

I SEE HAWKS IN L.A.

all album lyrics chronological 2001-2019

(songs by Rob Waller and Paul Lacques except where noted)



NICOTINE AND VITAMIN C

A ragged road
And a setting sun
Big old moon
Mama here I come
I ain't afraid
To be alone
Like you
Like you

Nicotine and vitamin C
Everything is good to me

Ever since I started walking home
Home to you, to you
I got a mac you got a nine
Everything's gonna be all right
First we stumble, then we fall
You can't call at all
Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba ba

Water table's seven feet
That's close enough for me
I'm heading for the canyons of my mind
Through the pines
The pines

A ragged road
And a setting sun
A big old moon
Mama here I come
I ain't afraid
To be alone
Like you, like you, like you

TURN THAT AIRPLANE AROUND

by Rob Waller

Miss Winters she raised up twelve wild sons up into the halls of wealth
But when that agent came yesterday she was all by herself
An ice cold hand on her shoulder and the wink of a sorrowful eye
And eighty-six years of breathing right just flashed across the sky
And they cried

Turn that airplane around, sir
Please turn that airplane around
Set those wheels back on the ground
Please turn that airplane around

Sweet Lucy was just nine years old a sight for any sore eyes
Life was all about jumping rope and flying kites up in the sky

She never felt that agent's hand and she never felt any pain
A flash of light and a lightning strike now she's on that plane

Turn that airplane around, sir
Please turn that airplane around
How could you take our beautiful child
With so much life left to come
Turn that airplane around sir
Please turn that airplane around
Because we can't make it without her
Please turn that airplane around

I thought I felt that agent's hand, heard him come creeping right by
And I tried to persuade him it was not my time yet to fly
But he just stood there silent and timeless as the sun
There was no use resisting for my time certainly had come
And I cried

Turn that airplane around, sir
Please turn that airplane around
It can't be me that you're here to see
With so many things left undone
Turn that airplane around, sir
Please turn that airplane around
Just one more day down on this earth
Please turn that airplane around

THE BEAUTIFUL NARCOTIC PLACE I RESIDE

There's a breeze on the hilltop
And a cloud in the sky
A cabin one hundred years older than I
And I know I can get there
If I just close my eyes

The beautiful narcotic place I reside

Well I walk through the forest and I sit in the stream
Trees all around me, I slip into a dream

And I think I hear thunder, or just a lone F-16

In the beautiful narcotic place I reside
The beautiful narcotic place I reside
Ooh ooh ooh

It's over, it's over
It just might be over
Where once I saw greed
I see the innocent tribe

Who's that driving my car--it ain't me
Cause I'm a hundred feet up a tree
And you won't have to dope me, I'm already asleep

The beautiful narcotic place I reside
Ooh ooh ooh

I SEE HAWKS IN L.A.

by Paul Lacques

I see hawks in L.A.
I see hawks in L.A.
If you see hawks
Then maybe we should talk
I see hawks in L.A.

I hear trains in the night
I hear trains in the night
Lonesome sound
Lonesome as this town
I hear trains in the night

One more day on the 605
What if this place got buried alive?
The biggest quake the world's ever seen
Let the snakes take over again

Do you watch clouds disappear?
Do you watch clouds disappear?
If clouds disappear
I'll lend you an ear
Do you watch clouds disappear?

Just as I'm about to leave this town
Clouds roll in and the rain comes down
Just enough to make me laugh
Big tree makes the sidewalk crack

PAPA STOPPED THE WAGON

by Paul Lacques

Papa stopped the wagon at the edge of the creek
He waded in the water, he said I believe
This creek is a little too deep
This creek is a little too deep

Sister jumped from the wagon
Shoulda heard her mama cry
When she walked straight across the water
And stood on the other side
And stood on the other side

Papa was shaking like a dirty dog
Took a stick to beat her to the ground
Woulda beat the wife, beat all the children
Instead he fell in and drowned
Instead he fell in and drowned

That night sister couldn't help herself
And she whispered to herself in the dark
Alleluia

MYSTERY OF LIFE

by Rob Waller

The mystery of life is never ending
Should a man take a wife
Or face the sunrise alone
In the stillness of the night
A voice will come a callin'
No matter what your means (no matter what your means)
The answer has no price

You may blame forgotten history
You may be ashamed of the treachery of men
But in the end it is each man's destiny
To face the mystery of life alone
Of life alone

A promise never kept and a love affair betrayed
All the tears that you have wept for the righteous and the brave
And the moments that have crept from the spotlight of your memory
Sit like stones beneath a stream illuminating like a dream (just like a dream)

HECKER PASS

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

It's 102 at the Fresno County line
Man, it's desolate there
But soon we'll see the oaks and the frog that croaks
Lord I think I smell the ocean air

Hecker Pass, Hecker Pass
Lord, don't you take her too fast
Cause I can't get my fill of those green rolling hills
And I'm too young to see my blood spill spill spill

Well there's garlic and tomatoes and purple potatoes

And berries and cherries and corn
There's white folks and brown folks
Raising up them cows, folks
So don't you be honking that horn

Keep your headlights on in the day
Stuck behind a truck, that's okay
Think of some clever things to say
To the nymphs and mermaids at the bottom of the Monterey Bay

Well you begin to descend at the Mt. Madonna Inn
See that fertile valley down below
How I love to see the bend of the Pajaro River
How I love to watch them vegetables grow

But it's not very merry
Picking them berries
All day in the July sun
So think about them folks when it's time to vote
Remember where your food comes from

Hecker Pass, Hecker Pass
Take the time to get to know her, make it last
It's a leisurely drive, it ain't no Highway 5
And I want to stay alive
Alive

A DOG CAN BREAK YOUR HEART TOO

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

And a dog can break your heart too
Just look into the eyes of a dog
You look into the eyes of your very own soul

When a dog follows you around
That's you following yourself
That's why when a dog says goodbye

You're saying goodbye to yourself
The part of yourself that you're not ashamed of
The part of yourself you really love

And a dog can break your heart too

DUTY TO OUR POD

It's a long long way
To Californi-ay
And the whales that are gray
Are telling stories along the way
Mama whale's got a lot to do
For that warm water rendezvous

And even if there is no God
She's got a duty to her pod
Hey, mama
Make a match for me

Fourteen maidens and her hands are full
Riding herd on the clumsy bulls
She's got to make the maidens a match
So they can make a whole new batch

Mama whale said to me
I should ask you to dance
I circled you for a time or two
And thus began a whale romance
In the sunny Mexico waters
We spawned a great gray daughter

And even if there is no God
We've got a duty to our pod
Hey, mama
Make a match for me

TO THE SNOW

Out there in the rain
Listen to a train
Nothing's in the wind
Trying to pretend
And you're lying with a stranger
Looking out for danger in the hills

Midnight in the heights
Nothing feels right
Lying to a friend
The stories never end
And you stand in the streetlight
Listen to your folks fight through the night

And oh, I don't know
But I'll take you the snow
To the snow

We grew from western seeds
In the shadows beneath the trees
When the jasmine's in the breeze
Deliver me, deliver me
And the shadows on the ceiling
Silently receding with the dawn

And oh, I don't know

Freedom is a sound
Carried high above the ground
Never coming down
A worried man's home town
And you're staring out the window
Out the punk rock stickered window at the dawn

And my, don't we try
To believe every last little lie
That comes by

Quicker than you can say
Two lane to Santa Fe
Driving while you sleep
Underneath the sheet
And the sun's getting brighter
And you lost your brand new lighter beneath the seat

And oh, here we go
I'll take you out to the snow
Here we go

DON'T BURY ME

I'm gonna stay alive when I die
I'm gonna stay alive when I die
Don't fold my hands don't close my eyes
Or I'll give you a big surprise
I'm gonna stay alive when I die

Don't you say your prayers over me
Don't you say your prayers over me
The Father, Son, and Lucifer
They'll have to wait another year
Don't you say your prayers over me

I never died myself, how about you?
How're we supposed to know that it's true?
Just because you laid her in the ground
Don't mean that she ain't out on the town, running round
In a lovely evening gown

Don't you bury me when I die
Don't you bury me when I die
I'll sprout wings I'll learn to fly
Rise up and punch you in the eye
Don't you try to bury me when I die

BABY

Well we've watched six movies
Talked on the telephone a hundred times
Went to breakfast early one morning
And once late at night

Baby
Do you mind
If I call you baby

I stopped calling all the other girls I know
I haven't checked my messages or listened to my phone
Looks like I'm staying home tonight

We didn't kiss the first night I slept in your bed
You fell asleep and I stayed up and read
I watched you sleeping

Baby
Do you mind
If I call you baby

It's October and I'm thinking about what you're doing New Years
What the hell did I do last year?
I think about holding you close when the cold wind comes

LESSON NUMBER 9 IN THE ART OF LIVING THIS TIME

Poor little Lucy, thought she had a man
All she got was a boy with a plan
To take her secrets
And take what he could
Then he left her on a corner in Hollywood

It was lesson number 9 in the art of living this time
It was lesson number 9 in the art of living this time

Shoplifting at the 99 Cent Store
Caught with the cigarettes walking out the door
Look there's the police
In the Santa Ana heat
They're gonna take you on a ride up Rampart street

Passed out drinking smoking in the bed
Second story Thriftylodge is burning fiery red
Standing in the parking lot
Talking to the man
Won't you please save my boombox if you can

Poor Michael Whitmore thought he had a job
24 years and they handed him the cob
He thought had a pension
He thought he did good
Now he's sleeping on a corner in Hollywood

Jonny left Lucy and he went on his way
Drove to his cousin's in Tampa Bay
He got a job working
Selling toner on the phone
And he thinks about Lucy when he's all alone

She told him not to call
And now he's got a pocket full of dimes



HOPE AGAINST HOPE

I know we'll never see
Trees that used to be
Blanketing Ohio
The panther and the Iroquois

And geese that used to fly
Blacken autumn skies
South across Ohio
South towards Mexico
Not long ago

Gives me hope against hope against hope

I know that you and I
Will never spark prairie fires
Or walk to Oregon
But we still soldier on and on

To take a hopeless stand
On wild Dakota land
After you and me
The Snake and Colorado will run free

Gives me hope against hope against hope

Montana blue
Illinois gold and green
Tears from your eyes
I don't want to fight
But I can't sleep

HUMBOLDT

Half a mile from the county line
Half a mile and I'm feelin fine
In Humboldt, Humboldt

Spark it up and let it out
Breathe it in, what it's all about
40 pounds in the back of my van
It's all a part of the master plan
In Humboldt, Humboldt

When I cross that line I'll be feelin' fine in Humboldt

Chopper's up in the sunny sky
Law enforcement is on my mind
I'd be glad to plant corn in the ground
But corn don't go for \$3000 a pound
In Humboldt, Humboldt

Sweet mama walking through my field
Her feet are sticky with a bountiful yield

Don't need no technology
Just the moon sun stars and sea
In Humboldt, Humboldt

When I cross that line I'll be feeling fine in Humboldt
Cool my mind, won't do time in Humboldt

If I beat the DEA
Just ten stoney hours to my friend in L.A.
Next stop is a jumbo jet
Fly me to the fields of Tibet

Bye bye Bush, I'm outta here
Tibet is my new frontier
I quit my job at the 7-11
Now I'm headed off to a stoney heaven

When I cross that line I'll be feeling fine in Humboldt
Cool my mind won't do no time in Humboldt
Let the bonfires burn and the children learn in Humboldt
Ooh, Humboldt, hope I die in Humboldt

LIBRE ROAD

Old man sitting staring at the sea
Winter sun makes a shadow on a fallen tree
Breathing his last air
Going the way of the Grizzly Bear

Young man traveling from town to town
Wheels on the road make a singing sound for no one
Then the young man moves to Mexico
Starts waiting for the monthly checks to show
Good old reposado
Everything is so slow

Down the old untolled libre road
Halfway, time to pay, it's getting cold

Prescription drugs in the Juarez rain
Trying to forget the family name
Substitute the shame
Lost fifty dollars on a Jai Alai game

Ninety days til the river flows
Pawn the silver and the stereo for one last go

Late October when the lawyer calls
Meet the banker at the City Hall, deed is done
Never have to answer to anyone

Money comes in ten grand a month
Now he orders up a taste of the expensive stuff
Watching Mexican TV in the back of a tricked out SUV

Got a little honey and she loves the clothes
Credit card crunching in the Zona Rose, hot and cold
Teeth are grinding on the streets of gold

TEXARKANADA

Texarkanada!
Texarkanada!
Texarkanada!
That's my home
That's my home
That's my home

Calximexico
Mexicalexico
Calximexico

Mexicalexico
That's my home

Well I can't stay here
I won't go back there
I feel like a monkey sitting in a chair
My mind ain't right, I ain't where it's at
I don't know where to hang my hat

Texarkanada!
Texarkanada!

East west north and south
Your feet are in your shoes and your teeth are in your mouth
But brother where are you
Still trying to find out
Bustin' out of Tustin
Look out!

CaliNevaZona, Calinevazona, Calinevazona, Calinevazona
Going all the way to California
In a Ford station wagon
Going all the way to California in a Ford

Minnesota, North Carolina
Looking for the family in a truck stop diner
Strange turf, evil earth
Don't forget what the graveyard's worth

Hey, Hey Jimmy Carter
Never left Plains, Georgia
He walks the land, dirt in his hand
Ashes to ashes
Do you understand?
Texarkanada!
Texarkanada!

THE SALESMAN

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

Oh the salesman is a bright shiny spirit
Or maybe you've just had a bad day
Or maybe your baby's gone and left you
And that's why you're driving away

In a 1971 Chevy Nova with a 501 and a 12-to-1 etc, etc

Oh the salesman is a bright shiny spirit
His face filled with vigor and vim
Just close the deal with a handshake
He'll transfer that love, that gift from above
To the object that winds up on your table

And what are you in for now?
Oh, what are you in for now ?

Well the salesman takes a break and drinks his coffee
Looks up into the night sky
And just like that other fallen angel
He asks his Father why

Did you lead me through the dark
To the land of sunny parks
To the days before your expectations
Broke my heart, broke my heart, broke my heart

Well, the TV is a red ruby Satan
Broadcast to your soul from below
And the salesman has a bright shiny vision
That tattooed bar code
From which all riches flow
From Wall Street to Frankfurt to Tokyo

HITCHHIKER

The ice is on the windows and the snow is on the street
And the soot and sawdust mingle on the floorboards at the trucker's feet
And his boots are made of leather, and his gloves are made of hide
And the woman that he's missing's not the woman that's his bride

And there's a rightness in the rhythm of a man behind the wheel
And all his troubles fall behind him like old dust on a window sill
And if you ask him if he'll take you
Yes he will

Well I'm sitting there beside him now warming up in the cabin heat
And he's talking about California and all the people he'd like to meet
And the 80's radio station lingers lowly in the air
And I settle into my seat to sleep without a worry or a care

Then he told me about the hookers and the pipe
And his born again decision and his God that fits just right

And how he drove to New York City for the Bicentennial
High as a kite

Well he let's me off in Fresno and I thank him for the ride
And he looks through the door down at me with a father's kind of pride

And he says these few words to me as he turns down the Steely Dan
It's a lonesome road ahead son, step off it while you can

And he eases the big machine into gear and he steps down on the gas
Brakes lift, 18 wheels move, I'm already part of his past

I STAYED AWAY

by Clarence Carter

Well I went down to a house
That I used to know
The grass it had all grown up
And covered up the door

And there was a man standing across the street
He said who do you seek
He told me the girl
She just don't live here anymore

Now the man he looked at me
He didn't know whether to cry or grin
He said now what were you to her
Were you a lover or just a friend?

Cause it was six long months a go
With a tall, handsome guy
That she waved to me
Her last goodbye

STILL WANT YOU

Let's do it a little slower
Cause I'm hung over
But honey I still want you
We can do it a little longer
When I feel stronger
Oh, honey I still want you

Well I drank all night, got into a fight
I wandered out into a field
I could see my breath

I nearly froze to death
While you were sitting home waiting for me

I still want you to hold me in your arms
I still want you to bless me with your charms
I still want you, though I'm a foolish stupid man
I still want you
Please love me if you can

I crashed your car right outside the bar
But honey I still want you
Cop said I'd been drinking, but I was just thinking
About how much I still want you

Your loves fills me up
You make me feel like a pup
Who wandered into the perfect home

I don't take you for granted
I'm just a bit slanted
Crooked, and broken, and bent

I still want you to dream with me about the farm
I still want you to put your tattoo on my arm

Let's do it a little slower
Cause I'm hung over
But honey I still want you

We can do it a little longer
When I feel stronger
Oh, honey I still want you

WONDER VALLEY FIGHT SONG

I like rocks
And rock gardens
I like to watch materials harden

The desk clerk at the Motel 6
Just past the Marine Base
He said this is a nice little region, but
Stay away from Wonder Valley

Wonder Valley
Wonder Valley
It's the land where a man can take a stand
Wonder Valley

You don't need a de-louser
Better bring a douser to Wonder Valley
Groove the land
Take a stand in Wonder Valley

Watch the sunset change the shadows
Watch the food thieves hang from the gallows

Well the desk clerk at the Motel 6
Said he was looking for a 1966 Ford Fairlane
I said come on down to L.A.
He said oh, no
They just want to trick you
Then they'll roll you

Well I stayed up all night watching the sun come up
All I want to do is drink a beer and have a cup of coffee
One after the other
You can talk about my guns
Don't mention my mother

The clerk said stay away from Wonder Valley
They sell the methamphetamine behind the alley
They could go insane
They could kill little Sally

I walked through the town
Like Johnny Cash
Didn't have no trouble
Burning through my stash

The Marines fly their planes
And the lizards go insane
In Wonder Valley

When the missiles start to fly
Grab the kids, don't wonder why . . .
Better head for Wonder Valley

Watch this

HARVEST

Well I sat down and read the book of Revelation today
Tried to give a listen to what old John had to say
But I just kept getting bored so I threw that book away
If the end is coming let it come another way

Now are you bold enough to challenge the power of God
When the volcanoes rumble and the wild beasts claw
And the skin on your bones tears away like soggy mud
If the end is coming keep the flower burn the bud

Harvest is coming
Are you out in the field?
Harvest is coming
What will your labors yield?

Well all our myths have expired and they no longer tell
The mystery's revealed there's no ring in the bell
So close up your history books and set them on the fire
They can't keep you from the darkness but they'll burn for a little while

There's a secret in a cave painted on a wall
A magnificent buffalo fourteen feet tall
And if you press your ear to his lips and listen he will speak
But if your heart is not, his destruction he will wreak

I'm a lion, I'm a bear, I'm a leopard, I'm a lamb
I'm a lion, I'm a bear, I'm a shepherd, I'm a lamb
I'm a leper, I'm a bear, I'm shepherd, I'm a man
Playing Tug-O-War with buffalo the rope slipping through my hands

GRAPEVINE

Hang a new clothesline
Wait for the sunshine
To climb up the lawn today

Watch the winter sky
Turn into the summer sky
Watch the flowers try to stay

Once again I'm on my way

Up the Grapevine
Up the Grapevine

Call on the telephone
Whisper your name alone
You don't ever answer or explain

You don't need to water me
It will not bother me
When you become a shadow again

Once again I'm on my way

Up the Grapevine
Up the Grapevine
Ease my own mind
Up the Grapevine
I don't mind
Cause I'm feeling fine
But I lose my mind every time I stay

Now the hills are turning green
There's rain in the air supreme
The trails in the sky don't mean a thing

So I drive in my car at night
And I turn off my headlights
And I see if the radio can lead the way

Up the Grapevine
Take my own time
Past the altitude sign
Up the Grapevine
I don't mind
Cause I'm feeling fine
But I lose my mind everytime I stay



MOTORCYCLE MAMA

Sometimes I know how to find my way butt I don't
Sometimes I know just what to say but I won't
Plastic ponies in a pastel field hanging on my wall
She gave it to me and then she hit the road
And I'm still waiting for her call

I tried to ride with the Motorcycle Mama
But the motorcycle let us me down
I tried to ride with the Motorcycle Mama
But the motorcycle let me down
Let me down

I tried and tried to ride but it just ain't right
I don't look so good on a hog or a trike
Someday soon that dude's gonna come along
On a flair painted Indian singing all the words to her song

She's riding free above the trees
Crossing over the Great Divide
I'm down here with my Tears For Fears
But I know some day I'll ride
I know some day I'll ride
In the side

I packed up all my things in a plastic bag
I drove to the mountain top and I lit the rag
Plastic ponies turn to smoke and sift into the sky
I threw my heart into the flames and the sparks flew in my eye

I tried to ride with Motorcycle Mama
But she can't be with anyone
She's gonna ride and ride and ride and ride
Ride til she hits the sun
She's gonna ride and ride and ride and ride
Ride til she hits the sun
Oohh, lay your big spike down
Oohh, lay your big spike down

RAISED BY HIPPIES

She was born in a school bus on the Blue Ridge Parkway
Her parents had driven from the San Francisco Bay
It was late December of 1968
And the skies were filling with the darkness of hate

Bobby and Martin were long gone
The Flower Children were singing their very last song
Nixon was heading to that big White House
And bombs would soon be dropping on the children of Laos

But a beautiful little girl was born on Christmas day
Away from the madness that had driven them astray
She carried a sparkle right there in her eye
And it shined through the night and it filled up the sky

She was raised by hippies
In the hills of Tennessee
Raised by hippies
So wild and so free
Raised by hippies
They filled her up with love
Looked into the skies, in the heavens up above

Her family moved to Chicago in 1982
Reagan was president no one knew what to do
Izods and argyles made her feel strange
She missed the hippie children and their earthy nature names

All the boys fell in love with her on the first day of spring
She went to class with no shoes on her feet
But her teachers tried to break her of her hillside hippie ways
They made her sit inside on the sunniest of days

She was raised by hippies
In the hills of Tennessee
Raised by hippies
So wild and so free
Raised by hippies
They did some things wrong
But they raised their children right
And they did it for a song

Now when the bombs fell on Baghdad
Her daddy wept and raged
Wrote Kill Whitey on a rest stop on the Natchez Trace
Oh Daddy don't forget Bobby and Martin up above
Remember the songs you sang in the Summer of Love
Summer of Love

She's all grown up now with kids of her own
She teaches them the songs of her hillside hippie home

Run, old Molly, run
Run, old Molly, run

And that old school bus is battered but her engine's good and strong
Tomorrow's morning sun will find them furthur along
And that song book is dusty but they remember the tune
Her uncle's in the back reading the Chronicles of Dune

She was raised by hippies
In the hills of Tennessee
Raised by hippies
So wild and so free
Raised by hippies
They did some things wrong
But they raised their children right
And they did it for a song

Run, old Molly, run
Run, old Molly, run

MIDNIGHT IN ORLANDO

It's midnight in Orlando
And Disneyland is done
They closed up Snoopy
And they sent him on the run

And the planes in the sky above
Shooting across the darkened blue
Someone in Space Mountain
Has got the heart sick flu

It's midnight
It's midnight in Orlando

And I flew all this way
To listen to a man
Who told us he could fill us up
With his six-week master plan

And I'm listing all my losses
In this air-conditioned room
Locked up with a guru
In this Radisson Cocoon

It's midnight
It's midnight in Orlando
And I'm so sorry that I traveled so far away
Did you notice that I couldn't even call today

So I'm climbing into my car
And I'm heading for the gate
I've had enough of this Disney land
I've had enough today

I'm heading for the swamp land
Where at least I know what's dead
Where the animals don't greet you
They just eat you instead

And I'm coming to free you
And I'm coming to help your child
I'm going to take you for a ride away
away
away

SLASH FROM GUNS AND ROSES

Well he walked into the party
Blew everyone away
With his long curly black hair
And his California shades

He picked up a guitar
He was just about to play
When someone came up to him and
That someone said "Hey . . .
You're Slash from Guns N Roses"

Well he didn't say a word
But he put that guitar down
He gave out his cell phone
Now he's at every party in town

And all through the summer
word was gettin' round
Well the women came a seekin'
And the men
They threw the sweet leaf down
For Slash from Guns N Roses
Slash from Guns and Roses

At the top of the highest hill
In hills of Hollywood
Two mansions were competing
To see who could
Throw the biggest, raddest party that this town has ever seen
2690 Beachwood said we've got Slash
2693 Beachwood said oh yeah?
WELL SO DO WE
Yeah, we've got Slash from Guns N Roses
SLASH! SLASH!
Slash from Guns and Roses
SLASH! SLASH!

As the DJs raged in the two back yards
There was fighting in the street
The attorney and the publicist pulling hair and gnashing teeth
Slash came out of the mansion
To see what was all the fuss
From the other house Slash came out too
Wow, what a rush

Well the people cried it's a miracle, like the days of Galilee
But no, said Slash, let's show this bash
We'll just pick up our guitars and see
Which one's Slash from Guns N Roses
SLASH! SLASH!
Slash from Guns and Roses

SLASH! SLASH!

Well the crowd carried their heroes
Through the Beachwood mansion walls
Two Marshall stacks were waiting
In the golden banquet hall

And a bright light split the heavens
Over the Cinerama Dome
Did Al Qaeda did that nuke in?
Or was it Jesus coming home?

Thunder rolled up the canyon
Fire filled the sky
One Slash hit the highway
The other stayed to die

It was Slash from Guns and Roses
It was Slash from Guns and Roses
It was Slash from Guns and Roses

CALIFORNIA COUNTRY

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

I am a child of the Golden State, I grew up in the orchards and fields
I've seen farm towns become commuter alleys
Seen shopping malls eat up the trees
Sometimes I wish for a simpler time
When you could drink right out of the stream
The loneliness around me
The freeways just surround me
Thirty miles from a field of green

But I'm still standing in California Country

My dad moved us to Victorville in the summer of '82
All summer long I traversed the Mojave
Went swimming in the river water pool

On a beautiful farm sloping down to the river
September I was back in school
The bulldozers stripped the topsoil
Little flags marked the quarter mile
I never crossed that river again

But I'm still standing in California Country

Here I land with no plan
Only now I understand
That I could never leave this land
I'm a California man

Well the radio announced the annual meteor shower starting late tonight
So we drove up to the 2 to the Angeles Crest to get out of the city lights
Well the traffic jam started down in Glendale
Lit the mountains bright as day
We turned the car the other way
Headed back to L.A.
Disappeared into the stream

But I'm still standing in California Country
I'm still standing in California Country

GOLDEN GIRL

I fell in love with a golden girl
A wild, young beauty with golden curls
But a streak in our hearts ran a deathly black
I took her to Whitewater
But she won't be coming back

When I first met her she was just seventeen
Singing in the choir of the Holy Nazarene
As we bowed our heads in prayer she gave me a wink
I knew our book was written in the devil's ink

My own wife had left me on Christmas Eve
Standing by the tree, I begged her not to leave

But that golden child gave me a start
A flower bloomed inside my cold, cold heart
(Can a flower bloom inside a cold, cold heart?)

Then she asked me to buy her a bottle of wine
So her and her friends could have a real good time
Beneath those fluorescent lights of Red's Liquor Store
She giggled and whistled and made me love her more

She showed me the pleasures of the loose and the wild
She snuck into my bedroom most every night
She found me a pistol and loaded it too
She wanted money, what else could I do?

I fell in love with a golden girl
A wild, young beauty with golden curls
But a streak in our hearts ran a deathly black
I took her to Whitewater
But we won't be coming back

So I picked up my brother and he rode in the back
She waited in the car in case we were attacked
Twenty minutes later at the Navaho Bar
We took 1500 dollars from the Chief's jar

But he was standing in the shadows as we headed for the door
He lowered his rifle and settled the score
My brother collapsed when the round hit his chest
I carried him to the car and I laid him down to rest
(Brother farewell, for he loved you the best)

And I cried, I cried, and I cried, I cried, I cried

Then I hit the gas and she giggled a bit
She said looks like now it's just a two way split
Raised up my pistol told her to get quiet
She didn't listen
I felt myself fire it

Then things were silent except for the sound
Of a cold soul leaving the golden ground

I took her still body out of the Caprice
Carried her off into the tall pine trees
And I set her in a chair of spoiled stones
No cushion for her flesh, no frame for her bones
And I asked God to put us both on trial
I sat at her feet and I waited a while
Then the sky opened up and the rain did fall
And I buried her body by the waterfall

I fell in love with a golden girl
A wild, young beauty with golden curls
But a streak in our hearts ran a deathly black
I took her to Whitewater
But we won't be coming back
I took her to Whitewater
But no one's coming back

BYRD FROM WEST VIRGINIA

Born in Carolina to a family of miners
The flu of 1918 took his mother away
He couldn't go to college, it was the depths of the Depression
The valedictorian pumped gasoline instead
He found himself a sweetheart
In Irma Ora James
The coal miner's daughter with the odd middle name
He labored in the shipyards during World War II
Welding Liberties and Victories
For me and for you

Byrd from West Virginia
Byrd from West Virginia
Byrd from West Virginia
Senator Byrd

He burned the cross of Jesus in the West Virginia night
The darkness of America blinded his sight
Baptized in the blood of our national sin

The ghosts of the Conquest rise again and again

As a young man in Congress

He studied law at night

For ten long years he burned a different light

Presented with his J.D. by John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Just before the young president

Was escorted into history

Byrd from West Virginia

Byrd from West Virginia

Byrd from West Virginia

Senator Byrd

Fifty years in Washington just passed before his eyes

The building of the empire, its burdens and delights

Did the suffering of the world or the folly of the day

Change a stubborn old heart to see a better way?

And when a reckless new President came calling for war

Old Byrd from West Virginia

Sang out the score:

"The doctrine of pre-emption is radical and deadly"

Now who will sing the song when this bird flies away

Vanished o'er the hillside

It's the end of the day

Byrd from West Virginia

Byrd from West Virginia

Byrd from West Virginia

Senator Byrd

A lone voice a cryin

A lone voice a cryin

A lone voice a cryin

Senator Byrd

JACKPOT!

I'm hot from the road
I'm hot from the highway
This time
Things'll go my way

Two shows in Idaho got money to burn
Cash in my pocket, I'll never learn
My old lady's got to pay the rent
I got seven hundred dollars and 57 cents

We got 36 hours to get to Grand Junction
The St. Regis Hotel for a 6 night function
Looks like we gotta slice a corner off Nevada
Hit the tables, think we oughta?

I was wrong, I was wrong
And I did go back to Jackpot again
I was wrong, I was wrong
I did go back to Jackpot again

Now I'm sitting in the back of a Chevy van
Things didn't go like I planned
Talking to my lady on a busted cell phone
There's nothing in the fridge but a lonely ham bone

Had a crazy conversation with Lady Luck
Before the boys pulled me back in the truck
Was \$1200 up, now \$800 down
I owe a hundred to the drummer that'll never be found

I work hard at night though I sleep all day
Country music just don't pay
6 sets a night no meals no nothing
If I rob a bank I'll come home with something

I was wrong, I was wrong
I did go back to Jackpot again

Breakdown, breakdown
Breakdown on a desert highway
Breakdown, in Provo town
My band's going their way and I'm going my way

I'm gonna climb the red mountain wade the alkali sea
Till the far away lights are shining down on me
I'm gonna lay my last \$20 on the 30 and 10
Do a mind bend while they give the croupier a spin
I'm gonna take my little stake to the Blackjack line
Double down on sevens blow the dealer's mind
And you can hit me, hit me, hit me again
Because I thought I was a loser but I'm building up the chips

I was wrong, I was wrong
I did go back to Jackpot again

THE DONKEY SONG

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

I just got out of County
They caught up with me in Downey
It took fourteen County Mounties
To put a tail on this donkey
The donkey known as Me

Well I'd just come down from Frisco
Sold out of my disco
Just a front for selling crystal
To some closeted ex-Marines

My fine young bride
Stepped into save my pride
When they tired to tattoo the Semper Fi
On the donkey known as me
The donkey known as Me

I am not a donkey
I am not a donkey
But the donkey is me
The donkey known as Me

Well it started out in French Lick
Daddy was the house dick
The carrot and the big stick
Were all I ever knew

No matter my decision
With science-like precision
Daddy laid the discipline
On the donkey known as me
The donkey known as Me

I am not a donkey
I am not a donkey
But the donkey is me
The donkey known as Me

So I'm headed to Hawaii
Where no one can surprise me
If you want to find me
Sing oh, ma liki ny yee
Molokai, Molokai, Ukulele, Ukulele, Kona Kai, look a lady low

I'll be out there on my new turf
Gallop through the blue surf
The only surfing donkey
On the shores of Waikiki
The shores of Waikiki

I am not a donkey
I am not a donkey
Now the donkey is free
The donkey known as me
The donkey's finally free
The donkey known as Me
F-R-E-E FREE!

HOUSTON ROMANCE

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

We exchanged insults, traded blows
And the wounds don't even show
You're self-reliant, a perfect tyrant
I guess I always knew you'd never be my fire hydrant

Well, I knew this would end up like it did
At least we didn't have a kid
I'm leaving behind this gray infested swamp
With its poisonous water snakes and its toxic golf course lakes

Texas City
Corpus Christi
It's not the humidity, it's the humanity
It's not the insensitivity, it's the insanity
Corpus Christi, Texas City

I remember wishing I was dead
Like the peanut shells on the floor of the Ruby Red's
A stranger in a strange land
A beautiful girl tugging on my hand
Trying in vain to drain the water off my brain

Texas City
Corpus Christi
It's not the humidity, it's the humanity
It's not the insensitivity, it's the insanity
Corpus Christi, Texas City

A couple of hundred meals
And this is how it feels
Baylor and Rice and everything nice
Guess I'll think about her maybe once or twice
Texas Cityyy

Say goodbye to U Totem, say goodbye to Kroger
Gonna fly the coup before I get much older
Cause I don't like clams and I don't like oysters

I don't like the locals when I'm drunk and boisterous
Don't like the Astros and the Oilers are gone
Not even a reason to sing this song
About a town where you broke my heart
It's time for a brand new start

Texas City, Corpus Christi, goodbye
I'm going back to California, back to California, goodbye

HARD TIMES (ARE HERE AGAIN)

Well the moon is on a slow rise
Like ever other dark night
Since the waters receded and the grass began to grow

Helicopters circle
Buzz and shine and circle
And the pistol waving prophet is finally on TV

He's dreaming that he's OJ
Finally feeling OK
And you're watching because you're stuck and you're at home

And once the bastards finish him
You'll flip the channel once again
And walk into the kitchen and pour yourself some gin

Hard times are here again

The CIA has bugged the door
Close the blinds, Katie, bar the door
I'm locked and I'm loaded waiting for 'em to storm in

The people have spoken
I thought they were joking
But it's just not that funny the second time around

So I'll listen to you whisper
Secrets from the twister

That's blowing in to flatten our home

There's no ink in my printer
It'll be a long, long winter
But flowers only bloom if the spring is coming soon

Hard times are here again
Hard times are here again

Some say bring it on
Some reach for the bong
Others say they saw it coming all along
Doo doo doo doo

Well the the song is almost finished
And my prospects are diminishing
Wonder how the money's coming in
As the shoe heads for the floor

The Republic had a short run
Sure did get a lot done
But the world is full of messengers
Who aren't afraid to die

They've cordoned off the perimeter
Access is limited
And he's bathing in the TV copter's lights

And once the bastards finish him
He'll rise into the smoky wind
Take off on a ride, like a Jesus suicide

Hard times are here again
Hard times are here again
Hard times are here

Some say bring it on
Some reach for the bong
Others say they saw it coming all along
Doo doo doo doo
Doo doo doo doo

BARRIER REEF

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

Ooh wah ooh wah ooh wah ooh

Well I haven't smoked pot in a week and a half
Come on baby kill the fatty calf
Because paranoia's driving me wild
My self esteem's that of a small child

And the power of the leaf is the Barrier Reef to my sanity
Whoa ho ho oh oh

The common man has an unusual plan called psychostomy
Write a song, get behind the bong, it's a philosophy
Now say a prayer for the man who can only
Lift the weight of a stoney, stoney, stoney
Now here's a reference to the Mountain Pony
Mountain Pony!

And the power of the leaf is the Barrier Reef to my sanity
Whoa ho ho oh oh
The keeper of the weed is the owner of the deed to my sanity
Whoa ho ho oh oh

TAKE MY REST

by Rob Waller

Well I don't have anything left to confess
There's nothing eating away inside my chest
Feels like I've passed the most important test
So soon, I'm gonna take my rest

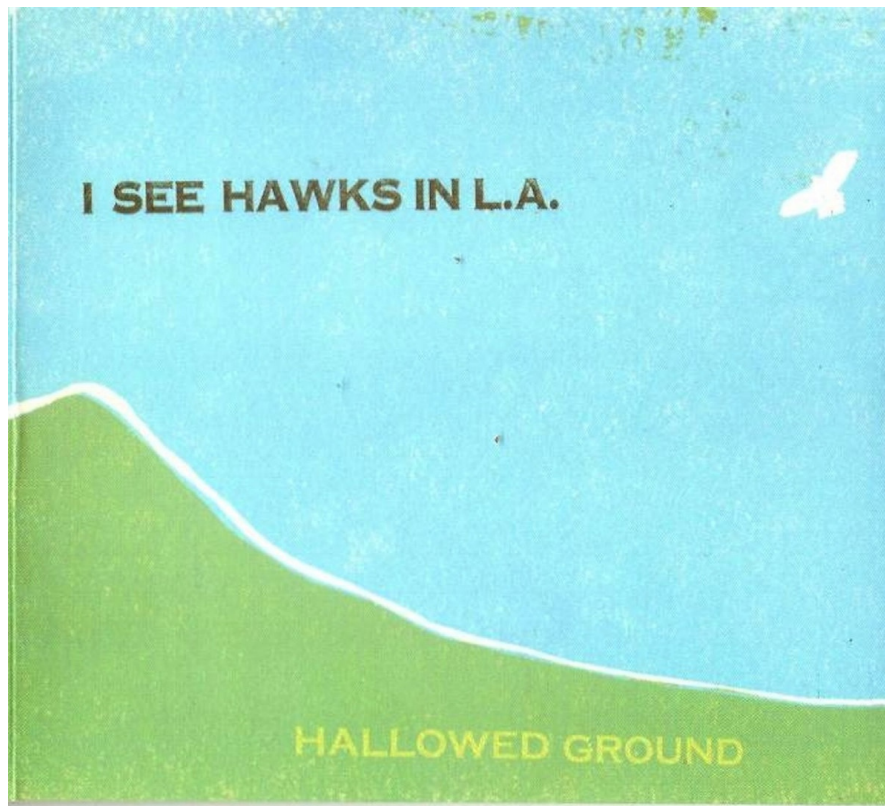
Been all the way to New Orleans
Got lost in that city and saw all that could be seen
I walked down by the river

Watched the sun set in the west
So soon, I'm gonna take my rest

Well I met her on a street out in big L.A.
She loved me for a month and a year
Before she went away
What's the use in looking for another
Once you've had the best
So soon, I'm gonna take my rest

Now I don't need no money
I don't need to be a star
I don't need to spend anymore time
Playing this guitar
I don't need to show off
In front of all my friends
Because in the end
No one wins
And we all go back in the dirt again

I used to believe someday the day would come
When the poor would rise up and finally get some
But justice is for the rich man
And Jesus is for the rest
So soon, I'm gonna take my rest
Yeah soon, I'm gonna take my rest



CARBON DATED LOVE

From Topanga to the sea
You took a walk with me
To be free
To be free

Halfway down the trail
We were sprung from our jail
I see a whale
You fill your pail

With the spirits of the bees
And the heat above the trees
And you love flowers
You feel their powers

And this old fern is my friend
Our love will never end

Carbon dated love
Tragedies unfold
My heart's made out of coal
Carbon dated love

And there's a fossil of a fern
When we open up the earth
Still glowing green
Down in the seam

And there's three hundred years of coal
But it took so long to grow
Black as pitch
It flipped the switch

And in the dungeon down below
A forgotten miner's glove
Waits its turn
Just like the fern

And this old fern is my friend
Our love will never end
Carbon dated love
Tragedies unfold
My heart's made out of coal
Carbon dated love

It started in the sun
But when we were done
The shade had taken hold
Under cottonwood trees
The wet canyon breeze
Mud seeps through our clothes

When we finally reached the shore
There stood an open door
Out in the foam
Calling us home

Finally feeling brave
We stepped into the waves

We jumped right through
Just me and you

And this old fern is my friend
Our love will never end
Carbon dated love
Tragedies unfold
My heart's made out of coal
Carbon dated love
Carbon dated love

KEEP IT IN A BOTTLE

Well we walked fast and we walked slow
We saw a bear and a buffalo
Dry grasses up to our knees
You said, have you been hearing about the bees?
I said, yes I have but that's all right
No one can stop the blue of the sky
To which you made a wordless reply
You reached the earth and you reached the sky
A handful of dirt and a handful of sky
You said
Let's keep it in a bottle
Let's keep it in a bottle

We found a flower on top of the ridge
You said it looked like a natural bridge
You took a photo and you picked it too
You said it looks a little bit like you
You said
Let's keep it in a bottle
Let's keep it in a bottle

Then the clouds laid a soft and purple glow on the rock and the feather
And the cool of a new Montana rain claimed the weather
And the line of the ridge and the peak tied us together

Then the July sun hit the yellow hills
A soul connection is such a thrill
A hundred and two and there ain't no shade
My tiny shadow is a window pane
You said, the hills are dry and the hills are ripe
The hills can bring on a lifetime
So give it to me, give it to me now
Water from your well
Let's keep it in a bottle
Let's keep it in a bottle
Let's keep it in a bottle

Then the clouds laid a soft and purple glow
On the rock and the feather
And the cool of a new Montana rain
Claimed the weather
And the line of the boulder and the trees
Tied us together

IN THE GARDEN

Well the botanist and the astrophysicist
Got into a terrible fight
The flowers trembled and some stars fell from the sky
And the snakes watched silently
The bees imperious from their place in the divine
As ambitious noise from urban toys
Bothered paradise again

In the garden
The world is still a tree
In the garden
The lilies in the field
In the garden
Consider you and me

Well, my three masted schooner was loaded for sea
With a load of lumber to trade for tea

But the harbormaster said your passage is not free
Then the breeze blew in from SMC
And the quad was filled with brilliant teens
Drawing fabulous fire through invisible wire
And I joined them in the trees

In the garden
The world is still a tree
In the garden
The lilies in the field
In the garden
Consider you and me

CO2 is bringing weather like this town has never seen
October thunderheads are black and red on Sunset in a dream
Two Angelenos in gray hoodies are jacked up about the rain
The farmer's market in EP has organic ex-Marine
He sorely wants to meet my dad and talk of 1953
Now all ye hunters and ye gatherers prepare
For wild blue wandering
Wild blue wandering
Wild blue wandering

YOLO COUNTY AIRPORT

I'm drunk, I'm stoned, and I'm tired
But pretty soon I'm gonna be wired
On the love from the crowd
That makes me feel so proud
I'm flying in to the Yolo County Airport

Well I got a big gig at the Palms in Winters tonight
Everybody in the crowd is feeling all right
We were hanging with Mick and Keith
On Ibiza just last week
Now we're flying in to the Yolo Country Airport

And if you want to fly, all right

Flying into Yolo County tonight
If you want to fly high, all right
Baby I'm coming home to you tonight

Well, we Hawks finally caught our break
After seven long years thinking it was all just a big mistake
Now we're caught in a bidding war
Our picture's on the wall at the Apple Store
We're flying in to the Yolo County Airport

And if you want to fly, all right
Flying into Yolo County tonight
If you want to fly high, all right
Baby I'm coming home to you tonight

We partied hard in the Tyson family yard
Playing catch and release with the chicken and the geese
Out in the pond there's a lot going on
It's not flat at all
There's a 20 foot elevation
We can see it all

Well our big jet plane hit a bad pocket of air
We dropped like a rocket, woke up in the docket
Of the repossession hearing
They were taking away the Yukon
Cuz we couldn't pay Barbossa
See the transfer case was broken
See the deal that was sub rosa
Went awry in Mariposa
Still we're flying in to the Yolo County Airport

And if you want to fly, all right
We're flying into Yolo County tonight
If you want to fly high, well all right
Baby I'm coming home to you tonight
Oh say, Baby, I'm coming home to you tonight

HIGHWAY DOWN

Highway
How much I need you
Highway
Wind across the land
Take me away from all my troubles
Give me my two feet on the ground

Big Sandy Mountain's there to welcome me
Sweet desolation Highway 93
Lay my bag out on the Carson Sink
I can't be a thousand miles from anything

Oh won't you take my down easy
Bring me all the way down
Won't you take my down easy
Bring me all the way down
Oh won't you take my down easy
Bring me all the way down
I could get addicted to the highway down

I get all up in my head too much
Stressed out about things that were said and such
I should be lying in my bed till dusk
A bed of flowers overlooking the San Joaquin

Oh won't you take my down easy
Bring me all the way down
Won't you take my down easy
Bring me all the way down
Oh won't you take my down easy
I'm gonna heal my afflictions on the highway down

Lord knows I love this Valley
Though it's as wounded as an alley
I see the weddings and the rodeos and the worn out fields
From a bed of flowers overlooking the San Joaquin

I could be addicted to the highway down

Talking to my devil on the highway down
Getting on the level on my highway down
Dig my grave with a shovel
On the highway own

HALLOWED GROUND

Hallowed ground was burning up my feet
I was standing out in your street
Right beneath your window
Watching your candles glow

Hallowed ground was burning up my soul
I was halfway up the telephone pole
Calling out your name
Cause hallowed ground will never be the same

Hallowed ground, hallowed ground
I'm standing making not a sound
Hallowed ground, hallowed ground
Got to get back on hallowed ground

Well the romance went the usual way
Now you're standing in the kitchen with nothing left to say
There's a child and a mortgage sleeping in our bed
And I'm wide awake with these worries in my head

And after all the poems and the plans
The recipes, the documents, the wedding bands
Put Mike Stinson on the stereo
Cause the lonely hearts still need a place to go

To hallowed ground, hallowed ground
Standing, making not a sound
Hallowed ground, hallowed ground
Got to get back on hallowed ground

Little bird outside our window

You said listen, he never sings the same
So we listened for hours and hours
That little bird flew us away

To hallowed ground where our story began
Let's make breakfast with our hallowed pots and pans
The ridge has got a dusting of snow
So let's pack up the little one and go
Cause the little one has never seen the snow

Hallowed ground, hallowed ground
Standing, making not a sound
Hallowed ground, hallowed ground
Got to get back on hallowed ground
Got to get back on hallowed ground
Hallowed Ground

ENVIRONMENTAL CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE

The environmental children of the future
Are making plans for tomorrow
The environmental children of the future
Don't need to beg or borrow
From their grandchildren's rain
From their grandchildren's sun
From their grandchildren's mountains
The way that we have done

The environmental children of the future
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The environmental children of the future
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The environmental children

There's a willowy lass who was first in her class
At the architecture school in the city
With recycled materials she built towers filled with dreams
Based on the pattern of a spinning falling leaf

After graduation she moved away to Maine
Now she's building hay bale structures in the cold October rain

The environmental children of the future
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The environmental children of the future
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The environmental children

Then the hundred year flood came in November
And the hundred year flood came in December
And hurricanes and flames rained down on the plains
And the children of the future said "remember!"

The environmental children of the future
Took their elders by the hand
They said the earth is a self-regulating organism
Let us help you understand
And the willowy lass lay down in the grass
Singing prayers for the Great Barrier Reef
And the sky overhead was her feathery bed
Now floating freely like a spinning falling leaf

The environmental children of the future
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The environmental children of the future
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
The environmental children

EVER SINCE THE GRID WENT DOWN

Went back to smoking Marlboro Reds
Now I don't worry about getting dead
Well, I sleep when I'm tired and I eat when I can
I'm finally living like an honest man
Like an honest man

Out in my back yard I set up my TV
I painted it with symbols like it was 800 BC

Got down on my knees and prayed to this god
I got up on my roof and covered it with sod
Covered it with sod

Ever since the grid went down
I'm through acting like a clown
I sleep when the sun goes down
Ever since the grid went
Ever since the grid went down

Well, I killed a man for batteries
I killed a man for gas
I almost killed a soldier for talking too fast

Now I use my Telecaster to paddle my boat
My G5 tower's a milking stool
For milking my goat
I go fishing in the reservoir and forage in the dump
I even charge admission to my Andy Gump
To my Andy Gump

Ever since the grid went down
I'm through acting like a clown
I sleep when the sun goes down
Ever since the grid went
Ever since the grid went down

I caught my neighbor tapping into my well
Loaded up my sling shot and sent him to hell
Now his wife is my wife and his whiskey too
His three little children are sewing my shoes
Gotta hit the mountains for some winter meat
Feed my brand new family a tasty treat
Oh it may sound wicked but the logic is sound
Ever since the grid went
Ever since the grid went
Ever since the grid went down

PALE AND TROUBLED RACE

We took a little trip with Tony and Kip
Far across the sea
To our fathers' land with the troubled stand
In the world's great comedy

And the garrison stood like trees in the woods
Midst the hunters and the prey
We shook off the fright, sparked up a light
Back to Amerikay

Our pale and troubled race
Finding our home in this golden place
Our pale and troubled race

North of the Tyne my ancient mind
Woke inside of me
The air on my skin was like an old friend
Just like a memory
And the blood that was spilled on these green and gray hills
Still flows inside of me
And I stand at the water and I look at my daughter
In the shadow of the family tree

The pale and troubled race
Finding our home in this golden place
The pale and troubled race

In the Belladrum wild we discovered our tribe
All the colorful tents in the meadows
From the teepees rose a blue peat smoke
And the whisky flowed like the river

And we sang of the Golden Girl
And the dancers did twist and swirl
In the muddy black summer soil
We were oh so alive and our spirits did thrive
On the edge of the Arctic circle

A pale and troubled race
Finding our home in this golden place
The pale and troubled race
Finding out home in this golden place

And I take a taste
And the first one's strange
And the second is plain
And the third gets better
And the hills in grow wetter
With the mists in the heather
And I climb with my daughter
To the falling water
And the sky overhead
Is purple and red
And I sing what I said
Diddle di de de dodle
Diddle do de di diddle de di

THE SALTY SEA

The shallow blue Pacific
And the continental shelf
Soon gave way to the black and the gray
Of the mid-sea trenches with their scaly wenches
And their tales of the mountain elf
Tales of the mountain elf

Me oh my, there's a tear in my eye
Big as the salty sea
Come on down, we'll all drown
Down in the salty sea

They laughed and they danced and they fiddled
And hey sang their ancient songs
They pulled me into the circle
And said laddy, come along
The black and the gray did soon give way
To the tops of the waves and the sun dappled caves

On the volcanic sands of a virgin land
In the 18th century
In the 18th century

Me oh my, there's a tear in my eye
Big as the salty sea
Come on down, we'll all drown
Down in the salty sea

Five hundred nights of drinking
With my dancing fairy friends
I came out of the fog of the gentry's grog
Woke up in the sand of Van Dieman's land
In a planter's chains with a brand new name
And they yoked me to the plow
They yoked me to the plow

I burned the eucalyptus
And I carried off the stones
For fourteen years I worked the fields
And my fingers to the bone
And then one night the planter
Plucked me from my toil
He said I understand you're a dancing man
And fast with a fiddle, and smack in the middle of
The parlor I lept for the Queen
I lept for the visiting Queen

Well the planter he was very well pleased
And kind disposed to me
He invited me in to his cozy den
For cigars and porter and the social order
Was the topic of his drunken screed
The topic of his drunken screed
And he told me:

It took slavery to tame these wild lands
It took slavery to train ten thousand hands
To redirect the river
To build the Grand Canal
The cotton fields, the pyramids, the well

Now I ask you to forgive me
For I struck a devil's deal
My sheets are clean on this packet of steam
To the Cape I am bound and Dublin town
With southern gold in the bottom of the hold
And my star crossed soul to trade for a load
Of Fenian rebels and Carlow boys
And a captain I will be
Yes a captain I will be

Me oh my, there's a tear in my eye
Big as the salty sea
Come on down, we'll all drown
Down in the salty sea

GETTIN HOME TONIGHT

I've been hanging on to a dream
I've slept in the dirt for a week
Jerry's gone but his guitar's still ringing
I have followed the sights and sounds
I have froze on Hunger Mountain
Telluride was kind and we were singing

And the tattered unbowed tribe
Can be found from time to time
Will you share this bowl with me, I think it's raining
Well the campus was a breeze
But I have fled into the trees
Where the wanderers look down upon the city

She said I wonder how I'm getting home tonight
She had a sleeping bag and a sweet and subtle smile
She handed a tab to me
And I simply had to agree
I wonder how I'm getting home tonight

And we were lying in the sand

And God reached down his hand
And said I now pronounce you Wanderer and Rainbow
And the sun electrified the park
Like a shaman kept in the dark
We witnessed the rise of the sun for the very first time

I said do what you will to me
Take me, take me, take me
Let me climb your glorious rainbow to my awakening

She said I wonder how I'm getting home tonight
She had a sleeping bag and a sweet and subtle smile
She handed her heart to me
And I simply had to agree
I wonder how I'm getting home tonight
I wonder how I'm getting home tonight

Let me climb your glorious rainbow to my awakening
Let me climb your glorious rainbow to my awakening
My awakening
My awakening

OPEN DOOR

by Victoria Jacobs

I'm not gonna sit around
Talk about how you let me down
I'm not gonna drown myself in tears
I'm gonna walk right through that open door

I'm going to leave you behind the open door
Call my name, I won't come back no more
I'm going to leave you behind the open door
I'm gonna leave you behind the open door
I'm not going to be untrue
For anyone, not even you
I've got better things to do

Than sit around and be blue on you

How can you look me straight in the eye
Tell me that you love me
Tell me that you'll try
I swore to myself that I'd be good
But seeing you to night is making me
So damn confused

I'm not going to be untrue
For anyone, not even you
I've got better things to do
Than sit around and be blue
On you

I'm going to leave you behind the open door
Call my name, I won't come back no more
I'm going to leave you behind the open door
I'm gonna leave you behind the open door

NEVER ALIVE

There's a breathless view painted blue
And I cannot be true, not like you
And so I walk away, everyday
Let the years explain my lovely pain

I throw a rock into the water
And no ripples arrive
Like the snow up on the mountain
I was never alive

I know you're strong as we circle the pond
Smell the cabin fire, snap the ice on the wire
And you run ahead on a cold white bed
Down the orchard row, frozen apples in the snow

I throw a rock into the water
And no ripples arrive

Like the snow up on the mountain
I was never alive

And it's just one night, watching embers die
And your hand's so warm as we weather the storm
There's a breathless view, painted blue
And I cannot be true, not like you

I want to walk into the sunrise
Let the mountain decide
Let the searchers discover
I was never alive

I throw a rock into the water
And no ripples arrive
Like the snow up on the mountain
I was never alive

GOOD AND FOOLISH TIMES

Didn't we have some good times
Some good and foolish times
Didn't we have some good and foolish times
Didn't we take some long rides
Some long and winding rides
Didn't we take some long and winding rides

Red canyon walls and waterfalls
On my color TV
Late night call
Grab your shawl
You're 800 miles away from me

Didn't we have some good times
Some good and foolish times
Didn't we have some good and foolish times
Didn't we take some long rides
Some long and winding rides
Didn't we take some long and winding rides

Goddam this telephone
Now I'm feeling more alone
I can't call you again
I wake up and drive all day
Sunset on the Great Salt Lake
I knew I'd find you at that Red Iguana Café

Then we have our same old fight
Underneath the disco lights
You're out the door and then
Clear corn liquor in a jar
Locked in my brother's car
Bet we'd do it all again

Didn't we have some good times
Some good and foolish times
Didn't we have some good and foolish times
Didn't we take some long rides
Some long and winding rides
Didn't we take some long and winding rides



SEXY VACATION

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

I'd wash my hands of you but I like the way you smell
I'd turn my back on you but I'd never live to tell
I'd burn your pictures but you know you're just too pretty
I'd burn your letters but I could never burn up little Hello Kitty

I'd forget your number but it's written on my brain
I'd forget the feel of your skin but it's driving me insane
I'd look for other fish but you know the sea's polluted
I'd try to be happy but you know I'm rather well suited for the

Life of strife and trials and tribulations
I wish I could pretend it was nothing but a sexy vacation
Nothing but a sexy vacation after all
Nothing but a sexy vacation after all

I'd move away but I know some day you'll be famous
I wish I was a 19th century shepherd named Patrick, James, or Seamus
Yeah, I'd write you off but you're good for too much material
I wish I could eat my words but I can barely keep down my cereal

I'd just start over but you know we're not getting any younger
What's the matter, has the mean old cat got your tongue, girl?
I'd destroy my radio when it plays your favorite song
But the melody lingers on and on about the

Life of strife and trials and tribulations
I wish I could pretend it was just another sexy vacation
Just another sexy vacation after all
Sexy vacation
Nothing but a sexy vacation after all

I remember the laughter and the fun
But I knew I was under the gun
You always had me in your sights
Even when we turned out the lights
And the road to hell is surely paved with heavenly delights
Heavenly delights

This life is rife with strife and trials and tribulations
I wish I could pretend
It was nothing but a sexy vacation after all

BOSSIER CITY

by B.J. Bourgoin

My hands are shaking as I'm sadly learning
The truth behind your innocent disguise
You never thought I knew that you had been untrue
But I once saw the devil somewhere in your eyes

Now you got the nerve to ask me where I'm going
And I don't believe I'd tell you if I knew
I'll be gone when the sun comes up tomorrow

I believe it's time to say good-bye to you

And it sure smells like snow in Bossier City
But there ain't no weather quite as cold as you
I'd sooner stand in Mother Nature's anger
Than to spend another lonely night with you

I'm talking but I'm feeling you're not listening
My words they just fall heavy on the floor
Yes, it's true that you knew I would not stay forever
And you won't see me crying when I walk out your door

Now you got the nerve to ask me where I'm going
And I don't believe I'd tell you if I knew
I'll be gone when the sun comes up tomorrow
I believe it's time to say good-bye to you

And it sure smells like snow in Bossier City
But there ain't no weather as cold as you
I'd sooner stand in Mother Nature's anger
Than to spend another lonely night with you
Than to spend another lonely night with you

SHOULDA BEEN GOLD

Awake in the willows
Awake in the scattered sun
I followed you through the shadows
And we wandered under trembling leaves
In the morning
In the morning

You wondered would I be yours forever
And I promised to as I carried you through the willows
I carried you
Through the willows

Shoulda been gold
Coulda been silver

Shoulda been gold
Shoulda been delivered
Surely I was told
Surely we were different
Shoulda been gold

Alone in the city
Far away from that golden day
In the summer

I wonder will you ever walk with me again
I faltered I surrendered
On the palace floor
Through the cheating door
On the silvery shore

Shoulda been gold
Coulda been silver
Shoulda been gold
Shoulda been delivered
Surely I was told
Surely we were different
Shoulda been gold

And you waited
Curtains faded
At the window
And then you made your getaway
And I wonder where you'll stay

Shoulda been gold
Coulda been silver
Shoulda been gold
Shoulda been delivered
Surely I was told
Surely we were different
Shoulda been gold

LAISSEZ LES BON TEMPS ROULET

We walked along the river
Heard the whistle of the Dixie Belle
Well we never made it to heaven
And there are secrets we can never tell

But you know that I still love you
And I'll always stay
As we watch the muddy water
Carry our troubles away

Laissez les bon temps roulet
O ma cher, o ma cher
Laissez les bon temps roulet
O ma cher, o ma cher
Tout les temps, tout facon,
Tout mon coeur, oui, allons
A la bon temps roulet

Like a captured meander
You locked my heart away
I was a wild roving river
Whiskey and sweet tokay

Now we wander more slowly
The ghosts of the parish at our side
I know one day we'll join them
But tonight let's take a ride

Laissez les bon temps roulet
O ma cher, o ma cher
Laissez les bon temps roulet
O ma cher, o ma cher
Tout les temps, tout facon,
Tout mon coeur, oui, allons
A la bon temps roulet
Ma 'tit monde, ma 'tit monde

SOUL POWER

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

Release my body
Release my soul
Release my soul power till my soul's out of control
Release my body
Release my soul
Release my soul power
Till my soul's out of control

Well there's a high speed train pulling into the station
And a hot little mama's gonna melt straight into my arms
Well I don't know if we can make it home
Before the fires burn and the love explodes
The power of nature is in the trees and underneath our clothes

Back at the castle the keys were a hassle, you know
So we found a sweet spot to take our shot
And we took off all of our clothes
It took the whole front lawn to get it on
The neighbors yelled keep rollin' on
So we got on my bike and went riding
Down to old man Johnson's farm

Soul power's gonna let love flower too
I'm gonna spring my wings over you (and you and you)
So let my soul power shine through
I feel your flower covered in dew

Release my body
Release my soul
Release my soul power
Till my soul's out of control
Release my body
Release my soul
Release my soul power till my soul's out of control



BOHEMIAN HIGHWAY

Rivers in the sky
Layin in grass so high
Morning glory spied
By Mr. Darcy's eye
I'm not alone in Freestone
Old friends reflecting all my rarefied and better light
Green Apple meadow take this weary mind

Bohemian Highway
August river road
Bohemian Highway
Carrying me home

Pure black wooded night
Dipper in the sky
Seven Sisters fight
I ain't takin' sides
I'm the lonesome satellite

Following the Dipper lines
To true north my companion since the day before I chose delight
Abandoned my old sacred burden

Bohemian Highway
Rivers in the sky
Bohemian Highway
Rivers in my eyes

Thank you for wandering sweet curves and bitter hollows
Abandoned stone marked pastures
Return to random useless wonder
Return to random useless wonder

Bohemian Highway
August river road
Bohemian Highway
Carrying me home

DEAR FLASH

Dear Flash, dear Flash,
It's been a long long long long long long time

Well I surely do respect your need
To fade into the hills
But damn, old man, I've got to say
The effort nearly killed me

I miss your prose and your sensitive nose
Do you still hunt chanterelles?
I miss those days and freedom's way
And the lovely unshod belles

Dear Flash
Won't you lend me some cash
Won't you lend me some cash
Dear Flash

As I sit in Angelino
There's a rumble in the air
The feds are flying gray Chinooks
To pacify our cares

And yes I need a Greyhound fare
But I also need relief
I spent my youth in bitter truth
Now I want to lie in green

Dear Flash
Won't you lend me some cash
Got a place I can crash?
Dear Flash

I won't be a nuisance
You'll hardly know I'm there
At the far end of your acres
I'll be a cropper
If you'll share

Dear Flash
Won't you lend me some cash
Let me pull from you stash
Dear Flash

THE SPIRIT OF DEATH

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

I went out dreaming to the bottom of the sea
Under the whispering weight of the people gone before me
The song of the sinking sun summoned me to shore
That old friend I'd known a thousand times before

It was the spirit of death
The spirit of death
My heart is blessed

With the spirit of death

When I was a younger man the good times eased the way
But now the stars are falling every other day
The dreams of childhood are returning to say
Your dance is coming, better pick a tune and play

The spirit of death
The spirit of death
My heart is blessed
With the spirit of death

Sweet sister Amy left us in the fall
Her spirit lingers in the hearts of us all
I asked my old friend if Amy was okay
He said that blazing fiddle carried her on her way

If you visit my grave you won't be alone
I'll be dancing on my own gravestone
So bring your pretty woman, bring your fruit of the vine
A whole lot of laughing and a little bit of crying
Little bit of crying

NEW KIND OF LONELY

Our favorite young couple
Came by to watch some TV
They felt a strange loneliness so soon after their joyous matrimony

It was a rocking wedding
All the friends came in from out of town
Now they feel like they're letting everybody down

There's a new kind of lonely
Sitting right next to you
There's a new kind of lonely
Ah but even the sky is blue

Randy went out and got wasted with the boys
Chasing skirts and getting hurt, recollapsing all the young man's joys

Mona stayed home, slept with the cat
Too tired to wonder when Randy's
Finally coming back

There's a new kind of lonely
Sitting right next to you
There's a new kind of lonely
Ah but even the sky is blue

Little dove
Where's your love?
The one always beside you
I guess it's true
The lucky twos
Sometimes refuse the solace of their garden

Now I'm sitting on the back porch with my long time lovely bride
Waiting for the sun to set, the breeze to blow
Everything's all right

There's a new kind of lonely
Sitting right next to you
There's a new kind of lonely
Ah but even the sky is blue
And it's only me and you
Sometimes it all comes true

I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

I fell in love with the Grateful Dead
Hippie melodies in my head
I did what I did and I said what I said
In the parking lot caravan Grateful Dead

Me and my sister snuck out of the house
Took the Sunset bus into Hollywood's mouth
To an acre of heaven in a concrete mile
Palladium, Palladium, Palladium smile

In the deep summer fog in Hampton Sydney
With the sweet southern girls who were oh so pretty
We smoked marijuana on the Chesapeake Bay
Fed the horses with handfuls of hay

I fell in love with the Grateful Dead
Hippie melodies filled my head
I did what I did and I said what I said
In the parking lot caravan Grateful Dead

In the summer of '72 I rode up the coast
On a sputtering Triumph with draft dodging freaks from my college
'Twas the Santa Barbara Bowl the New Riders opened the show
With a black wall of speakers as big as the ocean
Jerry came out smoking his cigarette
And we hollered like wolves
He played his guitar seven days of the week
And the little man next to me is starting to peak
Oh, Donna, earth mama, smile down on this freak, and

I fell in love with the Grateful Dead
Hippie melodies in my head
I did what I did and I said what I said
In the parking lot caravan Grateful Dead

My lady knew the crew

So we were granted backstage
Ate organic vegetarian curry and rice
Sat down in the wings on the hardwood floor
And the music washed over me
A foaming green gentle sea
A sea without jealousy
And I was the shore
I was laughing and crying without even trying and

I fell in love with the Grateful Dead
Yes, I fell in love with the Grateful Dead

What, may you ask, is this song about?
It's a cry for the tribes of peace to come out
We got the numbers, we're fast and we're strong
Consult your Whole Earth Catalog

Take this hippie faded love and use it if you please
Or scatter us all gently on a Santa Cruz breeze
Or an Arkansas storm
To Winterland Meadowlands Soldier Field Tivoli
Rotterdam Amsterdam Newcastle Wimberly
Hey, batter, batter
You can't destroy matter and

I fell in love with the Grateful Dead
Hippie melodies in my head
I did what I did and I said what I said
In the parking lot caravan Grateful Dead
Oh I fell in love with the Grateful Dead
A kind hippie girl shared my bed

MARY AUSTIN SKY

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Mary-Austin Klein

Even her mundane objects are beautiful
Human folly cast in stone
L.A. River from the 6th Street bridge
Weedpatch Highway, Old Road

Mary Austin Sky
Mary Austin Sky

She made the desert more sacred for me
Temblor Mountains, Carrizo Plain
Palo Verde, Saline Valley
Giant landscape, tiny frame

Mary Austin Sky
Mary Austin Sky

Holding back the inevitable
Holding back the inevitable

Mary Austin Sky
Mary Austin Sky
Mary Austin Sky

BIG OLD HYPODERMIC NEEDLE

She called me on the telephone and waited all night long
I never showed up at her door to carry her along
She scratched and scratched and smoked a pack
That itch just wouldn't quit
Drank some wine, some Vicodine, and bought some time

It was that big old hypodermic needle
Nothing else would do
Big old hypodermic needle
Trusted, tried, and true
It was her steely shot of courage
It was her red white and blue

Four days later on the floor she didn't feel so sick
Sun came through the kitchen door
Thank God she'd finally kicked
Got out of the house, that brave little mouse
Facing the world on her own
Oh, but flying in on that clear desert wind
Her very best friend
Gonna be with her to the end

It was that big old hypodermic needle
Just a taste for the road
Big old hypodermic needle
Two sisters' secret code
One last time for the memory
In a sunset turning gold

It was that same ironic ending to the fable
At the wooden kitchen table
When you get too much of what you're looking for
And what also killed the messenger
Straight off the plane from Amsterdam
Was sweet and uncut heaven and I found them where they fell

It was that big old hypodermic needle
Who's to say and who's to tell?

Big old hypodermic needle
Did you ever feel like an empty shell?
Coming home was easy
When you hear the angel bells
Two sweet sisters in the sunrise
Hear the angel bells

RIVER RUN

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

Now the river flows mostly underground
Summer rains have moved further south
Mosquitos in the sun
Miles of empty wells
Remember how we lived so well

My canopy abides the strange new times
Open sky is hard and dry
Memory eeturns to me
I'll root down ro porous ground

Run, river, run
River run
River run

Now the river runs awiftly down my face
Wednesday brought the rain
Rain is holy grace
Grace be in my heart
My heart is in your hands
River run through this land

Run, river, run
River run

She said cottonwood, cottonwood, don't you cry
My source is the mountainside
If you keep me in your mind

My waters will find you

I will always pass on by
Reflecting changes in the sky
A thousand years is just a breath
A thousand miles before I rest

So cottonwood, cottonwood
Don't you cry
My source is the mountainside
If you keep me in your mind
My waters will find you

HIGHLAND PARK SERENADE

Slow down, Figueroa, you're breathing too fast
Twenty miles of boulevard in a town that can't last
I wake up at night, hear your Saturday sounds
Helicopter, helicopter, mission: surround

It's a Highland Park serenade
Some are in love and some are afraid
It's a Highland Park serenade

Five generations in this tumble down valley
From the concrete arroyo to Mr. T's Bowling Alley
And a boy sprays his name on a newcomer's wall
Just to let you know he's not leaving at all

It's a Highland Park serenade
Some are in love and some are afraid
It's a Highland Park serenade

Calma te, calma te, calma te, mijo querido
Te amo, te amo, te amo, mi ciudad de pueblos todos

When the sun gets low and the barbecues glow
There's the asada you fear and the asada you know

We're living at the end of Monte Vista
Where the sun sets down right when I kiss ya

It's a Highland Park serenade
Some are in love and some are afraid
It's a Highland Park Serenade

YOUNGER BUT WISER

We said our farewells in songs and warning bells
The oracles won't tell where we are going

We climbed the mountain trail in lightning and black hail
Carrying the seeds of the revival

Younger but wiser
Addled, drunk and wild
I'll meet you on the other side
Younger but wiser
Carrying our lives
I gotta say I kinda dig the ride

You and Karen sailed beside the great gray whales
Telling your own tales of the insurrection
Hope is burning bright
Southern Cross tonight
Wondering at life beyond the horizon

Younger but wiser
Addled, drunk and wild
I'll meet you on the other side
Younger but wiser
Carrying our lives
I gotta say I kinda dig the ride

You and me alone
Cottages of stone fill our dreams tonight

Sheep up on the hill, brandy in the still
Feasting through the winter time
Flax, hemp, silk, sweet goat milk
Heaven's so nearby again
Baby's in the yard, learning all the stars
Heaven's so nearby again
Heaven's so nearby again

Younger but wiser
Addled, drunk and wild
I'll meet you on the other side
Younger but wiser
Carrying our lives
I gotta say I kinda dig the ride

HUNGER MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Carter Stowell

Hunger Mountain Breakdown
Hunger Mountain Breakdown

I'd like to introduce you to the mountain
I'd like to introduce you to my friend
You know that if I'm up here on the mountain
My problems will soon be at an end
I traveled all the way across this country
To climb above these pastures once again
See the smoke rising from the chimneys
Like memories scattering in the wind

The view through the leaf-bare trees
White birch and white snow
Following animal tracks while the stark, strong, winds blow

Welcome to the top of Hunger Mountain
400 feet of granite cliffs below
Please tell all my friends in California

I'll find satisfaction when I go

Hunger Mountain Breakdown
Hunger Mountain Breakdown

It sure is nice and quiet on Hunger Mountain
Now that my screeching demons are gone
Last night I dreamed about the ocean
The time has come to travel on

Joy riding fighter planes
Golden eagle dips his wings
Slipping through the alpenglow
Back through your bedroom window

Hunger Mountain Breakdown
Hunger Mountain Breakdown

YOUR LOVE IS GOING TO KILL ME

Thirty pages of Ulysses, that much closer to the day
When one of us is leaving
And the other must remain

Well the western sky reminds me of the time you went all fiery
From my moment's hesitation
At our wild and wicked ways

And it wasn't just your beauty or your cosmic sense of duty
Or the dolphins in the gables on our fabled wedding day
Giving you away because

Your love is going to kill me someday
Your love
Your love
Your love is going to kill me

You believe in beliefs yet have none

Sleep your deep sleep when day is done
I laugh at how you chop down my grandiositree

Now I watch myself rising to your elevated plain
Listening to Terrapin Station in the rain
If you leave me I'll gamble, I'll jump, I'll go mad
Our love is so good that it's exactly that bad
You believe in blood medicine just like your dad because

Your love is going to kill me someday
Your love
Your love
Your love is going to kill me

Heaven is in your kitchen
My inferno is in remission
If only fate was a decision
If only we could hold hands for oblivion
The skies of our own Armageddon
The skies, the skies

Your love is going to kill me someday
Your love is going to kill me
Someday
Your love
Your love is going to kill me

IF YOU LEAD I WILL FOLLOW

by Rob Waller, Paul Marshall

The wheels are rolling in the ruts of the wheels
That have rolled down this trail before
Tumbleweeds dreaming, the cactuses seem to be
Pointing towards some distant door

Where's the stewardess on this wagon train?
I need something to cut the fog in my brain
When I just can't take it any more

If you lead I will follow
You give me comfort from the world
When my heart is feeling hollow
You fill it up with your diamonds and pearls

On the shores of Independence Rock
We roll and laugh and dance and talk and shake off the dust from the day
And I stand on the granite, just like I planned it
And I'm wondering if I could stay

But the sun is sinking in the west
And this whole long trip is just one big test
And damned if I'm going to fail

If you lead I will follow
You give me comfort from the world
When my heart is feeling hollow
You fill it up with your diamonds and pearls

The angels are singing and I'm still clinging
To the crag at the end of the ledge
You're calling to me, denying gravity
I close my eyes and step over the edge

If you lead I will follow
You give me comfort from the world
When my heart is feeling hollow
You fill it up with your diamonds and pearls



OKLAHOMA'S GOING DRY

Old man Devereaux
Desperate and dreary-o
Eyes naked to the smoky sun
Rides across the bone covered fields
Wasn't there a river or a stream round here?
Knowing nothing that he sees

Old Comanche ghost couldn't let it go
Rides the tall grass through the bitter shoots
Ducks into a dry creek bed
Once ran blue, then ran red
He don't go down easy

Oklahoma's going dry
Comanche moon in the sky
When you ride into town

And you're still coming down
And the wind won't let you go

Yellow Bear and Devereaux finally made the crossing over
Adios to the Cimarron
Now we pray for rain, dig our wells a little deeper
There ain't nothing we won't try

Oklahoma's going dry
Comanche moon in the sky
When you ride into town
And you're still coming down
And the wind won't let you go
The wind won't let you go

MYSTERY DRUG

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

I am a lonely primate
Craving drugs to soothe my mind and body
I am outside

I am a lonely primate
Shunning any social group that could give me peace
I am sorry

Where did you find it?
Where did you find it?
That's what I want to know

I am a lonesome pirate
Sailing these old pirate seas with other pirate men
We're not friends

Awaiting ships civilian
Drifting unawares into our sunny lair
Our country fair

Where did you find it?
Where did you find it?
That's what I want to know

YESTERDAY'S COFFEE

Yesterday's coffee sits by the window
Nobody really wants yesterday's coffee
And I know you're thinking
Thinking about leaving
But every morning I'm still hoping

I'm here, I'll do
But you're feeling something new
I'm here, I'll do
But you're feeling something new

Yesterday's romance just like a slow dance
Ended too soon now you call the tune
Nobody's sleeping, chamomile steeping
Those delicate flowers are no remedy

I'm here, I'll do
But you're feeling something new
I'm here, I'll do
But you're feeling something new

But Saturday was a golden day
Little birds dancing on our gate
For a moment we were back in style
Oh we never saw it coming
No we never saw it coming our way

Yesterday's coffee sits by the window
I got your postcard from Hotel Paisano
Are things become clear in Marfa, my dear?
Don't say you miss me
I love a mystery

I'm here, I'll do
Anything you ask me to
I'm here, I'll do
Tell me tell me something new
I'm here, I'll do anything you ask me to

THE BEAUTY OF THE BETTER STATES

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

The beauty of the better states
The sheen of the design
The corporal beauty of the roads and signs

The cool of the coin
The heal of the hand
The black of the ground and the kiss of the dead

The crying of the children
The grunt of the deal
The stinging cussing dying clinging greening of the land

The higher things
And the lower things
It's a moral case
For existence, existence, existence, existence

The beauty of the breeder lane
The cry of desire
The flutter of the bee and the flicker of the fire

The angle of the mountain
The queen of my designs
The burning fucking tickle fickle finger in the fire

The higher things, and the lower things
It's a moral case
For existence, existence, existence, existence

The higher things must exist in and color the lower things
And the lower things must exist in and color the higher things
The aces and kings and the twos and threes
Moon and the sky and the mud on my teeth
The tears in your eyes and the blisters on my feet
The dotage in the drain and the ghosts upon the heath
The dilated door and the undisputed shore
And the boardage in the floor and the bristle on the boar

The higher things
And the lower things
It's a moral case
For existence, existence, existence, existence

WE COULD ALL BE IN LAUGHLIN TONIGHT

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

Well the tribute to Skynyrd pays a hundred a man
Plus rooms at the Harrah's and a one night stand
Laundry's five dollars, the maid knocks at eight
Big cats in the river, the gift shop sells bait

The PBR is free, half off on the well
Before you play Freebird, don't forget to ring the bell
Here's the band menu order anything you like
No lobster, no steak, no top shelf delight

We could all be in Laughlin tonight
Pau the money and turn off the light
Jump off the cliff and turn right
We could all be in Laughlin tonight

On the Colorado River it's 105
L.A. has thinned out the country rock tribe
We could join the stampede, head west on the 10
Try our bad luck out in Austin again

Now my mind's on shuffle and the future's on meth
Thanatos and gyros on The Iron Chef
We could be drowning our sorrows at the casino breakfast bar
But we're back at the Cinema
Tuning our guitars

We could all be in Laughlin tonight
Take the money and turn off the light
Jump off the cliff and turn right
We could all be in Laughlin tonight
We could all be in Laughlin tonight

ONE DROP OF HUMAN BLOOD

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

One drop of human blood
One drop of human blood

Well we walked from the car no trail
Mojave wind your bridal veil
Sighting to the crimson peak
Followed ridges into dreams

Soon it was our wedding day, brand new bedding and glasses of wine
Now we seek our blessing from the earth and the sky

One drop of human blood
One drop of human blood

You said oh my darling let's rest here
I like these rocks and the pool of light
Granite shelf and sentry pine
Here my love we'll cast our spell

One drop of human blood
One drop of human blood

I said darling darling take my hand
With a silver needle pierce my skin
One drop, two drop, words in blue
A gust of wind and I love you

All possibilities fell into dust
Open space and mingled fate
A raven wandered far from home
To witness the deed

One drop of human blood
One drop of human blood

One drop, two drop, three drop, four
Watch out what you're looking for
One drop, two drop, three drop, four
Come right through this open door

One drop of human blood
One drop of human blood

SKY ISLAND

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Robert Zierenberg

She was Z, the real deal
I was the wannabe, I still see her
She grew up on the 99
And just like the pinon pines

She fled San Joaquin for revelation
Ah but Tucson became just another place
Stucco junk and Circle Ks
Freedom's in retreat
To elevation

Sky Island
Got to try and find my sky island

She stole seeds from the Rincon Mountains
To grow comfort round her cabin door
Ah but comfort didn't stay, just the visions every day
And the winding down of spirits of the west
Well she passed before the fires came, and the weather strange and restricted range
Of the creatures that were once more than our equal

Sky Island
Got to try and find my sky island
Sky Island
Got to try and find my sky island

Why don't we retreat
Like the mountain lion and the pinon pine
We want to stay in L.A. and die
Who can even try to follow?

Sky Island, got to try and find my sky island

IF YOU REMIND ME

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

When we were young you rode on the handlebars of my bike
Down Mission Blvd in San Francisco night
We ran from bar smoking and holding hands
Dreaming of our lives together
Making all kinds of plans

If you remind me
If you remind me

Snow fell on Lake Tahoe while we talked in the Casino
When the gambling crowd thinned out
I drove you back to Reno

We watched the Truckee River roll on past the park
And while the panhandlers worked the street
I kissed you in the dark

If you remind me
If you remind me

And when I come to my last page
When I'm lost in a far off gaze
Don't let our sweet thing slip away
I won't forget if you remind me

If you remind me
If you remind me

If you remind me of the day we met
Standing on the corner of Gower and Sunset
I won't walk away mad at myself for my own mistakes
I won't do it again if you remind me you're my best friend

If you remind me

ROCK N ROLL CYMBAL FROM THE SEVENTIES

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Victoria Jacobs

I met her in the purple print
She said it had one dent
I couldn't pay my rent
But I bought that Ziljian

28 inch hand spun ride
It filled me up with pride
My heart opened up and died
A sinking boat lifts all tides

I got a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies
I got a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies

She didn't want to open the door
Till she realized we'd met before
At the second hand instrument store
She knew what I was there for

And like a pair of Doc Martens to the blind
She counted the paces to my mind
She said a decent second hand heart is hard to find

Just like a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies
Just like a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies
Just like a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies

I met her in the purple print
She said it had one dent
I couldn't pay my rent
But I bought that beautiful sweet and other world

Rock n roll cymbal from the seventies
I got a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies
I got a rock n roll cymbal from the seventies
It's only rock and roll

TONGUES OF THE FLAME

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

My brothers and sisters who drowned in the sea
Who knew of the past, but not history
My mothers and fathers who tilled someone's plots
Lived in the dances, red holy trances
With nary a glance to the grave

Tongues, tongues, tongues of the flame
You, you, you carry my name

My brothers and sisters who drowned in the sea
Walked clear to Texas from old Virginee
They never thought that they'd be on TV
Or watch TV or live TV
But they thought of me
And they knew I would think of them

Tongues, tongues, tongues of the flame
You, you, you carry my name
Tongues, tongues, tongues of the flame
You, you, you carry my name

STOP DRIVING LIKE AN ASSHOLE

Stop driving like an asshole
You know who you are
Did you think when you cut me off
It would help you go farther?

You're an accident waiting to happen
A flipped over SUV
On the 405
At 6 o'clock
Your carcass on TV

And the angels will sing:

Sha la la la la la
He drove like an asshole
Yes, the angels will sing
Sha la la la la la
He drove like an asshole

MY LOCAL MERCHANTS

by Anthony Lacques, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

My local merchants cheered me up tonight
My local merchants made me feel all right
On a cold bitter night that found me questioning my sanity
I truly truly dug that little contact with humanity

I talked about the Coen Brothers with the guy in video
The Angelena making my burrito made me so much more

I'm walking this dark night with the angels at my back

My local merchants cheered me up tonight
My local merchants made me feel all right
On a cold bitter night that found me drifting from reality
They saved me with their market driven sweet conviviality

I joked with the barista 'bout the Starbucks machiatto gaffe
The ticket taker tore my ticket with a hearty knowing laugh
I'm walking this dark night with the angels at my back
I'm walking this dark night with the angels at my back

The Trader Joe's tribunal has found you guilty
Tomorrow at dawn you will be shot

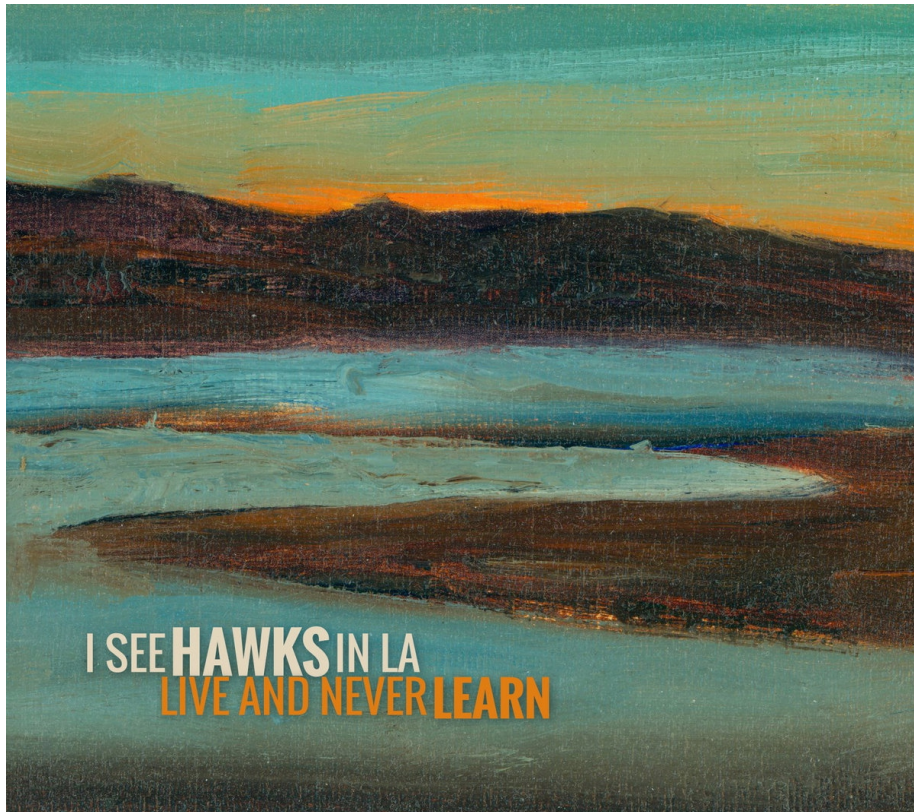
THE RIVER KNOWS

Well, the river flows black and slow
The river's going to take us home

Well, the river flows black and slow
The river's going to take us home
Flesh and bone, the struggle, oh
Then all home the river goes
Ooh ooh ooh

The river flows black and slow
The river knows which way to go
Flesh and bone, the struggle, oh
The river's going to take us home

I'm craving swift cold water
Mother, mother, I'm your daughter
Father, father, see your son
Beloved son, well, I'm his brother



BALLAD FOR THE TREES

Every age is without precedent
Every hour is the great unknown
Still I wonder if we've finally broken with how to be alone
How to be alone

Have we stripped ourselves of context
Are we drowning in the seas
Of facts that come too easily and friends we never see
Friends we never see

Here's a song for the acacia
Here's a song for honeybees
Here's a song just for everyone
Writing down their dreams
Or a ballad for the trees

There's a wanderer among us with a battered freeway sign
If her words are blurred by weary purpose

They sound just like goodbye
Sound just like goodbye

There are boats on rising rivers
There are reconvening tribes
While the western winds are gathering
And our seeds take to the sky
Our seeds take to the sky

Chestnut, oak and cottonwood, balsam, fir and juniper
Hemlock, hawthorn, sassafras
Eastern white pine in the grass

Here's a song for the acacia
Here's a song for honeybees
Here's a song just for everyone
Writing down their dreams
Or a ballad for the trees

LIVE AND NEVER LEARN

Good intentions are well and good
But they won't get you out of the neighborhood
They won't feed you or let you stay the night
They'll lead you straight into a fight

Live and never learn
Live and never learn
Find another bridge to burn
Live and never learn

Well I try so hard to do what's right
That don't get me through Friday night
When Old Scratch whispers in my ear
And the Beatitudes drown in my beer

Live and never learn
Oh, live and never learn

In this bar that is my life
I scratch each table with a broken knife
Every sentence, every slight
Every way I treated her unkind
Every promise I knew I'd break
Every friend looks the other way
Every leap I ever took
Halfway down let's take a look

Live and never learn
Oh, live and never learn
Find another bridge to burn
Live and never learn

WHITE CROSS

by Peter Davies, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

I saw her on St. James street
She looked the other way
Now all the uptown hustlers say the deal has been delayed

Good friend, if you're a gambler, don't bet on me too long
Cause the angels say they love me
But they know I took their song

So I do another white cross
That's the country blues
It's the only thing I ever learned to do

Good times didn't suit me
I had to taste the pain
In the Oyster Palace back room where the night is always day
I played a little guitar, dealt a lot of stud
With the spirits round my ankles
Like the Mississippi mud

Now I'm doing another white cross
That's the country blues

It's the only thing I ever learned to do

Well the first one goes down bitter, then you kind of like the taste
And someone had to lose and
Payback happens every day

If you play the devil's music, you know he likes to come along
I know the angels love me
Even if I did them wrong

On the hill I see a white cross
I sing the country blues
It's the only thing I'll never ever lose

STONED WITH MELISSA

I got stoned with Melissa every day of the week
Until she had to fly
I got stoned with Melissa every day of the week
My old lady asked me why you get stoned with Melissa every day of the week yeah
Every day of the week yeah

Sitting in Melissa's basement with a black and white TV
Watching Trading Places
She hates Eddie Murphy
I haven't worked since Christmas
She's still on the dole
Drinking yesterday's coffee
Popping day old donut holes

I got stoned with Melissa every day of the week until she had to fly
I got stoned with Melissa every day of the week
My old lady asked me why you get stoned with Melissa every day of the week yeah
Every day of the week yeah

Melissa knows how to garden
Both her thumbs are green
She's got arugula, she's got sativa
Got everything I need

My old lady backs out the driveway
That's when I hop the fence
I'm Peter Rabbit, I'm gonna grab a vacation from common sense
I got stoned! With Melissa!

Melissa knows how to party
She's a deeper bite of my story
Tender music, beauty and togetherness at the end
The end, the end
Is this the end
Appears to be the end
Why is this the end
She's going, she's flying
She had to fly

POOUR ME

by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Victoria Jacobs, Paul Marshall

Pour me
Pour me
Pour me
More wine

It's been a hard week
I know that ain't unique
My boss is a freak, the 80s was his peak
But on Friday afternoon, I like to sing a couple of tunes
There's nothing left to lose
I got the 110 split lane blues

Pour me
Pour me
Pour me
More wine

Well Monday I pulled a double
Tuesday I got in trouble
Wednesday I ate a bad burrito

Thursday had to detour Alameda
Friday I was tracking down a bottle or three
There's no OT when you work at SC for

Pour me
Pour me
Pour me
More wine

I don't got nothing new
I don't have to talk to you
I don't have to tie my shoes, or work my hairdo
You can pour a little more when you're sitting on the floor
If you can't find the door better pour a little more
For the pour and the chore of gettin off the floor
I think I better not have no more

PLANET EARTH

I thought I saw a magical train
It was just a long shopping mall in the rain
From the corner of my eye to a wish in my brain
That turned a shopping mall into a train
It's easy, so easy

I was a little bit edgy cause I had my mama's pills
In the trunk of my car, she was over her ills
The pain remained but not with her
I guess I need a little something to live

On planet earth
Planet earth

I saw a trail running up into the hills
Pulled over my car and got the good kind of chills
To make the turn, to take the chance
To live a life up in the rafters

On planet earth
Planet earth

I don't mind leaving
I handle the pain
I don't mind dying
But I do miss the rain I do miss the rain I do miss the rain

On planet earth
Planet earth
On planet earth
Planet earth

THE LAST MAN IN TUJUNGA

Summertime is over and the hills have caught on fire
Santa Ana's blowing smoke across this sunlit shire
I can't remember September ever hurting quite this much
I'm losing you like all the others, but that's no change in my luck

And I'm almost out of minutes
And I'm almost out of bullets too
There's one more in the fridge
You must be out on the bridge
We're breaking up and I'm losing you

Now the winds are getting stronger and the smoke is getting thick
I don't know if this will go awfully slow or terribly quick
They say the flames have just crossed Foothill
And I'm starting to feel the heat
I can hear my lawyer neighbor panic in the street

You want off the phone
You want me to go
You were always after satisfaction
Wouldn't like to know
If I'll be here tomorrow
Please hold on I think the roof's collapsing

Now the flames are licking at the gates of my own private hell
I'm the last man in 'Tujunga' as far as I can tell

Now I know this conversation is coming to an end
I'll be floating through the ether by the time you reach Marin

And I'm almost out of minutes
And I'm almost out of bullets too
I'm gonna shoot 'em in the sky
I think I'm gonna die
We're breaking up and I'm losing you

SINGING IN THE WIND

by Peter Davies, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

I visit graves when I go to the country
Churches haunted, desanctified
Mossy tombstones fallen over
Too worn to read or shed a tear for
Well worn hearts and angel wings
I love to hear the willow sing

Singing in the wind
Singing in the wind

Corncrakes flee the stinging rain
Over stones of priests and blackguards
Hungry Heathcliff, Catherine, and Edgar
Still walk the moors, unsatisfied
All that trouble, all that worry
The old cold turf cools the fury

Singing in the wind

In dreams I fly the hills of Down
Cold Drumballyroney
The whispers of the lonely
Ooh ooh ooh

All that trouble
All that worry
The old cold turf
Cools the fury

Singing in the wind

MY PARKA SAVED ME

by Victoria Jacobs, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Paul Marshall

I got stoned after breaking up with my boyfriend
And he became a born again Christian
So I decided a drive right down to the lake
The lake was frozen and there was snow everywhere
And as I was driving
A drunk driver hit me head on

And I spun like a donut and the glass went flying
But my parka saved me from the glass

My parka saved me
My parka saved me
My parka saved me
From the glass

He owned a liquor store
And he didn't any insurance
So we sued him
And we drank for free all through high school
All the booze I could ever drink (Rob, that's not true!)
We just went down to the liquor store
Until mom poured it down the sink (I wish!)

My parka
My parka
It was my brother's parka
Saved me from the glass

The ambulance took me to the hospital
My parents came to the emergency room and when they took my parka off chunks
of glass fell onto the floor
And my dad burst into tears and that's when I knew he loved me

My parka
My parka
It was my brother's parka
Saved me from the glass
From the glass
From the glass
My parka saved me

KING OF THE ROSEMEAD BOOGIE

*by Rob Waller, Paul Lacques, Woody Aplanalp, Levi Nunez,
Rich Dembowski, Jason Chesney, Justin Smith*

The King of the Rosemead Boogie
Hocked himself a loogie
Spit in the air just like he didn't care
And he stood everywhere with the saving stare
Cuz he knows where all the days go

After the sun has set and the heat ain't around
He pulls up his dress and tugs his wig down
And gives you a wink and he shows you some pink
Will you buy him a drink
Help him out of his mink
Two Jacksons and a token
Some shatter and some coke
The Capacity of Dope
At the Highway Host

He's the King of the Rosemead Boogie
He's the King
It's a thing
He's the King

For a moment you finally feel alive
Pull the car down to the end of Raymond Drive

He's the king of the Rosemead boogie
He studied guitar with Shuggie
He takes a second hit and it gives him a fit
And he knows he should quit but you just can't fight the life
It ain't a wife
Put away the knife
It's the righteous path to understanding

He's the King of the Rosemead Boogie
He's the King
It's a thing
He's the King

TEARING ME IN TWO

Once I went riding
Alone in my field
Away from my family and a decent man's responsibilities

You need time to be anxious
Idle hands are heaven's tool
I slept until the night fell
The fool amidst the ruins

Tearing me in two
Tearing me in two

It takes no time to be weightless
Walk on grass walk on air
They'll collect you in the gravel
It unravels at the gavel

Tear me in two
Tear me in two
Once I went riding
Alone in my field

SPINNING

by Victoria Jacobs

Spinning pages of your mind
Spin like twine
Spinning pages of your mind
Unraveling time

Spinning
Spinning out of time

Spinning twine
Unraveling time
Forgotten memories revealed in dreams at night
I see your face but can't recognize
In waking light

Fantastic colors clear and bright
Return in the middle of the night
Fantastic colors clear and bright
Return in the middle of the night

Spinning
Spinning out of time

Floating fossil from the unknown
Lost forever
Where did it go
A treasured gift that you gave to me
A long time ago
Spinning ball of twine
Unravel your mind
Spinning ball of twine
Unravel your mind

Spinning
Spinning out of time
Spinning
Spinning out of time

THE ISOLATION MOUNTAINS

by Paul Lacques

Well the candlelight rules
Till the rising of the moon
And the weary sad souls surrender

A candle and the moon
Some drink and then a tune
We can all return to our journeys

To the Isolation Mountains
The Isolation Mountains

I was pleading with the stars
You turned your back on Mars
Our pillow was the river to the fields

The sun is for plants
The moon is for animals
And we belong to neither
Our souls are in the ether again

And when the morning broke
From horizon spoke the spokes
Of our futures returning to guide us
A candle and the moon
Libation and a tune
We can all return to our journeys

To the Isolation Mountains
The Isolation Mountains

STOP ME

Stop me, oh stop me
I'm staring into the sun
It's too beautiful
The day is done
Oh stop me
Somebody stop me

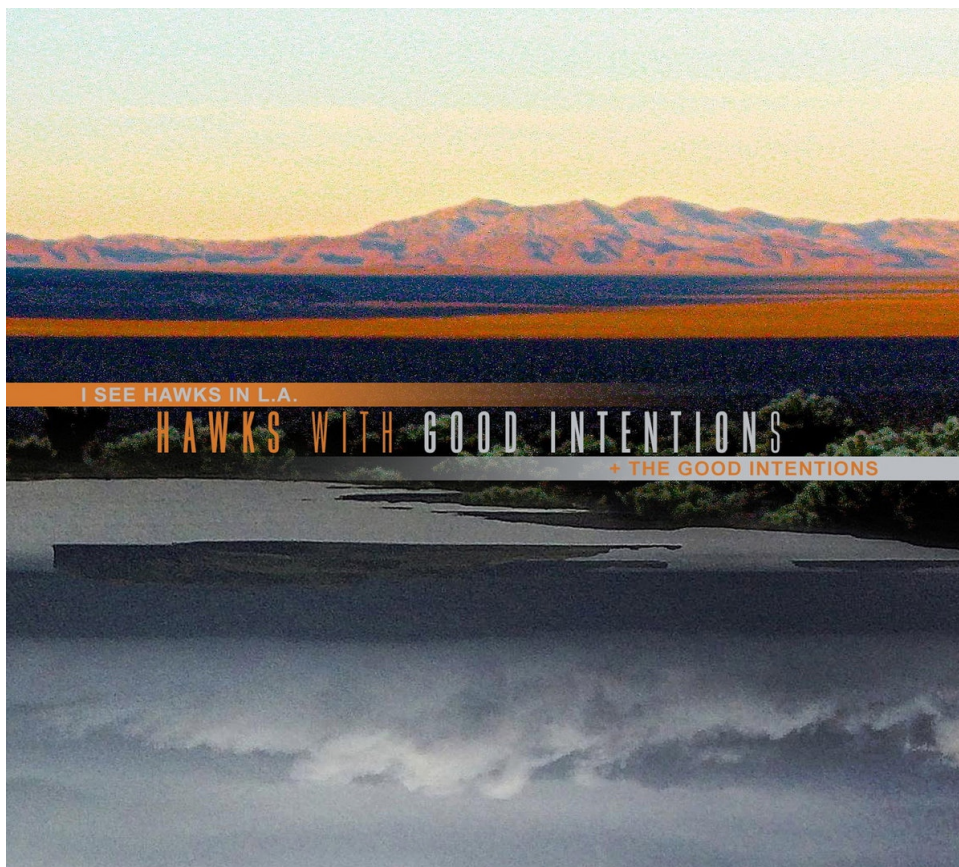
Stop me, I'm singing on the street for too long
Trying to find my way to a beautiful song
Oh stop me
Somebody stop me

I'm staring into the sun
This used to be fun
I'm starting to believe there's no prize to be won

Stop me, stop me
From falling in the clouds
Supper's on the table
And the sun is going down
Oh, stop me
Somebody stop me

I'm staring into the sun
Just want to have some fun
Just like the sweepstakes said, maybe I've already won
Oh stop me

And here we are
And there it is
And so farewell
Till once again
And maybe in the never been
We just might pass
This way again



BLUE HEAVEN

by Peter Davies, Paul Lacques, Rob Waller

Do you remember the times when we used to say
That there was nothing but songs and dreams and days
We had guitars and we flew with the hawks, and hey
It was blue blue heaven

We hit the road on a bright blue September day
We made our money and we spent it in the same cafes
Got a sweet ride from Austin to Asheville, and hey
It was blue blue heaven

We didn't mind when the weather didn't go our way
Cold nights were mellow with the kindness of strangers
We had a little tune that would make our fortune, and hey
It was blue blue heaven

When the big old birds would fly towards the horizon
It was time and we would follow, pack it up and say goodbye, start again
I see them soaring over me like it was yesterday
Sometimes I swear I'm ready to rise up and fly away

Do you remember the times when we used to say
That there was nothing but songs and dreams and days
We had guitars and we flew with the hawks, and hey
It was blue blue heaven

THINGS LIKE THIS

by Peter Davies, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

395's a mighty long road
Runs straight as a broken arrow
South from the edge of Canada
Lonely to Hesperia
That's California

If you don't know it that's okay
People take it to get away
Get away from everything
A hundred bucks for the diamond ring
And fifty for the silver

Neighbors said that he'd been having trouble off and on
Lost his job in China Lake, lost his mind at dawn
Sheriff said there'd only been three murders all year long
Things like this don't happen around here
Things like this don't happen round here

Ridgecrest bakes in the desert sun
Four new ghosts in a stucco dump
Suspect phoned the cops and said you and me will both be dead
Before this day is over
Forty miles of high speed fun
Playing chicken with a shotgun
Fired at the troopers on his tail

Three time loser won't make bail
He sure won't make Nevada

Neighbors said that he'd been having trouble off and on
Lost his job in China Lake, lost his mind at dawn
Sheriff said there'd only been three murders all year long
Things like this don't happen around here
Things like this don't happen round here

Eight miles north of the 58 is a good a place as any to meet your fate
The hostages would both survive
Suspect fell in a rain of fire when he pulled over

Neighbors said that he'd been having trouble off and on
Lost his job in China Lake, lost his mind at dawn
Sheriff said there'd only been three murders all year long
Things like this don't happen around here
Things like this don't happen round here

ROLLING THE BOXCARS

by Peter Davies, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

Rolling the boxcars, rolling the boxcars
Find me an angel to bless my bones

Well the Saginaw Chippewa welcomed me in
To the new Soaring Eagle, like an old long lost friend
Turned my last pay check into green chips and gin

Digging for copper on the Yellow Dog Plains
Kennecott's got me for a year and a day
But tonight's alright, I'm the shooter again

Rolling the boxcars, rolling the boxcars
Throwing the hard way to get me back home
Rolling the boxcars, rolling the boxcars
Find me an angel to bless my bones

I kept throwing numbers, Big Red stayed away
I was the hero, king for a day
The eye in the sky didn't see things my way

Fifty on the yo, stickman's got to go
And the house always knows when to mess with my mojo
When I threw the first punch, it was the last thing I'd throw

Isabella County Jail is mighty cold when you can't make bail
They were on me so fast, covering the cash
At least I'll never go down that black mining shaft

For a year's good behavior I'll be back on my way
And the warden says boy, keep a-counting your days
But there's a game on the yard if you've something to play

RAMBLING GIRL

by Peter Davies, Paul Lacques

Don't you fall in love with a ramblin boy
That's what your mama said
He will take you to the fallen side of town
And the only thing he will ever crave is a lonely road to an empty grave
With pretty girls like you to lay him down

But remember
You're a rambling girl
If I'm not mistaken
You're a rambling girl

Your mama said that love's a toy
When you fall in love with a rambling boy
He falls in love like most folk drink water
But I'll tell you why he blows your mind
He's the only one that's left alive
Running free and sleeping out of doors
You got to sleep out doors, sleep out doors
Cause you're a rambling girl

A rambling girl
Don't you forget it
You're a rambling girl

Well you saw him when his bike went down
You were walking in the square and now
He's making tea and telling tales of glory
And you write your mama now and then
She's waiting for that autumn wind
That brings you home a faded morning glory

She don't get it
You're a ramblin girl
Don't you forget it
You're a ramblin girl
Yeah, blowin his mind
You're a rambling girl
Tell me what happened
You're a rambling girl

STEEL RAILS

by Peter Davies, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

Steel rails, steel rails, still sing their lonesome song
But the times, the times are moving on

Sacramento lullaby
I hear the whistle where I lie
Dreaming I was riding through the rain
Hobo east to meet the Katy
Almost caught that mystery lady
But no one's coming down those tracks again

Old whistle stops where no one stops on Iowa winter plains
But the big box store in South Sioux City's almost done
The highways roar to golden shores
12 lane ribbons passing for the future

But the future sure ain't what it used to be
Granite hills and avalanche above the Donner Pass again
A hundred yards of boulder stopped the C.P. cold
The west was won with blood and bullets
Letters forged and triggers pulled
It only took 100 years to pacify

Drifters out in Santa Cruz, when they get them cosmic blues
They know where to take their worried mind
Cook your bacon on the tracks
Wooden trestle, lay on back
Dig that California sky

Steel rails, steel rails, still sing their lonesome song
But the times, the times are moving on

HILLS ON FIRE

by Victoria Jacobs, Paul Lacques

We haven't had a drop of rain in this whole year
The hills are brown and the air is still
Oh how I wish that it would rain

Hills on fire
And the sun is red
Hills on fire
Riding on the desert wind
Hills on fire

The embers blow and hit the roof across the canyon night
The sirens sing a song for the coyotes in flight
There's no shelter from a burning sky
There's no shelter from a burning sky
The only sight of water is the tears from my eyes
The drops roll down on the dry black soil
And a green blade of grass starts to grow
And a green blade of grass starts to grow

FLYING NOW

by Peter Davies, Rob Waller, Paul Lacques

My bed has been made with the last of my dreams
I can see a few stars through the wind in the tree
I'm flying now

When I left my home
I was just seventeen
Now I'm cashing in bottles on a Frogtown street
I'm flying now

The girl that I loved, she was faithless and cruel
Well that suited me fine, I'm a natural fool
But I'm flying now

No one can touch me, no one can touch me
The pale blue yonder says bye bye love

I just might grow old
My face carries the lines
Of the winds that have whipped me
Now they push from behind
And I'm flying now

EPIPHANY ON TOWN HALL SQUARE

by Peter Davies, Paul Lacques

Epiphany on Town Hall Square
Just another lonely winter dawn
Don't you wish that you'd been there
When a holy child was born

Why'd he come in still of night?
On darkest day, in lowest light?
Never like the lilies will I be

And my childhood grips me still
January takes my soul
Bestills the winds like fallen snow
The days grow longer, colder, promising
Of the summer grass to come
Of the summer grass to come

Of the wine and then the better wine
Of the twenty years of wandering
Of the poet on the mount
Of the boughs upon the desert road
Of the sleepless night and empty tomb
My childhood grips me still
My childhood grips me still

Epiphany on Town Hall Square
Just another lonely winter dawn
Don't you wish that you'd been there
When a holy child was born

WILL YOU WATCH OVER ME FROM ABOVE?

Will you watch over me from above?
Will you watch over me from above?

The good seem to leave in winter
Leave no trace leave no splinter
Just the light they left on for the grieving
Left the light on as they were leaving

Will you watch over me from above?
Will you watch over me from above?

The kind seem to disappear in the spring
Take a quick and a sudden gentle wing
While the buds start to hint at the new life
Farewell the old life
Godspeed the true wife

And why a summer day
To board that westbound train
I guess she couldn't wait for the evening
Sweet summer evening

Will you watch over me from above?
Will you watch over me from above?

The shadows of the fall grow taller
Might seep into the hall and the hollow
And letting go might feel like a promise
Of the answer waiting for all of us

Will you watch over me from above?
Will you watch over me from above?



MIGHT HAVE BEEN ME

If you're walking through Sonoma and the grass is three feet high
And the flowers of the dandelion are missing
Well someone's making tea and a salad full of weeds
Sees me coming from a half a mile away

She's the fair and barefoot maiden in the corner of your eye
And she gathers stray vibrations from the dead
She says I'm her apprentice
And yesterday she sent me to gather bitter greens from your backyard
Did you see a falling star?

Might have been me
Cause I've been dreaming
Waiting for the day to come inside
Might have been me
Forever scheming
To find magnetic lines
Breathing and divining, it might have been me

Well this morning I was straining for the sight of Rose Geranium
But I know she does often chase the wind
If you see a lost apprentice trying to finish his own sentence
Don't feel bad, he's not mad, he's just insane
Standing in the torrential rain

Might have been me
Cause I've been dreaming
Waiting for the day to come inside
Might have been me
Forever scheming
To bottle morning light
See by second sight
The flyer and the kite
Might have been me

ON OUR WAY

Flowers bloom and the autumn follows
Winter comes and we sleep all day
I don't know if the spring is coming
All I know is I'm on my way

Growing old and you're waiting for wisdom
You're getting young and you're waiting for life
When you stand in the wind all knowing
You will know you are on your way
All those memories
All those meadows
The path is everything
The pain was a golden ring
The waiting and shivering
The path is everything

It's hard to answer when the world speaks plain
It's hard to bail when your bucket leaks rain
When we wake up and the dreams start coming
All we know is we're on our way
All we know is we're on our way

KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO

by Rob Waller

Stars are shining your love is blinding
I'm coming home to you
I woke this morning forever dawning
I know just what to do

While I was still finding, swam out to the island
Just waited for a sign
A startling sound crossed through the clouds
Came right into my mind

Now I know just what to do
I know just what to do

All delivered I swam in the river
With the voice of the father of time
Up in the skies, right down to my shoes
The sounds filled up my mind
So I walked outside, started to drive
Never wondering where I'd go
Let my hands fall off of the wheel
Here is where I show

Now I know just what to do
I know just what to do

Deep in the valley, back in the alley
I know it's coming through
Yes I know just what to do

When I saw your window filled up with light
I knew what I was doing had to be right
I wasn't asking maybe, I wasn't asking might
It was all in the power of the night
It was all in the power of the night

Swam in the river, now I'm a forgiver

I know just what to do
Then came a sign from the father of time
Yes I know just what to do
Swam in the river, now I'm a forgiver
And I know just what to do
Then came a sign, my father is time
I know just what to do

MISSISSIPPI GAS STATION BLUES

by Waller/Lacques/Jacobs

You give me the Oxford Mississippi
Secondary gas station blues
You don't have to love me
But you're gonna have to choose
The name in my heart
The name on my chest
Is standing in the doorway and she wants to confess

I see you got them Oxford Mississippi secondary gas station blues
You loved your daddy right on up to when he blew
He blew his mind out when he blew the blues
He got a mention in the Southern Review
You don't have to love me but you're gonna have to choose

Now you're sitting at the Chevron in the noon dry mud
Waiting for an eighth of your brother's blood
You don't have to love me but you're gonna have to choose

You give me the Mississippi River
You give me the Oxford Blues
Bumpin Morton Subotnick
But you're gonna have to choose

KENSINGTON MARKET

by Victoria Jacobs

Where did you go
Far from home
To the city of London
And everywhere
People stare
At your Frantic Psycho clothes

Gonna go to Kensington Market
Get lost in the winding passages
Check out all the crazy people
And take a look around
Flyers on the ground

Girls with yellow golden hair
Hand dyed gowns with silk screen tears
Walking up from the underground
All of the mods are hanging around
Sounds of dub are in the air

It's time to go on a plane back home
And leave the city of tea and scones
And everywhere
People stare
At your blue black plaited hair

Gonna go to Kensington Market
Get lost in the winding passages
Check out all the crazy people
And take a look around
Flyers on the ground

KENTUCKY JESUS

He threw his medals in the river
He took on the war machine
He did not bend, in fact he floated like a bee
And he redeemed us
He's the Kentucky Jesus
He's going to take us to the promised land
And that's why you don't have to go to war

Someday we'll wade across that river
I can see the other shore
He stands in muddy clay enrobed in silver fleece
He'll soothe and feed us
He's the Kentucky Jesus
He threw the devil right across the floor
The baddest man to ever stop a war

GERONIMO

by Lacques/Waller/Anthony Lacques

Out in the endless under empty
I saw the lights of old Tombstone
Like yearling stars newly fallen
Scattered on dark sage and bones

I'm not falling, I'm not dying
I'm only bending space and time
Geronimo

I'm not retreating, I'm considering direction
Crows to the south are flying scared
Hawks rises straight, and they don't like to do that
I see the tall stone in the sand

I'm not running, I'm not crying
I'm only bending to space and time

Geronimo

A faded peak to mark the wind's slow vesper
I give myself to Raven's astral plans
I can't lose the dust on the horizon
My blood is coursing with delight

Geronimo

I hear the echo in the sky
I hear the whisper in my ear
And you will learn that I will scan the west for you
And you will learn how I died
And you will know that I'm your friend
You'll come to know that I'm your friend

I'm your friend
I'm your friend
Till the bend in the river
Geronimo

STEALING

by *Rich Dembowski/Waller/Lacques*

I've got a secret I shouldn't tell
One look in your eyes and I guess it's just as well
Ain't no heaven, mama, no burning hell
Just a boat across a troubled sea with no fortune to tell

The only worry for kids like you and me
Don't let them nail our star to the bottom of the sea
Well I ain't no hero, I don't want to be
But I don't mind running if you say you'll run with me

Stealing

The moon is driving the fire across the hills
I'm lying in bed with a fever and the chills

Down in the city we're all getting played
Outside my window I hear a strange parade

I never thought the world would come a knocking
Maybe that's jus the news talking
I ain't no hero, I don't want to be
But I don't mind staying if it means you'll stay with me

Stealing

Come October, we'll get sober
Come November, we'll remember
January, we'll get married
March will bring the perfect weather
April power flower showers
We gotta learn to live together
We gottta learn to live together now

IF I MOVE

Drove by the McDonalds where we decided not to get married
And the Denny's where we said what the hell
There's the parking lot where you told me you were pregnant
I'm beginning to know this town too well

Everywhere I go there's a reminder
And a layer I can pierce and peel away
But I'm just sitting in this diner
Waiting for this feeling to go away

If I move in any direction
There's a memory and a moment lurking there
I don't have the heart to handle
Or the contemplation to spare

I heard you got a roommate in the Marina
I'm sure you would have told me by and by
I just can't see you living out by the beach
Moving on with some Westside guy

Will you ever drive east on that freeway?
Or wander into Super A again
Or ride that Schwinn three wheeler down Figueroa
Meet me at our favorite taco stand

If I move in any direction
There's a memory and a moment lurking there
I don't have the heart to handle
Or the contemplation to spare

There's a feeling that I get when I'm driving
And your voice fades in and out of the air
And there's nowhere I can drive that I can find you
I'm afraid I just might take my own dare

As the sun burns away another sleepless night
I find myself with my feet in the sand
The pier is empty and the Ferris wheel is done
My dreams are in the municipal garbage can

RADIO KEEPS ME ON THE GROUND (SLIGHT RETURN)

by James Combs/Lacques/Waller

It's never been easier to lose your mind
Rabbit holes in the cloud
You don't even have to try
You don't have to cry or walk on by

Radio keeps me on the ground
Radio keeps me on the ground

There's never been a lonelier time
To learn to breathe in a way
That you won't have to fly
Be fertile in this empty time
This will pass by and by

Radio keeps me on the ground
Radio keeps me on the ground

A stranger's voice
An invisible wind
Your almost friend
He's almost you
You're almost him
Yeah she's almost you
You're almost you

But it's different
On the road unsigned
Unknown frequencies
A twist of the dial
Unknown frequencies
A twist of the dial

Radio keeps me on the ground

HOW YOU GONNA KNOW?

by *Waller/Lacques/Jacobs*

H is for hawk
I is for indigo
J is for Jacaranda
How you gonna know?

There's a high pressure wind event
Just off my mind
The interlude has come and gone
The beneficial harvest song
Threshing floor and stones
How you gonna know?

J is for jacaranda
I is for indigo

P is for puma
Y is for Yuma
T is for transhumance

And there's no one here to tell us what to do
We're all on our own
And we run the ridge of juniper and snow
Just to see our tomorrows

It's a fine line
Between transitional and occluded
Between drought and beauty
Compassion and duty
Comfort and betrayal
Comfort and betrayal
Betray me not
Comfort me
Comfort the children
Comfort the night
Comfort the not reconciled
The uncomfortable right
The recently wild

Love is a dirty glacier
From which all rivers flow
Flow like silver
Sink into the inevitable
Darkening as it slows
How you gonna know?

Meet me at the palms
The semaphore singing waters
Singing you just might survive
Singing you might do just fine
Singing someday you'll drink wine

And we run the ridge of juniper and snow
Just to see our tomorrows

How you gonna know?
How you gonna know?

