the phone
And the flimsy fake beaded board’s still barely hanging on
Wouldn’t it suck out loud if we all had to
sleep alone?

When I asked you who you were and what you had in
mind

I said, "Baby, I'm your everything

Oooh, You're my everything

Honey I'm your everything

Everything but love

No clocks or calendars allowed

Otherwise welcome to town

Here let me show you around

Oh, and everything's a thing or two from anything I've
ever even dreamed about

That ought to do you for now

That ought to do you for now

That ought to do you for now

Oh, and love is still a pain or two from anything I ever dare
to dream about

THE GIRLS ARE BACK IN TOWN

Page Dr. Love and find Miss Thang

'cause the Countessa called and guess who's back
in town?

We need lots of Grand Marnier

Somebody clean up all these stains

I need a fl orist on the phone like now

And I mean like yesterday

I want to stock the bar with microdot and schnapps that
taste like lollipops

And nag champa in the VIP room lounge

I want to swap these hopped-up body guards for
hockey stars in leotards

The girls are back in town

The girls are back in town

The girls are back in town

We're gonna burn the Gypsy down

The girls are back in town

We're gonna burn the Gypsy down

We're gonna burn this mutha down

Dress all the waiters like corsairs
And have the ladies wear their great big 80s hair
I want confetti everywhere Tell Warren Self and Justin Payne
I want these cherub statues rigged to pee champagne
And sing the theme from "Fame"
I need psychic readers, fire eaters, high-wire acts, offend repeaters
But not again, no way, this time no clowns I need gladiators, alligators, instigators,
agitators
The girls are back in town

The girls are back in town
The girls are back in town
We're gonna burn the disco down
The girls are back in town
We're gonna burn the building down
We're gonna burn this mutha down
Tell all the mimes to lose the vests
And then write "leather bitch" in lipstick on their chests
And draw little bull's-eyes on their breasts
I thought I said to fire these guards?
And line the walls with velvet black light art
And those day-glow stick-on stars

I need spritzers, I need whirligigs, I need
Polaroids of powdered wigs
Tell Mick and Liza thanks but, please, not now
Why's there still no florist here?
I thought I made my orders clear
The girls are back in town

No clocks or calendars allowed
From now on the date is always simply "summer" and the
time forever "now"
Nobody sobers up till fall
And that's an order, ya'll; we made through this
god-forsaken winter, after all

I made a call to city hall to ask them if they'd pass a law
So they're closing all the outbound causeways down
So let's raise a glass to Labor Day and how it seems so far
away
The girls are back in town

The girls are back in town

The girls are back in town
We're gonna burn the Gypsy down
The girls are back in town
We're gonna burn the Gypsy down

We're gonna burn this mutha down
The girls are back in town
The girls are back in town
We're gonna burn the Gypsy down
The girls are back in town
We're gonna burn the Gypsy down
Let's burn this motherfucker down

LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND

Look out for evil spirits; they're all over the place
See the sun-drunk punk with the funk on her face?

No doubt! Dr. Love will keep the Sandman away
Is this your first summer in town?
Let me show you around

Look out for evil spirits; they're all over the place
See the sun-drunk punk with the funk on her face?
No doubt! Dr. Love will keep the Sandman away
Is this your first summer in town?
Let me show you around

The hereafter here is so loud
You can hear it halfway across the here and the now
It bleeds into our dreams in mutters and screams
And it breaks through the daylight in guttural shouts

The afterlife here is so bright
It burns holes in the fabric of the present at night
It pokes through the oaks and shines through the pines
In glimpses of figures and flickering lights

Slow down, these old hound dogs sleep in the alleys all day
And the skinks and toads warm their fingers and toes
Where the sun drills holes through the cantilever shade

Look out for evil spirits; they're all over the place
See the drunk with the sunken in shrunken-headed face?
No doubt! Dr. Love will keep the Sandman away

Is this your first summer in town?
Let me show you around

Have you checked out The Breakers Motel?
It's a heck of an art deco relic from hell
Where the cocks of the far ago walks
Crawl the halls calling out for their long away belles

All the beautiful spirits in town
Dance among the living at The Gypsy D'Lounge
It's the last place around where smoking's not only allowed
They've made it compulsory now

Slow down, these old hound dogs sleep in the alleys all day
And the skinks and toads warm their fingers and toes
Where the sun drills holes through the cantilever shade

So look under the steps to your door
For a little gingham pouch with a pretty black bow
If it's there in the morning, it's a warning
If it's still there at night, pack your knapsack and go

Look out for evil spirits; they're all over the place
See the punch-drunk punk with the spunk on his face?
No doubt! Dr. Love will keep the Sandman away
Is this your first summer in town?
Let me show you around

Look out for evil spirits; they're all over the place
See the pale lady draped in the mourning black lace?

No doubt! Dr. Love will keep the Sandman away

Is this your first summer in town?
Let me show you around

What a glorious place to be dead
What a wonderful way to soar the skies overhead
Or babble in battlefield shadows and dabble in gathering
dread

Slow down, these old hound dogs sleep in the alleys all day
And crows pick their toes in the heat-buckled roads

In the folded-over throes of the mourning oak shade

Look out for evil spirits; they're all over the place
See the drunk with the sunken in buccaneer face?
No doubt! Dr. Love will keep the Sandman away
Is this your first summer in town?
Let me show you around

Who's Doctor Love?

THE BALLAD OF DR. LOVE

The Hypocrisy Gestapo tried to lock up Dr. Love again
He was busy in the kitchen when they kicked the picture window in

They impounded his prescription pad and subpoenaed all his pens
They want to bottle up the doctor but Love won't let 'em win

There was a doe-eyed, rainbow-deprived little kickstand
Stranded in the quicksand where denial meets desire
Until a handlebar candy man hooked her up with contraband
That plucked her from the suction of the muck and the mire

There was a upright line-of-sight pentacaustic sanctifite
Who engaged in flagellation after every wet dream
He kept his flogger in his pocket till his light-socket, bottle rocket wife
Rolled her eyes and bent him over her knee
It set his heart free
She said, "The best things in life are me"

WWD Love do?
The doctor will see you now
WWD Love say?
"Just let it work itself out"
WWD Love believe?
The best things in life are me

There was a renegade, centigrade, Euronista hand grenade
Who treated every girl he met like nothing but a toy
Until a solemnly obligated patriotic dominatrix
Kicked a little sense into his prissy little groin

There was an off-roadin', homophobic Alabama anaerobe
Who flew the stars-and-bars on a rag around his head
Until he came to in the slammer all crunked-up and hammered
With a big ol' black lumberjack spooning him in bed

It set his heart free
He said, "The best things in life are me"

WWD Love do?
The doctor will see you now
WWD Love say?
"Just let it work itself out"
WWD Love believe?
The best things in life are me

The best things in life are you
The best things in life are me
WWD Love do?
The best things in life are me

There was a combination domination-wedding-chapel-leather-bar
But the sex police wouldn't let 'em get their fetish on in peace
They had to win it in the senate or give in and bear and grin it
So Love made a house call and the measure passed with ease

The Theocracy Gestapo tried to haul off Dr. Love again
They stormed the door with torches and they scorched the porch but in
the end
There was minor smoke and holy water damage in the den
They want to crucify the doctor but Love won't let 'em win

WWD Love do?
The doctor will see you now
WWD Love say?
"Just let it work itself out"
WWD Love believe?

The best things in life are we

THEIR OTHER EIGHT LIVES

Rule Number One
Never fall for a date
You get laid, you get paid, you pack your playthings and you
walk away
This up here
Is the only weapon you need
So holster those emotions, soldier, and slowly lower that
heart back in its sheath

Gigolo, Let her go, come on, Romeo, walk away

Be a pro, come on Romeo walk away
And loom to stoop another day

They're only here for the night
They need to see the ocean
They need to be bedazzled by sounds and lights
They need to hear the echoes
Of lovers from their other eight lives

Rise and shine
Flood the bedroom with light
Come on now, brunch is filthy with wealthy widows and
socialites
Turn it on
Read them before they read you
Booze them and lose them in the beautiful confusion of their
foolish little dreams come true

Gigolo, Let her go, come on, Romeo, walk away
Be a pro, come on Romeo walk away
And loom to stoop another day

They're only here for the night
They need to see the ocean
They need to be bedazzled by sounds and lights
They need to hear the echoes
Of lovers from their other eight lives
Far away

Stare them square in the eyes
And wear down their threadbare fears
Stare them square in the eyes
And tell them what they didn't even know they want to hear

When it's closing time
And you still don't like what you see?
Come on, the night is littered with embittered trick and
Jane wannabes
So who the hell am I, you say?
And how the hell would I know?
Call me "Someday," call me "Long Away" or "Far Ago."

They're only here for the night
They need to see the ocean
They need to be bedazzled by sounds and lights
They need to hear the echoes

Of lovers from their other eight lives
Far away
Far away

**AN EMBARRASSING OVERSIGHT AT THE BREAKERS MOTEL
(STILL MILES AWAY)**

She sends the message and she turns out the light
And she bends the headboard till the scarves are pulled tight
From outside it looks like it's storming inside
The way the television's flickering blue through the blinds
She's waiting at The Breakers for me naked and bound
With her blindfold secure and the volume turned down
Her mind races with every little sound
But I'm taking my time, I'm out riding around

She's still wide awake
I'm still miles away
It's not even midnight
Her legs and arms are starting to ache
And she's still wide awake

I'm still miles away
It's not even midnight
I'm miles away

She told me she's leaving on Labor Day evening
Once the narcs and the tourists all give up and go home
We've got one last season to squeeze it all in
She wants no stone unturned and no turn left unstoned

No clocks or watches or calendars allowed
The date's simply "summer," the time always "now"
She dreamed it all up and she planned it all out
But I'm making her wait, I'm out riding around

She's still wide awake
I'm still miles away

It's not even midnight
Her legs and arms are starting to ache
And she's still wide awake
I'm still miles away
It's not even midnight, I'm taking my time
I'm still miles away

It's not even midnight
I'm miles away

Think how sweet our lives would be if you would only say you
love me

Think how easy life could be if you and me were

Ordinary mortals in love
Ordinary mortals in love
Ordinary mortals in love

We never said never and we never said die
And we never said forever or ever had to lie
We never said love or made each other cry
We've just always been together and never even had to try

So I still don't believe her when she tells me she's leaving
On Labor Day evening, I've heard it all before
When she finally hears the elevator stop on her floor
It's going to dawn on her she never took the chain off the door
She's still wide awake
I'm still miles away

It's not even midnight
Her legs and arms are starting to ache
And she's still wide awake
I'm still miles away
It's not even midnight, I'm taking my time
I'm still miles away
It's not even midnight
I'm miles away

PAMELA FOREVER

Pamela drove the Nova home from Atlanta
With an eye glued to the rearview and an ear glued to
the scanner
She drove the Nova standing on the hammer
She was wild-eyed and one with her speed
On the passenger's side she imagined her bride burning
strings off the holes in her jeans

Pamela blew through midnight like a bullet through
a bull's-eye
And corkscrewed down the back of the night on two wheels

She made the corner at The Bottom of the Morning
In time to see the sun rising over the sea
She's got a hootenanny planned on the roof of The Grand for
the fi reworks tonight on the beach
I know, I personally handled her plans for tonight on the
beach

Pamela, oh Pamela
Are you wild to be wreckage forever?
Pamela, oh Pamela
How far are we from never?
How far are we from never?

Pamela still had her hands full back at the cabana
She had Trans Am full of contraband due in from Savannah
She had an eye on the driveway and an ear on the scanner

Till the privilege was safely inside
I moved a lifeguard stand to the roof of The Grand where
Your Imminence can reign and preside
I moved a lifeguard stand for Madam and her breathtaking
bride

Pamela, oh Pamela
Are you wild to be wreckage forever?
Pamela, oh Pamela
How far are we from never?
How far are we from never?

What does she not have that I can never not have too?
What does she not do I can't not do for you?
What do you not see in her you can't not see in me too?
Pam, I can't not not keep keeping my dreams from you

Pamela, hey, what the hell; it's the Fourth of July
Pamela, hey, might as well; it's the Fourth of July
Do we wreck our lives living? Or wreck our lives trying not
to die? I've made up my mind
We can hang around and stay for the fi reworks or we can
stay for the fireworks high
We can stay for the fi reworks or stay for the fi reworks
wasted

Pamela, oh Pamela
Are we wild to be wreckage forever?
Pamela, oh Pamela

How far are we from never?
How far are we from never?
Oh Pamela
Forever yours
Forever yours
Forever yours
Amen.

THE FOURTH OF JULY (LIVE IT UP)

Let me buy you a round
You're the talk of the town
He's like a fine glass of whiskey
He's smooth going down
But he's evil and risky
And he's your problem now
If you want to find out how the others came out on the rebound,
look around

It's the Fourth of July
Do you give it up?
It's the Fourth of July
Or do you live it up?
Do you hang around and stay for the fireworks?
Or stay for the fireworks high?
You know he used to be mine
And I say live it up
Live it up
While there's time

I know you're drunk on the power
And you want to make it last
When you're the fool of the hour
You listen to the fools of the past
Cause all the fools of tomorrow
Don't know, don't care
They all circle like sharks in the darkness to finish off
the bones of your affair

It's the Fourth of July
Do you give it up?
It's the Fourth of July
Or do you live it up?
Do you hang around and stay for the fireworks?
Or stay for the fireworks high?

You know he used to be mine
And I say live it up
Live it up
While there's time

It's the top of the season
And you deserve to linger awhile
And savor the view
From the top of your life
But if you drop him into neutral
He goes downhill too fast
You're going to flame out
Wipe out
Burn out
Flame out and crash

So enjoy it while it lasts
Keep a handle on your cash
Keep a hand on his manhood
Keep a lock on your stash
Keep your head on your shoulders
Keep an eye on your friends
And live it up
Live it up, live it up
Before it all ends
You know it's all going to end

It's the Fourth of July
Do you give it up?
It's the Fourth of July
Or do you live it up?
Do you hang around and stay for the fireworks?
Or stay for the fireworks high?
You know he used to be mine
And I say live it up
Live it up
While there's time

BETTER DO IT ALL NOW

What the hell is this shit?
Break out the good shit
I don't want that shit
Break out the phat shit
Break out the good shit not the made of wood shit
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now

What would Warren Self do?
What would Warren Self do?
Try to smoke a tennis shoe?
What would Warren Self do?
He'd try to smoke a tennis shoe and sniff some
kindergarten glue
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
I'd probably get my tweak on
Who the hell asked you?
So I could get my freak on
Wouldn't put it past you
I'd probably get my tweak on so I could get my
freak on
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
What the hell is this shit?
Break out the good shit
I don't want that shit
Break out the phat shit
Break out the good shit not the made of wood shit
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
What would Justin Payne do?
What would Justin Payne do?
Buy himself a muumuu?
What would Justin Payne do?
He'd buy himself a muumuu and wear it under
a tutu
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
Chug what's in your hand down
EVERYBODY DRINK!
Slam what's in your glass down
EVERYBODY DRINK!
Chug what's in your hand down and pour yourself
another round
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
What the hell would Pam do?
What the hell would Pam do?
What the hell would Pam do?
SHE WOULDN'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU!
What the hell would Pam do?
SHE WOULDN'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU!
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
You need to lose the family jewels
Who the hell asked you?
So I can get my hands on you
Wouldn't put it past you
I ain't about to do you 'til you lose the boys, dude

We can't take it with us so we better do it all now
What the hell is this shit?
Break out the good shit
I don't want that shit
Break out the phat shit
Break out the good shit
Not the made of wood shit
We can't take it with us so we better do it all now

MURDER ISLAND

Can I dock my yacht at your marina tonight?
By dawn I'll have her back underway
I'm here to celebrate the Fourth of July
Can you recommend a rooftop café?

I'm only here for the fi reworks show
I'm only here for the night
I need to see the stars explode
More meat and mead for my men and I!

Years and years ago
This was all palmetto groves
And over here we counted stolen diamonds
Stolen souls were bought and sold
Some died still chained in the holds
In whispers soft and murmurs low
They called this "Murder Island"

We stole rice, we plundered indigo
We took their daughters and their wives
You and I might be standing on a ransom of gold
Or the bones of women eaten alive

I'm only here for the fi reworks show
I'm only here for the night
I need to see the stars explode
More meat and mead for my men and I!

Years and years ago
This was all palmetto groves
And over here we counted stolen diamonds
Stolen souls were bought and sold
Some died still chained in the holds
In rumors hushed and murmurs low

They called this "Murder Island"

Murder Island
Murder Island
Years and years and years ago

We'd hide our vessels on the leeward side
We'd bury treasures in the sand
Do you see torches on the marsh at night?
Do you dream you hear the screams of the damned?

I'm only here for the fi reworks show
I'm only here for the night
I need to see the stars explode
More meat and mead for my men and I!

Years and years ago
This was all palmetto groves
And over here we counted stolen diamonds
Stolen souls were bought and sold
Some died still chained in the holds
In rumors hushed and murmurs low
They called this "Murder Island"

Murder Island
Murder Island
Years and years and years ago

THREE SHEETS IN LOVE

Every black grain of sand on the island
Has a soul I stole entombed inside
From the crow's nest of a ghost ship I could make out a torch on
the shoreline
I'm the horrifying sorrow in the dark across the top of a nightmare

Take a hard starboard here
Through the straits and the narrows of fear
I'll fl y you higher than you might want to fall, my dear
With my lips searing sonnets and psalms in your ear
Up in the crow's nest tonight
I could see through the fourth into the fifth of July
You can meet me at the fi reworks or meet me at the fireworks three
sheets in love

See the dead reptile shed on the

tombstone?
That's all that remains of my last host
I feed on their dreams and I spit 'em back
their nightmares
A chip off the old apple never falls far
from the ghost

Take a hard starboard here
Through the straits and the narrows to the
harbor of fears
I'll fly you higher than you might want to
fall, my dear
With my lips searing sonnets and psalms
in your ear
Up in the crow's nest tonight
I could see through the fourth to the fifth
of July

You can meet me at the fi reworks or meet
me at the fi reworks three sheets in love

Three sheets in love
You know you want me
Three sheets in love
I want you too
Three sheets in love
I'll devour you
But love too strong never holds out long
It only breaks your heart and then it's gone

Is my old friend The Doctor still around here?
I'd love to chew his ear while I'm in town
He's the one mortal man I know who's ever nearly took
me down
But a chip off the old apple never falls far from the ground
I'm a sweet-talking tool
I'm a smooth, day-walking fool
I got a burning hunk of tater cannon, hon, I'm coming
gunning for she-cum volcanoes like you
From up in the crow's nest tonight
I crossed into tomorrow on a causeway of fi re
You can meet me at the fi reworks
or meet me at the fi reworks three
sheets in love

Mama, I'm a long way from home

on an island
The doctor keeps saying there's a
killer in among us here

I ain't afraid of death but I'm terrified of dying
Tell em I'm too young to die
Tell I'm too old to die young

Mama, I'm in love with a girl I met
down here
Mama, I'm in love but I don't
know how to tell her so
All the county roads are dead end
around here
Tell em I'm too young to die
Tell I'm too old to die young

A DEATH OF FRESH AIR

Wake up! Rise up!
We're you planning on sleeping all day?
It sure looks fun but there's work to be done
We can't lounge around drowsy in the hangover shade

Stand up! Rise up!
One of us has already died
And their come-hither eyes are a tempting disguise
For the homicidal lies of a parasite
The lies of the Sandman

When the dark of the moon
And the Fourth of July align
And the sighing hour tree's still standing
He portages June
On a causeway of manskin and lye
While a faded playground creaks abandoned
I was damn near six feet under getting over being three sheets in love for years
The vultures flocked till they block out sun for a taste of my gristle and tears
Well, I'm right here

Cammo up and get your game face on
I'm not easily scared
Let's see who seals whose soul in stone
Come on, hit me with a death of fresh air
I got your death of fresh air
I got your death of fresh air

I got your sand, man
I got your death fresh right here
Game on.

I was still half-drunken with youth
And listing a starboard
My sighing hour years were shattered
I speared out the heart
And torched the cadaver
Of the only man I loved that mattered

One of us had died and his soul was sealed forever inside a little black grain of sand
And the light was awry in his come-hither eyes and voice in my mind whispered
“Sandman!
He’s mine!”

I got your death of fresh air
I got your death of fresh air
I got your sand, man
I got your death fresh right here
Game on.

So here we all stand
But one of us is otherwise
Their soul sealed forever in black grain of sand
Hold your ear up to my hand
And hear the hour tree sighing
For all who die at the hands of the Sandman

There’s a trail of murder and curdling puddles of blood as he vectors from hostess to host
He glides to your bedside at night in the guise of the one you hunger for most
I’m right here

Sleep alone and don’t sleep around
We gotta stick apart together somehow

Sleep alone till I smoke him out

A chip off the old apple never falls very far from the cart
Give your dad my regards

Suit up and smear your war paint on
And whoever, don’t you dare
I know it’s hard but we all gotta sleep alone
Or die of a death of fresh air

I got your death of fresh air
I got your death of fresh air
I got your sand, man
I got your death fresh right here
I got your sand, man
I got your sand, man
I got your death of fresh air
I got your death of fresh air right here

THE SIGHING HOURS, ACT II: SWIMMING WITH THE GODS (2009)



Pamela:

Last call for romeos
They're priced to move, everything must go
They're marked down and our standards are low
Bad credit? No credit? We don't want to know
No reasonable offer refused

We got 'em brand new, pre-owned,
beat up and used

And if you don't know what to do
with all the little buckaroos
We'll line up Coney dogs, pony rides,
cartoons and balloons

You need something outdoorsy and strong?
He's got his head in the speakers
and he's here all alone
He's got his shirt in his hand
and he's taking off his pants
Doing the tripped-out whitewater
river hippie dance

Had you rather see something more roomy and large?
This one's hardly ever left his mother's garage
He loves fantasy role-playing games online
His upholstery's a mess but he's a real smooth ride
Nothing fits or matches but, I promise, he's a real quiet ride
What's it going to take to send you home with your
own new romeo tonight?

Last call for romeos
Last call for romeos
Last call for romeos
Last call! Last call!

Push, pull or drag in your trade
We're overstocked and we're giving 'em away
It's the factory invoice sale of the year
Ma'am you need to hurry up and finish off that beer

Last call for romeos
We're slashing prices everything must go
They're marked down and our standards are low
Bad credit? No credit? We don't want to know
You all gotta go but no one says you gotta go home
Everybody leaves but nobody's scared to leave alone

Last call for romeos
Last call for romeos
Last call for romeos
Last call! Last call!

I Know You're In There Somewhere

I see the breakers turning gray and the sky growing darker
Who worked a root on where your eyes used to sparkle and shine?
I'll always love you and you don't even care
Come on, I know you're in there somewhere

I've fallen in cruelly unusual love
How dare you shrink beneath what you can't rise above?
I need your memories. I need you to need mine
Who worked a root on where your eyes used to shine?

I see hosts of guardian angels
Fleeing the marshes for land
I see signs and ghostly omens
I don't understand

If not now, when? If not me, who? Him?
If not this what, then?
If not this, what? If not me, who then? Why the hell now?
I'll always love you and you don't even care
Come on, I know you're in there somewhere

If not this what, then? If not me, why?
When I countered your mout with a root on your eye?
Who stole who the hell's soul off
who the hell knows who?
Why do I do how I do around you?

I'm clinging to a Styrofoam cooler
In lifeboat your lies set aflame
I was sinking, I was screaming down a paper towel tube
But you never came

I see the breakers turning gray and the sky growing darker
Who worked a root on where your eyes used to sparkle and shine?
I'll always love you and you don't even care
Come on, I know you're in there somewhere

I dreamed I heard you singing to our daughter
Asleep as a toddler at your side
But she never left the water
And a light inside me died

Angela (I can't Do It Alone)

Years upon a spring ago
I feared I'd never love again
On our wedding day out on Winyah Bay
she slipped away with my best man

Years upon a summer gone
I just knew I'd never loved before
But she crept from my side on Valentine's Night
to my roommate's bed next door

Angela, I'm damaged goods
And damn it you're so strong

Why don't you scream at me
and pound my chest
until the lights come on?
Angela, I can't do it alone

Once upon a love ago
I was broken, once and for all
She stormed into my home
And stole everything I owned
I can't even utter what she scrawled
in lipstick on the walls

Angela, I'm damaged goods
And damn it you're so strong

Why don't you scream at me
and pound my chest
until the lights come on?
Even when our evenings linger long into dawn
Till the lights come on
Till the stooped and folded
over marigolds we doted over
And autumn's falling feathers
blow away in a squall
Till the lights come on
Angela, I can't do it alone
Angela, I'm terrified

And damn it you're so strong
Why don't you scream at me
and pound my chest
until the lights come on?
Angela, I can't do it alone

Welcome to the Showdown

Don't hang up and don't let on it's me
Pretend it's just a friend you rarely ever get to see
I'm armed to the teeth; I'm parked right across the street
With my crosshairs leveled at the creep you came to meet

I'm in the car across the street
I saw everything you two lovebirds had to eat
So you think pretty boy there's a better man than me?

Does anyone here tango?

Warren fires two shots, one with each gun, into the air.

If half you bitches knew what you're all about to know
You'd keep your palms where I can see them
And your soles flat on the ground
While me and Princess Fabio are throwing down

Welcome to the showdown
Welcome to the showdown

Mister, put that fucking pistol down or else, I swear to God,
I'm going to mow your prissy gigolo ass down
Welcome to the showdown

I need the chef and the Maitre'd
Lock all the doors and bring me back the keys
Don't make me pull that fucking cable off the wall
Keep your quarters on the tables, we ain't making any calls

So, yea, I had a little bit too much to drink
But, hey, I had some blow to help me sober up and think
So I'm clear as a razorblade and sharp as a bell
You just sit there looking pretty while I send you back to hell

So, yea, I had a little bit too much to drink

But, hey, I had some blow to help me sober up and think
So I'm clear as a razorblade and sharp as a bell
You just sit there looking pretty while I send you back to hell

Welcome to the showdown
Welcome to the showdown

Buddy, put that fucking pistol down or else,
I swear to God,
I'm mowing both you
cheating mother fuckers down

Welcome to the showdown
Welcome to the showdown

I can't go home and I can't go back to jail
I can't go back to rehab; I can't admit I failed
See? The guns weren't even loaded;
I didn't tried to steal thing

Hey, my car's still parked across the street
I don't know where on earth I left my fucking keys
Just make sure it's locked up tight and pin my name to my lapel
Have the taxi drop me off outside The Breakers Motel

Does anyone here tango?
If half you losers knew what you're all about to know
You'd keep your palms where I can see them
And your soles flat on the ground
While me and Princess Fabio are throwing down

[illegible]

A Romeo Retires

I helped a solemnly obligated housewife
Make the most of a complicated time
While her husband was preoccupied with politics
and white collar crime

The last time she reached for my lips
Her fingertips tasted like tears
She said, "You made the most of all of your days
but wasted most of all your years"

"You try to make the most of your time
By soaking your watch in wine
Yeah, well, if it softens up and falls apart
Go press it in a calendar and call me"

She said, "Your scrapbook's full of blank empty pages
And you never really learned how to cry
Your brother died in prison
and you never had a wife or a child
It must be hard being too young to die
When you're already too old to die young
But you're just fool enough to try and undo
all you already haven't done"

"The romeo life
The romeo life
It's time to say goodbye
to the romeo life
Where do old gigolos go
when the reservoir is dry?"

The romeo life
The romeo life
Where do all the lonely women go
when a gigolo retires?
When a romeo retires?"

I've been pandered like a glorified dandy
In every arm candy penthouse in town
And I've been dragged by the collar
out of every seedy motor lodge and lounge

But I've got a closet full of thousand-dollar suits

And a garage full horse-powered toys
I've got a dresser full of leathers
and repertoire of million dollar poise

I try to make the most of my time
By soaking my watch in wine
And when it softens up and falls apart
I'll press it in a scrapbook and call you

The romeo life
The romeo life

It's time to say goodbye to the romeo life
Where do old gigolos go
when the well is running dry?

The romeo life
The romeo life
Where do all the lonely women go
when a gigolo retires?
When a romeo retires?

Can we please not talk about all my flaws for change?
And let's forget about the money and the toys
'Cause I saved every single photograph you gave me
in the bedside table drawer

I've got a closet full of thousand-dollar bullshit
And, yea, I never had a wife or a child
But I've got every single note you ever wrote me
folded neatly in a file

I read every single note you ever wrote me
when I need a little smile

Tonight a solemnly obligated trophy wife
Got the ride of her complicated life
While her husband faced the ocean
wiping years of devotion from his eyes

But when I turned to say goodbye as I was leaving
It's like they didn't even notice I was there
She was kissing tears of joy from his cheek
as he stroked her silver hair

He was kissing tears of joy from her cheek
as she knelt beside his wheelchair

The romeo life
The romeo life
It's time to say goodbye to the romeo life
Where do all the lonely women go
when a gigolo retires?

The romeo life
The romeo life
Where do old gigolos go
when they're fool enough
to try and undo all they haven't tried
but they're running out of time?

I'm running out of time

Where do old romeos go when they finally learn to cry?

Get it All Right and Still Die

We can don't like we should
or we can do like we both know we could
We can stockpile dry goods
at a hideout in the woods
and still die

We all can live long or die with our boots
and our hards-on
We can wander the yonders
and yores of beyond
and still die

Get it all right or get it all right now and still die
Do it all right or do it all right now, but why?

We can honor the lore of our sorrowful
yores and yonders
We can wash ashore handcuffed
to a Singapore whore
and still died
You can rattle my cage
or flail me in anger and rage

We can get down on our knees and pray three
times a day and still die

Why do I do how I do when I do
how I do around you?
And who the hell stole who the hell's soul off
of who the hell knows who knows who?
Why don't I do how I don't when I don't how
I do around you?
And who the hell stole who the hell's soul off
of who the hell knows who knows who?
Get it all right or get it all right now and still die
Do it all right or do it all right now, but why?

You can die nude astride my
jeweled-horned unicorn, Clyde
Or straddle my tattered up uniform
and go for a thrill ride
We can glide skyward
nude astride our wildest dreams
You can die nude astride my leathers and jeans
or just die

Get it all right or get it all right now and still die
Do it all right or do it all right now, but why?
Why do I do how I do when I do
how I do around you?
And who the hell stole who the hell's soul off of
who the hell knows who knows who?

Why don't I do how I don't when I don't how
I do around you?
And why do I do how I do when I do how
I do around who the hell knows who

Already Tomorrow

Stay awake with me
Don't fall asleep on me now
I don't want to miss a thing
I want to wring all the honeys and creams
from the steam of these
last precious hours with you
You swore there'd be no top of our lives

We'd just keep on rising higher and higher
Higher and higher
We'd never ever level off
We'd just keep on getting better

Look up at the light
Oh, I need to remember your eyes
And how the wide-eyed weight of the world
in our marrow
Faded as we waded through our straits
and our narrows
Swear to me you'll write, Angel,
Even if we both know you're lying to me
Stay awake
Stay awake with me

Cause if we fall asleep now
it's already tomorrow

I feel transparent tonight
I can make out the face
on the moon through you, too
And you tingle and glow as you
stroll through my soul
Poking little yellow holes in my shadow
so the stars shine through
You said we'd never ever level off
We'd just keep on rising higher and higher
Higher and higher
We'd never ever level off
We'd just keep on getting better

Look up at the light
Oh, I need to remember your eyes
And how the glow from the coals of
the wonder in our marrow
Showed us safely over all our
shoals and our shallows
Swear to me you'll write, Angel,
Even if we both know you're lying to me
Stay awake
Stay awake with me
Cause if we fall asleep now
it's already tomorrow

You can come back to me
You can come back to yourself here, too
We can meet at the Gypsy;
we can meet on the beach
We can meet at The Breakers or on this very
dune
You swore there'd be no top of our lives
We'd just keep on rising higher and higher
Higher and higher
In this life and beyond
We'd just keep on getting better

Look up at the light
Oh, I need to remember your eyes
And how the wide-eyed weight of the world
in our marrow
Faded as we waded through our straits
and our narrows
Swear to me you'll write, Angel,
Even if we both know you're lying to me
Stay awake
Stay awake with me
Cause if we fall asleep now
it's already tomorrow

It's Not Even Midnight (I'm Wide Awake)

So it all comes down to a will to survive?
Go find my lovers from my other eight lives
And if I die, tell them why I despised
All these hazards and elaborate contraptions she devised

I cut the signal from the tripwire to the gun
And her grip keeps slipping off the trapezes she's hung
Over the wide maze of lasers she's run
Through this web of intrepid revetments she spun

(I'm still wide awake)
(I'm still wide awake)
Why Awake?

You can board up the windows and fortify the doors
But I can always slither up through the ducts in the floor

And I know why I feel like I've been here before
And why you thought you thought of everything but I think I thought of more

She's been watching for her eyes through the skylight up above
But it's spotted with the droppings of flocks of vultures and doves
And I know why I never should've let her fall in love
As if the ski mask and the little black catsuit weren't enough
(Sarcastically tender)

She touched my lips but her fingertips tasted like tears
By the time she was already gone I was already here
It's not even midnight
I'm waiting for daylight to break
It's not even midnight
I'm wide awake

I've been storing up my ammo and oiling up my gun
For a war with a warrior no one ever could've won
If you knew why we're still too young to die
Instead of why we're already too old to die young
(Lewdly)

Watch me touch her cheek and then feed her her tears
See? She spits them off her lip with that defiant little sneer
And asks me why I was already gone by the time she was finally already here
(Arrogant and condescending)

I've been waiting for a war with a warrior no one ever could've won
If we knew why we're still too young to die and too old to die young
It's not even midnight
I'm waiting for daylight to break
It's not even midnight
I'm wide awake

(I'm still wide awake)
(I'm still wide awake)
(It's not even midnight, I'm wide awake)
Why Awake?

So it all comes down to a will to survive?
Go find her lovers from her other eight lives
And if she dies, tell them why I devised
These elaborate, miraculous contraptions she despised
She touched my lips but her fingertips tasted like tears

By the time she was already gone I was already here

It's not even midnight
I'm waiting for daylight to break
It's not even midnight
I'm wide awake
It's not even midnight
I'm already waiting for daylight to break
It's not even midnight
I'm wide awake

Low Country Taps
(Instrumental)

I Know You're In There

I see the skies torn and gray and the water growing darker
I see a veil of pine-smoke haze where your eyes used to shine
I see hosts of guardian angels
Fleeing the marshes for land

I see signs and ghostly omens I don't understand
Oh, my sighing hour flowers are drying in the lighthouse
Are there higher powers out there whispering forgiveness
in our darkest hours?

When the sky returns to water, will mortals know why gods cry
When the top of a towering ocean overtakes a wounded sky?
I love you, I'll always love you and you don't even care
Damn it you love me, tell me you love me
I know you're in there

When the earth and the sky all return to water
Will I meet you out there somewhere swimming with the gods?
I see our lost daughter
Asleep in your arms as a toddler
But she belongs to the water and swims with the gods

Oh, my sighing hour flowers are dying in the fire tower
Are there higher powers out there
whispering forgiveness in our trying hours?
When the sky returns to water, will mortals see who gods are?
From the top of the bottomless ocean to the lowest-hanging broken star?

I love you, I'll always love you and you don't even care
Tell me you love me, tell me we'll marry
I know you're in there

Were you trying to swim back home?
Were you trying to swim back home?
We should have died together,
but I know your love was always strong and true.

Labor Day Evening

On Labor Day morning the traffic uncoils
Into bike racks and brake lights and asphalt and oil
It crawls off towards autumn and by afternoon
the island is a ghost town
You can almost still hear the hearts break
on these farewell party lawns
Where the summer help starlets
led their leading me on
You can almost feel the sand caked to their feet
as they made sweet drunken love
You can almost smell the cigarette butts
still standing up on end
In all these bong water broken bottle
farewell party dens
And the overflowing ashtrays
stuck where fishbowl margaritas spilled and dried

No one believed her
when she swore she was leaving
But it's Labor Day evening and she's gone
It's Labor Day evening
It's Labor Day evening
It's Labor Day evening
She's gone

She swore she was leaving on Labor Day evening
Once the narcs and the tourists
all give up and go home
Once she locked all the doors
and got the bartenders stoned one last time
No one believed her
when she swore she was leaving

On Labor Day evening, she said, "Just wait and see"
As she loaded up the Rodeo
with photos of the man I used to be

No one believed her
when she swore she was leaving
But it's Labor Day evening and she's gone
No one believed her
when she swore she was leaving
But it's Labor Day evening and she's gone
It's Labor Day evening
It's Labor Day evening
It's Labor Day evening
She's gone

In the eddy where wind swirls past
the hamburger stand
There's ticket for a thrill ride
in a whirlwind filled with sand
It's been a thousand miles in circles
but the wind won't let it leave or let it land

There's a Baptist pamphlet pinned against
the sea wall by the wind
And there's an empty plastic Camel wrapper
trapped against a fence
It's been flapping like that ever since
the first night that the girls got back in town

There's one last set of tail lights
on the causeway back towards land
That's another ten good years
that I let drip right through my hands
I guess we all believe her
as she dwindles off and flickers out of sight

Tell Warren Self and Justin Payne
It's time to haul the dreaded drop cloths out again
And there's plywood on the way

Ya'll help yourselves to one last beer
I left the code for the alarm inside the safe
I only use it twice a year

These flashing yellow caution lights
might keep our memories safe at night
But they'll never slow the ghosts of winter down
So let's raise a glass to Labor Day
and everyone who moved away

Hit the code, Warren
We've got to close the Gypsy down

It's Labor Day evening
It's Labor Day evening
It's Labor Day evening
She's gone

A Little Me Time (Taking the Back Roads Home)

I got a little free time
And it's been too damn long
Since I traveled Farewell Corners Road
at night all alone
They said a little me time
Is just what I need
But the only me I'll ever be is the me in you and me

And now I'm free
But I don't want to be
I'm free
It wasn't up to me
It wasn't up to me
No one bothered asking me and, no, I'm not ok

I've got a little free time
Since you've been gone
After standing so strong for you all summer long
I guess a little me time
Can't be so wrong
So I'm taking my life back
I'm taking the backroads home

I wrote it on a brick wall
That was half fallen down
And I sprayed it on the gates on every graveyard in town
I scratched on a tombstone
One simple line:

"Come and find me once you've found yourself and made up your mind."

I'm still wearing out paradise
Still ducking in and out of the floodlights
Still dodging all the comets in the heavens at night
Still neck-and-neck with time
So when the nights are clear I come driving out here
To go veering in and out of armadillo and deer
And I'm peering through the rearview mirror like in my past I might see my tomorrow

I've got a little free time
Since you've been gone
After standing so strong for you all summer long
I guess a little me time
Can't be so wrong
So I'm taking my life back

I'm taking the backroads home

From here I see a palm tree
And a new crescent moon
And the sky's a velvet blanket dyed pure indigo blue
You should've said you loved me
But I assumed we both knew
When I counted specks of glitter as
I stared up at the sky through you

I'm still in love with you
(I'm still wearing out paradise)
(Still ducking in and out of the floodlights)
But I don't want to be
(Still dodging all the comets in the heavens at night)
(Still neck-and-neck with time)
I'm still in love with you
(So when the nights are clear I come driving out here)
(To go veering in and out of armadillo and deer)
It wasn't up to me
It wasn't up to me
(And I'm peering through the rearview mirror like in my past I might see my tomorrow)
No one bothered asking me but I might be ok

I've got a little free time
Since you've been gone
After standing so strong for you all summer long

I guess a little me time
Can't be so wrong
So I'm taking my life back
I'm taking the backroads home

Every year crumbles
But new years arise
As the mercy of time dries the pain from our eyes

Every life crumbles
But new lives arise

I only just now realized I've pulled into our old drive.

Curtain Call: Rise and Shine

I got a fresh roll of quarters for the jukebox
Here, put on something smoky and slow
And if you pour the wine I'll go turn off the sign and load a bowl for the long stroll home
Were you kissed on the lips by the fishnet mist of a gossamer tropical moon shower?
There's a prayerful power in the after hours

In the whispering forgiveness of the after hours
Calling all young lovers
Lift your eyes up to the light
If you want to rise and shine hold your hands up high
Come on, rise and shine

I believe in our ancestors' wisdom
I believe in all their foolishness, too
I'm gonna live how the good lord intended me to live
If you don't like it then to hell with you
Were you kissed on the lips by the fishnet mist of a gossamer tropical moon shower?
There's a prayerful power in the after hours
In the whispering forgiveness of the after hours

Calling all young lovers
Turn your face up to the light
If you want to rise and shine hold your hands up to the sky
Come on, rise and shine
Were you kissed on the lips by the fishnet mist of a gossamer tropical moon shower?
There's thunder over land and moonlight on the sand
In the gentle give and take between the wee hours and man

Calling all young lovers
Lift your eyes up to the light
If you want to rise and shine hold your hands up to the sky
Come on, rise and shine

It's always summer somewhere
It's only a matter of time

Till time won't matter for a while, so let me see you smile

Come on, rise and shine
Rise and shine

BONUS SONGS

Bootleg Snacks- Volume Zero (Sticks Okay?) (1994) (UNOFFICIAL)



The Floating Man

I have a dirty white t-shirt I wear everyday
With gray baggy trousers; I seldom remember to shave
Take gin in my java and lie while I'm writing my play
Three packs of camels and ten sticks of Wrigley's a day

I have a stable of pale ladies always in black
I know a nobody poet with a monkey on his back
I know an Alien soldier who claims he writes songs
He haunts all the underground nightclubs and goes home alone

I am the only floating man walking on a sea
I am the only ghostly floating man
Whoo hoo!

I have a bathtub on paws and I sleep in my clothes
I have a B.A. from Yale and a hair on my soul
I go out walking at midnight for hours alone
I'll dry my shoes on the radiator when I come home

I am the only floating man walking on a sea

I am the only ghostly floating man

I am the only floating man walking on a sea
I am the only ghostly floating man

I am the only floating man walking on a sea
I am the only ghostly floating man
I am the only floating man walking on a sea
I am the only ghostly floating man
Whoo hoo!

Bootleg Snacks- Volume One (Live and Spicy Snacks) (1994)



Throwing My Watch Away

Hanging around in the stomping grounds wasting time
I've got a seed-burned couch that folds out down at a friend-of-mine's
I'll be here until I run out of beer or get thrown out
I'll take the back roads home through Rome if I still have a bank account

Driving around while the coffee opens up my eyes
A little warm May morning sun and the undead arise
I stopped by to see the Spider Web but it was in bad shape
I took the first nap of the day on the hood by the fire escape

It's been a little hard on me but now I'm starting to come alive
I'll be back on the prowl but for now I'm satisfied

Tomorrow
Or hell, maybe some other day

Over the weekend?
I'm throwing my watch away

It's been a long time since
I kissed the girls and made them cry
It took me 3 long years in hell before I finally realized
I came home and her joined at the bone with her girlfriend
And then I came to tangled in kudzu and clutching a pint of gin

It's been a little hard on me but now I'm starting to come around
I'll be back on the prowl but for now I'm taking it lying down

It's been a little hard on me but now I'm starting to come around
I'll be back on the prowl but for now I'm keeping my head down

Deep Into the Night

Somewhere behind her tangles
Her eyes are smoky brown
The siren of those subterranean clubs downtown
Pure evil- each night I walk her home

They say she has her secrets
Everything she owns is black
They say any man who leaves with her might not come back
I'll take my chances whenever we're alone

She lives above a warehouse
Her loft is dark and cold
She padlocks the door and while she's changing her clothes
I often wonder if I ought to change my mind

But she always offers whiskey
To smooth the edge off the night
Lights the incense and draws all the blinds
And whispers what she wants from me tonight

Tall shadows bloom in her room by candlelight
High ceiling loom and play tricks on the eyes
Then she sighs,

"Bad boy, I'm crazy for you
Come feel the fire in my eyes
I'll take you down deep into the night"

I know I should be sleeping
I should be in my bed alone
But she's my darkest sin when she coos "Bad boy, come on,
It's getting late, it's time to walk me home"

I'm failing all my classes
I sleep till late afternoon
I'm losing weight, I'm going to be flat broke soon
But I can't help it, I'll be back again tonight

The Floating Dream

Lukewarm Coca-Cola and a smoke to choke the fur off of my morning frown
The skull inside the mirror sighs and whispers,
"Don't you wonder where she is right now?"
It's so damn cold outside
The smoke frays in the sun rays through the blinds
Half a slice of dry toast and splash of cold cologne before I head downtown
It's been too damn long since I've seen the neon in our famous ancient hunting grounds

And, you know, sometimes I dream
A slow mournful dream
That someday I'll float away up over all the trees
I wake up and I realize things are what they seem

Hot Joe and a sweet roll and a number, honey, if you like what you see
But then again I might not be the man I used to be before she crucified me
It's so damn cold outside
Sun rays spray through the diner sign
I'd like to think she thinks of me each time she sees the sun rise or the snow fall
But here the snow turns brown before it hits the ground; it lays around and never thaws

Sometimes I dream
A slow mournful dream
That someday I'll just float away and whistle far and wee
I wake up and I realize things are what they seem to be

Losing My Way

Forgive all those slow motion nights
When we lived all those "higher the highs..."
When we were walking through walls and floating through windows
We fell off the top of our lives

But it's ok
We seized the day, the night, the morning
And when we strayed I'll take the blame
For losing my way

I stared too deep into your eyes
We made love too deep into the night
When it was never enough we started to crumble
Too young, way too hungry and wild

I dream we're still lighter than wind
And we rise above all of our sins
And with the innocence found, I'd do it all over
I've made peace with the boy I was then

Bootleg Snacks- Volume Two (1995)



Butter in the Sun

She's a bone white flaming haired Goth of a girl
Who breaks out into freckles in the sun
And the earth underneath her bed quakes when she comes
And she melts like butter when she's done

She clings with her knees as she pleads for my tongue
But she can't bear the sight of the sun
She claims there's places out west where they still live by the gun
And she screams like a lynx when she comes

She melts like butter in the Florida sun
And in between my fingers she runs

Begging "Please take me with you, we could live by the gun,
Just don't leave me alone here to melt like butter in the sun"

She's the last soul I know who still goes for cocaine
Who still flies until sunrise and crashes all day
With no visible signs of remorse or decay
She must know I'm too old to keep going this way

I was born in the morning in a room filled with light
And despite all the things I've done wrong
I'm at home in the sun, I come alive in the light
When she rises tonight I'll be gone
When she comes to tonight I'll be long gone

And she melts like butter in the Florida sun
And in between my fingers she runs
No, I can't take her with me, I can't live by the gun
So I'll leave her alone here to melt like butter in the sun
And I'll be haunted from now on by the cries of a lynx when I come
Somewhere far away
In the darkest hours
I'll hear her calling my name
And I'll know
I'll know

The Pain is Over

I don't care if I die tonight, the streets are warmer
Than anything I've felt inside these four walls for years
So we were friends, I'm still a man, I need some fire
And you don't seem to understand the curse of time

I'm walking out that door tonight
The pain is over
I'm gonna try to set the world on fire
While I'm young enough to care
The pain is over

I'm trying to recall a time when I felt desired
But I can't seem to bring to mind the last time you burned
I don't even try anymore, I'm tired of pleading
And I've done everything I know but you never thaw

I'm starting to believe it now, I'm nobody's hero
You can blame it on yourself somehow but words don't prove a thing

I'm so afraid that any day I'll lose the hunger
Then I'll just fade away and die a broken man

It's Over

She pours another warm gin
Stares at the curtains that breathe in the wind
I don't know if she's crying
We never speak of our private sins
I'm too weak to go through it all again
We just stand here in silence

Somewhere a church bell rings
A hound is howling
Somewhere a young man sings his bride to sleep

I know
You know
Just so we both know it's over
I'm so tired
I can't even cry
Just say good-bye now it's over

She blows her hair from her face with a sigh
Turns to speak then just closes her eyes
Guess I already knew
I leaned in her doorway for at least an hour
Watched the smoke from her cigarette flower
Took one last look around her room

A Storm at Sunrise

The phone's still warm
And the cab is gone
The sound of the front door lingers on
A man can only be so strong so long

Ashes smolder
The beer still foams
The room still smells like her sweet cologne

A storm at sunrise
A jet black dawn
A troubled night

In the morning she's gone
A man can only be so strong so long

There's snow at the window
And the rafters groan
The wind is a rising unearthly moan

The Rude Hitchhiker

Sir your old sedan smells like you park it in the sun
And furthermore the handle on this window's come undone
The rattle of the wrappers in the floor could drive me mad
The clatter of the bottles in the back is just as bad
You're the worst chauffeur that I ever had

Old man, is this your gas can?
Hey, there ain't no ashtray anywhere
Is this your wife? Looks more like Halloween to me
Change the station
Change the station

Sir, could we stop here, these bugs on my side have to go
Loan me all your change, I need a cola for the road
I would buy my own but I'm a very wealthy man
And it's not wise for me to have that kind of cash on hand
But trash like you just don't understand that

Loan me a twenty
I'll pay you on Monday
I swear it's true
Think of all you'd stand to lose if my last name were "Hughes"

Sir, my home is only forty miles out of your way
And if you'd use the gas I bet we'd make it in a day
The air conditioners broken and this window won't roll down
Between the heat and your cologne I very well may drown
So get me back to my home town right now

The Wilson's Jamboree

Listen to them spit and holler, waller, hiss, and moan
Under window, under moon, the Wilsons carry on
Little Wilson fiddles, little Wilson tambourines
Underneath my clothesline rolls the Wilson's jamboree

Why weren't we invited to the Wilson's jamboree?
We reel and do-si-do, we can curtsey, yowl, and swing

I bet they're wearing bow ties and
I bet they're all tomcat drunk
I bet the she cats wonder where the hell their toms have gone
While under window, under moon the Wilsons carry on

Calendar

Calendar
Scratched in pencil on the wall
Masha danke
Snakes and soldiers wait for dawn
Calendar
Dug with fingers in the sand
Very thank you
I have nothing to declare

Calendar
Smudged in ink on sweaty palm
Masha danke
Whores and donkeys wait for bombs
Calendar
Etched in salsa on the air
Please no thank you
I have nothing to declare
Nothing to declare

Calendar
Penned in blue on bluer sea
Masha danke
Is there nothing duty free?
Calendar
Je n'ai rien d'amais
Rien a dire
I have nothing to declare
Nothing to declare

The Town That Left Itself

The town left town now the hound won't sound no the hound won't sound with his nose to
the ground today
The lantern won't shine in the yarn-spinner's eyes and the moon won't cast mad shadows

over grave and lake.

The door won't squeak and the loom won't whine (let the moss weep)
The floor won't creak and the coon won't climb (let the vine creep)
No, the town left town took their young'uns and their hounds away (let the age sleep, it's
late)

The house won't shake when the newlyweds wake and their mouthwash won't wash their
washtub mouths away
The cake won't fall and the fall won't stay pressed in a child's King James while the child's
at play

The trash won't move and the frog won't choke on a cantaloupe a gully washer's just a
gully washing away
There won't be a sound in the fields 'round town but the wind through the cotton as it rots
and it withers on the clay

A Rose for Emily

Air all the rooms, open the blinds
Dust off the death, scatter the time
He loves to sleep on the porch till the rain blows on him

Change all the sheets, make all the beds
Wake up the bride, wake up the dead
She loves to sleep in his arms till the dew falls on her

Somebody call the preacher
Somebody call the justice
Somebody call somebody and tell them the truth

Old wool fades, old windows run
Old wood dries and smells like a church
Old frames lie on the desk till the faces yellow

The bed's still warm and it's pressed in her form
And her pillow still smells like a man's cologne
And a vague, gray shame is creeping behind me
Yes, a vague, gray shame is creeping behind me (call the preacher)
A vague, gray shame is creeping behind me (call the justice) (call somebody)
Call me home

The Baptism of Anthony

A thin musk of toil veils the robes of the choir

And my how the old women weep
They fan off the heat and they fan off the flies
I pray that my daughters can sleep

The heat hangs on me like a ball and chain
It's harder to breathe every day
The preacher shouts "God has a plan for us all
And works in mysterious ways!"

Rain on me
Rain on me
No way
On me no way

On me no way
I'm not Job

Anthony Stone was a thief and a liar
And I feel my back getting weak
But last Sunday morning he walked down the aisle
I pray that my daughters can sleep

Anthony's last drink was still on his breath
When the old preacher led him down in
Ashes to ashes and born to be wild
His life washed away with his sins

Bootleg Snack- Volume Three (Ingredients for Pie) (2000)



Smokin' In the Grocery Line

Having a damn good time

Smoking in the grocery line
You call the police and I'll pay the fine
For smoking in the grocery line

Smoking in the grocery line
Smoking in the grocery line
Having a damn good time
Smoking in the grocery line

My tattoos wiggle when I cough
Shopping with my shirt off
Lookie here at all the beanie weenie I bought
Shopping with my shirt off

My nasty little young'uns are wild
They're screaming all up and down the aisles
You can see lime Kool-Aid on their teeth when they smile
My nasty little young'uns are wild