The Early Years I

GOING DOWN SLOW

Well it's a quarter a two
    and looking at you
    and going down, going down slow
TV went off about one, we have only begun
I know that the Wednesday may come
    but I have no intention of going home
    Well it's a quarter a three
digging on me
    and going down, going down slow
Could stay here all night,
    they claim you're outta sight
please get up and turn out the light
There ain't nothing better than the middle of the night
    And it's a quarter a four
begging for more
    and going down, going down slow

PONCHO'S LAMENT

Well the stairs sound so lonely without you
    And I ain't made my bed in a week
Coffee stains on the paper I'm writing
    And I'm too choked up inside to speak
And yes, I know our differences pulled us apart
    Never spoke a word heart to heart
And I'm glad that you're gone
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home
    And I'm glad that you're gone
Got the feeling so strong
Well my guitar still plays your favorite song
    though the strings have been outta tune for some time
Every time I strum a chord, I pray out to the lord
That you'll quit your honkey-tonking sing my song
    So I'll throw another log onto the fire
And I'll admit I'm a lousy liar
As the coals die down and flicker
    I hear that guitar picker
Play the song we used to sing so long ago
I'M YOUR LATE NIGHT EVENING PROSTITUTE

Well I got here at eight and I'll be here till two
I'll try my best to entertain you
Please don't mind me if I get a bit crude
I'm your late night evening prostitute
So drink your martinis and stare at the moon
Don't mind me I'll continue to croon
Don't mind me if I get a bit loon
I'm your late night evening prostitute
And dance, have a good time
I'll continue to shine
Yes dance, have a good time
Don't mind me if I slip upon a rhyme

HAD ME A GIRL

Well I had me a girl in LA
I knew she couldn't stay
Had me a girl in San Diego
One day she just had to go
And I had me a girl from Tallahassee
Boy what a foxy lassie
And my doctor says I'll be alright but I'm feeling blue
And I had me a girl in Mississippi
Oh she sure was kippy
Had me a girl in England
She done split for the mainland
And I had me a girl in New York
She up and pulled my cork
Then I had me a girl in North Dakota
She was just filling her quota
Then I had me a girl in Chula Vista
I was in love with her sister
Then I had me a girl in
Then I had me a girl in France
Just wanted to get in my pants
had me a girl in Toledo
Boy she sure was neato
Then I had me a girl in North Carolina
She's still on my mind

ICE CREAM MAN

Clicking by your house at about two forty-five
With Sidewalk sundae strawberry surprise,
I got a cherry popsicle right on time
I got a big stick, mamma, that'll blow your mind
'Cause I'm your ice cream man, I'm a one-man band
I'm your ice cream man, baby, I'll be good to you.
If you missed me in the alley, baby, don't you fret
Come back around and don't forget,
When you're tired and you're hungry and you want something cool,
Got something better than a swimming pool
Well if you see me coming, you ain't got no change
Don't worry baby, it can be arranged
Show me you can smile, baby just for me
Fix you with a drumstick, I'll do it for free
ROCKING CHAIR

Well I'm sitting right here in my rocking chair
Running my fingers right through my hair
Fire is flicking with yellow and gold
Making me quiver in the snowy cold
Got a lazy old woman
Screaming 'bout my money
She took every cent
And she didn't leave me any
Times were never so good, gotta fly for food
Got no woman to spend my money
Well she blew and took all my money
So I'm sitting right here in my rockin chair
Running my fingers right through my hair
Spider caught the fly in his web
Do believe he may be dead
Times were never so good, gotta fly for food
Got no woman to spend my money
Well she blew and took all my money
Well I'm sitting and I'm sitting and I'm sitting right here
In my rocking chair
Watching my old dog losing his hair

VIRGINIA AVE.

Well, I'm walking down Virginia Avenue
I'm trying to find somebody to tell my troubles to.
Harold's club is closing, everybody's going on home
What's a poor sailor to do?
I guess I'll get on back into my short, make it back to the fort
Sleeping off all the crazy lizards inside of my brain.
got to be some place that's better than this
This life I'm leading's driving me insane
And I'm dreaming...
And I'm dreaming to the twilight, this town has got me down.
I've seen all the highlights, I've been walking all around
I won't make a fuss, I'll take a Greyhound bus, carry me away from here
Now what have I got to lose?
'Cause I'm walking on down Columbus Avenue
The bars are all closing, 'cause it's quarter a' two
Every town I go to is like a lock without a key
Those I leave behind are catching up on me

MIDNIGHT LULLABYE

Sing a song a sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush by my baby, no need to be crying
Burn the midnight oil with me, as long as you wish
Stare out at the moon, upon the window sill
And dream sing a song a sixpence, pocket full a wry
I tell you another story, tell you no lie
Dew drops on the window sill, gum drops in your hair
You're slipping into dreamland, you're nodding your head
Dream of West Virginia, of the British Isles
When you are dreaming, you see for miles and miles
When you are much older, remember when we sat
At midnight on the windowsill, and had this little chat
And dream, dream, dream, dream
WHEN YOU AIN'T GOT NOBODY

Well when you ain't got nobody, anybody looks nice
Don't take much to make you stop and look twice
And it's either feast or famine, I've found out that it's true
And I'm hungry as a bull dog, baby how about you
And when you ain't got no big mama, all the mamas look hot
And when loving is you weakness, your just bound to get caught
And the story never changes, history tells it so plain
And I'll be your Dick, honey, if you'll just be my Jane

LITTLE TRIP TO HEAVEN

Little trip to heaven on the wings of your love
Banana moon is shining in the sky
I feel like I'm in heaven when you're with me
I know that I'm in heaven when you smile
Though we're stuck here on the ground
I got something that I've found, and it's you
I don't need to take no trip to outer space
All I have to do is look in your face
And before I know it I'm in orbit around you
Thanking my lucky stars that I found you
When I see your constellation, your my inspiration
And it's you
Your my North Star when I'm lost and feeling blue
Your my sun that's breaking through, it's true
And all the other stars seem dim around you
I thank my lucky stars that I found you
When I see your smiling face
I know nothing' gonna take your place

FRANK'S SONG

That woman will take you, that woman will break you
That woman will make you something you've never seen
That woman's got claws, that woman's got laws
Now look out man, you're gonna lose your mind
I had a friend, his name was Frank
He walked on the water and lord he sank
We used to go stag, now he's got a hag
It looks like Frank's got a new bag
That woman will take you, that woman will break you
That woman will make you something you've never seen
That woman's got claws, that woman's got laws
Now look out Frank, you're gonna lose your mind
What happened to Frank, can happen to you
Just find you a woman and watch what she'll do
LOOK'S LIKE I'M UP SHIT CREEK AGAIN

Well the sun came in my window Wednesday morning
And your love was like the golden rays again
Now I'm lying here on a Thursday, and you're loving someone new
And it looks like I'm up shit creek again
And I can't help thinking of your loving ways
And I cried a quart of tears since you've been gone
And I can't face the morning by myself love
And it looks like I'm up shit creek again
Since you've been gone, I cry all the time
And I cannot stand leaving you behind
So I'll pull myself together, And I'll dry away my tears
But the morning light has brought back memories
And I can't face the morning by myself love
And it looks like I'm up shit creek again
So I'm out a walking on this dusty highway
Cause you've given me no reason for to stay
And I'll walk until I've found someone who loves me not in vain
And it looks like I'm up shit creek again

SO LONG I'LL SEE YA

Mama's in the kitchen, Daddy's on the phone
And nobody knows what's going on
But I've got those so long I'll see you cause my Buick's outside waiting blues
Well one for the money, two for the show
Three to get ready, Tom's gotta go
He's got them so long I'll see you cause my Buick's outside waiting blues
HOPE I DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU

Well I hope that I don't fall in love with you
'Cause falling in love just makes me blue,
Well the music plays and you display your heart for me to see,
I had a beer and now I hear you calling out for me
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
Well the room is crowded, there's people everywhere
And I wonder, should I offer you a chair?
Well if you sit down with this old clown, take that frown and break it,
Before the evening's gone away, I think that we could make it,
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
I can see that you are lonesome just like me, and it being late,
You'd like some company,
Well I've had two, I look at you, and you look back at me,
The guy you're with has up and split, the chair next to you's free,
And I hope that you don't fall in love with me.
I've had two, I look at you, and you look back at me,
The guy you're with has up and split, the chair next to you's free,
And I hope that you don't fall in love with me.

OL' 55

My time went so quickly, I went lickety-split to my old '55
Pulled away slowly, feeling so holy, God knows, I was feeling alive.
And now the sun's coming up, I'm riding with Lady Luck, freeway cars and trucks,
Stars beginning to fade, and I lead the parade
Just a-wishing I'd stayed a little longer,
Oh, Lord, that the feeling's getting stronger.
Now six in the morning, gave me no warning; I had to be on my way.
Lights passing and trucks a flashing,
I'm on my way home from your place.

MOCKING BIRD

Mocking Bird high in a tree
Looks like you got the best of me
Mocking Bird singing his song
Well Mocking Bird mocking me now that you're gone
Mocking Bird high in a loof
Well he's blowing notes on top my roof
Mocking Bird high in a tree
Looking up at you, you're looking down at me
Threw some papers, tried to scare him away
Just looked down at me and this is what he said

IN BETWEEN LOVE

In between love and trying to scheme love
Who can tell what we may find
Never thought love, not get caught love
Between the magic in your eyes
And love's like women, it's cool and breezy
Never thought that love could be so easy
In between love and trying to scheme love
And in between love again
All this time love, I sublime love
To the feelings in my mind

BLUE SKIES

Blue skies over my head
Give me another reason to get out of bed
And blue skies shine on my face
Give me another woman to take her place
Ain't got no money, cupboards are bare
No cigarettes and the kids got nothing to wear
She walked out without a word
Now the only sound left is the morning bird singing

NOBODY

Nobody, nobody, will ever love you
the way that I love you
Cause nobody's that strong
Love's bittersweet, life's treasures deep
No one can keep a love that's gone wrong
Nobody, nobody, gonna love you the way I could
Cause nobody's that strong
No nobody's that strong
You've had many lovers, you'll have many others
But they'll only just break your poor heart in two
And nobody, nobody, will love you the way I could
Cause nobody's that strong, no nobody's that strong

I WANT YOU

I want you, you, you
All I want is you, you, you
Give you the stars above, Sun on the brightest day
Give you all my love, if you would only say
I want you, you, you
All I want is you, you, you

SHIVER ME TIMBERS

I'm leaving my family
And leaving my friends
My body's at home
But my heart's in the wind
Where the clouds are like headlines
On a new front page sky
My tears are salt water
And the moon's full and high
And I know Martin Eden's
Gonna be proud of me
And many before me
Who've been called by the sea
To be up in the crow's nest
And singing my say
Shiver me Timbers
'Cause I'm a-sailing away
The fog's lifting
And the sand's shifting
and I'm drifting on out
And Ol' Captain Ahab
He ain't got nothing on me.
So come on and swallow me, don't follow me
I'm trav'ling alone
Blue water's my daughter
and I'm gonna skip like a stone
So please call my missus
Tell her not to cry
'Cause my goodbye is written
By the moon in the sky
And nobody knows me
I can't fathom my staying
Shiver me timbers
I'm a-sailing away

GRAPEFRUIT MOON

Grapefruit moon, one star shining, shining down on me.
I heard that tune, and now I'm pining, honey, can't you see?
That every time I hear that melody, something breaks inside,
And grapefruit moon, one star shining, can't turn back the tide.
Never had no destination, could not get across.
You became my inspiration, oh but what a cost.
'Cause every time I hear that melody, puts me up a tree,
And grapefruit moon, one star shining, is all that I can see.
Now I'm smoking cigarettes and I strive for purity,
And I slip just like the stars into obscurity.
'Cause every time I hear that melody, well, something breaks inside,
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, is much too big to hide.

DIAMONDS ON MY WINDSHIELD

Diamonds on my windshield
Tears from heaven
Pulling into town on the Interstate
Pulling a steel train in the rain
The wind bites my cheek through the wing
Fast flying, freeway driving
Always makes me sing
There's a Duster trying to change my tune
Pulling up fast on the right
Rolling restlessly, twenty-four hour moon
Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head
Wishing he was home in a Wisconsin bed
fifteen feet of snow in the East
Colder then a weldigger's ass
Oceanside it ends the ride, San Clemente coming up
Sunday desperadoes slip by, gas station closed, cruise with a dry back
Orange drive-in the neon billing
Theatre's filling to the brim
Slave girls and a hot spurn bucket full of sin
Metropolitan area with interchange and connections
Fly-by-nights from Riverside
Black and white plates, out of state, running a little bit late
Sailors jockey for the fast lane
101 don't miss it
Rolling hills and concrete fields
The broken line's on your mind
Eights go east and the fives go north
The merging nexus back and forth
You see your sign, cross the line, signalling with a blink
The radio's gone off the air
Gives you time to think
You ease it out and you creep across
Intersection light goes out
You hear the rumble
As you fumble for a cigarette
Blazing through this midnight jungle
Remember someone that you met
One more block; the engine talks
And whispers 'home at last'

PLEASE CALL ME, BABY

The evening fell just like a star
Left a trail behind
You spit as you slammed out the door
If this is love we're crazy
As we fight like cats and dogs
But I just know there's got to be more
So please call me, baby
Wherever you are
It's too cold to be out walking in the streets
We do crazy things when we're wounded
Everyone's a bit insane
I don't want you catching your death of cold
Out walking in the rain
I admit that I ain't no angel
I admit that I ain't no saint
I'm selfish and I'm cruel and I'm blind
If I exorcise my devils
Well my angels may leave too
When they leave they're so hard to find
We're always at each other's throats
It drives me up the wall
Most of the time I'm just blowing off steam
And I wish to God you'd leave me
And I wish to God you'd stay
Life's so different than it is in your dreams

SO IT GOES

If I was a seagull high in a loof
I'd sail to the highest perch on your roof
But I ain't no seagull, you know my name
And the wind's blowing fortune, the wind's blowing pain
And so it goes, nobody knows
How to get to the sky, how to get to the sky
If I was a puppy dog in the early dawn
I'd make it to your house and sleep on your lawn
but I ain't no puppydog, you know my name
And the wind blows fortune, the wind blows pain
OLD SHOES

Well I'm singing this song, cause it's time it was sung
I've been putting it off for a while,
Cause it's harder by now, and the truth is so clear
That I am crying when I'm seeing you smile.
So goodbye, so long, the road calls me dear
And your tears cannot bind me anymore,
And farewell to the girl with the sun in her eyes
Can I kiss you, and then I'll be gone.

And every time that I tried to tell you that we'd lost the magic we had at the start,
I would weep my heart when I looked in your eyes
And I searched once again for the spark.
Oh you know that there's something calling me dear
and by morning, I'm sure to be gone
For I'm older than you and you know so well
That our time for to love was a song
Now I can see by your eyes, it's time now to go
So I'll leave you crying in the rain,
Though I held in my hand, the key to all joy
Honey my heart was not born to be tamed.
Closing Time

ol' 55

Well my time went so quickly, I went tickety-splickly out to my old '55
As I drove away slowly, feeling so holy, God knows, I was feeling alive.
Now the sun's coming up, I'm riding with Lady Luck, freeway cars and trucks,
Stars beginning to fade, and I lead the parade
Just a-wishing I'd stayed a little longer,
Oh, Lord, let me tell you that the feeling's getting stronger.
And it's six in the morning, gave me no warning; I had to be on my way.
Well there's trucks all a-passing me, and the lights are all flashing,
I'm on my way home from your place.
And now the sun's coming up, I'm riding with Lady Luck, freeway cars and trucks,
Stars beginning to fade, and I lead the parade
Just a-wishing I'd stayed a little longer,
Oh, Lord, let me tell you that the feeling's getting stronger.
And my time went so quickly, I went tickety-splickly out to my old '55
As I pulled away slowly, feeling so holy, God knows, I was feeling alive.
Now the sun's coming up, I'm riding with Lady Luck,
Freeway cars and trucks, freeway cars and trucks, freeway cars and trucks...

I HOPE THAT I DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU

Well I hope that I don't fall in love with you
'Cause falling in love just makes me blue,
Well the music plays and you display your heart for me to see,
I had a beer and now I hear you calling out for me
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
Well the room is crowded, people everywhere
And I wonder, should I offer you a chair?
Well if you sit down with this old clown, take that frown and break it,
Before the evening's gone away, I think that we could make it,
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
Well the night does funny things inside a man
These old tom-cat feelings you don't understand,
Well I turn around to look at you, you light a cigarette,
I wish I had the guts to bum one, but we've never met,
And I hope that I don't fall in love with you.
I can see that you are lonesome just like me, and it being late,
You'd like some some company,
Well I turn around to look at you, and you look back at me,
The guy you're with has up and split, the chair next to you's free,
And I hope that you don't fall in love with me.
Now it's closing time, the music's fading out
Last call for drinks, I'll have another stout.
Well I turn around to look at you, you're nowhere to be found,
I search the place for your lost face, guess I'll have another round
And I think that I just fell in love with you.

VIRGINIA AVENUE

Well, I'm walking on down Virginia Avenue
Trying to find somebody to tell my troubles to.
Harold's club is closing, and everybody's going on home:
What's a poor boy to do?
I'll just get on back into my short, make it back to the fort
Sleep off all the crazy lizards inside of my brain,
There's got to be some place that's better than this
This life I'm leading's driving me insane
Let me tell you that I'm dreaming to the twilight, this town has got me down.
I've seen all the highlights, I've been walking all around
I won't make a fuss, I'll take a Greyhound bus, carry me away from here:
Tell me, what have I got to lose?
'Cause I'm walking on down Columbus Avenue
The bars are all closing, 'cause it's quarter to two
Every town I go to is like a lock without a key
Those I leave behind are catching up on me,

OLD SHOES (& PICTURE POSTCARDS)

I'm singing this song, it's time it was sung
I've been putting it off for a while,
But it's harder by now, 'cause the truth is so clear
That I cry when I'm seeing you smile.
So goodbye, so long, the road calls me dear
And your tears cannot bind me anymore,
And farewell to the girl with the sun in her eyes
Can I kiss you, and then I'll be gone.

MIDNIGHT LULLABY

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying.
You can burn the midnight oil with me as long as you will
Stare out at the moon upon the windowsill, and dream...
Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye
Hush-a bye my baby, no need to be crying.
There's dew drops on the window sill, gumdrops in your head
Slipping into dream land, you're nodding your head, so dream...
Dream of West Virginia, or of the British Isles
'Cause when you are dreaming, you see for miles and miles.
When you are much older, remember when we sat
At midnight on the windowsill, and had this little chat
And dream, come on and dream, come on and dream, and dream, and dream...
MARTHA

Operator, number, please: it's been so many years
Will she remember my old voice while I fight the tears?
Hello, hello there, is this Martha? this is old Tom Frost,
And I am calling long distance, don't worry 'bout the cost.
'Cause it's been forty years or more, now Martha please recall,
Meet me out for coffee, where we'll talk about it all.
And those were the days of roses, poetry and prose
And Martha all I had was you and all you had was me.
There was no tomorrows, we'd packed away our sorrows
And we saved them for a rainy day.
And I feel so much older now, and you're much older too,
How's your husband? and how's the kids? you know that I got married too?
Luck that you found someone to make you feel secure,
'Cause we were all so young and foolish, now we are mature.
And I was always so impulsive, I guess that I still am,
And all that really mattered then was that I was a man.
I guess that our being together was never meant to be.
And Martha, Martha, I love you can't you see?
And I remember quiet evenings trembling close to you...

ROSIE

Well I'm sitting on a windowsill, blowing my horn
Nobody's up except the moon and me,
And a lazy old tomcat on a midnight spree
All that you left me was a melody.
Rosie, why do you evade? Rosie, how can I persuade?
And the moon's all up, full and big, apricot tips in an indigo sky,
And I've been loving you, Rosie, since the day I was born
And I'll love you, Rosie 'til the day I die.

LONELY

Lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely eyes, lonely face, lonely lonely in your place.
I thought that I knew all that there was to, lonely, lonely, lonely...
Melanie Jane, won't feel the pain.
And I thought that I knew all that there was to
I still love you, I still love you, lonely, lonely...

ICE CREAM MAN

I'll be clicking by your house about two forty-five
Sidewalk sundae strawberry surprise,
I got a cherry popsicle right on time
A big stick, mamma, that'll blow your mind
'Cause I'm the ice cream man, I'm a one-man band (yeah)
I'm the ice cream man, honey, I'll be good to you.
Baby, missed me in the alley, baby, don't you fret
Come back around and don't forget,
When you're tired and you're hungry and you want something cool,
Got something better than a swimming pool
'Cause I'm the ice cream man, I'm a one-man band
I'm the ice cream man, honey, I'll be good to you.
'Cause I'm the ice cream man, I'm a one-man band
I'm the ice cream man, honey, I'll be good to you.
See me coming, you ain't got no change
Don't worry baby, it can be arranged:
Show me you can smile, baby just for me
Fix you with a drumstick, I'll do it for free
'Cause I'm the ice cream man, I'm a one-man band
I'm the ice cream man, honey, I'll be good to you.
Be good to you, be good to you,
Good to you yeah, good to you yeah, good to you yeah, good to you yeah,
Good to you yeah, good to you, I'll be good to you, I'll be good to you...

**LITTLE TRIP TO HEAVEN (ON THE WINGS OF YOUR LOVE)**

Lazy trip to heaven on the wings of your love
Banana moon is shining in the sky,
Feel like I'm in heaven when you're with me
Know that I'm in heaven when you smile,
Though we're stuck here on the ground, I got something that I've found
And it's you.
And I don't have to take no trip to outer space
All I have to do is look at your face,
And before I know it, I'm in orbit around you
Thanking my lucky stars that I've found you,
When I see your constellation, honey, you're my inspiration, and it's you.
You're my north star when I'm lost and feeling blue,
The sun is breaking through the clouds don't you, don't you know it's true?
Honey, all the other stars seem dim around you
Thanking my lucky stars that I've found you,
When I see your smiling face, honey,
I know nothing ever going to take your place, and it's you.
And it's you, and it's you, and it's you, and it's you, and it's you
And it's you, and it's you, shoo-be-doo, ba-da-da.

**GRAPEFRUIT MOON**

Grapefruit moon, one star shining, shining down on me.
Heard that tune, and now I'm pining, honey, can't you see?
'Cause every time I hear that melody, well, something breaks inside,
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, can't turn back the tide.
Never had no destination, could not get across.
You became my inspiration, oh but what a cost.
'Cause every time I hear that melody, well, something breaks inside,
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, is more than I can hide.
Now I'm smoking cigarettes and I strive for purity,
And I slip just like the stars into obscurity.
'Cause every time I hear that melody, well, puts me up a tree,
And the grapefruit moon, one star shining, is all that I can see.
The Heart of Saturday Night

NEW COAT OF PAINT
Let's put a new coat of paint
On this lonesome old town
Set them up, we'll be knocking them down
You wear a dress baby I'll wear a tie
We'll laugh at that old bloodshot moon
In that burgundy sky
All our scribbled love dreams are lost or thrown away
Here amidst the shuffle of an overflowing day
Our love needs a transfusion let's shoot it full of wine
Fishing for a good time starts with throwing in your line.

SAN DIEGO SERENADE
I never saw the morning 'til I stayed up all night
I never saw the sunshine 'til you turned out the light
I never saw my hometown until I stayed away too long
I never heard the melody until I needed the song
I never saw the white line 'til I was leaving you behind
I never knew I needed you until I was caught up in a bind
I never spoke "I love you" 'til I cursed you in vain
I never felt my heart strings until I nearly went insane
I never saw the east coast until I moved to the west
I never saw the moonlight until it shone off of your breast
I never saw your heart until someone tried to steal it, tried to steal it away
I never saw your tears until they rolled down your face
I never saw the morning 'til I stayed up all night
I never saw the sunshine 'til you turned out your love light babe
I never saw my hometown until I stayed away too long
I never heard the melody until I needed the song

SEMI SUITE
Well you hate those diesels rolling
And those Friday nights out bowling
When he's off for a twelve hour lay over night
You wish you had a dollar
For every time he hollered
That he's leaving
And he's never coming back
But the curtain-laced billow
And his hands on your pillow
And his trousers are hanging on the chair
You're lying through your pain, babe
But you're gonna tell him he's your man
And you ain't got the courage to leave
He tells you that you're on his mind
You're the only one he's ever gonna find
It's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul...
But the only place a man can breathe
And collect his thoughts is
Midnight and flying away on the road.
But you've packed and unpacked
So many times you've lost track
And the steam heat is dripping off the walls
But when you hear his engines
You’re looking through the window in the kitchen and you know
You’re always gonna be there when he calls
’Cause he’s a truck driving man
Stopping when he can

**SHIVER ME TIMBERS**

I’m leaving my fam’ly
Leaving all my friends
My body’s at home
But my heart’s in the wind
Where the clouds are like headlines
On a new front page sky
My tears are salt water
And the moon’s full and high
And I know Martin Eden’s
Gonna be proud of me
And many before me
Who’ve been called by the sea
To be up in the crow’s nest
Singing my say
Shiver me Timbers
’Cause I’m a-sailing away
And the fog’s lifting
And the sand’s shifting
I’m drifting on out
Ol’ Captain Ahab
He ain’t got nothing on me, now.
So swallow me, don’t follow me
I’m trav’ling alone
Blue water’s my daughter
’n I’m gonna skip like a stone
So please call my missus
Gotta tell her not to cry
’Cause my goodbye is written
By the moon in the sky
Hey and nobody knows me
I can’t fathom my staying
Shiver me timbers
’Cause I’m a-sailing away
And the fog’s lifting
And the sand’s shifting
I’m drifting on out
Ol’ Captain Ahab
He ain’t got nothing on me
So come and swallow me, follow me
I’m trav’ling alone
Blue water’s my daughter
’n I’m gonna skip like a stone
And I’m leaving my family
Leaving all my friends
My body’s at home
But my heart’s in the wind
Where the clouds are like headlines
Upon a new front page sky
And shiver me timbers
’Cause I’m a-sailing away
DIAMONDS ON MY WINDSHIELD

Well these diamonds on my windshield
And these tears from heaven
Well I'm pulling into town on the Interstate
I got a steel train in the rain
And the wind bites my cheek through the wing
And it's these late nights and this freeway flying
It always makes me sing
There's a Duster trying to change my tune
He's pulling up fast on the right
Rolling restlessly by a twenty-four hour moon
And a Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head
He's wishing he was home in a Wisconsin bed
But there's fifteen feet of snow in the East
Colder then a welddigger's ass
And it's colder than a welldigger's ass
Oceanside it ends the ride with San Clemente coming up
Those Sunday desperadoes slip by and cruise with a dry back
And the orange drive-in the neon billing
And the theatre's filling to the brim
With slave girls and a hot spurn bucket full of sin
Metropolitan area with interchange and connections
Fly-by-nights from Riverside
And out of state plates running a little late
But the sailors jockey for the fast lane
So 101 don't miss it
There's rolling hills and concrete fields
And the broken line's on your mind
The eights go east and the fives go north
And the merging nexus back and forth
You see your sign, cross the line, signaling with a blink
And the radio's gone off the air
Gives you time to think
And you hear the rumble
As you fumble for a cigarette
And blazing through this midnight jungle
Remember someone that you met
And one more block; the engine talks
Whispers 'home at last'
It whispers 'home at last'
Whispers 'home at last'
It whispers 'home at last'
Whispers 'home at last'
And there are diamonds on my windshield
And these tears from heaven
Well I'm pulling into town on the Interstate
I got me a steel train in the rain
And the wind bites my cheek through the wing
Late nights and freeway flying
Always makes me sing
It always makes me sing
(Hey look here Jack, ok)
THE HEART OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Well you gassed her up
Behind the wheel
With your arm around your sweet one
In your Oldsmobile
Barreling down the boulevard
You're looking for the heart of Saturday night
And you got paid on Friday
And your pockets are jingling
And you see the lights
You get all tingling cause you're cruising with a 6
And you're looking for the heart of Saturday night
Then you comb your hair
Shave your face
Trying to wipe out every trace
All the other days
In the week you know that this'll be the Saturday
You're reaching your peak
Stopping on the red
You're going on the green
'Cause tonight'll be like nothing
You've ever seen
And you're barreling down the boulevard
Looking for the heart of Saturday night
Tell me is the crack of the poolballs, neon buzzing?
Telephone's ringing; it's your second cousin
Is it the barmaid that's smiling from the corner of her eye?
Magic of the melancholy tear in your eye.
Makes it kind of quiver down in the core
'Cause you're dreaming of them Saturdays that came before
And now you're stumbling
You're stumbling onto the heart of Saturday night

FUMBLING WITH THE BLUES

Friday left me fumbling with the blues
And it's hard to win when you always lose
Because the nightspots spend your spirit
Beat your head against the wall
Two dead ends and you've still got to choose
You know the bartenders they all know my name
And they catch me when I'm pulling up lame
And I'm a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyster shaking my head
When I should be living clean instead
You know the ladies I've been seeing off and on
Well they spend your love and then they're gone
You can't be loving someone who is savage and cruel
Take your love and then they leave on out of town
Well now falling in love is such a breeze
But its standing up that's so hard for me
I wanna squeeze you but I'm scared to death I'd break your back
You know your perfume Well it won't let me be
Come on baby Let your love light shine
Gotta bury me inside of your fire
Because your eyes are enough to blind me
You're like a-looking at the sun
You gotta whisper tell me I'm the one
PLEASE CALL ME, BABY

The evening fell just like a star
Left a trail behind
You spit as you slammed out the door
If this is love we're crazy
As we fight like cats and dogs
But I just know there's got to be more
So please call me, baby
Wherever you are

It's too cold to be out walking in the streets
We do crazy things when we're wounded
Everyone's a bit insane
I don't want you catching your death of cold
Out walking in the rain
And I admit that I ain't no angel
I admit that I ain't no saint
I'm selfish and I'm cruel but you're blind
If I exorcise my devils
Well my angels may leave too
When they leave they're so hard to find
And we're always at each other's throats
You know it drives me up the wall
But most of the time I'm just blowing off steam
And I wish to God you'd leave me
Baby I wish to God you'd stay
Life's so different than it is in your dreams

DEPOT, DEPOT

Depot, depot, what am I doing here?
I ain't coming, I ain't going
My confusion is showing
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue
I'm gonna paint myself blue
At the depot
I watch the taxis pull up and idle
I can't claim title to a single memory
He offered me a key
'Cause opportunity don't knock
He has no tongue and she cannot talk
You're gonna shuffle when you walk
At the depot
This peeping-Tom needs a peephole
And an uptempo song
To move me along
When I find this depot baby
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe
At the depot
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue
Oh, tell me what a poor boy to do
At the depot
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe
At the depot
DRUNK ON THE MOON

Tight-slacked clad girls on the graveyard shift
'Neath the cement stroll
Catch the midnight drift
Forgot you and Charlie
In the newspaperness
Grifting hot-horse tips
On who's running the best
And I'm blinded by the neon
Don't try and change my tune
'Cause I thought I heard a saxophone
I'm drunk on the moon
And the moon's a silver slipper
It's pouring champagne stars
Broadway's like a serpent
Pulling shiny top-down cars
Laramer is teeming
With that undulating beat
And some Bonneville is screaming
It's way wilder down the street
Hearts flutter and race
The moon's on the wane
Tarts mutter their dream hopes
The night will ordain
Come schemers and dancers
Cherry delight
As a Cleveland-bound Greyhound
And it cuts through the night
And I've hawked all my yesterdays

THE GHOSTS OF SATURDAY NIGHT (AFTER HOURS AT NAPOLEONE'S PIZZA HOUSE)

A cab combs the snake,
Trying to rake in that last night's fare,
And a solitary sailor
Who spends the facts of his life like small change on strangers...
Paws his inside P-coat pocket for a welcome twenty-five cents,
And the last bent butt from a package of Kents,
As he dreams of a waitress with Maxwell House eyes
And marmalade thighs with scrambled yellow hair.
Her rhinestone-studded moniker says, "Irene"
As she wipes the wisps of dishwasher blonde from her eyes
And the Texaco beacon burns on,
The steel-belted attendant with a 'Ring and Valve Special'...
Crying "Fill'er up and check that oil"
"You know it could be a distributor and it could be a coil."
The early morning final edition's on the stands,
And that town cryer's crying there with nickels in his hands.
Pigs in a blanket sixty-nine cents,
Eggs - roll 'em over and a package of Kents,
Adam and Eve on a log, you can sink 'em damn straight,
Hash browns, hash browns, you know I can't be late.
And the early dawn cracks out a carpet of diamond
Across a cash crop car lot filled with twilight Coupe Devilles,
Leaving the town in a-keeping
Of the one who is sweeping
Up the ghost of Saturday night...
Nighthawks at the Diner

EMOTIONAL WEATHER REPORT

late night and early morning low clouds with a chance of fog
chance of showers into the afternoon
with variable high cloudiness and gusty winds
at times around the corner of
Sunset and Alvorado
things are tough all over
when the thunder storms start
increasing over the southeast
and south central portions of my apartment, I get upset
and a line of thunderstorms was developing in the early morning
ahead of a slow moving cold front cold blooded
with tornado watches issued shortly
before noon Sunday, for the areas
including the western region of my mental health
and the northern portions of my ability to deal rationally
with my disconcerted precarious emotional situation
it's cold out there colder than a ticket taker's smile
at the Ivar Theatre on a Saturday night
flash flood watches covered the
southern portion of my disposition
there was no severe weather well
into the afternoon, except for a lone gust of wind in the bedroom
in a high pressure zone, covering the eastern
portion of a small suburban community
with a 103 and millibar high pressure zone
and a weak pressure ridge extending from
my eyes down to my cheeks cause since you left me baby
and put the vice grips on my mental health
well the extended outlook for an
indefinite period of time until you
come back to me baby is high tonight
low tomorrow, and precipitation is expected

ON A FOGGY NIGHT

on a foggy night, an abandoned road in a twilight mirror mirage
with no indication of a service station
or an all night garage, I was misinformed
I was misdirected cause the interchange
never intersected leaving me marooned beneath a bloodshot moon
all upon a foggy night, on a foggy night
an abandoned road, in a blurred brocade
collage, is that a road motel?
I can't really tell, is that what you
might call some kind of a vacancy lodge
cause there's no consolation, what
kind of situation to be aimlessly skewed amidst a powder blue?
no tell tail light clue
spun like the spell you spin
this precarious pandemonium
I'm stranded, all upon a foggy night
EGGS & SAUSAGE

In a Cadillac With Susan Michelson
nighthawks at the diner
of Emma’s 49er, there’s a rendezvous
of strangers around the coffee urn tonight
all the gypsy hacks, the insomniacs
now the paper’s been read
now the waitress said
eggs and sausage and a side of toast
coffee and a roll, hash browns over easy
chile in a bowl with burgers and fries
what kind of pie?
In a graveyard charade, a late shift masquerade
2 for a quarter, dime for a dance
with Woolworth rhinestone diamond
earrings, and a sideways glance
and now the register rings
and now the waitress sings
the classified section offered no direction
it’s a cold caffeine in a nicotine cloud
now the touch of your fingers
lingers burning in my memory
I’ve been 86ed from your scheme
I’m in a melodramatic nocturnal scene
I’m a refugee from a disconcerted affair
as the lead pipe morning falls
and the waitress calls

better off without a wife

all my friends are married
every Tom and Dick and Harry
you must be strong
to go it alone
here’s to the bachelors
and the bowery bums
and those who feel that they’re the ones
who are better off without a wife
I like to sleep until the crack of noon
midnight howling at the moon
going out when I wanto, coming home when I please
I don’t have to ask permission
if I want to go out fishing
and I never have to ask for the keys
never been no Valentino
had a girl who lived in Reno
left me for a trumpet player
didn’t get me down
he was wanted for assault
though he said it weren't his fault
well the coppers rode him right
out of town
selfish about my privacy
as long as I can be with me
we get along so well I can't believe
I love to chew the fat with folks
and listen to all your dirty jokes
I’m so thankful for these friends I do receive
NIGHTHAWK POSTCARDS (FROM EASY STREET)

there's a blur drizzle down the plateglass
as a neon swizzle stick stirring up the sultry night air
and a yellow biscuit of a buttery cue ball moon
rolling maverick across an obsidian sky
as the busses go groaning and wheezing,
down on the corner I'm freezing;
on a restless boulevard at a midnight road
I'm across town from EASY STREET

with the tight knots of moviegoers and out-of-towners on the stroll
and the buildings towering high above
lit like dominoes or black dice
all the used car salesmen dressed up in
Purina Checkerboard slacks
and Foster Grant wrap-around,
pacing in front of EARL SCHLEIB
$39.95 merchandise
like barkers at a shooting gallery
they throw out kind of a Texas Guinean routine
"Hello sucker, we like your money
just as well as anybody else's here"
or they give you the P.T. Barnum bit
"There's a sucker born every minute
you just happened to be coming along at the right time"
come over here now
you know... all the harlequin sailors are on the stroll
in a search of "LIKE NEW," "NEW PAINT,"
decent factory air and AM-FM dreams
and the piss yellow gypsy cabs
stacked up in the taxi zones waiting like
pinball machines
to be ticking off a joy ride to a magical place
waiting in line like "truckers welcome" diners
with dirt lots full of
Peterbilts, Kenworths, Jimmy's and the like, and
they're highballing with bankrupt brakes, over driven
under paid, over fed, a day late and a dollar short
but Christ I got my lips around a bottle and
my foot on the throttle and I'm standing on the corner
standing on the corner like a "just in town"
jasper, on a street corner with a gasper looking
for some kind of Cheshire billboard grin
stroking a goateed chin, and using parking meters
as walking sticks on the inebriated stroll
with my eyelids propped open at half mast

but you know... over at Chubb's Pool Hall and Snooker
it was a nickel after two, yea it was a nickel after two
and in the cobalt steel blue dream smoke, it
was the radio that groaned out the hit parade
and the chalk squeaked, the floorboards creaked
and an Olympia sign winked through a torn yellow
shade, old Jack Chance himself leaning up against
a Wurlitzer and eyeballing out a 5 ball combination shot
impossible you say? ...hard to believe?, perhaps
out of the realm of possibility? naaaa
he be stretching out long tawny fingers out across a
cool green felt with a provocative golden gate
and a full table railshot that's no sweat and I leaned
up against my banister and wandered over to the Wurlitzer and I punched A-2 I was looking for something like Wine, Wine, Wine by the Night Caps starring Chuck E. Weiss or High Blood Pressure by George (crying in the streets) Perkins - no dice "that's life," that's what all the people say riding high in April, seriously shot down in May, but I know I'm gonna change that tune when I'm standing underneath a buttery moon that's all melted off to one side It was just about that time that the sun came crawling yellow out of a manhole at the foot of 23rd Street and a Dracula moon in a black disguise was making its way back to its pre-paid room at the St. Moritz Hotel (scat) and the El train came tumbling across the trestles and it sounded like the ghost of Gene Krupa with an overhead cam and glasspacks and the whispering brushes of wet radials on a wet pavement and there's a traffic jam session on Belmont tonight and the rhapsody of the pending evening, I leaned up against my banister and I've been looking for some kind of an emotional investment with romantic dividends kind of a physical negotiation is underway as I attempt to consolidate all my missed weekly payments, into one-low-monthly payment through the nose with romantic residuals and leg akimbo but the chances are more than likely I'll probably be held over for another smashed weekend

WARM BEER AND COLD WOMEN

warm beer and cold women, I just don't fit in every joint I stumbled into tonight that's just how it's been all these double knit strangers with gin and vermouth and recycled stories in the naugahyde booths with the platinum blondes and tobacco brunettes I'll be drinking to forget you light another cigarette and the band's playing something by Tammy Wynette and the drinks are on me tonight all my conversations I'll just be talking about you baby boring some sailor as I try to get through I just want him to listen that's all you have to do he said I'm better off without you till I showed him my tattoo now the moon's rising ain't got no time to lose time to get down to drinking tell the band to play the blues drink's are on me, I'll buy another round at the last ditch attempt saloon ...and the band's playing something by Johnnie Barnett and the drinks are on me tonight
PUTNAM COUNTY

I guess things were always quiet around Putnam County
kind of shy and sleepy as it clung to the skirts
of the 2-lane, that was stretched out like an
asphalt dance floor where all the old-timers would
hunker down in bib jeans and store bought boots
lying about their lives and the places that they'd been
sucking on Coca Colas and be spitting Days Work
they'd be sucking on Coca Colas and be spitting Day's Work
until the moon was a stray dog on the ridge and
the taverns would be swollen until the naked eye
of 2am, and the Stratocaster guitars slung over
Burgermeister beer guts, and the swizzle stick legs
jackknifed over naugahyde stools and the
witch hazel spread out over the linoleum floors,
the pedal pushers stretched out over midriff bulge
and the coiffed brunette curls over Maybeline eyes
wearing Prince Machiavelli, Estee Lauder, smells so sweet
I elbowed up at the counter with mixed feelings over mixed drinks
and Bubba and the Roadmasters moaned in pool hall
concentration as they knit their brows to
cover the entire Hank Williams Song Book
and the old National register was singing to the tune of $57.57
until last call, one last game of 8 ball
and Berneice would be putting the chairs on the tables,
someone come in say "Hey man, anyone got
any Jumper Cables, is that a 6 or a 12 volt?"
and all the studs in town would toss 'em down
and claim to fame as they stomped their feet
boasting about being able to get more ass than a toilet seat.
And the GMCs and the Straight 8 Fords
were coughing and wheezing and they
percolated as they tossed the gravel
underneath the fenders to weave home
a wet slick anaconda of a two lane
with tire irons and crowbars a rattling
with a tool box and a pony saddle
you're grinding gears, shifting into first
yea and that goddamn tranny's just getting worse
with the melodies of "see ya later" and screwdrivers on carburetors
talking shop about money to loan and palominos and strawberry roans
See ya tomorrow, hello to the Mrs, money to borrow and goodnight kisses
the radio spitting out Charlie Rich sure can sing that sonofabitch
and you weave home, weaving home
leaving the little joint winking in the dark warm narcotic American night
beneath a pin cushion sky and it's home to toast and honey
start up the Ford, your lunch money's there on the draining board
toilet's running shake the handle, telephone's ringing it's Mrs Randal
where the hell are my goddamn sandals
and the porcelain poodles and the glass swans
staring down from the knick knack shelf
with the parent permission slips for the kids' field trips
pair of Muckalucks scraping across the shag carpet
and the impending squint of first light, that lurked behind
a weeping marquee in downtown Putnam
and would be pulling up any minute now just like a bastard amber
Velveeta yellow cab on a rainy corner
and be blowing its horn, in every window in town.
SPARE PARTS I (A NOCTURNAL EMISSION)

well the dawn cracked hard just like a bull whip
cause it wasn’t taking no lip from the night before
as it shook out the street, the stew bums showed up
just like bounced checks, rubbing their necks
and the sky turned the color of Pepto-Bismol
and the parking lots growled
and my old sports coat full of promissory notes
and a receipt from a late night motel
and the hawk had his whole family out
there in the wind, and he’s got a message
for you to beware cause he be kicking your
ass in, in a cold blooded fashion
dishing out more than a good man can bear
I got shoes untied, shirt tail’s out, ain’t got a
ghost of a chance with this old romance
just an apartment for rent down the block
Ivar Theater with live burlesque
and the manager’s scowling, feet on his desk
boom boom against the curtain
you’re still hurting
and then push came to shove, shove came to biff
girls like that just lay you out stiff
maybe I’ll go to Cleveland or
get me a tattoo or something, my brother
in law’s there
skid mark tattoo on the asphalt blue
was that a Malibu
Liz Taylor and Montgomery Clift
coming on to the broads with the
same ol’ riff. Hey baby come up to
my place, we’ll listen to some
smooth music on the stereo, no thank you
got any Stan Getz records
no I got Smothers Brothers
so I combed back my Detroit
jack up my pegs, wiped my Stacy Adams
jackknifed my legs, yea I got designs on a moving violation
hey baby, you put me on hold and I’m
out in the wind and it’s getting mighty cold...
colder than a gut shot bitch wolf dog
with 9 sucking pups pulling a 4 trap
up a hill in the dead of winter
in the middle of a snowstorm
with a mouth full of porcupine quills
yea well I don’t need you baby
It’s a well known fact
I’m 4 sheets to the wind
I’m glad you’re gone
I’m finally alone
glad you’re gone, but I
wish you’d come home
and I struggled out of bed...
well hey baby let’s take it to Bakersfield
get a little apartment somewhere
BIG JOE AND PHANTOM 309

well you see I happened to be back on the east coast
   a few years back trying to make me a buck
      like everybody else, well you know
times get hard and well I got down on my luck
and I got tired of just roaming and bumming around, so I started thumbing my way back
to my old hometown
you know I made quite a few miles
in the first couple of days, and I figured I’d be home in a week
   if my luck held out this way
but you know it was the third night
I got stranded, it was out at a cold lonely crossroads
and as the rain came pouring down
   I was hungry, tired
freezing, caught myself a chill
but it was just about that time that
the lights of an old semi topped the hill
you should have seen me smile when I heard them air brakes come on, and
I climbed up in that cab where I knew it’d be warm, at the wheel
well, at the wheel sat a big man
I’d have to say he must have weighed 210
the way he stuck out a big hand and said with a grin "Big Joe's the name
and this here rig's called Phantom 309"
well I asked him why he called his rig such a name, but he just turned to me
and said "Why son don't you know this here rig'll be putting 'em all to shame, why
there ain't a driver on this or any other line for that matter
that's seen nothing but the taillights of Big Joe and Phantom 309"
So we rode and talked the better part of the night
and I told my stories and Joe told his and
I smoked up all his Viceroy's as we rolled along
he pushed her ahead with 10 forward gears
man that dashboard was lit like the old Madam La Rue pinball, a serious semi truck
until almost mysteriously, well it was the lights of a truck stop that rolled into sight
Joe turned to me and said "I'm sorry son
but I'm afraid this is just as far as you go
You see I kinda gotta be making a turn
just up the road a piece," but I'll be damned if he didn't throw me a dime as he threw her in low and said "Go on in there son, and get yourself a hot cup of coffee on Big Joe"
and when Joe and his rig pulled off into the night, man in nothing flat they was clean outta sight
so I walked into the old stop and ordered me up a cup of mud saying "Big Joe's setting this dude up" but it got so deathly quiet in that place, you could of heard a pin drop as the waiter's face turned kinda pale, I said "What's the matter did I say something wrong?" I kinda
said with a half way grin. He said
"No son, you see it'll happen every
now and then. You see every driver in
here knows Big Joe, but let me
tell you what happened just 10 years
ago, yea it was 10 years ago
out there at that cold lonely crossroads
where you flagged Joe down, and
there was a whole bus load of kids
and they were just coming from school
and they were right in the middle when
Joe topped the hill, and could
have been slaughtered except
Joe turned his wheels, and
he jackknifed, and went
into a skid, and folks around here
say he gave his life to save that bunch
of kids, and out there at that cold
lonely crossroads, well they say it
was the end of the line for
Big Joe and Phantom 309, but it's
funny you know, cause every now and then
yea every now and then, when the
moon's holding water, they say old Joe
will stop and give you a ride, and
just like you, some hitchhiker will be coming by"
"So here son," he said to me, "get
yourself another cup of coffee, it's on the
house, you see I want you to hang on
to that dime, yea you hang on to that
dime as a kind of souvenir, a
souvenir of Big Joe and Phantom 309"
Small Change

TOM TRAUBERT'S BLUES

Wasted and wounded, it ain't what the moon did, I've got what I paid for now
See you tomorrow, hey Frank, can I borrow a couple of bucks from you
To go waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda
You'll go waltzing Mathilda with me
I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
And I'm tired of all these soldiers here
No one speaks English, and everything's broken, and my Stacys are soaking wet
Now the dogs are barking and the taxi cab's parking
A lot they can do for me
I begged you to stab me, you tore my shirt open,
And I'm down on my knees tonight
Old Bushmills I staggered, you'd bury the dagger
In your silhouette window light
Now I lost my Saint Christopher now that I've kissed her
And the one-armed bandit knows
And the maverick Chinamen, and the cold-blooded signs,
And the girls down by the strip-tease shows go
No, I don't want your sympathy, the fugitives say
That the streets aren't for dreaming now
And manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories,
They want a piece of the action anyhow
And you can ask any sailor, and the keys from the jailer,
And the old men in wheelchairs know
And Mathilda's the defendant, she killed about a hundred,
And she follows wherever you may go
And it's a battered old suitcase to a hotel someplace,
And a wound that will never heal
No prima donna, the perfume is on an
Old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey
And goodnight to the street sweepers, the night watchmen flame keepers
And goodnight to Mathilda, too

STEP RIGHT UP

Step right up, step right up, step right up,
Everyone's a winner, bargains galore
That's right, you too can be the proud owner
Of the quality goes in before the name goes on
One-tenth of a dollar, one-tenth of a dollar, we got service after sales
You need perfume? we got perfume, how 'bout an engagement ring?
Something for the little lady, something for the little lady,
Something for the little lady, hmm three for a dollar
We got a year-end clearance, we got a white sale
And a smoke-damaged furniture, you can drive it away today
Act now, act now, and receive as our gift, our gift to you
They come in all colors, one size fits all
No muss, no fuss, no spills, you're tired of kitchen drudgery
Everything must go, going out of business, going out of business sale
Fifty percent off original retail price, skip the middle man don't settle for less
How do we do it? how do we do it? volume, volume, turn up the volume
Now you've heard it advertised, don't hesitate
Don't be caught with your drawers down
You can step right up, step right up
That's right, it filets, it chops, it dices, slices,
Never stops, lasts a lifetime, mows your lawn
And it mows your lawn and it picks up the kids from school
It gets rid of unwanted facial hair, it gets rid of embarrassing age spots,
It delivers a pizza, and it lengthens, and it strengthens
And it finds that slipper that's been at large
under the chaise lounge for several weeks
And it plays a mean Rhythm Master,
It makes excuses for unwanted lipstick on your collar
And it's only a dollar, step right up
'Cause it forges your signature
If not completely satisfied, mail back unused portion of product
For complete refund of price of purchase
Please allow thirty days for delivery, don't be fooled by cheap imitations
You can live in it, live in it, laugh in it
Swim in it, sleep in it, live in it, swim in it, laugh in it, love in it
Removes embarrassing stains from contour sheets, that's right
And it entertains visiting relatives, it turns a sandwich into a banquet
Tired of being the life of the party?
Change your shorts, change your life, change your life
Change into a nine-year-old Hindu boy, get rid of your wife,
And it walks your dog, and it doubles on sax
Doubles on sax, you can jump back Jack, see you later alligator
And it steals your car
It gets rid of your gambling debts, it quits smoking
It's a friend, and it's a companion,
And it's the only product you will ever need
Follow these easy assembly instructions it never needs ironing
it takes weights off hips, bust, thighs, chin, midriff,
Gives you dandruff, and it finds you a job, it is a job
And it strips the phone company free take ten for five exchange,
And it gives you denture breath
And you know it's a friend, and it's a companion
And it gets rid of your traveler's checks
It's new, it's improved, it's old-fashioned
Well it takes care of business, never needs winding,
Gives you an erection, it wins the election
Why put up with painful corns any longer?
It's a redeemable coupon, no obligation, no salesman will visit your home
We got a jackpot, jackpot, jackpot, prizes, prizes, prizes, all work guaranteed
How do we do it, how do we do it, how do we do it, how do we do it
We need your business, we're going out of business
We'll give you the business
Get on the business end of our going-out-of-business sale
Receive our free brochure, free brochure
Read the easy-to-follow assembly instructions, batteries not included
Send before midnight tomorrow, terms available,
You got it buddy: the large print giveth, and the small print taketh away
Step right up, you can step right up, you can step right up
Get away from me kid, you bother me...
JITTERBUG BOY

Well, I'm a jitterbug boy, by the shoe-shine
Resting on my laurels and my hardys too
Life of Riley on a swing shift, gears follow my drift
Once upon a time I was in show-biz too
I seen the Brooklyn Dodgers playing at Ebbets Field
Seen the Kentucky Derby too
It's fast women, slow horses, unreliable sources,
And I'm holding up the lamp-post if you want to know
I've seen the Wabash Cannonball, buddy, I've done it all
'Cause I slept with the lions and Marilyn Monroe,
Had breakfast in the eye of a hurricane
Fought Rocky Marciano, played Minnesota Fats,
Burned hundred-dollar bills, I've eaten Mulligan stew
Got drunk with Louis Armstrong, what's that old song?
I taught Mickey Mantle everything that he knows
So you ask me what I'm doing here holding up the lamp-post,
Flipping this quarter, trying to make up my mind
And if it's heads I go to Tennessee, and tails I buy a drink,
If it lands on the edge I keep talking to you

I WISH I WAS IN NEW ORLEANS

Well, I wish I was in New Orleans, I can see it in my dreams,
Arm-in-arm down Burgundy, a bottle and my friends and me
Hoist up a few tall cool ones, play some pool and listen to that tenor saxophone calling me home
And I can hear the band begin "When the Saints Go Marching In",
And by the whiskers on my chin, New Orleans, I'll be there
I'll drink you under the table, be red-nosed, go for walks,
The old haunts what I wants is red beans and rice
And wear the dress I like so well, and meet me at the old saloon,
Make sure that there's a Dixie moon, New Orleans, I'll be there
And deal the cards roll the dice, if it ain't that old Chuck E. Weiss,
And Claiborne Avenue, me and you Sam Jones and all
And I wish I was in New Orleans, 'cause I can see it in my dreams,
Arm-in-arm down Burgundy, a bottle and my friends and me
New Orleans, I'll be there

THE PIANO HAS BEEN DRINKING (NOT ME)

The piano has been drinking, my necktie is asleep
And the combo went back to New York, the jukebox has to take a leak
And the carpet needs a haircut, and the spotlight looks like a prison break
And the telephone's out of cigarettes, and the balcony is on the make
And the piano has been drinking, the piano has been drinking...
And the menus are all freezing, and the light man's blind in one eye and he can't see out of the other
And the piano-tuner's got a hearing aid, and he showed up with his mother
And the piano has been drinking, the piano has been drinking
As the bouncer is a Sumo wrestler cream-puff casper milktost
And the owner is a mental midget with the I.Q. of a fence post
'Cause the piano has been drinking, the piano has been drinking...
And you can't find your waitress with a Geiger counter
And she hates you and your friends and you just can't get served without her
And the box-office is drooling, and the bar stools are on fire
And the newspapers were fooling, and the ash-trays have retired
'Cause the piano has been drinking, the piano has been drinking
The piano has been drinking, not me, not me, not me, not me, not me
INVITATION TO THE BLUES

Well she's up against the register with an apron and a spatula,
   Yesterday's deliveries, tickets for the bachelors
She's a moving violation from her conk down to her shoes,
   Well, it's just an invitation to the blues
And you feel just like Cagney, she looks like Rita Hayworth
   At the counter of the Schwab's drugstore
You wonder if she might be single, she's a loner, likes to mingle
   Got to be patient, try and pick up a clue
She said "How you gonna like 'em, over medium or scrambled?",
   You say "Anyway's the only way", be careful not to gamble
On a guy with a suitcase and a ticket getting out of here
   It's a tired bus station and an old pair of shoes
This ain't nothing but an invitation to the blues
But you can't take your eyes off her, get another cup of java,
   It's just the way she pours it for you, joking with the customers
Mercy mercy, Mr. Percy, there ain't nothing back in Jersey
   But a broken-down jalopy of a man I left behind
And the dream that I was chasing, and a battle with booze
   And an open invitation to the blues
But she used to have a sugar daddy and a candy-apple Caddy,
   And a bank account and everything, accustomed to the finer things
He probably left her for a socialite, and he didn't 'cept at night,
   And then he's drunk and never even told her that her cared
So they took the registration, and the car-keys and her shoes
   And left her with an invitation to the blues
'Cause there's a Continental Trailways leaving local bus tonight, good evening
   You can have my seat, I'm sticking round here for a while
Get me a room at the Squire, the filling station's hiring,
   And I can eat here every night, what the hell have I got to lose?
   Got a crazy sensation, go or stay? now I gotta choose,
   And I'll accept your invitation to the blues

PASTIES AND A G-STRING

Smelling like a brewery, looking like a tramp,
   I ain't got a quarter, got a postage stamp
Been five o'clock shadow boxing all around the town,
   Talking with the old man, sleeping on the ground
Bazanti bootin al zootin al hoot and Al Cohn
   Sharing this apartment with a telephone pole
And a fish-net stocking, spike-heel shoes,
   Strip tease, prick tease, car keys blues
And the porno floor show, live nude girls,
   Dreamy and creamy and brunette curls
Chesty Morgan and Watermelon Rose
   Raise my rent and take off all your clothes
With trench coats, magazines, a bottle full of rum,
   She's so good, make a dead man come
Pasties and a G-string, beer and a shot
   Portland through a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze
Wrinkles and Cherry and Twinkie and Pinkie and Fifi live from Gay Paree
   Fanfares, rim shots, back stage, who cares, all this hot burlesque for me

   Cleavage, cleavage, thighs and hips
From the nape of her neck to the lipstick lips
   Chopped and channeled and lowered and lewd
   And the cheater slicks and baby moons
She's a-hot and ready, creamy and sugared
And the band is awful and so are the tunes
Crawling on her belly, and shaking like jelly,
And I'm getting harder than Chinese algebrassieres
"Hey sweetheart" they're yelling for more
You're squashing out your cigarette butts on the floor
And I like Shelly, and you like Jane
And what was the girl with the snakeskin's name?
And it's an early-bird matinee, come back any day,
Get you a little something that you can't get at home
It's pasties and a G-string, beer and a shot
Portland through a shot glass and a Buffalo squeeze
Popcorn, front row, higher than a kite, and I'll be back tomorrow night,
And I'll be back tomorrow night

BAD LIVER AND A BROKEN HEART
Well I got a bad liver and broken heart,
I drunk me a river since you tore me apart
And I don't have a drinking problem, except when I can't get a drink
And I wish you'd have known her, we were quite a pair,
She was sharp as a razor and soft as a prayer
So welcome to the continuing saga, she was my better half, and I was just a dog
And so here am I slumped, I've been chipped and I've been chumped on my stool
So buy this fool some spirits and libations, it's these railroad station bars
And all these conductors and porters, and I'm all out of quarters
And this epitaph is the aftermath, yeah I choose my path, hey, come on, Kath,
He's a lawyer, he ain't the one for ya
No, the moon ain't romantic, it's intimidating as hell,
And some guy's trying to sell me a watch
And so I'll meet you at the bottom of a bottle of bargain Scotch
I got me a bottle and a dream, it's so maudlin it seems,
You can name your poison, go on ahead and make some noise
I ain't sentimental, this ain't a purchase, it's a rental, and it's purgatory,
And hey, what's your story, well I don't even care
'Cause I got my own double-cross to bear
And I'll see your Red Label, and I'll raise you one more,
And you can pour me a cab, I just can't drink no more,
'Cause it don't douse the flames that are started by dames,
It ain't like asbestos
It don't do nothing but rest us assured,
And substantiate the rumors that you've heard

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY
Well this gigolo's jumping salty, ain't no trade out on the streets,
Half past the unlucky, and the hawk's a front-row seat
Dressed in full orchestration, stage-door Johnny's got to pay,
And sent him home talking 'bout the one that got away
Could have been on Easy Street, could have been a wheel,
With irons in the fire and all them business deals
But the last of the big-time losers shouted before he drove away,
"I'll be right back, as soon as I crack the one that got away"
Well, the ambulance drivers, they don't give a shit,
They just want to get off work
The short stop and the victim are already gone berserk
And the shroud-tailor measures him for a deep-six holiday,
The stiff is froze, the case is closed on the one that got away
Now Jim Crow's directing traffic with them cemetery blues,
With them peculiar-looking trousers, them old Italian shoes
And a wooden kimono that was all ready to drop in San Francisco Bay
But he's mumbling something all about the one that got away
And Costello was the champion at the St. Moritz Hotel,
And the best this side of Fairfax, reliable sources tell
But his reputation is at large, and he's at Ben Frank's every day,
Waiting for the one that got away
He got a snakeskin sportshirt, and he looks like Vincent Price,
With a little piece of chicken, and he's carving off a slice
Someone tipped her off, and she'll be doing a Houdini now any day
She shook his hustle, and a Greyhound bus'll take the one that got away
Well, Andre's at the piano behind the Ivar in the sewers,
With a buck a shot for pop tunes, and a fin for guided tours
He could-a been in "Casa Blanca", he stood in line out there all day
Now he's spilling whiskey and learning songs about a one that got away
Well I've lost my equilibrium and my car keys and my pride,
The tattoo parlor's warm, and so I hustle there inside
And the grinding off the buzz-saw, "What you want that thing to say?"
I says, "Just don't misspell her name, buddy, she's the one that got away"

SMALL CHANGE (GOT RAINED ON WITH HIS OWN .38)

Small Change got rained on with his own thirty-eight,
And nobody flinched down by the arcade
And the marquees weren't weeping, they went stark-raving mad,
And the cabbies were the only ones that really had it made
And his cold trousers were twisted, and the sirens high and shrill,
And crumpled in his fist was a five-dollar bill
And the naked mannequins with their Cheshire grins,
And the raconteurs and roustabouts said "Buddy, come on in, 'cause
'Cause the dreams ain't broken down here now, they're walking with a limp
Now that Small Change got rained on with his own thirty-eight"
And nobody flinched down by the arcade
And the burglar alarm's been disconnected,
And the newsman start to rattle
And the cops are telling jokes about some whorehouse in Seattle
And the fire hydrants plead the Fifth Amendment
And the furniture is bargains galore
But the blood is by the jukebox on an old linoleum floor
And what a hot rain on Forty-Second Street,
And now the umbrellas ain't got a chance
And the newsboy's a lunatic with stains on his pants, 'cause
'Cause Small Change got rained on with his own thirty-eight
And no one's gone over to close his eyes
And there's a racing form in his pocket,
Circled "Blue Boots" in the third
And the cashier at the clothing store didn't say a word
As the siren tears the night in half, and someone lost his wallet
Well, a surveillance of assailants, it that's what you want to call it
And the whores hike up their skirts and fish for drug-store prophylactics
With their mouths cut just like razor blades and their eyes are like stilettos
And her radiator's steaming and her teeth are in a wreck, and nah,
She won't let you kiss her, but what the hell do you expect?
And the Gypsies are tragic and if you want to buy perfume,
Well, they'll bark you down like carneys, sell you Christmas cards in June, but
But Small Change got rained on with his own thirty-eight
And his headstone's a gumball machine,
No more chewing gum or baseball cards or overcoats or dreams
Someone's hosing down the sidewalk, and he's only in his teens, 'cause
'Cause Small Change got rained on with his own thirty-eight
And a fistful of dollars can't change that,
And someone copped his watch fob, and someone got his ring
And the newsboy got his porkpie Stetson hat
And the tuberculosis old men at the Nelson wheeze and cough
And someone will head south until this whole thing cools off, 'cause
'Cause Small Change got rained on with his own thirty-eight

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OFF WORK (AND SEE MY BABY ON MONTGOMERY AVENUE)

I don't mind working, 'cause I used to be jerking off most of my time in bars,
I've been a cabbie and a stock clerk and a soda-fountain jock-jerk
And a manic mechanic on cars
It's nice work if you can get it, now who the hell said it?
I got money to spend on my gal,
But the work never stops, and I'll be busting my chops
Working for Joe and Sal.
And I can't wait to get off work and see my baby,
She said she'd leave the porch light on for me.
I'm disheveled and I'm disdainful and I'm distracted and it's painful,
But this job sweeping up here is gainfully employing me tonight.
Well "Tom, do this" and "Tom, do that", and "Tom, don't do that",
Count the cash, clean the oven, dump the trash,
Oh your loving is a rare and a copacetic gift,
And I'm a moonlight watch manic, it's hard to be romantic
Sweeping up over by the cigarette machine...
I can't wait to get off work and see my baby
She'll be waiting up with a magazine for me.
Clean the bathrooms and clean 'em good, oh your loving I wish you would
Come down here and sweep a-me off my feet, this broom'll have to be my baby,
If I hurry, I just might get off before the dawn's early light.
Blue Valentines

RED SHOES BY THE DRUGSTORE

She wore red shoes by the drugstore
as the rain splashed the nickel
spilled like Chablis along the midway
there's a little bluejay
in a red dress, on a sad night
one straw in a rootbeer
a compact with a cracked mirror
and a bottle of evening in Paris perfume
he told her to wait in by the magazines
he had to take care of some business it seems
bring a raincoat and a suitcase
and your dark eyes
and wear those red shoes
there's a dark huddle at the bus stop
umbrellas arranged in a sad bouquet
Little Caesar got caught
he was going down to second
he was cooled
changing stations on the chamber
to steal a diamond
from a jewelry store for his baby
he loved the way she looked in those red shoes
she waited by the drugstore
Caesar had never been this late before
and the dogs bayed the moon
and rattled their chains
and the cold jingle of taps in a puddle
was the burglar alarm
snitching on Caesar
now the rain washes memories from the sidewalks
and the hounds splash down the nickel
full of soldiers
and Santa Claus is drunk in the ski room
and it's Christmas Eve in a sad cafe
when the moon gets this way
there's a little blue jay
by the newsstand
wearing red shoes
so meet me tonight by the drugstore
we're going out tonight
wear your red shoes
CHRISTMAS CARD FROM A HOOKER IN MINNEAPOLIS

hey Charlie I'm pregnant
and living on the 9th street
right above a dirty bookstore
off Euclid Avenue
and I stopped taking dope
and I quit drinking whiskey
and my old man plays the trombone
and works out at the track
and he says that he loves me
even though it's not his baby
and he says that he'll raise him up
like he would his own son
and he gave me a ring
that was worn by his mother
and he takes me out dancing
every Saturday night.
and hey Charlie I think about you
every time I pass a filling station
on account of all the grease
you used to wear in your hair
and I still have that record
of Little Anthony & The Imperials
but someone stole my record player
now how do you like that?
hey Charlie I almost went crazy
after Mario got busted
so I went back to Omaha to
live with my folks
but everyone I used to know
was either dead or in prison
so I came back to Minneapolis
this time I think I'm gonna stay.
hey Charlie I think I'm happy
for the first time since my accident
and I wish I had all the money
that we used to spend on dope
I'd buy me a used car lot
and I wouldn't sell any of 'em
I'd just drive a different car
every day, depending on how I feel
hey Charlie for chrissakes
do you want to know the truth of it?
I don't have a husband
he don't play the trombone
and I need to borrow money
to pay this lawyer
and Charlie, hey
I'll be eligible for parole
come valentines day
ROMEOL IS BLEEDING

Romeo is bleeding but not so as you'd notice
he's over on 18th street as usual
looking so hard against the hood of his car
and putting out a cigarette in his hand
and for all the pachucos at the pumps
at Romeo's paint and body
they all seeing how far they can spit
well it was just another night
but now they're huddled in the brake lights of a 58 Belair
and listening how Romeo killed a sheriff with his knife
and they all jump when they hear the sirens
but Romeo just laughs and says
all the racket in the world ain't never gonna save that copper's ass
he'll never see another summertime for gunning down my brother
and leaving him like a dog beneath a car without his knife
and Romeo says hey man gimme a cigarette
and they all reach for their pack
and Frankie lights it for him and pats him on the back
and throws a bottle at a milk truck
and as it breaks he grabs his nuts
and they all know they could've been just like Romeo
if they only had the guts
but Romeo is bleeding but nobody can tell
and he sings along with the radio
with a bullet in his chest
and he combs back his fenders
and they all agree its clear
that everything is cool now that Romeo's here
but Romeo is bleeding
and he winches now and then and he leans against
the car door and feels the blood in his shoes
and someone's crying in the phone booth
at the 5 points by the store
Romeo starts his engine
and wipes the blood of the door
and he brodies through the signal
with the radio full blast
leaving the boys there hiking up their chinos
and they all try to stand like Romeo
beneath the moon cut like a sickle
and they're talking now in Spanish about their hero
but Romeo is bleeding as he gives the man his ticket
and he climbs to the balcony at the movies
and he'll die without a whimper
like every hero's dream
just an angel with a bullet
and Cagney in the screen
little black girl in a red dress
on a hot night with a broken shoe
little black girl you should have never left home
there’s probably someone that’s still waiting up for you
it's cold back in Chicago
but in Los Angeles it’s worse
when all you got is $29.00 and an alligator purse
I see already that vulture in the fleetwood
with the chartreuse hood
can see you're trying to get your bearings
and you say hey which ways the main stem
and wherever you say you're from
he'll say he grew up there himself
and he'll come on and make you feel
like you grew up right next door to him
and you say take a left on central
and he throws it in reverse
cause you only got $29.00 and an alligator purse
and he'll come on like a gentleman
and you'll be a little shy
you say your ex old man was a sax player
he'll say baby I used to play bass for sly
and you say you like his Cadillac, say honey I got 2 or 3
he'll say sweetheart you're sure fortunate
that you ran into me
when you've done a dime in the joint
you figure nothing could be worse
and you got $29.00 in an alligator purse
well he got Pharaoh on the 8 track
you start smoking a little boo
you thinking getting out of Chicago was the
best thing ever happened to you
but he ain't no good samaritan
he'll make sure he's reimbursed
lot more than $29.00 and an alligator purse
now the sirens just an epilog
the cops always get there to late
they always stop for coffee on the way to the scene of the crime
they always try so hard to look like movie stars
they couldn't catch a cold
you're only wasting your dime
and she's lucky to be alive
the doctor whispered to the nurse
she only lost a 1/2 pint of blood
$29.00 and an alligator purse
**WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD**

put a dead cat on the railroad tracks  
when the wolf bains blooming by the tressel  
and get the eyeball of a rooster  
and the stones from a ditch  
and wash 'em down with bilge water  
and you say you'll never snitch  
take the buttons from a yellow jacket  
the feather from a buzzard  
and the blood from a bounty hunter's cold black heart  
catch the tears of a widow  
in a thimble made of glass  
tell your mama and papa  
they can kick your ass  
poison all the water in the wishing well  
and hang all them scarecrows from a sycamore tree  
burn down all those honeymoons  
put 'em in a pillow case  
and wait next to the switch blades at the amusement park for me  
strangle all the Christmas carols  
scratch out all your prayers  
tie 'em up with barbed wire  
and push them down the stairs  
and I'll whittle you a pistol  
for keeping nightmares of the blinds  
those sonsabitches always seem to sneak up from behind  
siphon all the gas from your daddy's pickup truck  
fill up Johnny's t-bird  
I got a couple of bucks  
put a little perfume and ribbon in your hair  
careful that you don't wake up the hounds  
tear a bolt of lightning  
of the side of the sky  
and throw it in the cedar chest  
if you want to tell me why  
bring the gear shift knob from a 49 Merc  
and lay down here beside me  
let me hold you in the dirt  
and you'll tremble as the flames  
tear the throat out of the night  
sink your teeth into my shoulder  
dig your nails into my back  
tell that little girl to let go of my sleeve  
you'll be a woman when I catch you  
as you fall in love with me  
then with my double barrel shotgun  
and a whole box of shells  
we'll celebrate the 4th of July  
we'll do 100 mph  
spending someone else's dough  
and we'll drive all the way to Reno  
on the wrong side of the road
WHISTLING PAST THE GRAVEYARD

well I come in on a night train
with an arm full of box cars
on the wings of a magpie
cross a hooligan night
and I busted up a chifforobe
way out by the cocomo
cooked up a mess a mulligan
and got into a fight
whistling past the graveyard
stepping on a crack
I'm a mean motherhubbard
papa one-eyed jack
you probably seen me sleeping
out by the railroad tracks
go on and ask the prince of darkness
what about all that smoke
come from the stack
sometimes I kill myself a jacket
suck out all the blood
steal myself a station wagon
driving through the mud
I know you seen my headlights
and the honking of my horn
I'm calling out my bloodhounds
chase the devil through the corn
last night I chugged the Mississippi
now that suckers dry as a bone
born in a taxi cab
I'm never coming home
my eyes have seen the glory
of the draining of the ditch
I only come to baton rouge
to find myself a witch
I'm gonna snatch me up a
couple of 'em every time it rains
you see a locomotive
probably thinking it's a train
what you think is the sunshine
is just a twinkle in my eye
that ring around my fingers
just the 4th of July
when I get a little bit lonesome
and a tear falls from my cheek
there's gonna be an ocean in
the middle of the week
I rode into town on a night train
with an arm full of box cars
on the wings of a magpie
cross a hooligan night
I'm-ona tear me off a rainbow
and wear it for a tie
I never told the truth
so I can never tell a lie
KENTUCKY AVENUE

Eddie grace's Buick got 4 bullet holes in the side
Charlie Delisle sitting at the top of an avocado tree
Mrs Storm'll stab you with a steak knife if you step on her lawn
I got a half pack of Lucky Strikes man come along with me
let's fill our pockets with macadamia nuts
then go over to Bobby Goodmanson's
and jump off the roof
Hilda plays strip poker
and her mama's across the street
Joey Navinski says she put her tongue in his mouth
Dicky Faulkner's got a switchblade
and some gooseneck risers
that eucalyptus is a hunchback
there's a wind up from the south
let me tie you up with kite string
and I'll show you the scabs on my knee
watch out for the broken glass, put your shoes and socks on
and come along with me
let's follow that fire track
I think your house is burning down
the go down to the hobo jungle
and kill some rattle snakes with a trowel
we'll break all the windows in the old Anderson place
and steal a bunch of boysenberries
and smear 'em on our face
I'll get a dollar from my mama's purse
and buy that scull and crossbones ring
and you can wear it around your neck on an old piece of string
then we'll spit on Ronnie Arnold
and flip him the bird
and slash the tires on the school bus
now don't say a word
I'll take a rusty nail and scratch your initials on my arm
and I'll show you how to sneak up on the roof of the drugstore
take the spokes from your wheelchair
and a magpie's wings
and tie em to your shoulders and your feet
I'll steal a hacksaw from my dad
and cut the braces off your legs
and we'll bury them tonight in the cornfield
put a church key in your pocket
we'll hop that freight train in the hall
and we'll slide down the drain all the way
to new Orleans in the fall
A SWEET LITTLE BULLET FROM A PRETTY BLUE GUN

it's raining it's pouring
and you didn't bring a sweater
Nebraska will never let you come back home
and on Hollywood and Vine
by the Thrifty Mart sign
any night I'll be willing to bet
there's a young girl
with sweet little wishes
and pretty blue dreams
standing there and getting all wet
now there's a place off the drag
called the Gilbert Hotel
there's a couple letters burned out in the sign
and it's better than a bus stop
and they do good business
every time it rains
for sweet little girls
with nothing in their jeans
but sweet little wishes
and pretty blue jeans
now it's raining it's pouring
the old man is snoring
now I lay me down to sleep
I hear the sirens in the street
all the dreams are made of chrome
I have no way to get back home
I'd rather die before I wake
like Marilyn Monroe
and throw my jeans out in
the street and the rain will make 'em grow
now the night clerk he got a club foot
and he's heard every hard luck story
at least a hundred times or more
he says check out time is 10 am
and that's just what he means
and you go up the stairs
with sweet little wishes
and pretty blue dreams
now it's raining it's pouring
and Hollywood's just fine
swindle a little out of her dreams
put a letter in the sign
never trust a scarecrow
wearing shades after dark
be careful of that old bow tie he wears
it takes a sweet little bullet
from a pretty blue gun
to put those scarlet ribbons in your hair
no that ain't no cherry bomb
4th of July's all done
just some fool playing that second line
from the barrel of a pretty blue gun
BLUE VALENTINE

She sends me blue valentines
All the way from Philadelphia
To mark the anniversary
Of someone that I used to be
And it feels just like there's
A warrant out for my arrest
Got me checking in my rearview mirror
And I'm always on the run
That's why I changed my name
And I didn't think you'd ever find me here
To send me blue valentines
Like half forgotten dreams
Like a pebble in my shoe
As I walk these streets
And the ghost of your memory
Is the thistle in the kiss
And the burglar that can break a roses neck
It's the tattooed broken promise
That I hide beneath my sleeve
And I see you every time I turn my back
She sends me blue valentines
Though I try to remain at large
They're insisting that our love
Must have a eulogy
Why do I save all of this madness
In the nightstand drawer
There to haunt upon my shoulders
Baby I know
I'd be luckier to walk around everywhere I go
With a blind and broken heart
That sleeps beneath my lapel
She sends me my blue valentines
To remind me of my cardinal sin
I can never wash the guilt
Or get these bloodstains off my hands
And it takes a lot of whiskey
To take this nightmares go away
And I cut my bleeding heart out every night
And I die a little more on each St. Valentines day
Remember that I promised I would write you
These blue valentines
Foreign Affairs

MURIEL

Muriel since you left town the clubs closed down
and there's one more burned out lamppost down on the main street
down where we used to stroll
and Muriel I still hit all the same old haunts
and you follow me wherever I go
and Muriel I see you on a Saturday night
in a penny arcade with your hair tied back
and the diamond twinkle in your eye
is the only wedding ring I'll buy you
and Muriel how many times I've left this town
to hide from your memory
and it haunts me
but I only get as far as the next whiskey bar
I buy another cheap cigar and I'll see you every night
hey Muriel Muriel
hey buddy got a light

I NEVER TALK TO STRANGERS

stop me if you've heard this one
I feel as though we've met before
perhaps I'm mistaken
but it's just that I remind you
of someone you used to care about
but that was long ago
do you think I'd fall for that
I wasn't born yesterday
besides I never talk to strangers anyway
I ain't a bad guy when you get to know me
I just thought there ain't no harm
hey just try minding your own business
bud who asked you to annoy me
with your sad repartee
besides I never talk to strangers anyway
your life's a dime store novel
this town is full of guys like you
and you're looking for someone to take the place of her
and you're bitter cause he left you
that's why you're drinking in this bar
well only suckers fall in love
with perfect strangers
it always takes one to know one stranger
maybe we're just wiser now
and been around the block so many times
that we don't notice
that we're all just perfect strangers
as long as we ignore
that we all begin as strangers
just before we find
we really aren't strangers anymore
JACK & NEAL

Jack was sitting poker faced with bullets backed with bitches
Neal hunched at the wheel putting everyone in stitches
bragging bout this nurse he screwed while driving through Nebraska
and when she came she honked the horn and Neal just barely missed a
truck and then he asked her if she'd like to come like that to Californy
see a red head in a uniform will always get you horny
with her hairnet and those white shoes and a name tag and a hat
she drove like Andy Granatelli and knew how to fix a flat
and Jack was almost at the bottom of his MD 2020 Neal was yelling
out the window trying to buy some Bennies from a Lincoln
full of Mexicans whose left rear tire blew and the sonsobitches
pretty near almost ran off the road
well the nurse had spilled the Manoshevitz all up and down her dress
then she lit the map on fire Neal just had to guess
should we try and find a bootleg route or a filling station open
the nurse was dumping out her purse looking for an envelope and
Jack was out of cigarettes we crossed the yellow line
the gas pumps looked like tombstones from here
felt lonelier than a parking lot when the last car pulls away
and the moonlight dressed the double breasted foothills
in the mirror weaving outta negligee and a black brassiere
the mercury was running hot and almost out of gas
just then Florence Nightingale dropped her drawers and
stuck her fat ass half way out of the window
with a Wilson Pickett tune
and shouted get a load of this and gave the finger to the moon
counting one eyed jacks and whistling dixie in the car
Neal was doing least a hundred when we saw a falling star
Florence wished that Neal would hold her instead of chewing his cigar
Jack was nodding out and dreaming he was in a bar
with Charlie Parker on the bandstand not a worry in the world
and a glass of beer in one hand and his arm around a girl
and Neal was singing to the nurse underneath a Harlem moon
and somehow you could just tell we'd be in California soon

A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES

hey sight for sore eyes it's a long time no see
working hard hardly working hey man you know me
water under the bridge did you see my new car
well it's bought and it's paid for parked outside of the bar
and hey barkeeper what's keeping you keep pouring drinks
for all these palookas hey you know what I thinks
that we toast to the old days and Di Maggio too
and old Drysdale and mantle whitey Ford and to you
no the old gang ain't around everyone has left town
Except for Thumm and Giardina said they just might be down
oh half drunk all the time and I'm all drunk the rest
yea Monk's still the champion but I'm the best
I guess you heard about Nash he was killed in a crash
hell that must of been two or three years ago now
yea he spun out and he rolled he hit a telephone pole
and he died with the radio on
no she's married and with a kid finally split up with Sid
he's up north for a nickle's worth for armed robbery
hey I'll play you some pin ball hell you ain't got a chance
well then go on over and ask her to dance
POTTER'S FIELD

well you can buy me a drink and I'll tell you what I seen
and I'll give you a bargain from the edge of a maniac's dream
that buys a black widow spider with a riddle in his yarn
that's clinging to the furrow of a blind man's brow
I'll start talking from the brim of a thimble full of whiskey
on a train through the Bronx that will take you just as far
as the empty of a bottle to the highway of a scar
that stretched across the blacktop of my cheek like that
and then ducks beneath the brim of a fugitive's hat
and you'll learn why liquor makes a stool pigeon rat on every face
that ever left his shadow down on saint marks place
hell I'd double cross my mother if it was whiskey that they paid
and so an early bird says nightsticks on the hit parade
and he ain't got a prayer and his days are numbered
and you'll track him down like a dog
well it's a tough customer you're getting in this trade
cause the nightstick's heart pumps lemonade
well whiskey keeps a blind man talking alright
and I'm the only one who knows just where he stayed last night
he was in a wrecking yard in a switchblade storm
in a wheelbarrow with nothing but revenge to keep him warm
and a half a million dollars in unmarked bills
was the nightstick's blanket in a February chill
and as the buzzard drove a crooked sky he was dealing high chicago in the mud
and stacking the deck against a dragnet's eye
a shivering nightstick in a miserable heap
with the siren for a lullaby singing him to sleep
he was bleeding from a buttonhole torn by a slug fired from the barrel of a two dollar gun
that scorched a blister on the grip of a punk by now
is learning what you have to pay to be a hero anyhow
he dressed the hole in his gut with a hundred dollar bandage
a king's ransom for a bedspread that don't amount to nothing
just cobweb strings on a busted ukulele and the nightstick leaned on a black shillelagh
with the poison of a junkie's broken promise on his lip
he staggered in the shadows screaming I ain't never been afraid
and he shot out every street light on the promenade
past the frozen ham and eggers at the penny arcade
throwing out handfuls of a blood stained salary
they were dead in their tracks at the shooting gallery and they fired off a twenty one gun salute
and from the corner of his eye he caught the alabaster orbs
and from a dime a dance hall girl and stuffed a thousand dollar bill
in her blouse and caught the cruel and unusual punishment of her smile
and the nightstick winked beneath a rain-soaked brim
ain't no one seen hide nor hair of him see no one but a spade on Riker's Island and me
and so if you're mad enough to listen to a full of whiskey blind man
then you're mad enough to look beyond where bloodhounds dare to go
so if you want to know just where the nightstick's hiding out
you be down at the ferry landing oh let's say bout half past a nightmare
when it's twisted on a clock you tell 'em Nickels send you whiskey always makes him talk
and you ask for captain Charon with the mud on his kicks he's the skipper of the deadline steamer
and she sails from the Bronx across the river Styx and a riddle's just a ticket for a dreamer
cause when the weathervane's sleeping and the moon turns his back
you crawl on your belly long the railroad tracks
and cross your heart and hope to die and stick a needle in your eye
cause he'd cut my bleeding heart out if he found out that I squealed
cause you see a scarecrow's just a hoodlum who marked the cards that he dealt
and pulled a gypsy switch out on the edge of potter's field
**BURMA SHAVE**

licorice tattoo turned a gun metal blue scrawled across the shoulders  
of a dying town the one eyed jacks across the railroad tracks  
and the scar on its belly pulled a stranger passing through  
he was a juvenile delinquent never learned how to behave  
but the cops would never think to look in burma shave  
and the road was like a ribbon and the moon was like a bone  
he didn't seem to be like any guy she'd ever known  
he kind of looked like farley granger with his hair slicked back  
she says I'm a sucker for a fella in a cowboy hat  
how far are you going he said depends on what you mean  
he says I'm going thataway just as long as it's paved  
I guess you'd say I'm on my way to burma shave  
and her knees up on the glove compartment  
took out her barrette and her hair spilled out like rootbeer  
and she popped her gum and arched her back  
hell Marysville ain't nothing but a wide spot in the road  
some night my heart pounds just like thunder  
I don't know why it don't explode  
cause everyone in this stinking town has got one foot in the grave  
and I'd rather take my chances out in burma shave  
Presley's what I go by why don't you change the station  
count the grain elevators in the rearview mirror  
mister anywhere you point this thing  
has got to beat the hell out of the sting  
of going to bed with every dream that dies here every morning  
and so drill me a hole with a barber pole  
I'm jumping my parole just like a fugitive tonight  
why don't you have another swig  
and pass that car if you're so brave  
I wanna get there before the sun comes up in burma shave  
and the spider web crack and the mustang screamed  
smoke from the tires and the twisted machine  
just a nickel's worth of dreams and every wishbone that they saved  
lie swindled from them on the way to burma shave  
and the sun hit the derrick and cast a bat wing shadow  
up against the car door on the shot gun side  
and when they pulled her from the wreck  
you know she still had on her shades  
they say that dreams are growing wild just this side of burma shave

**BARBER SHOP**

good mornin mr. Snip snip snip witchur haircut just as short as mine  
bay rum lucky tiger butch wax cracker jacks shoe shine jaw breaker  
magazine racks hanging round the barber shop a side burning close crop  
morning Mr. Furgeson what's the good word witcha been  
staying outta trouble like a good boy should I see you're still cutting hair  
well I'm still cutting classes I just couldn't help myself  
I got a couple of passes to the Ringle Bros. barn bail circus afternoon  
I see you lost a little round the middle and your looking real good  
sitting on the wagon stead of under the hood  
what's the low down Mr. Brown heard you boy's leaving town  
I just bought myself a struggle buggy suckers powder blue  
throw me over sports page Cincinnati's looking good  
always been for Pittsburgh lay you 10 to 1  
that the Pirates get the pennant and the Series for their done  
you know the hair's getting longer and the skirts getting shorter
you can get a cheaper haircut if you wanna cross the border
now if your mama saw you smoking why she'd kick your ass
put it out you little juvenile and put it out fast
oh if I had a million dollars well what would I do
probably be a barber not a bum like you
still got your paper route now that's just fine
now you can pay me double cause you gypped me last time
you be keeping little circus money and spend it on a girl
know I give the best haircuts in the whole wide world

FOREIGN AFFAIR

when traveling abroad in the continental style
it's my belief one must attempt to be discreet
and subsequently bear in mind your transient position
allows you a perspective that's unique
though you'll find your itinerary's a blessing and a curse
your wanderlust won't let you settle down
and you'll wonder how you ever fathomed that you'd be content
to stay within the city limits of a small Midwestern town
most vagabonds I knew don't ever want to find the culprit
that remains the object of their long relentless quest
the obsession's in the chasing and not the apprehending
the pursuit you see and never the arrest
without fear of contradiction bon voyage is always hollered
in conjunction with a handkerchief from shore
by a girl that drives a rambler and furthermore
is overly concerned that she won't see him anymore
planes and trains and boats and buses
characteristically evoke a common attitude of blue
unless you have a suitcase and a ticket and a passport
and the cargo that they're carrying is you
a foreign affair juxtaposed with a stateside
and domestically approved romantic fancy
is mysteriously attractive due to circumstances knowing
it will only be parlayed into a memory
Frank's Wild Years

RAINVILLE. HARLDY EVER DID THOUGH. RAIN THAT IS. IT WAS NOWHERE. RAILROAD TRACKS RAN UP THE BACK OF THE STATE LIKE STITCHES. TELEPHONE LINES SLASHED THE ORANGE DAWNS LIKE A WRECKED SHIP'S RIGGING...AND WHEN IT RAINED THE WHOLE TOWN WENT MAD. DOGS RAN WILD IN THE STREETS. FRANK WAS SQUEEZED BETWEEN SCRAP IRON PLACES AND RADIATOR REPAIR SHOPS...RAINVILLE, GOOD PLACE TO DREAM YOURSELF AWAY FROM. WHEN THE TRAINS THUNDERED PAST THE BACKYARD FENCE, BOUND FOR OXNARD, LOMPOC, GILA BEND, STANFIELD AND PARTS SOUTH WHERE THE WIND BLEW BIG, FRANK WOULD COUNT THE CARS AND MAKE A WISH JUST LIKE HE DID WHEN HE WAS A KID...AT LEAST SOMETHING WAS GETTING OUT OF TOWN ALIVE...ONE MOONLIT NIGHT FRANK PACKED UP HIS ACCORDION AND SAID BLOW WIND BLOW WHEREVER YOU MAY GO...CAUSE I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO THE TOP...UP WHERE THE AIR IS FRESH AND CLEAN.

HANG ON ST. CHRISTOPHER

Hang on St. Christopher through the smoke and the oil
Buckle down the rumble seat
let the radiator boil
got an overhead downshift and a two dollar grill
got an 85 cabin on an 85 hill
Hang on St. Christopher on the passenger side
open it up tonight the devil can ride
hang on St. Christopher with a barrel house dog
kick me up Mt. Baldy
throw me out in the fog
tear a hole in the jack pot
drive a stake through his heart
do a 100 on the grapevine
do a jump on the start
hang on St. Christopher now don't let me go
get me to Reno and bring it in low, yeah
hang on St. Christopher with the hammer to the floor
put a highball in the crank case
nail a crow to the door
gimmee a 294
there's a 750 Norton busting down January's door
hang on St. Christopher on the passenger side
open it up tonight the devil can ride
hang on St. Christopher now don't let me go
get to me Reno got to bring it in low
put my baby on the flat car
got to burn down the caboose
get 'em all jacked up on whiskey
then we'll turn the mad dog loose
hang on St. Christopher on the passenger side
open it up tonight the devil can ride
STRAIGHT TO THE TOP (RHUMBA)

I'm going straight to the top
oh yea up where the air is fresh and clean
I'm going straight up to the top
if you know me, you know what I mean
I can't let sorrow try and pull ol' Frankie down
live for tomorrow I have found you
I'm going straight up to the top
up where the air is fresh and clean
I know that I will never stop, oh no
until I know I'm wild and free
just like a champagne bubble
pop pop pop
I'm like those birdies
high up in the trees

BLOW WIND BLOW

Mary's on the black top
There's a husband in the dog house
In the middle of a shakedown
She got quiet as a church mouse
She found Raleighs on the dashboard
Sugar daddy caught a polocar
Ain't no solitary
tap dance way down here
I swear I's riding on a field mouse
we were dancing in the slaughterhouse
If you swing along the beltway
then you skid along the all day
cause I went a little crazy
and I sat upon a high chair
And I'm smoking like a diesel way out here
Blow wind blow - blow me away

TEMTATION

Rusted brandy in a diamond glass
everything is made from dreams
time is made from honey slow and sweet
only the fools know what it means
oh, temptation, temptation, I can't resist
I know that she is made of smoke
but I've lost my way
she knows that I am broke
so that I must play
temptation, temptation, I can't resist
Dutch pink and Italian blue
she is waiting there for you
my will has disappeared
now my confusions oh so clear
temptation, temptation, temptation
I can't resist
INNOCENT WHEN YOU DREAM (BARROOM)

The bats are in the belfry
the dew is on the moor
where are the arms that held me
and pledged her love before
It’s such a sad old feeling
the fields are soft and green
it’s memories that I’m stealing
but you’re innocent when you dream
Running through the graveyard
we laughed my friends and I
we swore we’d be together
until the day we died
I made a golden promise
that we would never part
I gave my love a locket
and then I broke her heart
and then I broke her heart

I’LL BE GONE

Tonight I’ll shave the mountain
I’ll cut the hearts from pharaohs
I pull the road off of the rise
tear the memories from my eyes
and in the morning I’ll be gone
I drink 1000 shipwrecks
tonight I’ll steal your paychecks
I paint the sheets across my bed
the birds will all fly from my head
and in the morning I’ll be gone
take every dream that’s breathing
find every boot that’s leaving
shoot all the lights in the cafe
and in the morning I’ll be gone
I bet 1000 dollars
I have a French companion
I tie myself below the deck
I pull the rope around my neck
and in the morning I’ll be gone
it takes a life to win her
there is a drum of bourbon
800 pounds of nitro
his boots are thunder as he plays
there is a stone inside it
tonight his bones will ride it
I’ll need a tent to hide it
and in the morning I’ll be gone
YESTERDAY IS HERE

If you want money in your pocket
and a top hat on your head
a hot meal on your table
and a blanket on your bed
well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here
Well I'm going to New York City
and I'm leaving on a train
and if you want to stay behind and
wait till I come back again
well today is grey skies
tomorrow is tears
you'll have to wait till yesterday is here
If you want to go
where the rainbows end
you'll have to say goodbye
all our dreams come true
baby up ahead
and it's out where your memories lie
well the road's out before me
and the moon is shining bright
what I want you to remember
as I disappear tonight

PLEASE WAKE ME UP

I put my chips on her shoulder
running in the carnival time
she bought the things that I told her
they made her eyes sparkle and shine
together we'll ring in the new year
I know that she'll be my queen
and if I fall asleep in your arms
please wake me up in my dreams
Her outfit was all made of vinyl
like nothing I've ever seen
when our divorces are final
She'll fit right into my scheme
next to the pawnshop's a chapel
I'll show you just what I mean
and if I fall asleep in your arms
please wake me up in my dreams

FRANK'S THEME

Dream away the tears in your eyes
Dream away your sorrows
Dream away all your goodbyes
Dream away tomorrow
I promise when the sun comes up
I promise I'll be true
and just like before the band starts to play
you they always play your favorite tune
and dream away when everyone's gone
dream away your grey skies
too dream away and nothing is wrong
dreams have wishes that are waiting for you
and up ahead the road is turning
turning for you and me
and just like before the band starts to play
now there's that twinkle in your eye and dream away
MORE THAN RAIN

It's more than rain that falls on our parade tonight
it's more than thunder it's more than thunder
it's more than a swindle this crooked card game
it's more than sad times it's more than sad times
none of our pockets are filled with gold
nobody's caught the bouquet
there are no dead presidents we can fold
nothing is going our way
and it's more than goodbye I have to say to you
it's more than woe-be-gotten grey skies now

WAY DOWN IN THE HOLE

When you walk through the garden
you gotta watch your back
well I beg your pardon
walk the straight and narrow track
if you walk with Jesus
he's gonna save your soul
you gotta keep the devil
way down in the hole
he's got the fire and the fury
at his command
well you don't have to worry
if you hold on to Jesus hand
we'll all be safe from Satan
when the thunder rolls
just gotta help me keep the devil
way down in the hole
All the angels sing about Jesus' mighty sword
and they'll shield you with their wings
and keep you close to the lord
don't pay heed to temptation
for his hands are so cold
you gotta help me keep the devil
way down in the hole

I'LL TAKE NEW YORK

I'll tip the newsboy
I'll get a shine
I'll ride this dream
to the end of the line
I'm going places
I'll take a ride
Up to the Riverside
I'll take NY
I'll let it happen
I'll pop the cork
tear off the wrapping
I'll make a splash on the Hudson
that's how I will arrive
Hey, do you have two tens for a five?
Roll out the carpet
Strike up the band
break into the best
champagne when I land
Beat the parade drum
hit all the bars
I want the moon and stars
But I'll take NY
I'll make it happen
Blow out the candles
tear off the wrapping
And I know someday
they'll have to name a street after me
right next door to old Franklin D

TELEPHONE CALL FROM ISTANBUL

All night long on the broken glass
living in a medicine chest
Mediterranean hotel back
sprawled across a roll top desk
the monkey rode the blade on an overhead fan
they paint the donkey blue if you pay
I got a telephone call from Istanbul
my baby's coming home today
will you sell me one of those if I shave my head
get me out of town is what fireball said
never trust a man in a blue trench coat
never drive a car when you're dead
Saturday's a festival Friday's a gem
dye your hair yellow and raise your hem
follow me to beulah's on dry creek road
I got to wear the hat that my baby done sewed
take me down to buy a tux on red rose bear
got to cut a hole in the day
I got a telephone call from Istanbul
my baby's coming home today

COLD COLD GROUND

Crestfallen sidekick in an old cafe
never slept with a dream before he had to go away
there's a bell in the tower
Uncle Ray bought a round
don't worry about the army
in the cold cold ground
now don't be a cry baby
when there's wood in the shed
there's a bird in the chimney
and a stone in my bed
when the road's washed out
they pass the bottle around
and wait in the arms
of the cold cold ground
there's a ribbon in the willow
and a tire swing rope
and a briar patch of berries
taking over the slope
the cat'll sleep in the mailbox
and we'll never go to town
til we bury every dream in
the cold cold ground
gimme a Winchester rifle and a whole box of shells
blow the roof off the goat barn
let it roll down the hill
the piano is firewood
times square is a dream
I find we'll lay down together in the cold cold ground
call the cops on the Breedloves
bring a bible and a rope
and a whole box of rebel
and a bar of soap
make a pile of trunk tires
and burn 'em all down
bring a dollar with you baby
in the cold cold ground
take a weathervane rooster
throw rocks at his head
stop talking to the neighbors
till we all go dead
beware of my temper
and the dog that I've found
break all the windows in the
cold cold ground

TRAIN SONG

Well I broke down in E. St. Louis
On the Kansas City line
and I drunk up all my money
that I borrowed every time
and I fell down at the derby
and now the night's black as a crow
It was a train that took me away from here
but a train can't bring me home
What made my dreams so hollow
was standing at the depot
with a steeple full of swallows
that could never ring the bell
and I come ten thousand miles away
with not one thing to show
well it was a train that took me away from here
but a train can't bring me home
I remember when I left
without bothering to pack
you know I up and left with
just the clothes I had on my back
now I'm sorry for what I've done
and I'm out here on my own
well it was a train that took me away from here
but a train can't bring me home
Heartattack and Vine

HEARTATTACK AND VINE

liar liar with your pants on fire, white spades hanging on the telephone wire
gamblers reevaluate along the dotted line, you'll never recognize yourself
on heartattack and vine.
doctor lawyer beggar man thief, Philly Joe remarkable looks on in disbelief,
    if you want a taste of madness, you'll have to wait in line
you'll probably see someone you know on heartattack and vine.
    Boney's high on china white, Shorty found a punk
don't you know there ain't no devil, there's just god when he's drunk
    well this stuff will probably kill you, let's do another line
what you say you meet me down on heartattack and vine.
    see that little jersey girl in the see-through top, with the peddle pushers
sucking on a soda pop, well I bet she's still a virgin but it's only twenty-five 'til nine
    you can see a million of 'em on heartattack and vine.
    better off in Iowa against your scrambled eggs, than crawling down Cahuenga
on a broken pair of legs, you'll find your ignorance is blissful every goddamn
time, you're waiting for the RTD on heartattack and vine.

SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU

it's too early for the circus, it's too late for the bars, no one's sleeping but the paperboys
and no one in this town is making any noise, but the dogs and the milkmen and me.
the girls around here all look like Cadillacs, no one likes a stranger here
    I'd come home but I'm afraid that you won't take me back
but I'd trade off everything just to have you near
    I know I'm irresponsible and I don't behave, and I ruin everything that I do
and I'll probably get arrested when I'm in my grave
    but I'll be saving all my love for you
I paid fifteen dollars for a prostitute, with too much makeup and a broken shoe
    but her eyes were just a counterfeit, she tried to gyp me out of it
but you know that I'm still in love you.
don't listen to the rumors that you hear about me, cause I ain't as bad
as they make me out to be, well I may lose my mind but baby can't you see
    that I'll be saving all my love for you.

DOWNTOWN

red pants and the Sugarman in, the temple street gloom, drinking chivas
Regal in a four dollar room, just another dead soldier in a powder blue night,
Sugarman says baby everything's alright, going downtown down downtown.
Montclaire De Havelin doing the St. Vitus dance, looking for someone to chop
the lumber in his pants, how am I gonna unload all of this ice and all this mink
all the traffic in the street but it's so hard to think, going downtown down downtown.
    Frankie's wearing lipstick Pierre Cardin, I swear to god I seen him holding
hands with Jimmy Bond, Sally's high on crank and hungry for some sweets, she's
    fem in the sheets but she's butch in the streets, going downtown down downtown.
it's the cool of the evening the sun's going down, I want to hold you in my
arms I want to push you around, I want to break your bottle and spill out all
your charms, come on baby we'll set off all the burglar alarms, going downtown down downtown.
red pants and the Sugarman in the temple, drinking Chivas Regal in a four
dollar room, just another dead soldier in a powder blue night, Red Pants turns
to Sugarman and says everything's alright, going downtown down downtown.
JERSEY GIRL

got no time for the corner boys, down in the street making all that noise,
don't want no whores on Eighth Avenue, cause tonight I'm gonna be with you.
cause tonight I'm gonna take that ride, across the river to the Jersey side,
take my baby to the carnival, and I'll take you on all the rides
down the shore everything's alright, you with your baby on a Saturday night,
don't you know that all my dreams come true, when I'm walking down the street with you
you know she thrills me with all her charms, when I'm wrapped up in my baby's arms
my little angel gives me everything, I know someday that she'll wear my ring
so don't bother me cause I got no time, I'm on my way to see that girl of mine
nothing else matters in this whole wide world, when you're in love with a jersey girl
and I call your name, I can't sleep at night

'TIL THE MONEY RUNS OUT

check this strange beverage that falls out from the sky, splashing Baghdad on
the Hudson in Panther Martin's eyes, he's high and outside wearing candy apple red
Scarlet gave him twenty seven stitches in his head, with a pint of green
Chartreuse ain't nothing seems right, you buy the Sunday paper on a Saturday night.
can't you hear the thunder someone stole my watch, I sold a quart of blood
and bought a half a pint of scotch, some one tell those Chinamen on Telegraph
Canyon road, when you're on the bill with the spoon there ain't no time to unload
so bye bye baby baby bye bye.
droopy stranger lonely dreamer toy puppy and the Prado, we're laughing as
they piled into Olmos' El Dorado, Jesus whispered eni meany miney moe, they're
too proud to duck their heads that's why they bring it down so low, so bye bye baby baby bye bye.

ON THE NICKEL

sticks and stones will break my bones, but I always will be true, and when
your mama is dead and gone, I'll sing this lullaby just for you, and what
becomes of all the little boys, who never comb their hair, well they're lined
up all around the block, on the nickel over there
so you better bring a bucket, there is a hole in the pail, and if you don't
get my letter, then you'll know that I'm in jail, and what becomes of all the
little boys, who never say their prayers, well they're sleeping like a baby, on the nickel over there.
and if you chew tobacco, and wish upon a star, well you'll find out where
the scarecrows sit, just like punch lines between the cars, and I know a place
where a royal flush can never beat a pair, and even Thomas Jefferson, is on the nickel over there.
so ring around the Rosie, you're sleeping in the rain, and you're always
late for supper, and man you let me down again, I thought I heard a
mockingbird, Roosevelt knows where, you can skip the light, with Grady Tuck, on the nickel over there.
so what becomes of all the little boys, who run away from home, well the
world just keeps getting bigger, once you get out on your own, so here's to
all the little boys, the sandman takes you where
you'll be sleeping with a pillowman on the nickel over there.
so let's climb up through that button hole, and we'll fall right up the
stairs, and I'll show you where the short dogs grow, on the nickel over there.
**MR. SIEGEL**

I spent all my money in a Mexican whorehouse, across the street from a Catholic church, and then I wiped off my revolver, and I buttoned up my burgundy shirt, I shot the morning in the back, with my red wings on, I told the sun he'd better go back down, and if I can find a book of matches I'm going to burn this hotel down.

you got to tell me brave captain, why are the wicked so strong, how do the angels get to sleep, when the devil leaves the porch light on.

well I dropped thirty grand on the nugget slots, I had to sell my ass on Fremont Street, and the drummer said there's sanctuary, over at the Baghdad room, and now it's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and go man go, I said tell me Mr. Siegel, how do I get out of here.

well Willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat, driving dangerous curves across the dirty sheets, he said man you ought to see her, when her parents are gone, man you ought to hear her when the siren's on.

don't you know that ain't no broken bottle, that I picked up in my headlights, on the other side of the Nevada line, where they live hard die young, and have a good looking corpse every time, well the pit-boss said I should keep moving, this is where you go when you die, and so I shot a black beauty and I kissed her right between the eyes.

well Willard's knocked out on a bottle of heat, driving dangerous curves across the dirty sheets, he said when the bitch is wound up, and her parents are gone, man you ought to hear her with the siren on.

**RUBY’S ARMS**

I will leave behind all of my clothes, I wore when I was with you, all I need's my railroad boots, and my leather jacket, as I say goodbye to Ruby's arms, although my heart is breaking, I will steal away out through your blinds, for soon you will be waking.

the morning light has washed your face, and everything is turning blue now, hold on to your pillow case there's nothing I can do now, as I say goodbye to ruby's arms, you'll find another soldier, and I swear to god by Christmas, there'll be someone else to hold you.

the only thing I'm taking is the scarf off of your clothesline, I'll hurry past your chest of drawers, and your broken window chimes, as I say goodbye I'll say goodbye, say goodbye to Ruby's Arms.

I'll feel my way down the darken hall, and out into the morning, the hobos at the freight yards, have kept their fires burning, so Jesus Christ this goddamn rain, will someone put me on a train, I'll never kiss your lips again, or break your heart, as I say goodbye I'll say goodbye, say goodbye to Ruby's Arms.
Swordfishtrombones

UNDERGROUND
Rattle Big Black Bones
in the Danger zone
there's a rumbling groan
down below
there's a big dark town
it's a place I've found
there's a world going on
UNDERGROUND
they're alive, they're awake
while the rest of the world is asleep
below the mine shaft roads
it will all unfold
there's a world going on
UNDERGROUND
all the roots hang down
swing from town to town
they are marching around
down under your boots
all the trucks unload
beyond the gopher holes
there's a world going on
UNDERGROUND

SHORE LEAVE
Well with buck shot eyes and a purple heart
I rolled down the national stroll
and with a big fat paycheck strapped to my hip sack
and a shore leave wristwatch underneath my sleeve
in a Hong Kong drizzle on Cuban heels
I rowed down the gutter to the Blood Bank
and I'd left all my papers on the Ticonderoga
and was in a bad need of a shave
and so I slopped at the corner on cold chow mein
and shot billiards with a midget
until the rain stopped
and I bought a long sleeved shirt with horses on the front
and some gum and a lighter and a knife
and a new deck of cards (with girls on the back)
and I sat down and wrote a letter to my wife
and I said Baby, I'm so far away from home
and I miss my Baby so
I can't make it by myself
I love you so
Well I was pacing myself trying to make it all last
squeezing all the life out of a lousy two day pass
and I had a cold one at the Dragon
with some Filipino floor show
and talked baseball with a lieutenant over a Singapore sling
and I wondered how the same moon outside over this Chinatown fair
could look down on Illinois and find you there
and you know I love you Baby
JOHNSBURG, ILLINOIS

She's my only true love
she's all that I think of
look here in my wallet that's her
She grew up on a farm there
there's a place on my arm where I've written her name next to mine
you see I just can't live without her and I'm her only boy
and she grew up outside McHenry in Johnsburg, Illinois

16 SHELLS FROM A 30.6

I plugged 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six
and a Black Crow snuck through a hole in the sky
so I spent all my buttons on an old pack mule
and I made me a ladder from a pawn shop marimba
and I leaned it up against a dandelion tree
And I filled me a sachel full of old pig corn
and I beat me a billy from an old French horn
and I kicked that mule to the top of the tree
and I blew me a hole 'bout the size of a kickdrum
and I cut me a switch from a long branch elbow
I'm gonna whittle you into kindling
Black Crow 16 shells from a thirty-ought-six
Well I slept in the holler of a dry creek bed
and I tore out the buckets from a red Corvette
Lionel and Dave and the Butcher made three
you got to meet me by the knuckles of the skinnybone tree
with the strings of a Washburn stretched like a clothes line
you know me and that mule scrambled right through the hole
Now I hold him prisoner in a Washburn jail
that strapped on the back of my old kick mule
strapped it on the back of my old kick mule
I bang on the strings just to drive him crazy
I strum it loud just to rattle his cage

TOWN WITH NO CHEER

Well it's hotter 'n blazes and all the long faces
there'll be no oasis for a dry local grazier
there'll be no refreshment for a thirsty jackaroo
from Melbourne to Adelaide on the overlander
with newfangled buffet cars and faster locomotives
the train stopped in Serviceton less and less often
There's nothing sadder than a town with no cheer
Voc Rail decided the canteen was no longer necessary there
no spirits, no bilge water and 80 dry locals
and the high noon sun beats a hundred and four
there's a hummingbird trapped in a closed down shoe store
This tiny Victorian rhubarb kept the watering hole open for sixty five years
now it's boiling in a miserable March 21st
wrapped the hills in a blanket of Patterson's curse
the train smokes down the xylophone there'll be no stopping here
all ya can be is thirsty in a town with no cheer no Bourbon, no Branchwater
though the townspeople here fought her Vic Rail decree tooth and nail
now it's boiling in a miserable March 21st
wrapped the hills in a blanket of Patterson's curse
the train smokes down the xylophone there'll be no stopping here
all ya can be is thirsty in a town with no cheer
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Well the eggs chase the bacon
round the frying pan
and the whining dog pigeons
by the steeple bell rope
and the dogs tipped the garbage pails
over last night
and there's always construction work
bothering you
In the neighborhood
Friday's a funeral
and Saturday's a bride
Sey's got a pistol on the register side
and the goddamn delivery trucks
they make too much noise
and we don't get our butter
delivered no more
In the neighborhood
Well Big Mambo's kicking
his old grey hound
and the kids can't get ice cream
'cause the market burned down
and the newspaper sleeping bags
blow down the lane
and that goddamn flatbed's
got me pinned in again
In the neighborhood
There's a couple Filipino girls
giggling by the church
and the window is busted
and the landlord ain't home
and Butch joined the army
yea that's where he's been
and the jackhammer's digging
up the sidewalks again
In the neighborhood

FRANK'S WILD YEARS

For Frankie Z.
Well Frank settled down in the Valley
and hung his wild years
on a nail that he drove through his wife's forehead
he sold used office furniture
out there on San Fernando Road
and assumed a $30,000 loan
at 15 1/4 % and put down payment
on a little two bedroom place
his wife was a spent piece of used jet trash
made good Bloody Marys
kept her mouth shut most of the time
had a little Chihuahua named Carlos
that had some kind of skin disease
and was totally blind. They had a
thoroughly modern kitchen
self-cleaning oven (the whole bit)
Frank drove a little sedan
they were so happy
One night Frank was on his way home from work, stopped at the liquor store, picked up a couple Mickey’s Big Mouths, drank ’em in the car on his way to the Shell station, he got a gallon of gas in a can, drove home, doused everything in the house, torched it, parked across the street, laughing, watching it burn, all Halloween orange and chimney red then Frank put on a top forty station got on the Hollywood Freeway headed north Never could stand that dog

**SWORDFISHTROMBONE**

Well he came home from the war with a party in his head and modified Brougham DeVille and a pair of legs that opened up like butterfly wings and a mad dog that wouldn’t sit still he went and took up with a Salvation Army Band girl who played dirty water on a swordfishtrombone he went to sleep at the bottom of Tenkiller lake and he said “gee, but it’s great to be home.” Well he came home from the war with a party in his head and an idea for a fireworks display and he knew that he’d be ready with a stainless steel machete and a half a pint of Ballentine’s each day and he holed up in room above a hardware store crying nothing there but Hollywood tears and he put a spell on some poor little Crutchfield girl and stayed like that for 27 years Well he packed up all his expectations he lit out for California with a flyswatter banjo on his knee with a lucky tiger in his angel hair and benzedrine for getting there they found him in a eucalyptus tree lieutenant got him a canary bird and shaked her head with every word and Chesterfielded moonbeams in a song and he got 20 years for loving her from some Oklahoma governor said everything this Doughboy does is wrong Now some say he’s doing the obituary mambo and some say he’s hanging on the wall perhaps this yarn’s the only thing that holds this man together some say he was never here at all Some say they saw him down in Birmingham, sleeping in a boxcar going by and if you think that you can tell a bigger tale I swear to God you’d have to tell a lie...
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

He went down down down
and the devil called him by name
he went down down down
hanging onto the back of a train
he went down down down
this boy went solid down
always chewed tobacco
and the bathtub gin
Well he went down down down
and the jumped on his head
he went down down down
staying in a broken down shed
he went down down down
sleeping in the devil's bed
he went down down down
never listened to the words I said
Well he went down down down
and the devil said where you been
he went down down down
screaming down around the bend
He was always cheating
and he always told lies
he was always cheating
and he always told lies

SOLDIER'S THINGS

Davenports and kettle drums
and swallow tail coats
table cloths and patent leather shoes
bathing suits and bowling balls
and clarinets and rings
and all this radio really needs is a fuse
a tinker, a tailor, a soldier's things
his rifle, his boots full of rocks
and this one is for bravery
and this one is for me
and everything's a dollar in this box
Cuff links and hub caps
trophies and paperbacks
it's good transportation
but the brakes aren't so hot
neck tie and boxing gloves
this jackknife is rusted
you can pound that dent out on the hood
a tinker, a tailor, a soldier's things
his rifle, his boots full of rocks
oh and this one is for bravery
and this one is for me
and everything's a dollar in this box
GIN SOAKED BOY

I got a belly full of you
and that Leavenworth stuff
now I’m gonna get out
And I’m gonna get tough
you been lying to me
How could you crawl so low
with some gin-soaked boy
that you don’t know
I come home last night
full a filth of Old Crow
you said you going to your ma’s
but where the hell did you go
you went and slipped out nights
you didn’t think that I’d know
with some gin-soaked boy that you don’t know
Well I would bet you as far
as Oklahoma by now
the dogs are barking out back
and you’re knitting your brow
well I’m on your tail I sussed your M.O.
from some gin-soaked boy
boy that you don’t know

TROUBLE’S BRAIDS

Well I pulled on trouble’s braids
and I hid in the briars
out by the quick mud
staying away from the main roads
passing out wolf tickets
downwind from the blood hounds
and I pulled on trouble’s braids
and I lay by a cypress
as quiet as a stone
‘til the bleeding stopped
I blew the weather vane
off some old road house
I build a fire in the
skeleton back seat of an old Tucker
and I pulled on trouble’s braids
I spanked cold red mud
where the hornet stung deep
and I tossed in the ditch
in a restless sleep
and I pulled on trouble’s braids
I hung my rain-soaked jacket
on some old barbed wire
poured cold rusty water
on a miserable fire
I pulled on trouble’s braids
the creek was swollen by daybreak and I could just
barely see
and I floated downstream
on an old dead tree
and I pulled on trouble’s braids
**Rain Dogs**

**SINGAPORE**

We sail tonight for Singapore, we're all as mad as hatters here
I've fallen for a tawny Moor, took off to the land of Nod
Drank with all the Chinamen, walked the sewers of Paris
I danced along a colored wind, dangled from a rope of sand
You must say goodbye to me

We sail tonight for Singapore, don't fall asleep while you're ashore
Cross your heart and hope to die when you hear the children cry
Let marrow bone and cleaver choose while making feet for children shoes
Through the alley, back from hell, when you hear that steeple bell
You must say goodbye to me
Wipe him down with gasoline 'til his arms are hard and mean
From now on boys this iron boat's your home
So heave away, boys

We sail tonight for Singapore, take your blankets from the floor
Wash your mouth out by the door, the whole town's made of iron ore
Every witness turns to steam, they all become Italian dreams
Fill your pockets up with earth, get yourself a dollar's worth
Away boys, away boys, heave away
The captain is a one-armed dwarf, he's throwing dice along the wharf
In the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king, so take this ring

**CLAP HANDS**

Sane, sane, they're all insane, fireman's blind, the conductor is lame
A Cincinnati jacket and a sad-luck dame
Hanging out the window with a bottle full of rain
Said roar, roar, the thunder and the roar
Son of a bitch is never coming back here no more
The moon in the window and a bird on the pole
We can always find a millionaire to shovel all the coal
Clap hands, clap hands, clap hands, clap hands
Said steam, steam, a hundred bad dreams
Going up to Harlem with a pistol in his jeans
A fifty-dollar bill inside a palladin's hat
And nobody's sure where Mr. Knickerbocker's at
Shine, shine, a Roosevelt dime
All the way to Baltimore and running out of time
Salvation Army seemed to wind up in the hole
They all went to heaven in a little row boat
Clap hands

**CEMETERY POLKA**

Uncle Vernon, Uncle Vernon, independent as a hog on ice
He's a big shot down there at the slaughterhouse
Plays accordion for Mr. Weiss
Uncle Biltmore and Uncle William
Made a million during World War Two
But they're tightwads and they're cheapskates
And they'll never give a dime to you
Auntie Mame has gone insane
She lives in the doorway of an old hotel
And the radio is playing opera
All she ever says is "Go to hell"
Uncle Violet flew as a pilot
And there ain't no pretty girls in France
Now he runs a tiny little bookie joint
They say he never keeps it in his pants
Uncle Bill will never leave a will
And the tumor is as big as an egg
He has a mistress, she's Puerto Rican
And I heard she has a wooden leg
Uncle Phil can't live without his pills
He has emphysema and he's almost blind
And we must find out where the money is
Get it now before he loses his mind

**JOCKEY FULL OF BOURBON**

Edna Million in a drop dead suit
Dutch Pink on a downtown train
Two-dollar pistol but the gun won't shoot
I'm in the corner on the pouring rain
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
And I've been drinking from a broken cup
Two pairs of pants and a mohair vest
I'm full of bourbon, I can't stand up
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, children are alone
Hey little bird, fly away home
Your house is on fire, your children are alone
Schiffer broke a bottle on Morgan's head
And I'm stepping on the devil's tail
Across the stripes of a full moon's head
And through the bars of a Cuban jail
Bloody fingers on a purple knife
Flamingo drinking from a cocktail glass
I'm on the lawn with someone else's wife
Admire the view from up on top of the mast
Yellow sheets on a Hong Kong bed
Stazybo horn and a Slingerland ride
"To the carnival" is what she said
A hundred dollars makes it dark inside

**TANGO 'TIL THEY'RE SORE**

Well you play that tarantella all the hounds will start to roar
The boys all go to hell and then the Cubans hit the floor
They drive along the pipeline, they tango 'til they're sore
They take apart their nightmares and they leave them by the door
Let me fall out of the window with confetti in my hair
Deal out Jacks or Better on a blanket by the stairs
I'll tell you all my secrets, but I lie about my past And send me off to bed for evermore
Make sure they play my theme song, I guess daisies will have to do
Just get me to New Orleans and paint shadows on the pews
Turn the spit on that pig and kick the drum and let me down
Put my clarinet beneath your bed 'til I get back in town
Just make sure she's all in calico and the color of a doll
Wave the flag on Cadillac day, and a skillet on the wall
Cut me a switch or hold your breath 'til the sun goes down
Write my name on the hood, send me off to another town, and just
Fall out of the window with confetti in my hair...
BIG BLACK MARIAH

Well cutting through the cane break, rattling the sill
Thunder that the rain makes when the shadow tops the hill
Big light on the back street, hill to ever more
Packing down the ladder with the hammer to the floor
Here come the Big Black Mariah, I seen the big black Ford
Well he's all boxed up on a red belle dame
Hunted Black Johnny with a blind man's cane
A yellow bullet with a rag out in the wind
An old blind tiger, got an old bell Jim
Here come the Big Black Mariah, I seen the big black Ford
Sent to the skies on a Benny Jag Blue
Off to bed without his supper like a Linda brides do
He got to do the story with the old widow Jones
Got a wooden coat, this boy is never coming home
Here come the Big Black Mariah, here come the big black Ford
Cut through the canebrake, oh yeah
Well he's all boxed up on a red belle dame
Flat Blue Johnny with a blind man's cane
A hundred yellow bullets shook a rag out in the wind
An old blind tiger, on a bell you win
Here come the Big Black Mariah, here come the big black Ford

DIAMONDS AND GOLD

Broken glass, rusty nails where the wild violets grow
Say goodbye to the railroad, the mad dogs of summer
And everything that I know
What some men will do here for diamonds
What some men will do here for gold
They're wounded but they just keep on climbing
And sleep by the side of the road
There's a hole in the ladder, a fence we can climb
Mad as a hatter, you're thin as a dime
Go out to the meadow, the hills are a-green
Sing me a rainbow, steal me a dream
Small-time Napoleon's shattered his knees
But he stays in the saddle for Rose
And all his disciples, they shave in the gutter
And they gather what's left of his clothes

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD

Hush a wild violet, hush a band of gold
Hush you're in a story I heard somebody told
Tear the promise from my heart, tear my heart today
You have found another, oh baby I must go away
So hang down your head for sorrow, hang down your head for me
Hang down your head tomorrow, hang down your head Marie
Hush my love the rain now, hush my love was so true
Hush my love a train now well it takes me away from you
TIME

Well the smart money's on Harlow and the moon is in the street
And the shadow boys are breaking all the laws
And you’re east of East Saint Louis and the wind is making speeches
And the rain sounds like a round of applause
And Napoleon is weeping in a carnival saloon
His invisible fiancée's in the mirror
And the band is going home, it's raining hammers, it's raining nails
And it's true there's nothing left for him down here
And it's time time time
And they all pretend they're orphans and their memory's like a train
You can see it getting smaller as it pulls away
And the things you can't remember tell the things you can't forget
That history puts a saint in every dream
Well she said she'd stick around until the bandages came off
But these mama's boys just don't know when to quit
And Mathilda asks the sailors "Are those dreams or are those prayers?"
So close your eyes, son, and this won't hurt a bit
And it's time time time
Well things are pretty lousy for a calendar girl
The boys just dive right off the cars and splash into the street
And when they're on a roll she pulls a razor from her boot
And a thousand pigeons fall around her feet
So put a candle in the window and a kiss upon his lips
As the dish outside the window fills with rain
Just like a stranger with the weeds in your heart
And pay the fiddler off 'til I come back again
And it's time time time

RAIN DOGS

Inside a broken clock, splashing the wine with all the rain dogs
Taxi, we'd rather walk, huddle a doorway with the rain dogs
For I am a rain dog, too
Oh, how we danced and we swallowed the night
For it was all ripe for dreaming
Oh, how we danced away all of the lights
We've always been out of our minds
The rum pours strong and thin, beat out the dustman with the rain dogs
Aboard a shipwreck train, give my umbrella to the rain dogs
For I am a rain dog, too
Oh, how we danced with the Rose of Tralee
Her long hair black as a raven
Oh, how we danced and you whispered to me
You'll never be going back home

9TH & HENNEPIN

Well it's Ninth and Hennepin
All the doughnuts have names that sound like prostitutes
And the moon's teeth marks are on the sky
Like a tarp thrown all over this
And the broken umbrellas like dead birds
And the steam comes out of the grill
Like the whole goddamn town's ready to blow...
And the bricks are all scarred with jailhouse tattoos
And everyone is behaving like dogs
And the horses are coming down Violin Road
And Dutch is dead on his feet
And all the rooms they smell like diesel
And you take on the dreams of the ones who have slept here
And I'm lost in the window, and I hide in the stairway
And I hang in the curtain, and I sleep in your hat...
And no one brings anything small into a bar around here
They all started out with bad directions
And the girl behind the counter has a tattooed tear
"One for every year he's away", she said
Such a crumbling beauty, ah
There's nothing wrong with her that a hundred dollars won't fix
She has that razor sadness that only gets worse
With the clang and the thunder of the Southern Pacific going by
And the clock ticks out like a dripping faucet
'til you're full of rag water and bitters and blue ruin
And you spill out over the side to anyone who will listen...
And I've seen it all, I've seen it all
Through the yellow windows of the evening train...

**GUN STREET GIRL**

Falling James in the Tahoe mud
Stick around to tell us all the tale
Well he fell in love with a Gun Street girl
And now he's dancing in the Birmingham jail
He took a hundred dollars off a slaughterhouse Joe
Brought a brand new Michigan twenty-gauge
He got all liquored up on that road house corn
Blew a hole in the hood of a yellow Corvette
He bought a second-hand Nova from a Cuban Chinese
And dyed his hair in the bathroom of a Texaco
With a pawnshop radio, quarter past four
He left for Waukegan at the slamming of the door
I said John, John, he's long gone
Gone to Indiana, ain't never coming home
He's sitting in a sycamore in St. John's wood
Soaking day-old bread in kerosene
Well he was blue as a robin's egg and brown as a hog
He's staying out of circulation 'til the dogs get tired
Shadow fixed the toilet with an old trombone
He never get up in the morning on a Saturday
Sitting by the Erie with a bull-whipped dog
Telling everyone he saw, "They went that-a-way, boys"
Now the rain's like gravel on an old tin roof
And the Burlington Northern pulling out of the world
Now a head full of bourbon and a dream in the straw
And a Gun Street girl was the cause of it all
Well he's riding in the shadow by the St. Joe ridge
Hearing the click-clack tapping of a blind man's cane
He was pulling into Baker on a New Year's Eve
One eye on a pistol and the other on the door
Miss Charlotte took her satchel down to King Fish Row
Smuggled in a brand new pair of alligator shoes
With her fireman's raincoat and her long yellow hair
Well they tied her to a tree with a skinny millionaire
Banging on the table with an old tin cup
Sing I'll never kiss a Gun Street girl again
UNION SQUARE

Well time is always money for the boys on Union Square
Go on and bust your ass 'til doomsday, don't forget to say your prayers
Someone's riding down the backstreet, said papa got a brand new slack
And your baby is handcuffed on the front seat
Sit right there, boy and you relax, c'mon honey
We're all going down down down downtown, down downtown
Well you spill out of the Cinema Fourteen
To that drag bar there on the block
Whizzing on down in front of the East Coast
Bank rolled up on your sock
She stand right there for your pleasure, half Puerto Rican Chinese
You got to find your baby somebody to measure
I'm going to get me some of these, baby
C'mon honey, do you hear what I'm doing now?
Down downtown, I'm going down downtown
'Bout four in the morning on a Sunday
Sacco drinking whiskey in church
Half pint of Festival brandy
That boy 'bout to fall right off his perch
Well that guy in the sweater's off duty
Well he's out in front of that welfare hotel
The guy in the dress is a beauty
Go all the way, I swear you never can tell
C'mon honey, and pull up your socks
Going down downtown, I'm going down downtown

BLIND LOVE

Now you're gone, and it's hotels and whiskey and sad-luck dames
And I don't care if they miss me, I never remember their names
They say if you get far enough away, you'll be on your way back home
Well, I'm at the station, and I can't get on the train
Must be blind love, only kind of love is stone blind love
Now the street's turning blue, the dogs are barking and the night has come
And there's tears that are falling from your blue eyes now
I wonder where you are and I whisper your name
The only way to find you is if I close my eyes
I'll find you with my blind love, the only kind of love is stone blind love

WALKING SPANISH

He's got himself a homemade special
You know his glass is full of sand
And it feels just like a jaybird the way it fits into his hand
He rolled a blade up in his trick towel
They slap their hands against the wall
You never trip, you never stumble
He's walking Spanish down the hall
Slip him a picture of our Jesus
Or give him a spoon to dig a hole
What all he done ain't no one's business
But he'll need blankets for the cold
They dim the lights over on Broadway
Even the king has bowed his head
And every face looks right up at Mason
Man he's walking Spanish down the hall
Litella's screeching for a blind pig
Punk Sanders carved it out of wood
He never sang when he got hoodwinked
They tried it all but he never would
Tomorrow morning there'll be laundry
But he'll be somewhere else to hear the call
Don't say goodbye, he's just leaving early
He's walking Spanish down the hall
All St. Barthelemew said
Was whispered into the ear of Blind Jack Dawes
All Baker told the machine was that he never broke the law
Go on and tip your hat up to the Pilate
Take off your watch, your rings and all
Even Jesus wanted just a little more time
When he was walking Spanish down the hall

**DOWNTOWN TRAIN**

Outside another yellow moon
Has punched a hole in the nighttime, yes
I climb through the window and down to the street
I'm shining like a new dime
The downtown trains are full with all of those Brooklyn girls
They try so hard to break out of their little worlds
Well you wave your hand and they scatter like crows
They have nothing that will ever capture your heart
They're just thorns without the rose
Be careful of them in the dark
Oh, if I was the one you chose to be your only one
Oh baby can't you hear me now, can't you hear me now
Will I see you tonight on a downtown train
Every night it's just the same, you leave me lonely now
I know your window and I know it's late
I know your stairs and your doorway
I walk down your street and past your gate
I stand by the light at the four-way
You watch them as they fall, oh baby, they all have heart attacks
They stay at the carnival, but they'll never win you back
Will I see you tonight on a downtown train
Where every night, every night it's just the same, oh baby
Will I see you tonight on a downtown train
All of my dreams they fall like rain, oh baby on a downtown train

**ANYWHERE I LAY MY HEAD**

My head is spinning round, my heart is in my shoes, yeah
I went and set the Thames on fire, oh, now I must come back down
She's laughing in her sleeve boys, I can feel it in my bones
Oh, but anywhere I'm gonna lay my head, I'm gonna call my home
Well I see that the world is upside-down
Seems that my pockets were filled up with gold
And now the clouds, well they've covered over
And the wind is blowing cold
Well I don't need anybody, because I learned, I learned to be alone
Well I said anywhere, anywhere, anywhere I lay my head, boys
Well I'm gonna call my home
Night On Earth

BACK IN THE GOOD OLD WORLD (GYPSY)
When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a yellow gold.
But when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were upside down.
But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd rather be
than to float my chances on the tide back in the good old world.
On October's last I'll fly back home rolling down winding way.
Scare crows are all dressed in rags out at the edge of the field I lay
and all I've got's a pocket full of flowers on my grave.
Oh but summer is gone I remember it best
Back in the good old world.

GOOD OLD WORLD (WALTZ)
When I was a boy, the moon was a pearl the sun a yellow gold.
But when I was a man, the wind blew cold the hills were upside down.
But now that I have gone from here there's no place I'd rather be
than to float my chances on the tide Back in the good old world.
On October's last, I'll fly back home rolling down winding way
And all I've got's a pocket full of flowers from my grave
But now summer is gone I remember it best
Back in the good old world I remember when, she held my hand
and we walked home alone in the rain how pretty her mouth, how soft her hair
nothing can be the same and there's a rose upon her breast
where I long to lay my head and her hair was so yellow
and the wine was so red Back in the good old world.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD
There's a blue eyed girl with a red bow tie
and a string of pearls with one good eye
in a rainy town the chimney smoke will curl
no one likes clowns on the other side of the world
and the children know she'll never let me go.
there's a one legged priest that tangos with the farmers wife
Beauty and the beast is taking her own life
and a tear on a letter back home turns into a lake of your own
and a crow turns into a girl on the other side of the world
and she tastes like the sea and she's waiting for me
in the spring the weeds will show that he brought back the only rose
and he gave it to his girl on the other side of the world.
And I drink champagne from your thin blue veins
She visits his grave wearing her mother's shawl
should I shave or end it all.
There's an old sailor song that the children know
as their fingers curl around the other side of the world
on a bone white mare lost in Kathleen's hair
in the spring the weeds will show that he brought back the only rose
and he gave it to his girl on the other side of the world.
Bone Machine

EARTH DIED SCREAMING

Rudy's on the midway
And Jacob's in the hole
The monkey's on the ladder
The devil shovels coal
With crows as big as airplanes
The lion has three heads
And someone will eat the skin the he sheds
And the earth died screaming
The earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming of you
Well hell doesn't want you
And heaven is full
Bring me some water
Put it in this skull
I walk between the raindrops
Wait in bug house square
And the army ants
They leave nothing but the bones
And the earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming of you
There was thunder
There was lightning
Then the stars went out
And the moon fell from the sky
It rained mackerel
It rained trout
And the great day of wrath has come
And here's mud in your big red eye
The poker's in the fire
And the locusts take the sky
And the earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming of you

DIRT IN THE GROUND

What does it matter, a dream of love
Or a dream of lies
We're all gonna be in the same place
When we die
Your spirit don't leave knowing
Your face or your name
And the wind through your bones
Is all that remains
And we're all gonna be
We're all gonna be
Just dirt in the ground
The quill from a buzzard
The blood writes the word
I want to know am I the sky
Or a bird
'Cause hell is boiling over
And heaven is full
We're chained to the world
And we all gotta pull
And we’re all gonna be
Just dirt in the ground
Now the killer was smiling
With nerves made of stone
He climbed the stairs
And the gallows groaned
And the people’s hearts were pounding
They were throbbing, they were red
As he swung out over the crowd
I heard the hangman said
We’re all gonna be
Just dirt in the ground
Now Cain slew Abel
He killed him with a stone
They sky cracked open
And the thunder groaned
Along a river of flesh
Can these dry bones live?
Ask a kind or a beggar
And the answer they’ll give
Is we’re all gonna be
We’re all gonna be just
Dirt in the ground

SUCH A SCREAM

Well pale face said
To the eyeball kid
She just goes clank and boom and steam
A halo, wings, horns, and a tail
Shoveling coal inside my dreams
There are no laws
She’s made of cream
She’s such a scream
Qui bon tres bien, nails in cement
A Donnie gal from mortal clay
The plow is red
The well is full, inside
The dollhouse of her skull
A cheetah coat fills up with steam
She’s such a scream
All crooked lines
Her fireplace
A milktrain so clean
Machine gun haste
You’ll ride the only wall of shame
And drag that chain across the state
Her lips are red
She is the queen
She’s such a scream...
ALL STRIPPED DOWN

Well, the time will come when the wind will shout
   All stripped down
And all the sinners know what I'm talking about
   All stripped down
When all the creatures of the world
   Are gonna line up at the gate
And you better be on time
   And better not be late
   All stripped down
Well you know in your heart what you gotta bring
   All stripped down
No big mink coat no diamond ring
   All stripped down
Well take off your paint take off your rouge
   All stripped down
Let your backbone flip and let your spirit shine thru
   I want you all stripped
All the men we got well they're going down the drain
   All stripped down
And when I see your sadness on a river of shame
   All stripped down
You got to raise up both the quick and the dead
   All stripped down
With no shoes on your feet no hat on your head
   I want you all stripped down
   All stripped down
Ain't nothing in my heart
   But fire for you
   All stripped down
With my rainy hammer
   And a heat that's true
   I want you all stripped
   All stripped down

THE OCEAN DOESN'T WANT ME

The ocean doesn't want me today
But I'll be back tomorrow to play
And the strangles will take me
   Down deep in their brine
   The mischievous braingels
Down into the endless blue wine
I'll open my head and let out
   All of my time.
   I'd love to go drowning
   And to stay and to stay
But the ocean doesn't want me today
   I'll go in up to here
   It can't possibly hurt
   All they will find is my beer
   And my shirt
   A rip tide is raging
   And the life guard is away
But the ocean doesn't want me today
   The ocean doesn't want me today
JESUS GONNA BE HERE

Well, Jesus gonna be here
gonna be here soon
He's gonna cover us up with leaves
With a blanket from the moon
With a promise and a vow
And a lullaby for my brow
Well I'm just gonna wait here
I don't have to shout
I have no reason and
I have no doubt
I'm gonna get myself
Unfurled from this mortal coiled up world
I got to keep my eyes open
So I can see my Lord
I'm gonna watch the horizon.
For a brand new Ford
I can hear him rolling on down the lane
I said Hollywood be thy name
Well I've been faithful
And I've been so good
Except for drinking
But he knew that I would
I'm gonna leave this place better
Than the way I found it was

A LITTLE RAIN

The Ice Man's mule is parked
Outside the bar
Where a man with missing fingers
Plays a strange guitar
And the German dwarf
Dances with the butcher's son
And a little rain never hurt no one
They're dancing on the roof
And the ceiling's coming down
I sleep with my shovel and my leather gloves
A little trouble makes it worth the going
And a little rain never hurt no one
The world is round
And so I'll go around
You must risk something that matters
My hands are strong
I'll take any man here
If it's worth the going
It's worth the ride
She was 15 years old
And never seen the ocean
She climbed into a van
With a vagabond
And the last thing she said
Was "I love you mom"
And a little rain
Never hurt no one
IN THE COLOSSEUM

The women all control their men
   With razors and with wrists
And the princess squeezes grape juice
   On a torrid bloody kiss
What will you be wearing there
   The lion or the raven hair?
The flesh will all be tearing
   But the tail will be my own
In the Colosseum tonight
This one's for the balcony
And this one's for the floor
As the senators decapitate
   The presidential whore
The bald headed senators
   Are splashing in the blood
The dogs are having someone
   Who is screaming in the mud
In the Colosseum tonight
Now it's raining and it's pouring
   On the pillaging and goring
The constable is swinging
   From the chains
For the dead there is no story
   No memory no blame
Their families shout blue murder
   But tomorrow it's the same
In the Colosseum
A slowly acting poison
Will be given to the favorite one
The dark horse will bring glory
   To the jailer and his men
It's always much more sporting
When there's families in the pit
And the madness of the crowd
   Is an epileptic fit.
In the Colosseum...
No justice here, No liberty,
   No reason, No blame
There's no cause to taint the sweetest taste of blood
And greetings from the nation
As we shake the hands of time
They're taking their ovations
   The vultures stay behind
In the Colosseum tonight...
GOING OUT WEST

Well I'm going out west
Where the wind blows tall
'Cause Tony Franciosa
Used to date my ma
They got some money out there
They're giving it away
I'm gonna do what I want
And I'm gonna get paid
Little brown sausages
Lying in the sand
I ain't no extra baby
I'm a leading man
Well my parole officer
Will be proud of me
With my Olds 88
And the devil on a leash
Well I know karate, Voodoo too
I'm gonna make myself available to you
I don't need no make up
I got real scars
I got hair on my chest
I look good without a shirt
Well I don't lose my composure
In a high speed chase
Well my friends think I'm ugly
I got a masculine face
I got some dragstrip courage
I can really drive a bed
I'm gonna change my name
To Hannibal or maybe
Just Rex
I'm gonna drive all night
Take some speed
I'm gonna wait for the sun
To shine down on me
I cut a hole in my roof
The shape of a heart
And I'm going out west
Where they'll appreciate me
Going out west
MURDER IN THE RED BARN

There was a murder in the red barn
The trees are bending over
The cows are lying down
The autumn's taking over
You can hear the Buckshot hounds
The watchman said to Reba the loon
  Was it pale at Manzanita
  Or Blind Bob the raccoon?
  Pin it on a drifter
They sleep beneath the bridge
  One plays the violin
  And sleeps inside a fridge
There was a murder in the red barn
  A murder in the red barn
Someone's crying in the woods
Someone's burying all his clothes
Now Slam the Crank from Wheezer
Slept outside last night and froze
Road kill has its seasons
  Just like anything
It's possums in the autumn
And it's farm cats in the spring
Now thou shalt not covet thy neighbors house
  Or covet they neighbors wife
  But for some
Murder is the only door thru which they enter life
Now they surrounded the house
  They smoked him out
  They took him off in chains
They sky turned black and bruised
And we had months of heavy rains
Now the ravens nest in the rotted roof
  Of Chenoweth's old place
  And no one's asking Cal
  'Cause there's nothing strange
About an axe with bloodstains in barn,
  There's always some killing
You got to do around the farm
Now the woods will never tell
What sleeps beneath the trees
Or what's buried 'neath a rock
  Or hiding in the leaves
'Cause road kill has its seasons
  Just like anything
It's possums in the autumn
And it's farm cats in the spring
Now a lady can't do nothing
Without folks tongues wagging
  Is this blood on the tree
  Or is it autumn's red blaze
When the ground' soft for digging
And the rain will bring all this gloom
There's nothing wrong with a lady
Drinking alone in her room
But there was a murder in the red barn
BLACK WINGS

Take an eye for an eye
Take a tooth for a tooth
Just like they say in the Bible
Never leave a trace or forget a face
Of any man at the table
When the moon is a cold chiseled dagger
Sharp enough to draw blood from a stone
He rides through your dreams on a coach
And horses and the fence posts
In the moonlight look like bones
Well they've stopped trying to hold him
With mortar, stone and chain
He broke out of every prison
Boots mount the staircase
The door is flung back open
He's not there for he has risen
He's not there for he has risen
Well he once killed a man with a guitar string
He's been seen at the table with kinds
Well he once saved a baby from drowning
There are those who say beneath his coat there are wings
Some say they fear him
Others admire him
Because he steals his promise
One look in his eye
Everyone denies
Ever having met him
He can turn himself into a stranger
Well they broke a lot of canes on his hide
He was born away in a cornfield
A fever beats in his head like a drum inside

WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND

I've grown up here now
All of my life
But I dreamed
Some day I'd go
Where blue eyed girls
And red guitars and
Naked rivers flow
I'm not all I thought I'd be
I always stayed around
I've been as far as Mercy and Grand
Frozen to the ground
I can't stay here and I'm scared to leave
Just kiss me once and then
I'll go to hell
I might as well
Be whistling down the wind
The bus at the corner
The clock's on the wall
Broken windmill
There's no wind at all
I've yelled and I cursed
If I stay here I'll rust
I'm stuck like a shipwreck
Out here in the dust  
    Sky is red  
And the world’s on fire  
And the corn is taller than me  
    The dog is tied  
To a wagon of rain  
And the road is as wet as the sea  
And sometimes the music from a dance  
Will carry across the plains  
And the places that I’m dreaming of  
Do they dream only of me?  
There are places where they never sleep  
And the circus never ends  
So I will take the Marley Bone Coach  
And whistle down the wind

**I DON’T WANNA GROW UP**

When I’m lying in my bed at night  
I don’t wanna grow up  
Nothing ever seems to turn out right  
I don’t wanna grow up.  
How do you move in a world of fog  
That’s always changing things  
Makes me wish that I could be a dog  
When I see the price that you pay  
I don’t wanna grow up  
I don’t ever wanna be that way  
I don’t wanna grow up  
Seems like folks turn into things  
They they’d never want  
The only thing to live for  
Is today...  
I’m gonna put a hole in my TV set  
I don’t wanna grow up  
Open up the medicine chest  
And I don’t wanna grow up  
I don’t wanna have to shout it out  
I don’t want my hair to fall out  
I don’t wanna be a good boy scout  
I don’t wanna have to learn to count  
I don’t wanna have the biggest amount  
I don’t wanna grow up.  
Well when I see my parents fight  
I don’t wanna grow up  
They all go out and drinking all night  
And I don’t wanna grow up  
I’d rather say here in my room.  
Nothing out there but sad and gloom  
I don’t wanna live in a big old tomb  
On Grand Street  
When I see the 5 o’clock news  
I don’t wanna grow up  
Comb their hair and shine their shoes  
I don’t wanna grow up  
Stay around in my old hometown  
I don’t wanna put no money down  
I don’t wanna get me a big old loan  
Work them fingers to the bone
I don't wanna float a broom
Fall in love and get married then boom
How the hell did I get here so soon
I don't wanna grow up

THAT FEEL

Well there's one thing you can't lose
It's that feel
Your pants, your shirt, your shoes
But not that fell.
You can throw it out in the rain
You can whip it like a dog
You can chop it down like an old dead tree
You can always see it
When you're coming into town
Once you hang it on the wall
You can never take it down
But there's one thing you can't lose
And it's that feel
You can pawn your watch and chain
But not that feel
It always comes and finds you
It will always hear you cry
I cross my wooden leg
And I swear on my glass eye
It will never leave you high and dry
Never leave you loose
It's harder to get rid of than tattoos
But there's one thing you can't do
Is lose that feel
You can throw it off a bridge
You can lose it in the fire
You can leave it at the altar
But it will make you out a liar
You can fall down in the street
You can leave it in the lurch
Well you say that it's gospel
But I know that it's only church
And there's one thing you can't lose
And it's that feel
Black Rider

LUCKY DAY (OVERTURE)
Ladies and gentlemen, Harry's Harbour Bizarre is proud to present, under the Big Top tonight, Human Oddities. That's right. You'll see The Three Headed Baby, you'll see Hitler's Brain, see Lea Graff the German midget who sat in J.P. Morgan's lap. You'll see Priscilla Bajano, the monkey woman, Jo Jo the dog face boy. I'm Milton Malone, the human skeleton. See Grace McDaniel's, the mule faced woman, and she's the homeliest woman in the world. Under the Big Top tonight. Never before seen. And if you have a heart condition, please be warned. Don't forget to visit our snack bar at Charleston Grotto. All sales are final. Void where prohibited by law. You'll see Sealo the seal boy who has flippers for arms. You'll see Johnny Eck, the man born without a body. He walks on his hands, he has his own orchestra and is an excellent pianist. See Gerd Bessler, the human pincushion, and don't forget it's ladies night at Harry's Harbour Bizarre. You'll see Ko Ko the bird girl, Mortando, the human fountain, step a little closer ladies and gentlemen and don't be shy, dig deep in your pockets. You'll see Radion the human torso, deep from the jungles of Africa. Ladies and Gentlemen, Harry's Harbour Bizarre, Ladies and Gentlemen.

THE BLACK RIDER
Come on along with the Black Rider
    We'll have a gay old time
Lay down in the web of the black spider
    I'll drink your blood like wine
    So come on in
    It ain't no sin
    take off your skin
And dance around in your bones
Anchors away with the Black Rider
    I'll drink your blood like wine
    I'll drop you off in Harlem with the Black Rider
Out where the bullets shine
    And when you're done
    You cock your gun
    The blood will run
    Like ribbons in your hair
So come along with the Black Rider
    We'll have a gay old time
Come on along with the Black Rider
    I've got just the thing for thee
Come on along with the Black Rider
    I want your company
    I'll have the veal
    A lovely meal
    That's how I feel
May I use your skull for a bowl?
Come on along with the Black Rider
    We'll have a gay old time
NOVEMBER

No shadow
No stars
No moon
No cars
November
It only believes
In a pile of dead leaves
And a moon
That's the color of bone
No prayers for November
To linger longer
Stick your spoon in the wall
We'll slaughter them all
November has tied me
To an old dead tree
Get word to April
To rescue me
November's cold chain
Made of wet boots and rain
And shiny black ravens
On chimney smoke lanes
November seems odd
You're my firing squad
November
With my hair slicked back
With carrion shellac
With the blood from a pheasant
And the bone from a hare
Tied to the branches
Of a roebuck stag
Left to wave in the timber
Like a buck shot flag
Go away you rain-snout
Go away blow your brains out
November

JUST THE RIGHT BULLETS

There is a light in the forest
There is a face in the tree
I'll pull you out of the chorus
And the first one's always free
You can never go a hunting
With just a flintlock and a hound
You won't go home with a bunting
If you blow a hundred rounds
It takes much more than wild courage
Or you'll hit just the tattered clouds
You must have just the right bullets
And the first one's always free
You must be careful in the forest
Broken glass and rusty nails
If you're to bring back something for us
I have bullets for sale
Why be a fool when you can chase away
Your blind and your gloom
I have blessed each one of these bullets  
And they shine just like a spoon  
To have sixty silver wishes  
Is a small price to pay  
They'll be your private little fishes  
And they'll never swim away  
I just want you to be happy  
That's my only wish  
I'll fix your wagon and your musket  
And the spoon will have his dish  
And I shudder at the thought of your  
Poor empty hunter's pouch  
So I'll keep the wind from your barrel  
And bless the roof of your house

'Taint No Sin

When you hear sweet syncopation  
And the music softly moans  
'T ain't no sin to take off your skin  
And dance around in your bones  
When it gets too hot for comfort  
And you can't get an ice cream cone  
'T ain't no sin to take off your skin  
And dance around in your bones  
Just like those bamboo babies  
Down in the South Sea tropic zone  
'T ain't no sin to take off your skin  
And dance around in your bones

That's the way

That's the way the stomach rumbles  
That's the way the bee bumbles  
That's the way the needle pricks  
That's the way the glue sticks  
That's the way the potato mashes  
That's the way the pan flashes  
That's the way the market crashes  
That's the way the whip lashes  
That's the way the teeth gnashes  
That's the way the gravy stains  
That's the way the moon wanes
THE BRIAR AND THE ROSE

I fell asleep down by the stream
And there I had the strangest dream
And down by Brennan's Glenn there grows
A briar and a rose
There's a tree in the forest
But I don't know where
I built a nest out of your hair
And climbing up into the air
A briar and a rose
I don't know how long it has been
But I was born in Brennan's Glenn
And near the end of spring there grows
A briar and a rose
I picked the rose one early morn
I pricked my finger on a thorn
It had grown so high
It's winding wove the briar around the rose
I tried to tear them both apart
I felt a bullet in my heart
And all dressed up in spring's new clothes
The briar and the rose
And when I'm buried in my grave
Tell me so I will know
Your tears will fall
To make love grow
The briar and the rose

I'LL SHOOT THE MOON

I'll shoot the moon
Right out of the sky
For you baby
I'll be the pennies
On your eyes
For you baby
I want to take you
Out to the fair
Here's a red rose
Ribbon for your hair
A vulture circles
Over your head
For you baby
I'll be the flowers
After you're dead
For you baby
I want to build
A nest in your hair
I want to kiss you
And never be there
FLASH PAN HUNTER

The flash pan hunter sways with the wind
His rifle is the sound of the morning
Each sulfurous bullet way have its own wit
Each cartridge comes with a warning
Beware of elaborate telescopic meats
They will find their way back to the forest
For Wilhelm can't wait
To Be Peg Leg's crown
As the briar is strangling
The rose back down
His back shall be my slender new branch
It will sway and bend in the breeze
As the Devil does his Polka
With a hatchet in his hand
As a sniper in the branches of the trees
As the vulture flutters down
As the snake sheds his dove
Wilhelm's cutting off his fingers
So they'll fit into his glove

CROSSROADS

Now George was a good straight boy to begin with, but there was bad blood
In him someway he just go into the magic bullets and that leads straight
to Devil's work, just like marijuana leads to heroin You think you can take
them bullets or leave 'em. Do you? Just save a few for your bad days.
Well, now we all have those bad days when you can't hit for shit.
The more of them magics you use, the more bad days you have without them.
So it comes down finally to all your days being bad without the bullets.
It's magics or nothing. Time to stop chipping around and kidding yourself. Kid, you're hooked. Heavy as lead.
And that's where old George found himself. out there at the crossroads,
molding the Devil's bullets. Now a man figures it's his bullets, so it
will hit what he wants to hit. But it don't always work that way
You see, some bullets is special for a single aim. A certain stag, or a
certain person. And no matter where you aim, that's where the bullet will
end up. And in the moment of aiming, the gun turns into a dowser's wand,
and point where the bullet wants to go.
(George Schmid was moving in a series of convulsive spasms, like someone
with an epileptic fit, with his face distorted, and his eyes wild, like a
lassoed horse, bracing his legs but something kept pulling him on. And
now he is picking up the skulls and making the circle.)
I guess old George didn't rightly know what he's getting himself into, the
fit was on him and it carried him right to the crossroads.
**GOSPEL TRAIN**

Come on people  
Got to get on board  
Train is leaving  
And there's room for one more  
God, don't listen to the devil  
He got ways to move you  
This train don't carry no smokers  
This train . . . .  
Well come on people  
'cause it's starting to rain  
Get on board it's the gospel train  
Don't listen to the devil  
Satan will fool you  
I said Satan will fool you  
Well, this train don't carry no smokers  
This train Wooo  
Listen to me  
come on people  
'cause it's starting to rain  
Get on board  
ride the gospel train  
Don't listen to the Devil  
He got ways to move you

**LUCKY DAY**

The prettiest girl  
In all the world  
Is in a little Spanish town  
But I left her for a Bonnie lass  
And I told her  
I'd see her around  
But that Bonnie lass  
And her heart of glass  
Would not hold a candle  
To bumming around  
So don't cry for me  
For I'm going away  
And I'll be back some lucky day  
Tell the boys back home  
I'm doing just fine  
I left my troubles and woe  
So sing about me  
For I can't come home  
I've many more miles to go  
Why there's Miss Kelsey  
You taught dance at our school  
And old Johnny O'Toole  
I'll still beat you at pool  
Now when I was a boy  
My daddy sat me on his knee  
And he told me  
He told me many things  
And he said son  
There's a lot of things in this world  
You're gonna have no use for
And when you get blue
And you've lost all your dreams
There's nothing like a campfire
And a can of beans

**THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER**

I love the way
The tattered clouds
Go wind across the sky
As summer goes
And leave me
With a tear in my eye
I'm taking out my winter clothes
My garden knows what's wrong
The petals of my favorite rose
Be in the shadows dark and long
Through every year
It's very clear
I should be used
To carrying on
But I can be found
In the garden
Singing this song
When the last
Rose of summer is gone