

The Fourth



Whole Porchstock Songbook

2011 Porchstock Songbook

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A Little Help From My Friends - Joe Cocker

(with apologies to John & Paul, I'm sure)

What would you do if I sang out of tune
would you stand up and walk out on me?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
I will try not to sing on a Kia

[by with a little help from my friends]
O baby hoggify
[high with a little help from my friends]
All I need is my butt and I
[try with a little help from my friends]
Oooh, hey hen, let's say I want a tidal wave
Do I go naked before my friends?

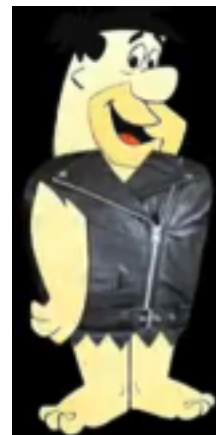
[Do you need anybody?]
I did some Wonder loaf
[Could it be anybody?]
What about in this turbine?
Whoa, I left the river out and I don't know why
Anybody left?
Any la la?
Oh, liver!

[by with a little help from my friends]
Don't you know I got a leg?
[high with a little help from my friends]
I gotta gotta La-Z-Boy I'm afraid
[try with a little help from my friends]
Probiotics changed the way I feel now
Oh, I'll take this almond love

[Do you need anybody?]
Ow.
Lord, I know you're a guy
[Could it be anybody?]
Put on this turban
Oh, if you rip it out, I'll know why
Heard about a sled in New Orleans?
I'm lovin' it

[by with a little help from my friends]
Somebody's dad
[high with a little help from my friends]
Somebody's dad is wavin' right there
[try with a little help from my friends]
I gotta get my Fred
I gotta get my Fred and Wilma

Don't you know I stand there for your ride?
I'm tellin' Ellen kiss Anne no more
[by with a little help from my friends]
Go and get a loaf of my bread
[high with a little help from my friends]
I got somebody's Savior on the way
[try with a little help from my friends]
Everybody got to love LA now
Oh hey hen, I'm gonna pat all eggs
Got a letter from my Fred
Got a leather for my Fred



Act Naturally - Buck Owens

They're gonna put me in the movies
They're gonna make a big star out of me
We'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely
And all I have to do is act naturally

[CHORUS]

Well, I bet you I'm gonna be a big star
Might win an Oscar you can never tell
The movie's gonna make me a big star,
'Cause I can play the part so well

Well, I hope you come and see me in the movie
Then I'll know that you will plainly see
The biggest fool that ever hit the big time
And all I have to do is act naturally

We'll make a film about a man that's sad and lonely
Begging down upon his bended knee
I'll play the part but I won't need rehearsing
All I have to do is act naturally

[CHORUS]

America Fuck Yeah - Trey Parker

America, America.....

America, fuck yeah!
Comin' again to save the motherfuckin' day, yeah,
America, fuck yeah!
Freedom is the only way, yeah,

Terrorist, your game is through,
' 'cause now you have to answer to,
America, fuck yeah!
So lick my butt and suck on my balls,
America, fuck yeah!
Whatcha' gonna do when we come for you now?

It's the dream that we all share,
It's the hope for tomarrow, Fuck yea!

McDonalds, fuck yeah!
Wal-Mart, fuck yeah!
The Gap, fuck yeah!
Baseball, fuck yeah!
NFL, fuck yeah!
Rock'n' Roll, fuck yeah!
The Internet, fuck yeah!
Slavery, fuck yeah!

Fuck yeah!

Starbucks, fuck yeah!
Disney World, fuck yeah!
Porno, fuck yeah!
Valium, fuck yeah!
Reeboks, fuck yeah!
Fake Tits, fuck yeah!
Sushi, fuck yeah!
Taco Bell, fuck yeah!
Rodeos, fuck yeah!
Bed Bath & Beyond...(fuck yeah)

Liberty, fuck yeah!
Wax Lips, fuck yeah!
The Alamo, fuck yeah!
Band-Aids, fuck yeah!
Las Vegas, fuck yeah!
Christmas, fuck yeah!
Immigrants, fuck yeah!
Popeye, fuck yeah!
Democrats, fuck yeah!
Republicans...
Sportsmanship...
Books!

At The Bottom Of Everything - Bright Eyes

So there was this woman and she was on an airplane, and she was flying to meet her fiancé seaming high above the largest ocean on planet earth. She was seated next to this man she had tried to start conversations, but the only thing she had really heard him say was to order his Bloody Mary. She was sitting there and she was reading this really arduous magazine article about a third world country that she couldn't even pronounce the name of. And she was feeling very bored and despondent. And then suddenly there was this huge mechanical failure and one of the engines gave out, and they started just falling thirty-thousand feet, and the pilots on the microphone and he's saying "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh my god... I'm sorry" and apologizing. And she looks at the man and says "Where are we going?" and he looks at her and he says "We're going to a party. It's a birthday party. It's your birthday party. Happy birthday darling. We love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very much." And then he starts humming this little tune, it kind of goes like this: 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

We must talk in every telephone
Get eaten off the web
We must rip out all the epilogues in the books that we have read
And in the face of every criminal
Strapped firmly to a chair
We must stare, we must stare, we must stare

We must take all of the medicines too expensive now to sell
Set fire to the preacher who is promising us hell
And in the ear of every anarchist that sleeps but doesn't dream
We must sing, we must sing, we must sing

It'll go like this:

While my mother waters plants
My father loads his guns
He says death will give us back to God
Just like this setting sun is returned to this lonesome ocean

And then they splashed into the deep blue sea
It was a wonderful splash

We must blend into the choir
Sing as static with the whole
We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a soul
And in this endless race for property and privilege to be won
We must run, we must run, we must run

We must hang up in the belfry
Where the bats and moonlight laugh
We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past
And in the caverns of tomorrow
With just our flashlights and our love
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

And then we'll get down there, way down to the very bottom of everything
And then we'll see it, oh we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it

Oh my morning's coming back
The whole world's waking up
All the city buses swimming past
I'm happy just because
I found out I am really no one

Beautiful World - Devo

It's a beautiful world we live in,
A sweet romantic place,
Beautiful people everywhere,
The way they show they care
Makes me want to say,

(Chorus)

It's a beautiful world (x3)
For you (x3)

It's a wonderful time to be here,
It's nice to be alive,
Wonderful people everywhere,
The way they comb their hair
Makes me want to say,

It's a wonderful place (x3)
For you (x3)

Tell me what'd I say?
Hey, tell me what I say,
Boy 'n' girl with the new clothes on,
You can shake it to me all night long,
Hey, Hey!

It's a beautiful world we live in,
A sweet romantic place,
Beautiful people everywhere,
The way they show they care
Makes me want to say,

It's a beautiful world
For you.

(Chorus)

It's not for me!

(Repeat Chorus)

Box of Rain - Grateful Dead
Words by Robert Hunter; music by
Phil Lesh

Look out of any window
any morning, any evening, any day
Maybe the sun is shining
birds are winging or
rain is falling from a heavy sky -
What do you want me to do,
to do for you to see you through?
this is all a dream we dreamed
one afternoon long ago

Walk out of any doorway
feel your way, feel your way
like the day before
Maybe you'll find direction
around some corner
where it's been waiting to meet you -
What do you want me to do,
to watch for you while you're
sleeping?
Well please don't be surprised
when you find me dreaming too

Look into any eyes
you find by you, you can see
clear through to another day
I know it's been seen before
through other eyes on other days
while going home --
What do you want me to do,
to do for you to see you through?
It's all a dream we dreamed
one afternoon long ago

Walk into splintered sunlight
Inch your way through dead dreams
to another land
Maybe you're tired and broken
Your tongue is twisted
with words half spoken
and thoughts unclear
What do you want me to do
to do for you to see you through
A a box of rain will ease the pain
and love will see you through

Just a box of rain -
wind and water -
Believe it if you need it,
if you don't just pass it on
Sun and shower -
Wind and rain -
in and out the window
like a moth before a flame

It's just a box of rain
I don't know who put it there
Believe it if you need it
or leave it if you dare
But it's just a box of rain
or a ribbon for your hair
Such a long long time to be gone
and a short time to be there

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* Key: G

* Time signature: 4/4 (with an
occasional 2/4 measure)

* Chords used: A, Bm7/A, Asus4, D,
Am, Em, C, G, Bm

<http://arts.ucsc.edu/Gdead/AGDL/box.html>

Brokedown Palace - Grateful Dead

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

Fare you well my honey
Fare you well my only true one
All the birds that were singing
Have flown except you alone

Goin to leave this Broke-down Palace
On my hands and my knees I will roll roll roll
Make myself a bed by the waterside
In my time - in my time - I will roll roll roll

In a bed, in a bed
by the waterside I will lay my head
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
to rock my soul

River gonna take me
Sing me sweet and sleepy
Sing me sweet and sleepy
all the way back back home
It's a far gone lullaby
sung many years ago
Mama, Mama, many worlds I've come
since I first left home

Goin home, goin home
by the waterside I will rest my bones
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
to rock my soul

Goin to plant a weeping willow
On the banks green edge it will grow grow grow
Sing a lullaby beside the water
Lovers come and go - the river roll roll roll

Fare you well, fare you well
I love you more than words can tell
Listen to the river sing sweet songs
to rock my soul

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Key: F
Time signature: Cut time
Chords used: G, Am, B-flat, F, Dm, A

<http://arts.ucsc.edu/GDEAD/AGDL/brok.html>

Broken Parakeet Blues - Ike Reilly

East of the village and west of the trees
Up on the high ground where the soldiers would stand
Cooling themselves in the sulfurous breeze
Seemed like something to lose

The houses were filled with flattering hosts
In tight shirts and compliments for soldiers and ghosts
Up on the high ground blowing their loads
For the cowgirls left back home

How can you say there's nothing to lose
Singing your broken parakeet blues
On the side of the highway lighting the fuse
Black like the crows from the cattlecar fumes

Yeah, up on the highway near 29 Palms
I saw busloads of soldiers rolling along
And people like crows on the side of the road
Waving goodbye to lovers and sons

The soldiers were boys, there were brown ones and fat ones
White ones and cool ones and camouflaged black ones
Sweet ones and cruel ones but I didn't see
Anybody I thought had money like me

Some were sleeping, some dreaming, some quietly weeping
Out of 29 Palms the buses kept creeping
Right through the desert and out to the shore
29 Palms won't see 'em no more

How can you say there's nothing to lose
Singing your broken parakeet blues
On the side of the highway lighting the fuse
Black like the crows from the cattlecar fumes

How can you just wave farewell to them
Knowing what you know and where you have been
On the side of the highway lighting the fuse
Singing your broken parakeet blues
How can you say there's nothing to lose

East of the village and west of the trees
Up on the high ground where the soldiers would stand
Cooling themselves in the sulfurous breeze
We all crowed those parakeet blues

Calvary Cross - Richard Thompson

I was under the Calvary Cross
The pale-faced lady she said to me
I've watched you with my one green eye
And I'll hurt you 'till you need me
You scuff your heels and you spit on your shoes
You do nothing with reason
One day you catch a train
Never leaves the station

Everything you do
Everything you do
You do for me

Now you can make believe on your tin whistle
And you can be my broom-boy
Scrub me 'till I shine in the dark
I'll be your light 'till doomsday
Oh it's a black cat cross your path
And why don't you follow
My claw's in you and my light's in you
This is your first day of sorrow

Everything you do
Everything you do
You do for me

Cinnamon Girl - Neil Young

I wanna live with a cinnamon girl
I could be happy the rest of my life
With a cinnamon girl

/ D - Am7 - / C - G - / FG D Am7 - /

A dreamer of pictures, I run in the night
You see us together, chasing the moonlight
My cinnamon girl

Ten silver saxes, a bass with a bow
The drummer relaxes and waits between shows
For his cinnamon girl

A dreamer of pictures...

Pa sent me money, now I'm gonna make it somehow
I need another chance
You see your baby loves to dance, yeah, yeah, yeah

/ C - - - / - - Gm7 - / - - Am7 - - - /

Civil Disobedience - Jonathan Segel

(also performed by Camper Van Beethoven)

When they come to your home
You know they'll never leave you alone
You know your on their list
I guess you weren't the one they missed

Have you been doing something wrong?
Well I guess you've known that all along
So when they come to take you away
Are you gonna go with them on that day?

CHORUS:

Will you know what to do?
Will you know what to do?
Will you do it?
Will you do what you know how to do?

When they come into your house
Are you gonna hide like a, like a little mouse
You know you're in their file
But I guess you've known that for a while

There's no room for folks like you
What can you say, what can you do?
So when they come to take you away
Are you gonna go with them on that day?

REPEAT CHORUS x2

Complicated Life - Ray Davies

Intro: D A A7 D G D x2

Well I ^Awoke this morning, with a pain in my neck,
^DA pain my heart, and a pain my chest,
^AI went to the good doctor and the good doctor said,
^DYou gotta slow down your life or you're gonna be dead,
^GCut out the struggle and strife,
^{A7}It only complicates your life, ^D

Well I ^Acut down women I cut out booze,
^DI stopped ironing my shirts, cleaning my shoes,
^AI stopped going to work, reading the news,
^DI'm sitting twiddling my thumbs cos I got nothing to do,
^GMinimal exercise ^D
To help uncomplicate my life,
(n.c)
Gotta stand and face it, life is so complicated,

Chorus

^DLadi dah di dah dah, ^ALadi dah di dah dah,
^{A7}Got to get away from the complicated life son, ^D ^G ^D
^DLife is overated, life is complicated ^A
^{A7}Must alleviate this life complicated life ^D ^G ^D

(Instrumental Break- repeat the first verse, and sing the last two lines)

^ALike old Mother Hubbard I got nothin' in the cupboard,
^DGot no dinner and I got no supper,
^AHoles my shoes I got holes my socks,
^DI can't go to work cos I can't get a job,
^GThe bills are rising sky high, ^D
^{A7}It's such a complicated life, ^D
(n.c)
Gotta stand and face it, Life is so complicated

Repeat chorus x2

Tag Ending

^{A7}Got to get away from the complicated life son, ^D ^G ^D
^{A7}Got to get away from the complicated life son, ^D ^G ^D

From the Album- Muswell Hillbillies
Written by: Ray Davies
Published by: Davray Music Ltd.

Costco Socks - The Hickmen



I pulled my big-ass SUV Into the Costco lot
Into the Costco lot
Into the Costco lot
I filled that motherfucker up with
All the crap that Costco's got
And drove off wearing Costco socks

I used to buy my ham from the butcher man
But one day I up and stopped.
All the merchants on the block
They knew the day those footsteps stopped
And now the big box at the edge of town
Is where my feet do walk
and every step they take's in Costco socks

CHORUS:

No Mom and pop
No Union Shop
I don't need that shit no more
I saved a dollar thirty seven and the pizza's hot
One world, one store!
Now God, he said to Abraham
I'll give you all I got,
The hot and parched sand
This sun blasted rock
And old Abe he was a prophet
There's no way he could have thought
That all of this would lead to Costco Socks

Yeah, the poor get fucked and the rich just love
To show off all they got
Their dumbshit president
Their gold-plated golf carts
From the boardrooms to the country clubs
I don't know but I hear talk
All the rich are wearing Costco socks

REPEAT CHORUS

I can feel my time coming
In the ground my bones will rot
In my Costco burial plot
In the Costco parking lot
And as my loved ones close the lid upon my Costco box
I'll spend eternity in Costco Socks

REPEAT CHORUS

Cowboys From Hollywood -
Camper Van Beethoven

Aren't
y'all
cowboys
from
Hollywood?

Dead Flowers - Rolling Stones

Well, when youre sitting there
In your silk upholstered chair
Talking to some rich folks that you know
Well I hope you wont see me
In my ragged company
You know I could never be alone

Take me down little susie, take me down
I know you think youre the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I wont forget to put roses on your grave

Well, when youre sitting back
In your rose pink cadillac
Making bets on kentucky derby day
Ill be in my basement room
With a needle and a spoon
And another girl to take my pain away

Take me down little susie, take me down
I know you think youre the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I wont forget to put roses on your grave

Take me down little susie, take me down
I know you think youre the queen of the underground
And you can send me dead flowers every morning
Send me dead flowers by the us mail
Say it with dead flowers at my wedding
And I wont forget to put roses on your grave
No I wont forget to put roses on your grave

Death Of A Clown - The Kinks

C G F C G G7

C G G7
My makeup is dry and it cracks on my chin
F C G
I'm drowning my sorrows in whiskey and gin
C G G7
The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore
F C G
The lions they won't bite and the tigers won't roar
F Dm Bb Eb
La la la La la la La la la La
Dm C G
So let's all drink to the death of a clown
C G G7
Won't someone help me to break up this crown
F C G
Let's all drink to the death of a clown

La la la la la la la la la la

Let's all drink to the death of a clown
The old fortune teller lies dead on the floor
Nobody needs fortunes told anymore
The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees
And frantically looking for runaway fleas

La la la la la la la la la la

Let's all drink to the death of a clown
So won't someone help me to breakup this crown
Let's all drink to the death of a clown
La la la la la la la la la la
Let's all drink to the death of a clown

C G G7
La la la la la la la la la la

F C G
La la la la la la la la la la

Written by: Ray Davies/Dave Davies
Published by: Noma Music, Inc./Hi-Count Music, Inc. BMI

Dear Doctor - The Rolling Stones

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Oh help me, please doctor, I'm damaged
There's a pain where there once was a heart
It's sleepin, it's a beatin'
Can't ya please tear it out, and preserve it
Right there in that jar?

Oh help me, please mama, I'm sick'ning
It's today that's the day of the plunge
Oh the gal I'm to marry
Is a bow-legged sow
I've been soakin' up drink like a sponge

"Don't ya worry, get dressed," cried my mother
As she plied me with bourbon so sour
Pull your socks up, put your suit on
Comb your long hair down,
For you will be wed in the hour

So help me, please doctor, I'm damaged
There's a pain where there once was a heart
I'm sleepin, it's a beatin'
Can't ya please take it out, and preserve it
Right there in that jar?

Oh help me, please doctor, I'm damaged
There's a pain where there once was a heart
It's sleepin, it's a beatin'
Can't ya please tear it out, and preserve it
Right there in that jar?

I was tremblin', as I put on my jacket
It had creases as sharp as a knife
I put the ring in my pocket
But there was a note
And my heart it jumped into my mouth

It read, "Darlin', I'm sorry to hurt you.
But I have no courage to speak to your face.
But I'm down in Virginia with your cousin Lou
There be no wedding today."

So help me, please doctor, I'm damaged
You can put back my heart in its hole
Oh mama, I'm cryin'
Tears of relief
And my pulse is now under control

Delta Dawn - written by Larry Collins & Alex Harvey, performed by Tanya Tucker, Helen Reddy

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by
And did I hear you say he was a-meeting you here today
To take you to his mansion in the sky

She's forty-one and her daddy still calls her "baby"
All the folks around Brownsville say she's crazy
'Cause she walks around town with a suitcase in her hand
Looking for a mysterious dark-haired man

In her younger days they called her Delta Dawn
Prettiest woman you ever laid eyes on
Then a man of low degree stood by her side
And promised her he'd take her for his bride

Delta Dawn, what's that flower you have on
Could it be a faded rose from days gone by
And did I hear you say he was a-meeting you here today
To take you to his mansion in the sky

Dixie Chicken - Little Feat

I've seen the bright lights of Memphis
And the Commodore Hotel
And underneath a street lamp
I met a Southern belle

/ G - / - D / - - / - G /

Well, she took me to the river
Where she cast a spell
And in that Southern moonlight
She sang this song so well

/ C G / - D / - - / - G /

{Refrain}
If you'll be my Dixie chicken
I'll be your Tennessee lamb
And we can walk together
Down in Dixieland
Down in Dixieland, whoa whoa whao

/ G - / - D / - - / GF G / GF G /

Yeah well, we made all the hot spots
My money flowed like wine
And then that low-down Southern whiskey
Began to fog my mind

And I don't remember church bells
Or the money I put down
On the white picket-fence and boardwalk
Of the house at the edge of town

Oh, but boy do I remember
The strain of her refrain
And the nights we spent together
And the way she called my name

{Refrain}

Yeah, well it's been a year since she ran away
Guess that guitar player sure could play
She always liked to sing along
She's always handy with a song

Then one night in the lobby
Of the Commodore Hotel
I chanced to meet a bartender
Who said he knew her well

And as he handed me a drink
He began to hum a song
And all the boys there at the bar
Began to sing along

{Refrain}

Don't Whisper - Death Of Me

The end of all is crashing
I'm buried beneath this load
Beneath this load
I wanna buy a gun and shoot the neighbor
Trouble is, no one's home

If I could catch my breath, I'd breathe
If I had traveling clothes, I'd leave
Man, I'd leave
I need that shrink, pull the plug
Maybe someday, he will come

Please don't whisper
Or else I'll just die
Scream until the windows crack
And I'll love you again

I set my sights too high
I stumbled and I fell, asking why
Running in my sleep, my eyes won't blink
Turn the last few corners, wave goodbye

I take a bus back home
I sit in County Jail by the phone
"Think the call's for you, mister."
Couldn't hear a word you said,
"Please don't whisper".

Please don't whisper
Or else I'll just die
Scream until the windows crack
And I'll love you again

Down By the River - Neil Young

Em7 A Em7 A

Em7 A Em7
Be on my side, I'll be on your side, baby,
A Em7
there is no reason for you to hide.
A Em7
It's so hard for me stay'in here all alone
A Cmaj7
when you could be takin' me for a ride,
Bm
yeah, yeah.

Cmaj7 Bm C
She could drag me over the rainbow
Bm D G
and send me away.
D A G
Down by the river,
D A G
I shot my baby.
D A
Down by the river,
Em7 A Em7 A
dead, ooh, shot her dead.

Em7 A Em7 A

You take my hand, I'll take your hand,
together we may get away.
This much madness is too much sorrow,
it's impossible to make it today,
yeah, ooh, ooh, yeah.
She could drag me over the rainbow
and send me away.
Down by the river,
I shot my baby.
Down by the river,
dead, dead, woh, woh, shot her dead,
shot her dead.

Be on my side, I'll be on your side, baby,
there is no reason for you to hide.
It's so hard for me stay'in here all alone
when you could be takin' me for a ride,
yeah, yeah.
She could drag me over the rainbow
and send me away.
Down by the river,
I shot my baby.
Down by the river

Effervescing Elephant - Syd Barrett

An Effervescing Elephant
with tiny eyes and great big trunk
once whispered to the tiny ear
the ear of one inferior
that by next June he'd die, oh yeah!
because the tiger would roam.
The little one said: "Oh my goodness I
must stay at home!
and every time I hear a growl
I'll know the tiger's on the prowl
and I'll be really safe, you know
the elephant he told me so."
Everyone was nervy, oh yeah!
and the message was spread
to zebra, mongoose, and the dirty
hippopotamus
who wallowed in the mud and chewed
his spicy hippo-plankton food
and tended to ignore the word
preferring to survey a herd
of stupid water bison, oh yeah!
And all the jungle took fright,
and ran around for all the day and the
night
but all in vain, because, you see,
the tiger came and said: "Who me?!
You know, I wouldn't hurt not one of you.
I'd much prefer something to chew
and you're all to scant." oh yeah!
He ate the Elephant

Family Picture - The Dude Of Life

It's really plain and easy to see.
The family grows like a fungus on a tree.
The fungus keeps growing wide and tall.
We're happy when we flourish and sad when we fall.
We're just a bunch of monkey's that gathers around
You cannot draw the line of family ground
Smile for the camera and wait for the flash
There's always room for more in this family bash.

Would you like to be?
Would you like to be?
Would you like to be in my family picture?

It's getting hard to tell whom we love and hate
I think it's time we set the record straight
There are no papers that we ask you to sign
You don't need to stand in a waiting line.

The lens is in focus we're ready to go
The joint will be jumping come rain or snow
So hold on to your honey and drink up your booze
Just hop into the picture you've got nothing to
lose.

Would you like to be?
Would you like to be?
Would you like to be in my family picture?

Farm Girl - Ike Reilly

I need a hand to bring water to my fields
I need a sham to broker my deals
I need a farm girl that knows how I feel
About death, dirt, loss, sex, life on the free meals

I`ve been riding on a tired horse
So sick I had to feed him by force
An apple in my hand and my hand down his throat
And I felt his hoof kickin` in the pocket of my coat
I need a farm girl to cook my kill
I need a farm girl to get my thrill
I need a farm girl that knows how I feel
About death, dirt, lost, sex, life on the free meals

I need a farm girl
I need a farm girl
I need a farm girl
I need a farm girl

Squattin` down
Tell me that my top soil`s gone
I rather die young than pack up the farm
Squattin` down
Tell me that my beans won`t grow
That my plows won`t plow
And my hoes won`t hoe

I`ve been riding on a tired horse
So sick I had to feed him by force
His eyes on my pocket
And his mind on my farm
He had his hooves on my girl
And in the loft on my barn

One time it kind of made me nervous
Two times I got my magazine
Three times in the grain elevator
At the co-op where we used to be seen
Four times at five in the morning
Five times it didn`t matter to me
Six times you better call the preacher
She got dirt in her nails and grass in her teeth
I need a hand to bring water to my fields
I need a sham to broker my deals
I need a farm girl that knows how I feel
About death, dirt, loss, sex, life on the free meals
death, dirt, loss, sex, life on the free meals
death, dirt, loss, sex, life on the free meals

I need a farm girl
I need a farm girl
I need a farm girl

I need a farm girl

Folsom Prison Blues - Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin'
It's rolling round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,
I'm stuck in Folsom prison, and time keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps a rollin' on down to San Antone..
When I was just a baby my mama told me. Son,
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns.
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowing, I hang my head and cry..

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smoking big cigars.
Well I know I had it coming, I know I can't be free
But those people keep a movin'
And that's what tortures me...

Well if they freed me from this prison,
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom prison, that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away...

Fourth of July - Dave Alvin

Intro: G Em

G D Dsus4 C
She's waiting for me when I get home from work
C G Gsus4
But things just ain't the same
G D Dsus4 C
She turns out the lights and cries in the dark
C D
Won't answer when I call her name

(chorus)

C D G E D C
On the stairs I smoke a cigarette alone
C D Dsus4
The Mexican kids are shooting fireworks below
G Em
Hey, baby, it's the Fourth of July
G Em
Hey, baby, it's the Fourth of July

(same as first verse)

She gives me her cheek when I want her lips
And I don't have the strength to go
On the lost side of town in a dark apartment
We gave up trying so long ago

(repeat chorus)

C D E D C
Whatever happened, I apologize
C D
So dry your tears and baby, walk outside
D G
It's the Fourth of July

(repeat chorus)

Get Down River - Bottle Rockets

(intro)

[G] [C] [G] [C] [G] [D] [G] [C]-[G] Live in a

(verse)

[G]river town, it's pretty little,
it's [D]high on the side and it [C]sinks in the [G]middle.
When the [G]rain comes down, the river rolls up,
[D]fills all the low spots, [C]all over [G]town

(chorus)

get [C]down river, [G]river get down, won't you
[D]get down river, [C]river get [G]down
once a[C]gain you have messed up [G]this old [Em]town
[C]get down [D]river, get down

(verse)

To the far side of town's where I want to go,
To see my honey, but I don't know
Looks like I'll have to row,
It's like the gulf of mexico, down by the Texaco

(chorus)

(break)

[G] [Em] [C] [G]
[D] [C] [G]
[Em] [C] [G]
[C] [D]

(intro)

(verse)

you can drown down-town when the water is high
It's been happenin' here since I was a child
There ain't nothing you can do to stop it
Just hope for the best and mop up the rest

(chorus)

God And Money - Ike Reilly

Tell me mama
Tell me about God and Money
I really gotta know
What happened to your soul?

Tell me mama
Tell me should I leave here running and never look your way again?
I`m alright now it`s cool
I`m alright now with you, living your good life.

Tell me mama
Tell me about sex and dieing
I really gotta know
Did you ever open up and flow?
Tell me mama tell me if its worth your trying
To make a mark and save your soul?
I`m alright now it`s cool
I`m alright now with you, living your good life.

Sometimes I get a little lost and lonely
I really can`t go on
Always drunk on enemies
Do the darkest dance and puke upon your memory
And trample on your evil ways
Stand up to your darkest days
Twist around the things you say
Stomp upon your gazing face
Spit into your fading gaze
Trample on your yesterdays
But never your tomorrows`
Never your tomorrows`
Never your tomorrows`

I`m alright now with you
I`m alright now it`s cool
I`m alright now with you living your good life
Living your good life
Living your good life
Living your good life

Tell me mama, tell me about god and money
Tell me mama, tell me about god and money
Tell me mama, tell me about god and money

Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues - Danny O'Keefe

Everybody's goin' away
Said they're movin' to LA
There's not a soul I know around
Everybody's leavin' town

Some caught a freight, some caught a plane
Find the sunshine, leave the rain
They said this town's a waste of time
I guess they're right, it's wastin' mine

Some gotta win, some gotta lose
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Good time Charlie's got the blues

Ya know my heart keeps tellin' me
"You're not a kid at thirty-three"
"Ya play around, ya lose your wife"
"Ya play too long, you lose your life"

I got my pills to ease the pain
Can't find a thing to ease the rain
I'd love to try and settle down
But everybody's leavin' town

Some gotta win, some gotta lose
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Good time Charlie's got the blues
Good time Charlie's got the blues

(whistling to end)

Peak chart position # 9 in 1972

Happy Times - Chris LeRoy

First had a book they called it Happy Times
With happy words, happy rhymes for sure
From where I stood it was a real hard climb
But I had a place to go

When I was young I had a late night station
I tuned it in for a Little Bit of Soul
Back at my school they had no expectations
But I had a place to go

I saw a poster it said Happy Times,
See the world, come get your place in line
From where I stood it was a real hard climb
But I had a place to go

I saw my friends getting high for the weekend
Drive with this monkey down a wrong way road
Back in my room I had a late night station
But I had a place to go

SOLO

I'm out driving to a moonlight station
Signal stutters on my radio
I sing along cause its My Generation
We got a place to go
Still got a place to go

I wrote a song and called it Happy Times
With happy words, happy rhymes for sure
From where I stand its still a real hard climb
Turn off your radio

Chris LeRoy
3/22/2007

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Have A Cuppa Tea - The Kinks

Intro Guitar G C G/B D/A x1, then piano with guitar G C G/B D/A x2

G
Granny's always ravin' and rantin'
And she's always puffin' and pantin'
And she's always screaming and shouting
And she's always brewing up tea

Grand...pappy's never late for his dinner
Cos he loves his leg of beef
And he washes it down with a brandy
And a fresh made pot of tea

Have a cuppa tea _____, have a cuppa tea
Have a cuppa tea _____, have a cuppa tea
Halleluja, halleluja, halleluja, Rosie Lea
Halleluja, halleluja, halleluja, Rosie Lea

Interlude G C G D7 G then vamp on G

If you feel a bit under the weather
If you feel a little bit peeved
Take Granny's stand-by potion
For any old cough or wheeze

It's a cure for hepatitis,
It's a cure for chronic insomnia
It's a cure for tonsillitis
And for water on the knee

Have a cuppa tea _____, have a cuppa tea
Halleluja, halleluja, halleluja, Rosie Lea
Halleluja, halleluja, halleluja, Rosie Lea

Interlude G C G D7 G

G C G
Tea in the morning, tea in the evening, tea at supertime
You get tea when it's raining, tea when it's snowing
Tea when the weather's fine
You get tea as a mid-day stimulant
You get tea with your afternoon tea
For any old ailment or disease
For Chrissake have a cuppa tea

Interlude G C G D G then vamp on G

Whatever the situation, whatever the race or creed
Tea knows no segregation, no class nor pedigree
It knows no motivation, no sect or organisation
It knows no one religion, nor political belief

Written by: Ray Davies
Published by: Davray Music Ltd.

Hills Of California - The Hickmen

Achtung baby, we're at it again
Screaming into the hot autumn wind
For 8 score years we been beating our chests
And it starts to look pretty silly I guess

Hot sweaty day out at Sutter's Mill
Afternoon lying clear and still
A few flecks of gold on the valley floor
If the place only knew what it had in store

(chorus)

Those hills lie supine in the afternoon sun
Generation upon generation has come
And I don't mean to scare you
just wanna warn you
That things aren't always as they seem
In the hills of California

Land of milk and honey the golden state
As told in movies and orange crates
Livin' large in a bungalow
Life's good in the hills and the valley below

After the war the soldiers stuck around
With a VA loan and nothing down
They bought into the suburban scam
if they want to go downtown they go to Disneyland

Now my father his life in a mess
So he pointed his Pontiac west
Top-down wind tousled his hair
Those hills they were waiting out there

Crime, graffiti, soul-stripping sprawl
We headed west but it followed us all
Now we wait on bated breath
what will those hills show us next?

from California Dreamin' ©2004 Justbob's Records

Hit Somebody - Warren Zevon

co-written by Zevon & Mitch Albom

He was born in Big Beaver by the borderline
He started playing hockey by the time he was nine
His dad took the hose and froze the back yard
And Little Buddy dreamed he was Rocket Richard
He grew up big and he grew up tough
He saw himself scoring for the Wings or Canucks
But he wasn't that good with a puck

Buddy's real talent was beating people up
His heart wasn't in it but the crowd ate it up
Through pee-wee's and juniors, midgets and mites
He must have racked up more than three hundred fights
A scout from the flames came down from Saskatoon
Said, "There's always room on our team for a goon
Son, we've always got room for a goon"

There were Swedes to the left of him
Russians to the right
A Czech at the blue line looking for a fight
Brains over brawn--that might work for you
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
What else can a farm boy from Canada do?

Hit somebody! was what the crowd roared
When Buddy the goon came over the boards
"Coach," he'd say, "I wanna score goals"
The coach said, "Buddy, remember your role,
The fast guys get paid, they shoot, and they score
Protect them, Buddy, that's what you're here for

Protection is what you're here for
Protection--it's the stars who score
Protection--go and kick somebody's ass
Protection--don't put the biscuit in the basket just
Hit some, Buddy! it rang in his ears
Blood on the ice ran down through the years
The king of the goons with a box for a throne
A thousand stitches and broken bones
He never lost a fight on his icy patrol
But deep inside, Buddy only dreamed of a goal
He just wanted one damn goal

There were Swedes at the blue line
Finns at the red
A Russian with a stick heading straight for his head
Brains over Brawn--that might work for you
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
What else can a farm boy from Canada do?

In his final season, on his final night
Buddy and a Finn goon were pegged for a fight
Thirty seconds left, the puck took a roll
And suddenly Buddy had a shot on goal

The goalie committed, Buddy picked his spot
Twenty years of waiting went into that shot
The fans jumped up, the Finn jumped too
And cold-cocked Buddy on his followthrough
The big man crumbled but he felt all right
'Cause the last thing he saw
was the flashing red light
He saw that heavenly light

There were Swedes to the left of him
Russians to the right
A Czech at the blue line looking for a fight
Take care of your teeth--that might work for you
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
What else can a farm boy from Canada do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)
But what's a Canadian farm boy to do? (HIT SOMEBODY!)

What else can a farm boy from Canada do?

Huck 's Tune - Bob Dylan

Well, I ^Cwandered alone through a ^{G/b}desert of ^{F/a}stone

And I dreamt of my ^Cfuture ^{G11}wife ^C

My ^Csword's in my hand and I'm ^Fnext in ^Ccommand

In this version of death called ^{F/a}life ^{*(see notes)}

/b ^CMy plate and my cup are right ^Fstraight ^Cup

I took a rose from the hand of a ^{F/a}child

/b ^CWhen I kiss your lips, the ^{G/b}honey ^{F/a}drips

I'm gonna ^Chave to put you ^{G11}down for a ^Cwhile

Every day we meet on any old street
And you're in your girlish prime
The short and the tall are coming to the ball
I go there all the time
Behind every tree, there's something to see
The river is wider than a mile
I tried you twice, you can't be nice
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

Here come the nurse with money in her purse
Here come the ladies and men
You push it all in and you've no chance to win
You play 'em on down to the end
I'm laying in the sand getting a sunshine tan
Moving along riding in style
From my toes to my head, you knock me dead
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

I count the years and I shed no tears
I'm blinded to what might have been
Nature's voice makes my heart rejoice
Play me the wild song of the wind
I found hopeless love in the room above
When the sun and the weather were mild
You're as fine as wine, I ain't handing you no line
But I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

All the merry little elves can go hang themselves
My faith is as cold as can be
I'm stacked high to the roof and I'm not without proof
If you don't believe me, come see
You think I'm blue, I think so too
In my words, you'll find no guile
The game's gotten old, the deck's gone cold
And I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

The game's gotten old, the deck's gone cold
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

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Key of C#, therefore: capo on 1st fret

Chords:
G/b x20030 (more precisely G6/b)
F/a x03211 could also be played Am in lines 4 and 6
G11 3x3211 (could be played 3x3010 or x33010 Csus4 instead)

I don't even know myself

C F C Bb F
Everything has a place in this world
C Am Dm G
Unless it all blows to hell
F G
How am I to know
C F
Which way the wind will blow
C G7 C
I don't even know myself

See that train running straight down the line
Hear that whistle blow fair thee well
How am I to know
Which way the wind will blow
I don't even know myself

F G
I've been through the mountains
F/A G/B
And I been through the hills
C F G7
I'm just gonna sit down for a spell

Blackbird is calling he's so far from home
He don't have the time to tell
How am I to know
Which way the wind will blow
I don't even know myself

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I Love L.A. - Randy Newman

Hate New York City
It's cold and it's damp
And all the people dressed like monkeys
Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos
That town's a little too rugged
For you and me, you bad girl

Rollin' down the Imperial Highway
With a big nasty redhead at my side
Santa Ana winds blowin' hot from the north
And we was born to ride

Roll down the window, put down the top
Crank up the Beach Boys, baby
Don't let the music stop
We're gonna ride it till we just can't ride it no more

From the South Bay to the Valley
From the West Side to the East Side
Everybody's very happy
'Cause the sun is shining all the time
Looks like another perfect day

I love L.A. (We love it)
I love L.A. (We love it)

Look at that mountain
Look at those trees
Look at that bum over there, man
He's down on his knees
Look at these women
There ain't nothin' like em nowhere

Century Boulevard (We love it)
Victory Boulevard (We love it)
Santa Monica Boulevard (We love it)
Sixth Street (We love it, we love it)
We love L.A.

I love L.A. (We love it)
I love L.A. (We love it)
I love L.A. (We love it)

I Walk The Line - Johnny Cash

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time.
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds
Because you're mine,
I walk the line

I find it very, very easy to be true
I find myself alone when each day is through
Yes, I'll admit I'm a fool for you
Because you're mine,
I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light
I keep you on my mind both day and night
And happiness I've known proves that it's right
Because you're mine,
I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side
You give me cause for love that I can't hide
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide
Because you're mine,
I walk the line

I'm So Glad She Ain't Never Coming Back - Cracker

[G(sus4)] Saw my baby at the autumn dance
Dancing with her new boy friend
Saw my baby in her new beau's car
She's the [D] pride of any [G] man

CHORUS:

[G] Now I don't mind and I don't cry
'Cause I'm [C] living on the mountain top [G]
The wind might blow through the cracks at night
And I [D] know she ain't ever coming back
I don't mind and I don't cry
I'm living in a log pine shack
My shotgun keeps me warm at night
And I know she ain't ever coming back

Saw my baby at the autumn dance
She was dancing with a big ring on
Saw my baby in her new beau's car
She's the pride of any man

Saw my baby at the bridal shack
She was looking for a wedding dress
Saw my baby at the dry goods store
I'm so glad she ain't ever coming back

REPEAT CHORUS

If You See Her, Say Hello - Bob Dylan

If you see her, say hello, she might be in Tangier
She left here last early spring,
is livin' there, I hear
Say for me that I'm all right
though things get kind of slow
She might think that I've forgotten her,
don't tell her it isn't so.

We had a falling-out, like lovers often will
And to think of how she left that night,
it still brings me a chill
And though our separation,
it pierced me to the heart
She still lives inside of me,
we've never been apart.

If you get close to her, kiss her once for me
I always have respected her
for busting out and gettin' free
Oh, whatever makes her happy,
I won't stand in the way
Though the bitter taste still lingers on
from the night I tried to make her stay.

I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there
as I go from town to town
And I've never gotten used to it,
I've just learned to turn it off
Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm gettin' soft.

Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart,
they all went by so fast
If she's passin' back this way,
I'm not that hard to find
Tell her she can look me up if she's got the time.

In A Station - The Band

C em f dm
Once I walked through the halls of a station
G c7
Someone called your name
C em f dm
In the street I heard children laughing
G c7
They all sound the same
C f
Wonder, could you ever know me
C g
Know the reason why I live
C f
Is there nothing you can show me
Eb f/g c
Life seems so little to give

Once I climbed up the face of a mountain
And ate the wild fruit there
Fell asleep until the moonlight woke me
And I could taste your hair
Isn't everybody dreaming!
Then the voice I hear is real
Out of all the idle scheming
Can't we have something to feel

Once upon a time leaves me empty
Tomorrow never comes
I could sing the sound of your laughter
Still I don't know your name
Must be some way to repay you
Out of all the good you gave
If a rumour should delay you
Love seems so little to save

Jane Says - Perkins, Navarro, Farrell, Avery

Jane says "I'm done with Sergio
He treats me like a rag doll"
She hides the television
Says "I don't owe him nothing,
But if he comes back again
Tell him to wait right here for me
Or try again tomorrow"

I'm gonna kick tomorrow
Gonna kick tomorrow

Jane says "Have you seen my wig around?
I feel naked without it"
She knows, they all want her to go
But that's O.K. man, she don't like them anyway
Jane says I'm goin away to spain
When I get my money saved
I'm gonna start tomorrow"

I'm gonna kick tomorrow
I'm gonna kick tomorrow

Well she gets mad and she starts to cry
She takes a swing but she cant hit
She don't mean no harm
She just don't know
What else to do about it

Jane goes to the store at 8:00
She walk up on St. Andrews
She waits and gets her dinner there
She pulls her dinner from her pocket
Jane says "I've never been in love
I don't know what it is"
She only knows if someone wants her

I want 'em if they want me
I only know they want me

She gets mad and she starts to cry
She takes a swing man, she cant hit!
She don't mean no harm
She just dont know
What else to do about it

Jane says
Jane says

Keep Me In Your Heart - Warren Zevon

Shadows are falling and I'm running out of breath
Keep me in your heart for a while
If I leave you it doesn't mean I love you any less
Keep me in your heart for a while

/ G Gmaj7 Cadd9 G / Cadd9 - G - / :

When you get up in the morning and you see that crazy sun
Keep me in your heart for a while
There's a train leaving nightly called when all is said and done
Keep me in your heart for a while

(Refrain)

Sha la, la-la-la, la-la-li, li, lo
Keep me in your heart for a while
Sha la, la-la-la, la-la-li, li, lo
Keep me in your heart for a while

Sometimes when you're doing simple things around the house
Maybe you'll think of me and smile
You know I'm tied to you like the buttons on your blouse
Keep me in your heart for a while

Hold me in your thoughts, take me to your dreams
Touch me as I fall into view
When the winter comes keep the fires lit
And I will be right next to you






/ Cadd9 - G/B - / A7sus4 - G - / 1st / A7sus4 - D7 - /

Engine driver's headed north to Pleasant Stream
Keep me in your heart for a while
These wheels keep turning but they're running out of steam
Keep me in your heart for a while

(Refrain)

Keep me in your heart for a while

/ Cadd9 - G - /

[G=; Gmaj7=; Cadd9=; G/B=; A7sus4=]

Last Train - Death Of Me

Sitting on a train track tryin' to decide
Should I lie back for the rest of the ride?
Cash my ticket to the other side? Why?
Everybody guessed that I would end this way
Little bit of heaven there's a hell to pay
I can hear the whistle from a mile away Why?

Hello hello hello hello
Hi!
Do you know how to cry?
Blue Sky
Do you know how to cry? Well I...

Started falling early I was just a kid
Monkey on my shoulder in a takeover bid
He always found me so I never hid Why?
But I remember summer under candy trees
Learning my chords just shooting the breeze
Life can be golden in small degrees Why?

CHORUS:
Hello hello hello hello hello
Hi!
Do you know how to cry?
Blue Sky
Do you know how to cry
Can you sigh?
Like the last train coming by?

Wish I had a family in a 50's home
Faded brown Buick and some rusted chrome
A rusted dog and a rusted bone Why?
I remember summer under candy trees
Learning my chords just shooting the breeze
I can feel the crosstie under my knees Why?

CHORUS

Life is a good kid trying to be bad
Laughing out loud cause his heart is so sad
He could be the best friend that you ever had
Here's to the summer that never ends
Here's the last quarter I was meaning to spend
Smoke from the engine coming round the bend

CHORUS

(c) Chris LeRoy September 15, 2005 New West Crash Music

Love Minus Zero/No Limit - Bob Dylan

My love she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence,
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
People carry roses,
Make promises by the hours,
My love she laughs like the flowers,
Valentines can't buy her.

In the dime stores and bus stations,
People talk of situations,
Read books, repeat quotations,
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future,
My love she speaks softly,
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.

The cloak and dagger dangles,
Madams light the candles.
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
Statues made of match sticks,
Crumble into one another,
My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

The bridge at midnight trembles,
The country doctor rambles,
Bankers' nieces seek perfection,
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
The wind howls like a hammer,
The night blows cold and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.

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Lucky - Johnny Hickman

I 'm lucky for my fingers
Lucky bed to sleep
Lucky thoughts that linger
Lucky as I leap
Sometimes I turn my mind to days
Before we broke in two
Yeah but I'm lucky, so lucky
For the time I spent with you

Now some would call it destiny
Say we don't control our fate
Yeah but me I don't believe that stuff
See I believe you make your own luck
Sometimes. I turn my mind to days
Before we broke in two
But I'm lucky, so lucky
For the time I spent with you

What more could I ask for?
What more could I do?
What more could I ask for?
I owe so much to you

Well I'm lucky I'm still dreaming
Lucky to have cried
Yeah even lucky for the bad luck
Just lucky to have tried
Sometimes I turn my mind to days
Before we broke in two
Yeah but I'm lucky I'm lucky
For the times I spent with you
For the times I spent with you

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Crash Music and Bad Altar Boy Music

Maggie 's Farm - Bob Dylan

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
Well, I wake in the morning,
Fold my hands and pray for rain.
I got a head full of ideas
That are drivin' me insane.
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor.
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.
Well, he hands you a nickel,
He hands you a dime,
He asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time,
Then he fines you every time you slam the door.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.
Well, he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks.
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks.
The National Guard stands around his door.
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.
Well, she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law.
Everybody says
She's the brains behind pa.
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
Well, I try my best
To be just like I am,
But everybody wants you
To be just like them.
They sing while you slave and I just get bored.
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

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Middle Man - Bottle Rockets

If I could be a little bit younger
If I could be a little bit older
If I could be a little bit friendlier
If I could be a little bit colder
Then I would be a little bit better
Yeah I would be a little bit better

(Chorus)

But I'm a middle man, stuck in the middle
Right between everything tangible
Just a middle man looking for a little
Of something that'll make me more radical
It's the only thing I've ever been
That's been undeniable
That's a middle man, here I am
Invisible but reliable

If I could be a little bit happier
If I could be a little more cranky
If I could be a little more Dixie
If I could be a little more Yankee
Then I would be a little bit better
Yeah I would be a little bit better

(Chorus)

If I could be a little bit uglier
If I could be a little bit prettier
If I could feel a little bit healthier
If I could feel a little bit shittier
Then I would be a little bit better
Yeah I would be a little bit better

(Chorus)

My Old Kentucky Home - Randy Newman

Turpentine and dandelion wine
I've turned the corner and I'm doin' fine
Shootin' at the birds on the telephone line
Pickin' em off with this gun of mine
I got a fire in my belly
And a fire in my head
Goin' higher and higher
Until I'm dead

Sister Sue, she's short and stout
She didn't grow up - she grew out
Mama says she's plain but she's just bein' kind
Papa thinks she's pretty but he's almost blind
Don't let her out much 'cept at night
But I don't care 'cause I'm all right

(Chorus)

Oh, the sun shines bright on
My Old Kentucky Home
And the young folks roll on the floor
Oh, the sun shines bright on
My Old Kentucky Home
Keep them hard times away from my door

Brother Gene, he's big and mean
And he don't have much to say
He had a little woman who he whupped each day
But now she's gone away
He got drunk last night
Kicked mama down the stairs
But I'm all right so I don't care

My Ride's Here - Warren Zevon and Paul Muldoon

I was staying at the Marriott
With Jesus and John Wayne
I was waiting for a chariot
They were waiting for a train
The sky was full of carrion
"I'll take the mazuma"
Said Jesus to Marion
"That's the 3:10 to Yuma
My ride's here..."

The Houston sky was changeless
We galloped through bluebonnets
I was wrestling with an angel
You were working on a sonnet
You said, "I believe the seraphim
Will gather up my pinto
And carry us away, Jim
Across the San Jacinto
My ride's here..."

Shelley and Keats were out in the street
And even Lord Byron was leaving for Greece
While back at the Hilton, last but not least
Milton was holding his sides
Saying, "You bravos had better be ready to fight
Or we'll never get out of East Texas tonight
The trail is long and the river is wide
And my ride's here"

I was staying at the Westin
I was playing to a draw
When in walked Charlton Heston
With the tablets of the law
He said, "It's still the greatest story"
I said, "Man, I'd like to stay
But I'm bound for glory
I'm on my way
My ride's here..."

Please, Please, Please - Death Of Me

I am thirsty, give me water (Please, Please, Please)
Life's so hard, make it softer (Please, Please, Please)
I am weary, need sweet rest (Please, Please, Please)
Can I lay down on your mattress? (Please, Please, Please)

I am naked, give me clothing (Please, Please, Please)
I need shelter, rain is pouring (Please, Please, Please)
I am lonely, long forgotten (Please, Please, Please)
Can I lay down? (Please, Please, Please)

I am hungry, I am starving (Please, Please, Please)
I'm a man with no country (Please, Please, Please)
I have traveled with the best (Please, Please, Please)
Can I sit down for a second? (Please, Please, Please)

I need love, can you help me? (Please, Please, Please)
Lost my doubt through the journey (Please, Please, Please)
I've been to hell and back (Please, Please, Please)
Can I rest now? (Please, Please, Please)

(c) Chris LeRoy, Mike Wilkerson, Gary Kjorvestad
September 7, 2006
Published by New West Crash Music/ASCAP

Pull The Curtain - Death Of Me

It's not just these few words
I'm like a willow bending low
It's not just these few hours
Before it's time to go

Pull the curtain
Pull the curtain
Pull it slow

Time up on this altar
Seems like minutes in a row
Seems like every time we falter
We have all our dreams in tow

Pull the curtain
Pull the curtain
Pull it slow

Were I the faithful servant
Who ran the household so
The master found me pleasing
When he returns, behold

Pull the curtain
Pull the curtain
Pull it slow

Will he come unexpected
In an hour I do not know?
Will he cut me into pieces ?
Will he bring me in the fold?

Pull the curtain
Pull the curtain
Pull it slow

For me they'll stop their weeping
Because they see the glow
For me they'll raise the standards
So let the trumpets blow

Pull the curtain
Pull the curtain
Pull it slow

(c) Chris LeRoy - October 9, 2007
Published by New West Crash Music

Reasons To Quit - Merle Haggard

Reasons to quit

The smoke and beer don't do me like before
And I'm hardly ever sober and my ole freinds
Don't come round much anymore
Reasons to quit the low is always lower than
the high
And the reasons for quitin' dont outnumber all
the reasons why

So we keep smokin and we keep drinkin
Havin fun and never thinkin'
Laughin' at the price tags the we pay
And we keep roarin down the fast lane
Like two young men feelin no pain
And the reasons for quitin' are gettin bigger
each day

Reasons to quit

I cant afford the habit all the time
And I need be sober I gotta write some new
songs that will rhyme
Reasons to quit there ain't no rhyme or reason
when your high
And the reasons for quitin' don't outnumber
all the reasons why

So we keep smokin and we keep drinkin
Havin fun and never thinkin'
Laughin' at the price tags the we pay
And we keep roarin down the fast lane
Like two young men feelin no pain
And the reasons for quitin' are gettin bigger
each day

Revolution - The Beatles

You say you want a revolution
Well you know
We'd all want to change the world
You tell me that it's evolution
Well you know
We'd all want to change the world
But when you talk about destruction
Don't you know that you can count me out
Don't you know it's gonna be alright [x3]

You say you got a real solution
Well you know
We'd all want to see the plan
You ask me for a contribution
Well you know
We're all doing what we can
But if you want money for people with minds that hate
All I can tell you is brother you'll have to wait
Don't you know it's gonna be alright [x4]

You say you'll change the constitution
Well you know
We'd all love to change your head
You tell me it's the institution
Well you know
You better free your mind instead
But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao
You ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow
Don't you know it's gonna be alright [x3]
Alright [x7]

Ring Of Fire - Johnny Cash

Love is a burning thing
and it makes a fiery ring
Bound by wild desire
I fell in to a ring of fire

(Chorus)

I fell in to a burning ring of fire
I went down, down, down
and the flames went higher.
And it burns, burns, burns
the ring of fire
the ring of fire

The taste of love is sweet
when hearts like our's meet
I fell for you like a child
oh, but the fire went wild

(Chorus)

Written by June Carter and Merle Kilgore
Recorded by Johnny Cash on 3/25/63
Number one - County Chart; Number 17 - Pop Chart

Ripple - Grateful Dead

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia

If my words did glow with the gold of sunshine
And my tunes were played on the harp unstrung
Would you hear my voice come through the music
Would you hold it near as it were your own?

It's a hand-me-down, the thoughts are broken
Perhaps they're better left unsung
I don't know, don't really care
Let there be songs to fill the air

(Chorus)

Ripple in still water
When there is no pebble tossed
Nor wind to blow

Reach out your hand if your cup be empty
If your cup is full may it be again
Let it be known there is a fountain
That was not made by the hands of men

There is a road, no simple highway
Between the dawn and the dark of night
And if you go no one may follow
That path is for your steps alone

(Chorus)

You who choose to lead must follow
But if you fall you fall alone
If you should stand then who's to guide you?
If I knew the way I would take you home

If my words did glow
with the gold of sunshine
And my tunes were played
on the harp unstrung
Would you hear my voice
come through the music
Would you hold it near
as it were your own?

It's a hand-me-down
the thoughts are broken
perhaps they're better
left unsung
I don't know
I don't really care
let there be songs
to fill the air

San Bernardino County Blues - The Hickmen

Well there ain't no blues like the San Bernardino County Blues
Naah, there ain't no blues like a county the size of an east coast
state or two
From stateline all the way down
To the San Bernardino downtown
Naah, there ain't no blues like the San Bernardino County Blues

And there ain't no sprawl like San Bernardino County sprawl
You can't match their big box, gridlock, jive-assed, faux-Spanish
shopping malls
From Barstow south on 15
It's the saddest sight you've ever seen
Naw, there ain't no sprawl like San Bernardino County sprawl

And there ain't no redneck trash like San Bernardino County trash
They're first in two-toothed, inbred, hate-filled societal
outcasts
Who blame their troubles on others again
Support the system that exploits them
Naw, there ain't no trash like San Bernardino County trash

And there ain't no drug labs like San Bernardino County labs
They ain't washin no dishes in the kitchen sink
and them bathtubs ain't for baths
Every doublewide outside Joshua Tree
Has got some old Meth-head cooking up speed
Naw, there ain't no drug labs like San Bernardino County labs

(solo)

And there ain't no beauty like San Bernardino County beauty
More backcountry wilderness and trailside wonders you'll never see
When Gorgonio's topped with snow
And the desert's full of wildflowers below
Ah, there ain't no beauty like San Bernardino County beauty

And there ain't no blues like the blues of a man who loves a place
To watch your home destroyed is such great disgrace
No place more touched by the hand of God
And fucked up everywhere man has trod
Oh, there ain't no blues like the San Bernardino County blues
Naah, there ain't no blues like the San Bernardino County blues
Said there ain't no blues
there ain't no blues
Said there ain't no blues like the San Bernardino County blues
(and ya know that's true!)

from California Dreamin' ©2004 Justbob's Records

Series Of Dreams - Bob Dylan

I was thinking of a series of dreams
Where nothing comes up to the top
Everything stays down where it's wounded
And comes to a permanent stop
Wasn't thinking of anything specific
Like in a dream, when someone wakes up and screams
Nothing too very scientific
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo fly
And there's no exit in any direction
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Dreams where the umbrella is folded
Into the path you are hurled
And the cards are no good that you're holding
Unless they're from another world

In one, numbers were burning
In another, I witnessed a crime
In one, I was running, and in another
All I seemed to be doing was climb
Wasn't looking for any special assistance
Not going to any great extremes
I'd already gone the distance
Just thinking of a series of dreams

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She - Gram Parsons

She, she came from the land of the cotton
land that was nearly forgotten by everyone
and she, she worked and she slaved so hard

A big old field was her back yard in the delta sun
ooh, but she sure could sing
ooh, she sure could sing
then he looked down and he took a little pity
the whole town swore he decided he'd help her some

But he didn't mind if she wasn't very pretty
for deep inside his heart he knew she was the only one
ooh, but she sure could sing
yeah, she sure could sing
she had faith, she had believing
she led all the people together in singing

And she prayed every night to the lord up above
singing hallelujah, ooh hallelujah
they use to walk singing songs by the river
even when she knew for sure she had to go away
and she never knew what her life had to give her
and never had to worry about it for one single day
ooh my but she sure could sing
ooh, she sure could sing
she had faith, she had believing

Led all the people together in singing
and she prayed every night to the lord up above
singing hallelujah, ooh hallelujah
she, she came from the land of the cotton
land that was nearly forgotten by everyone

And she, she worked and she slaved so hard
a big old field was her back yard in the delta sun
ooh, but she sure could sing
my, my, my she sure could sing
ooh, yeah she sure could sing
ooh, she sure could sing

She Thinks I Still Care - George Jones

Just because I ask a friend about her
Just because I spoke her name somewhere
Just because I rang her number by mistake today
She thinks I still care

Just because I haunt the same old places
Where the mem'ry of her lingers ev'rywhere
Just because I'm not the happy guy I used to be
She thinks I still care

But if she's happy thinkin' I still need her
Then let that silly notion bring her cheer
But how could she ever be so foolish
Oh where would she get such an idea

Just because I ask a friend about her
And just because I spoke her name somewhere
Just because I saw her then went all to pieces
She thinks I still care
She thinks I still care

SIMPLE THINGS

You could drive a fancy car
A car with those pretty white wheels
But you could never drive away
And leave me with the way that I feel

For simple things. For simple things
Sometimes they really shine through
We could spend the rest of our lives for Simple Things

You could spend your precious days
Chasing after popular trend
But face to face and hand to hand
It's gonna win us over again

Your simple touch. Your simple smile
Sometimes they really shine through

Maybe there's a mess in our life

Maybe there's a best in our life

We should spend the rest of our lives for Simple Things

The simple things in life / The simple things in life

Baby let me tell you 'bout the simple things in life

And don't you ever worry
The whole world's spinning too fast

Just lay down your pretty head
& make this dream your last

A simple dream. A simple dream

Sometimes these dreams come true... → Chorus

Dec '80

Smoke Two Joints - C. Kay & M. Kay

I smoke two joints in the morning, I smoke two joints at night
I smoke two joints in the afternoon, it makes me feel alright
I smoke two joints in time of peace, and two in time of war
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints, and then I smoke two more

Oh, my daddy he once told me, "Son, you be hard working man"
My mama she once told me, "Son, you do the best you can"
But then one day I met a man who came to me and said
"Hard work good and hard work fine, but first take care of head"

So now,
I smoke two joints when I get up, in the car I smoke two joints
I smoke two joints when I play video game
And at every ten thousand points
(I smoke two joints)
I smoke two joints in time of peace, and two in time of war
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints, and then I smoke two more

Oh, my daddy he once told me, "Son, you be hard working man"
My mama she once told me, "Son, you do the best you can"
But then one day I met a man who came to me and said
"Hard work good and hard work fine, but first take care of head"

I smoke two joints in the morning, I smoke two joints at night
I smoke two joints in the afternoon, it makes me feel alright
I smoke two joints in time of peace, and two in time of war
I smoke two joints before I smoke two joints, and then I smoke two more

SMOKE TWO JOINTS
That's what I do
SMOKE TWO JOINTS
Come and smoke two joints with me in the morning
SMOKE TWO JOINTS
Come and smoke two joints with me in the afternoon, yeah
SMOKE TWO JOINTS
Hey, would you rather smoke two joints or would you rather do your homework?
SMOKE TWO JOINTS
I knew you were going to say that!
SMOKE TWO JOINTS
SMOKE TWO JOINTS
That's what I do!
SMOKE TWO JOINTS

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administered by Bug Music

Space Oddity - David Bowie

Intro: fade in of chords - C , Em

Verse/Chorus:

C Em C Em
Ground control to Major Tom Ground control to Major Tom:
Am Am7/G D7
Take your protein pills and put your helmet on
C Em C Em
Ground control to Major Tom: Commencing countdown engine's on
Am Am7/G D7
Check ignition and may God's love be with you

C E7 F
This is ground control to Major Tom, you've really made the grade!
Fm C/E F
And the papers want to know whose shirts you wear,
Fm C/E F
now it's time to leave the capsule if you dare
C E7 F
This is Major Tom to ground control, I'm stepping through the door
Fm C/E F
And I'm floating in the most peculiar way
Fm C/E F
and the stars look very different today

Bridge:

Fmaj7 Em7 Fmaj7 Em7
For here am I sitting in a tin can, far above the world
Bbmaj7 Am G F
Planet Earth is blue and there's nothing I can do

Interlude:

C F G A A
C F G A A
Fmaj7 Em7 A C D E

C E7 F
Though I'm passed one hundred thousand miles, I'm feeling very still
Fm C/E F
And I think my spaceship knows which way to go,
Fm C F
tell my wife I love her very much she knows

G E7
Ground control to Major Tom:
Am Am7/G
Your circuit's dead, there's something wrong.
D7
Can you hear me Major Tom?
C/G
Can you hear me Major Tom?
G
Can you hear me Major Tom? Can you ...

Bridge

Interlude

State Trooper - Bruce Springsteen

New Jersey Turnpike ridin' on a wet night 'neath the refinery's glow
Out where the great black rivers flow
License, registration, I ain't got none but I got a clear conscience
'Bout the things that I done
Mister state trooper, please don't stop me
Please don't stop me, please don't stop me

Maybe you got a kid, maybe you got a pretty wife
the only thing that I got's been both'rin' me my whole life
Mister state trooper, please don't stop me
Please don't stop me, please don't stop me

In the wee wee hours your mind gets hazy,
radio relay towers lead me to my baby
Radio's jammed up with talk show stations
It's just talk, talk, talk, talk, till you lose your patience
Mister state trooper, please don't stop me

Hey, somebody out there, listen to my last prayer
Hiho silver-o, deliver me from nowhere

Streets Of Bakersfield

written by Homer Joy, performed by Buck Owens & Dwight Yoakam

I came here looking for something
I couldn't find anywhere else
Hey, I'm not trying to be nobody
Just want a chance to be myself

I've done a thousand miles of thumbin'
I've worn blisters on my heels
Trying to find me something better
Here on the streets of Bakersfield

Chorus:

You don't know me but you don't like me
You say you care less how I feel
But how many of you that sit and judge me
Have ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

Spent some time in San Francisco
Spent a night there in the can
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell
Took fifteen dollars from that man
Left him my watch and my old house key
Don't want folks thinkin' that I'd steal
Then I thanked him as I was leaving, and
I headed for the streets of Bakersfield

Chorus:

You don't know me but you don't like me
You say you care less how I feel
But how many of you that sit and judge me
Have ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

You don't know me but you don't like me
You say you care less how I feel
But how many of you that sit and judge me
Have ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

How many of you that sit and judge me
Have ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

Streets of Baltimore

written by Tompall Glaser/ Harlan Howard
Recorded by Gram Parsons on GP (among others)

C F C
Well I sold the farm to take my woman where she longed to be

G F C
We left our kin and all our friends back there in Tennessee

C F C
And I bought those one way tickets she had often begged me for

G C
And they took us to the streets of Baltimore

G F C
Well her heart was filled with gladness when she saw those city lights

C G
She said the prettiest place on earth was Baltimore at night

C F C
Well a man feels proud to give his woman what she's longing for

G C
And I kind of like the Streets of Baltimore

Then I got myself a factory job, I ran an old machine
And I bought a little cottage in a neighborhood serene
And every night when I'd come home with every muscle sore
She'd drag me through the Streets of Baltimore
Well I did my best to bring her back to what she used to be
Then I soon learned she loved those bright lights more than she loved me
Now I'm-a-going back on that same train that brought me here before
While my baby walks the streets of Baltimore
While my baby walks the streets of Baltimore

Sweet Virginia - Rolling Stones

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Wadin' through the waste stormy winter,
And there's not a friend to help you through.
Tryin' to stop the waves behind your eyeballs,
Drop your reds, drop your greens and blues.

Thank you for your wine, California,
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruits.
Yes I got the desert in my toenail
And I hid the speed inside my shoe.

But come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in ya.
Got to scrape the shit right off you shoes.

I want you to come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
I want you come on, honey child, I beg of you.
I want you come on, honey child you got it in you.
Got to scrape that shit right off you shoes.

But come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, come on down, I beg of you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.
Got to scrape that shit right off you shoes.

Tangled Up In Blue - Bob Dylan

Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
I was layin' in bed
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
If her hair was still red.
Her folks they said our lives together
Sure was gonna be rough
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
And I was standin' on the side of the road
Rain fallin' on my shoes
Heading out for the East Coast
Lord knows I've paid some dues gettin' through,
Tangled up in blue.

She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But I used a little too much force.
We drove that car as far as we could
Abandoned it out West
Split up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at me
As I was walkin' away
I heard her say over my shoulder,
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

I had a job in the great north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But I never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans
Where I happened to be employed
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat
Right outside of Delacroix.
But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind,
I seen a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew
Tangled up in blue.

She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out
I's just about to do the same,
She was standing there in back of my chair

Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
I muttered somethin' underneath my breath,
She studied the lines on my face.
I must admit I felt a little uneasy
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe,
Tangled up in blue.

She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said
"You look like the silent type."
Then she opened up a book of poems
And handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
From the thirteenth century.
And every one of them words rang true
And glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' off of every page
Like it was written in my soul from me to you,
Tangled up in blue.

I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs,
There was music in the cafes at night
And revolution in the air.
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned
And froze up inside.
And when finally the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn,
The only thing I knew how to do
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew,
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' back again,
I got to get to her somehow.
All the people we used to know
They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenter's wives.
Don't know how it all got started,
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
But me, I'm still on the road
Headin' for another joint
We always did feel the same,
We just saw it from a different point of view,
Tangled up in blue.

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<http://bobblylan.com/songs/tangled.html>

The Trees - Death Of Me

Up in the mountain where they cleared away the trees
Up in the mountain where they cleared away the trees
I'm looking through the clearing as far as I can see

I see the white hot hills I see the river split in two
I see the white hot hills I see the river split in two
Well there ain't no telling what the water's gonna do

I see the waters rush to the center of town
I see the waters rush to the center of town
They got no idea. The rain's a' coming down

I see a smart dressed man floating with a silver cane
I see a smart dressed man floating with a silver cane
I have this beggar man float by with his cup of rain

I see an old pack mule caught up in the clothesline
I see an old pack mule caught up in the clothesline
I see a trunk of old pictures they got left behind

I see an angel cryin sitting by the side of the road
I see an angel cryin sitting by the side of the road
She says walk with me and we can share this heavy load

Back in the mountain where they cleared away the trees
Back in the mountain where they cleared away the trees
Me and my angel are planting seeds.

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The Weight - The Band

I pulled in to Nazareth, was feeling 'bout half past dead
I just need some place where I can lay my head
``Hey mister, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?''
He just grinned and shook my hand, ``No'' was all he said

Take a load off, Fanny
Take a load for free
Take a load off, Fanny
And you put the load right on me

I picked up my bag, I went looking for a place to hide
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walking side by side
I said ``Hey Carmen, come on, let's go downtown''
She said ``I gotta go but my friend can stick around''

Go down Miss Moses, there's nothing you can say
It's just old Luke, and Luke's waiting on the judgement day
``Well, Luke my friend, what about young Anna-Lee?''
He said ``Do me a favour son, won't you stay and keep Anna-Lee
company?''

Crazy Chester followed me and he caught me in the fog
He said ``I will fix your rat if you'll take Jack my dog''
I said ``Wait a minute Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man''
He said ``That's okay boy, won't you feed him when you can?''

Catch a cannonball now to take me down the line
My bag is sinking low and I do believe it's time
To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone

Things You Didn't Know - Bottle Rockets

C Dm Am F G
C Dm Am F G

C Dm Am F
To all the holding back to much to hold

C Dm G
people out there you really never know

C Dm G C
things out back that could turn you cold

C Dm G
but you got to remember to let go

C Dm Am F G
things you didn't know wouldn't change anything now

C Dm Am F G
lifetime of love and hate up and gone away

F G Am F G
it doesn't matter how you live just so you get along

C Dm Am F G
things you didn't know wouldn't change anything now

C Dm G C Dm G
never took the time to let you know now that time, its all gone

C Dm G C C Dm G
if you ever knew would you change much now, does it matter anyhow

C Dm Am F G
things you didn't know wouldn't change anything now

C Dm Am F G
lifetime of love and hate up and gone away

F G Am F G
it doesn't matter how you live just so you get along

C Dm Am F G
things you didn't know wouldn't change anything now

This Land Is Your Land - Woody Guthrie

(Chorus)

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

The sun comes shining as I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there
And that sign said - no tress passin'
But on the other side it didn't say nothin!
Now that side was made for you and me!

Chorus

In the squares of the city - In the shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office - I see my people
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me.

Chorus (2x)

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Time With You - Backyard Tire Fire

She said I know you gotta do what you gotta do
I just want to pick your brain for a minute or two
She said I know you gotta go where you gotta go
But when you're far away there's something you ought a know

Sometimes I get to missin' you and days are hard
Keep myself busy but all I really wanna do
Is spend some time with you
Spend some time with you

She said I know you gotta be what you gotta be
I knew it right away it was easy to see
You were never givin' up you were never gonna stop
I could never blame you 'cause I could never stop

Sometimes I get to missin' you and days are hard
Keep myself busy but all I really wanna do
Is spend some time with you
Spend some time with you
Spend some time with you

I just wanna spend some, spend some time with you

Treasure - Chris LeRoy

If you're walking down the road
Underneath a heavy load
Don't you worry, there's a treasure for you here
If you feel you can't go on
And your heart's a setting sun
Don't be troubled, there's treasure for you here

In your mind you're waiting for connection
But you can't see no mansion on the hill
Be careful that you never lose direction
There will always be a candle on the sill

If you wander through the years
And your eyes are full of tears
Don't you worry, there's a treasure for you here
If you stumble and you fall
Afraid to lose it all
Don't be troubled, there's treasure for you here

In your mind you're waiting for connection
But you can't see no mansion on the hill
Be careful that you never lose direction
There will always be a candle on the sill

The'll be blue skies when we meet
You'll be swept right off your feet
Come on darling, there's treasure for us here
Come on darling, there's treasure for us here

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TreDrug - Tre Cracker

Aug 02 at 9:47 pm

TreLovesThisStuff said ...

It became extremely practical earlier this morning for me to officially announce my commitment to attend My Inagural PiTown extravaganza. Here goes..

TreDay Campout Opus - TreCracker & Daydrug

It is with great expectation and minimal trepidation that I offer both greetings and a fond salutation to all fellow crumbs in this hallowed congregation who annually unite on this fine occasion an oasis in the desert they always descend good times for strangers family and friends With earnest laughter from most from deep in the belly There will be cakes treats and big jars of jelly There will be things on sticks and comrades all around The over line is 61 Makers 5ths going down * It will start in vegas and then to the beach (which is so much further than i'd imagined to reach) Then to LA to which I must confess Is way further gone than Ive ever been west I ll be journeying with Matt (by sunday we will need some sponsors) Should I be overly conerned about demon gila monsters? There should be some bands some fun and maybe some food Its certain all who attend exude their best moods Whether OCD ectomorphic or just a plain slacker I can wait for us all to rock out with Cracker!

*over/under line will depend on Splinter's attendance

Tryin' To Get Paid - Backyard Tire Fire

Bar room semantics, agreements and such
Options and things that we weigh
Well my shit's all packed up I'm just waitin round
Tryin to get paid

Bathtubs and time clocks and bullshit drain stops
Won't you hurry up now you're late for the train
The old man's cuttin through the cattle down on Monroe
Just tryin to get paid

Yeah well it's all the same deal
We do what we do
Out of habit and feel
And in the meantime, time it rolls on
In the meantime, time it rolls on

Bar room semantics, agreements and such
Options and things that we weigh
Well my shit's all packed up I'm just waitin round
Tryin to get paid

(spoken)

Ain't we all just tryin' to get paid by somebody somewhere
for something?

**Valentine's Day in Juárez -
Ike Reilly**

Yesterday I smoked
Today I don't
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yesterday I swallowed
Today I choke
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yesterday I dreamed
Today I hope
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yesterday I sunk
Today I float
Yeah, yeah

Yesterday was a rented room
With a suicide girl and a pull-
out view
Charcoal drawings of hearts and
sin
Had arrows ripping through his
skin

Valentine's Day in Juárez
Carry roses across the bridge
To gain favor with suicide girls
Valentine's Day in Juárez
Ramble 'cross the walking bridge
To get some rice and beans
And suicide throws, yeah

They got the cocaine, oxycontin
Mushrooms, marijuana
Vodka, plastic pop-off
Twist one off
Yesterday I smoked
Today I don't
Yeah, yeah, yeah
They got the cocaine, oxycontin
Mushrooms, marijuana
Vodka, plastic pop-off
Twist one off
Yesterday I smoked
Today I don't
Yeah, yeah, yeah

The tales of a broken man
A dangerous thing if you let
them in
Where he goes isn't always clear
Places we both know have been
closed for years

They got the cocaine, oxycontin
Mushrooms, marijuana
Vodka, plastic pop-off
Twist one off
Yesterday I smoked
Today I don't
Yeah, yeah, yeah
They got the cocaine, oxycontin
Mushrooms, marijuana
Vodka, if you got 'em
He's gonna want 'em
Yesterday I smoked
Today I don't
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yesterday I smoked
Today I don't
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yesterday I swallowed
Today I choke
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yesterday I dreamed
Today I hope
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yesterday I sunk
Today I float
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Vigilante Man - Woody Guthrie

Have you seen that vigilante man?
Have you seen that vigilante man?
Have you seen that vigilante man?
I been hearin' his name all over the land.

Well, what is a vigilante man?
Tell me, what is a vigilante man?
Has he got a gun and a club in his hand?
Is that is a vigilante man?

Rainy night down in the engine house,
Sleepin' just as still as a mouse,
Man come along an' he chased us out in the rain.
Was that a vigilante man?

Stormy days we passed the time away,
Sleepin' in some good warm place.
Man come along an' we give him a little race.
Was that a vigilante man?

Preacher Casey was just a workin' man,
And he said, "Unite all you working men.
Killed him in the river some strange man.
Was that a vigilante man?"

Oh, why does a vigilante man,
Why does a vigilante man
Carry that sawed-off shot-gun in his hand?
Would he shoot his brother and sister down?

I rambled 'round from town to town,
I rambled 'round from town to town,
And they herded us around like a wild herd of cattle.
Was that the vigilante men?

Have you seen that vigilante man?
Have you seen that vigilante man?
I've heard his name all over this land.

Whiskey On A Southbound - Mother Hips

Whiskey on a southbound
bound for Angel Town
Let those diesel engines pull me down
Broke-down man at the station house
crying from his head to his hands
Lord, it makes me wonder what she said
She said I have the strangest kind of
innocence
I'm gonna ask her exactly what that means
she said her mother likes me
and I think I trust them both
and she treats me good enough for me to
write this song

well my girl got drunk and she's talking
to some boys from high school
she knows how to swim but I think she
wants to drown
ticketman said she's trying to make me a
jealous-hearted man
watching the telephone wires, I nod my
head

Whiskey on the southbound
Whiskey on the southbound
Whiskey on the southbound
bound for Angel town

Whiskey Rain - The Railbenders

Here I am once again
In this darkness on my own
And I don't have anybody to
Show me the light
I am alone

So one more glass
to drown this sorrow
then it's time for me to go
I won't be back here tomorrow
Where I'm headed Lord only knows

And I've been drivin'
down this dark stretch of highway
for as long as I can recall
and it don't matter if you don't approve
of my way
that wont' change things at all
<http://www.free-lyrics.org>

Whiskey Rain
Whiskey Rain
Come down and me and wash away this pain
Whiskey Rain
Don't you go away
I need you to stay

Another night in this bar room
that don't see the light of day
and I've been guided by the fool moon
but I never do find my way
so one more glass could drown this sorrow
then it's time for me to go
and I won't be back here tomorrow
because where I'm headed Lord only knows

And I've been drivin'
down this dark stretch of highway
for as long as I can recall
and it don't matter if you don't approve
of my way
that wont' change things at all

Whiskey River - Willie Nelson

Whiskey River, take my mind
Don't let a memory talk to me
Whiskey River, don't run dry
You're all I got, take care of me

I'm drowning in a Whiskey River
Bathing my memory's mind in
the wetness of its soul
Feeling the amber current flowing from my mind
To warm an empty heart you left so cold

White Lightning - George Jones

Well in North Carolina, way back in the hills
Me and my old pappy had a hand in a still
We brewed white lightnin' 'til the sun went down
Then he'd fill him a jug and he'd pass it around
Mighty, mighty pleasin, pappy's corn squeezin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Chorus:

Well the "G" men, "T" men, revenuers, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin to book him,
But my pappy kept a-cookin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

--- Instrumental ---

Well I asked my old pappy why he called his brew
White lightnin' 'stead of mountain dew
I took a little sip and right away I knew
As my eyes bugged out and my face turned blue
Lightnin' started flashin' and thunder started crashin'
Shhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Chorus:

Well the "G" men, "T" men, revenuers, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin to book him,
but my pappy kept a-cookin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

--- Instrumental ---

Well a city slicker came and he said "I'm tough"
I think I wanna taste that powerful stuff
He took one g-g-glug and drank it right down
And I heard him a moaning as he hit the ground
Mighty, mighty pleasin, pappy's corn squeezin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'

Chorus:

Well the "G" men, "T" men, revenuers, too
Searchin' for the place where he made his brew
They were looking, tryin to book him,
but my pappy kept a-cookin'
Whshhhoooh . . . white lightnin'...

Wrong - Chris LeRoy

The day I said I loved you
Was the day it got away
It messes up my memory
Makes it hard to penetrate
But now I've gone and left you
I'm out for parts unknown
I sit here by this windy road
I'm feeling all alone

Because I was wrong
The moon won't shine
Making the stars align
One more time, one more time

Half of what I said to you
Made all the sense to me
I wondered how you lost your way
Your sensibility
And I was never stronger
Then when I shut that kitchen door
A cold wind on my windshield and
A notebook on the floor

CHORUS

Way out here the Joshua trees
Ain't really trees at all
And somewhere in the desert winds
The rain's about to fall
But I could never tell you how
You mean so much me
I'll carry you inside this soul
For all eternity

Because I was wrong
The sun didn't shine
I saw the birds fly through
The skyline
Because I was wrong
The moon won't shine
Making the stars align
One more time, one last time

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Stay
Hungry,
Stay
Foolish