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Don’t Mess Around With Jim

Jim Croce

Uptown got it's hustlers
The bowery got it's bums
42nd street got big Jim walker
He's a pool shootin' son of a gun
Yeah, he big and dumb as a man can come
But he stronger than a country hoss
And when the bad folks all get together at night
You know they all call big Jim boss, just because
And they say
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off that old lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim
Well outta south Alabama came a country boy
He say I'm lookin' for a man named Jim
I am a pool shootin' boy
My name Willie McCoy
But down home they call me slim
Yeah I'm lookin' for the king of 42nd street
He drivin' a drop top cadillac
Last week he took all my money
And it may sound funny
But I come to get my money back
And everybody say Jack don't you know
And you don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off that old lone ranger
And you don't mess around with Jim
Well a hush fell over the pool room
Jimmy come boppin' in off the street
And when the cuttin' were done
The only part that wasn't bloody
Was the soles of the big man's feet
Yeah he were cut in in bout a hundred places
And he were shot in a couple more

And you better believe
They sung a different kind of story
When big Jim hit the floor now they say
You don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off that old lone ranger
And you don't mess around with slim
Yeah, big Jim got his hat
Find out where it's at
And it's not hustlin' people strange to you
Even if you do got a two piece custom made pool cue
Yeah you don't tug on superman's cape
You don't spit into the wind
You don't pull the mask off the old lone ranger
And you don't mess around with slim

New Blowtop Blues

Dinah Washington

I've got bad news, baby
And you're the first to know
Yes, I've got bad news, baby
And you're the first to know
Well, I discovered this morning
That my wig is about to blow

Well, I've been rockin' on my feet
And I've been talkin' all out of my head
Yes, I've been rockin' on my feet
And I've been talkin' all out of my head
And when I get through talkin'
I can't remember a thing I've said

Now I used to be a sharpie
All dressed in the latest styles
But now I'm walkin' down Broadway
Wearin' nothing but a smile

I see all kinds of little men
Although they're never there
I tried to push a subway train
And poured whiskey in my hair
I'm a gal who blew a fuse
I've got those blowtop blues

Last night I was five feet tall
Today, I'm eight feet ten
Every time I fall downstairs
I float right up again

When someone turned the lights on me
It like to drove me blind
I woke up this morning in Bellevue
But I've left my mind behind
I'm a gal you can't excuse
'Cause I've got those blowtop blues

Well, I got high last night
And I took my man to his wife's front door

Yes, I got juiced last night
And I took my man to his wife's front door
Oh, but she was a .45 packin' mama
And I ain't goin' to try that no more

Long John Blues

Dinah Washington
I've got a dentist who's over seven feet tall
Yes, I've got a dentist who's over seven feet tall
Long John they call him, and he answers every call

Well, I went to Long John's office and told him the pain was killin'
Yes, I went to Long John's office and told him the pain was killin'
He told me not to worry, that my cavity just needed fillin'

He said "When I start drillin', I'll have to give you novocaine"
"Yes, when I start drillin', I'll have to give you novocaine
'Cause every woman just can't stand the pain"

He took out his trusty drill
And he told me to open wide
He said he wouldn't hurt me
But he'd fill my hole inside
Long John, Long John, you've got that golden touch
You thrill me when you drill me, and I need you very much

When he got through, he said, "Baby, that will cost you ten"
Yes, when he got through, he said, "That will cost you ten
Six months from now, come back and see me again"

Say you're supposed to see your dentist
'Bout twice a year, that's right
But I think I feel it throbbin'
Yes, I'll go back there tonight
Long John, Long John, don't ever move away
Say I hope I keep on achin' so I can see you every day

Me and Billy the Kid Never Got Along

by Joe Ely
Me and Billy the Kid never got along
I didn't like the way he cocked his hat
And he wore his gun all wrong
We had the same girlfriend
And he never forgot it
She had a cute little Chihuahua
Until one day he up and shot it
He rode the hard country down the New Mexico line
He had a silver pocketwatch that he never did wind
He crippled the piano player
For playin' his favorite song
No, Me and Billy the Kid never got along

Me and Billy the Kid never got along
I didn't like the way he parted his hair
And he wore his gun all wrong
He was bad to the bone
All hopped up on speed
I would've left him alone
If it wasn't for that Senorita
He gave her silver and he paid her hotel bill
But it was me she loved and she said she always will
I'd always go and see her
When Billy was gone
Yeah, Me and Billy the Kid never got along

Me and Billy the Kid never got along
I didn't like the way he tied his shoes
And he wore his gun all wrong
One day I said to Billy
"I've got this foolproof scheme"
We'll rob Wells Fargo
"It's bustin at the seams."
I admit that I framed him but I don't feel bad
Cause the way I was livin' was drivin' me mad
Billy reached for his gun
But his gun was on wrong

Yeah, Me and Billy the Kid never got along
Me and Billy the Kid never got along
But I did like the way he swayed in the wind
While I played him his favorite song
Now my baby sings harmony with me
To "La Cucaracha"
She winds her silver pocket watch
And pets her new Chihuahua
I moved in to the Hotel and got a room with a shower
We lay and listen to that watch tick hour after hour
Outside I hear the wind
Blowin' o so strong
Me and Billy the Kid never got along

LA County

She left Dallas for California
With an old friend by her side
Well he did not say much
But one year later
He'd ask her to be his wife
And the lights of L.A. County
Look like diamonds in the sky
When you're driving through the hours
With an old friend at your side
One year later I left Houston
With an old friend by my side
Well it did not say much
But it was a beauty
Of a coal black .45
And the lights of L.A. County
Look like diamonds in the sky
When you're driving through the hours
With an old friend at your side
So I drove on all the day long
And I drove on through the night
And I thought of her a'waiting
For to be his blushing bride
And the lights of L.A. County
They looked like diamonds in the sky
As I drove into the valley
With my old friend at my side
And as she stood there at the altar
All dressed in her gown of white
Her face was bright as stars a'shining
Like I'd dreamed of all my life
And they kissed each other
And they turned around
And they saw me standing in the aisle
Well I did not say much
I just stood there watching
As that .45 told them goodbye
And the lights of L.A. County

Look like diamonds in the sky
When you're kneeling at the altar
With an old friend at your side
And the lights of L.A. County
Are a mighty pretty sight
When you're kneeling at the altar
With an old friend at your side

Frankie

Mississippi John Hurt

Frankie was a good girl, everybody know,
She paid one hundred dollars for Albert's suit of clothes
He's her man, but he did her wrong Frankie went down to the corner saloon,
She ordered her a glass of beer,
She asked the barkeeper, "Gas my lovin' Albert been here?"
"He been here, but he's gone again"
"Ain't gonna tell you no story, Frankie, I ain't gonna tell you no lie"
Says, "Albert a-passed about a hour ago, with a girl you call Alice Frye
He's your man, and he's doin' you wrong Frankie went down to the corner saloon,
She didn't go to be gone long
She peeked through keyhole in the door, spied
Albert in Alice's arm
He's my man, and you's doin' me wrong Frankie called Albert,
She shot him three or four times,
Says, "Stand back, I'm smokin' my gun, let me see is Albert dyin'
He's my man, and he did me wrong" Frankie and the judge walked outta the stand, and
Walked out side by side
The judge says, "Frankie, you're gonna be justified,
Killin' a man, and he did you wrong" Frankie was a good girl, everybody know,
She paid one hundred dollars for Albert's suit of clothes
He's her man, but he did her wrong Said, "Turn me over, mother, turn me over slow,
It may be my last time, you won't turn me no more
He's my man, and he did me wrong" Says, Frankie was a good girl, everybody know,
She paid one hundred dollars for Albert's suit of clothes
He's her man, but he did her wrong

Step It Out Mary

Traditional

Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out, mary, if you can
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the countryman (x2)
In the village of Kilgory, there's a maiden young and fair
Her eyes shine like diamonds, she has long and golden hair
The horseman he comes riding, riding up to her father's gates
On a milk-white stallion, he comes at the strike of eight.
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out, mary, if you can
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the countryman (x2)
I have come to court your daughter, Mary of the golden hair
I have gold and I have silver, I have goods beyond compare
I will buy her silks and satin and a gold ring for her hand
She shall have a mansion, she'll have servants to command
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out, mary, if you can
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the countryman (x2)
I don't want your gold and silver, I don't want your house and land
I am going with a soldier, I have promised him my hand
But the father spoke up sharply: You will do as i command,
You'll get married on a Sunday and you'll wear that wedding band
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out, mary, if you can
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the countryman (x2)
In the village of Kilgory there's a deep stream flowing by
On her wedding day at midnight she drowns with her soldier boy
In the cottage there is music, you can hear her father say:
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter, Sunday is your wedding day.
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Step it out, mary, if you can
Step it out, Mary, my fine daughter
Show your legs to the countryman (x4)

Moon Over Bourbon Street Lyrics

[Verse 1]
There's a moon over Bourbon Street tonight
I see faces as they pass
Beneath the pale lamplight
I've no choice but to follow that call
The bright lights, the people
And the moon and all
I pray everyday to be strong
For I know what I do must be wrong

[Chorus]
Oh you'll never see my shade
Or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon
Over Bourbon Street

[Verse 2]
It was many years ago
That I became what I am
I was trapped in this life
Like an innocent lamb

Now I can never show my face at noon
And you'll only see me walking
By the light of the moon
The brim of my hat
Hides the eye of a beast
I've the face of a sinner
But the hands of a priest

[Chorus]
Oh you'll never see my shade
Or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon
Over Bourbon Street

[Verse 3]
She walks everyday through

The streets of New Orleans
She's innocent and young
From a family of means
I have stood many times
Outside her window at night
To struggle with my instinct
In the pale moon light
How could I be this way
When I pray to god above
I must love what I destroy
And destroy the thing I love

[Outro]
Oh you'll never see my shade
Or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon
Over Bourbon Street

Tillamook County Jail

Todd Snider

I'm sitting here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail
Hoping that she's not so mad now that she doesn't even pay my bail
If I was her I'm not so sure I wouldn't keep on moving down the trail
I'm sitting here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

Got a lump on my head and a boot print on my chest
From what the guys in here call the Tillamook County lie detector test
Well I did my best but as you mighta guessed
It's a tough test not to fail
I'm sitting here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

One phone call, two Tylenol
Four cold gray walls closing in
If I ever do get out on that highway again
I ain't ever goin' back to Tillamook County
No I ain't ever goin' back to Tillamook County

It all started when I had a little trouble with a guy on a highway crew
And that lyin' son of a gun told 'em I done some things I didn't do
They came running for me down 101, lights flashing on my tail
And now I'm sitting here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail

One phone call, two Tylenol
Four cold gray walls closing in
If I ever do get out on this highway again
I ain't ever goin' back to Tillamook County
No I ain't ever goin' back to Tillamook County (nope)

I'm sitting here waiting in the Tillamook County Jail
Now I'm still hoping that she's not so mad now that she doesn't even pay my bail
Coming down on vacation, gonna leave on probation
Have to send all my money through the mail
I'm gonna send all my money to the Tillamook County Jail

Ode to Billie Joe

Bobbie Gentry

It was the third of June, another sleepy, dusty Delta day
I was out choppin' cotton, and my brother was balin' hay
And at dinner time we stopped and walked back to the house to eat
And mama hollered out the back door, y'all, remember to wipe your feet
And then she said, I got some news this mornin' from Choctaw Ridge
Today, Billy Joe MacAllister jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge
And papa said to mama, as he passed around the blackeyed peas
Well, Billy Joe never had a lick of sense; pass the biscuits, please
There's five more acres in the lower forty I've got to plow
And mama said it was shame about Billy Joe, anyhow
Seems like nothin' ever comes to no good up on Choctaw Ridge
And now Billy Joe MacAllister's jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge
And brother said he recollected when he, and Tom, and Billie Joe
Put a frog down my back at the Carroll County picture show
And wasn't I talkin' to him after church last Sunday night?
I'll have another piece-a apple pie; you know, it don't seem right
I saw him at the sawmill yesterday on Choctaw Ridge
And now ya tell me Billie Joe's jumped off the Tallahatchie Bridge
And mama said to me, child, what's happened to your appetite?
I've been cookin' all morning, and you haven't touched a single bite
That nice young preacher, Brother Taylor, dropped by today
Said he'd be pleased to have dinner on Sunday, oh, by the way
He said he saw a girl that looked a lot like you up on Choctaw Ridge
And she and Billy Joe was throwing somethin' off the Tallahatchie Bridge
A year has come and gone since we heard the news 'bout Billy Joe
And brother married Becky Thompson; they bought a store in Tupelo
There was a virus going 'round; papa caught it, and he died last spring
And now mama doesn't seem to want to do much of anything
And me, I spend a lot of time pickin' flowers up on Choctaw Ridge
And drop them into the muddy water off the Tallahatchie Bridge

Come Dancing

The Kinks

They put a parking lot on a piece of land
Where the supermarket used to stand
Before that they put up a bowling alley
On the site that used to be the local pally
That's where the big bands used to come and play
My sister went there on a Saturday
Come dancing
All her boyfriends used to come and call
Why not come dancing, it's only natural
Another Saturday, another date
She would be ready but she's always make him wait
In the hallway, in anticipation
He didn't know the night would end up in frustration
He'd end up blowing all his wages for the week
All for a cuddle and a peck on the cheek
Come dancing
That's how they did it when I was just a kid
And when they said come dancing
My sister always did
My sister should have come in a midnight
And my mom would always sit up and wait
It always ended up in a big row
When my sister used to get home late
Out of my window I can see them in the moonlight
Two silhouettes saying goodnight by the garden gate
The day they knocked down the pally
My sister stood and cried
The day they knocked down the pally
Part of my childhood died, just died
Now I'm grown up and playing in a band
And there's a car park where the pally used to stand
My sister's married and she lives on an estate
Her daughters go out, now it's her turn to wait
She knows they get away with things she never could
But if I asked her I wonder if she would

Come dancing
Come on sister, have yourself a ball
Don't be afraid to come dancing
It's only natural
Come dancing
Just like the pally on a Saturday
And all her friends will come dancing
Where the big bands used to play

Romeo Is Bleeding

Tom Waits

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
Ans putting out a cigarette in his hand
And for all the pachucos at the pumps
At romeros paint and body
They all seein' 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 listenin' 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 coppers ass
He'll never see another summertime for gunnin' down my
Brother
And leavin' 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 graps his nuts
And they all know they could've 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 romeos 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 someones crying in the phone booth
At the five points by the store

Romeo starts his engine
And wipes the blood of the door
And he brodys through the signal
With the radio full blast
Leavin' the boys there hikin' up their chinos
And they all try to stand like romeo
Beneath the moon cut like a sicle
And they're talkin' 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 wimper
Like every hero's dream
Just an angel with a bullet
And Cagney in the screen

1952 Vincent Black Lightning

Richard Thompson

Says Red Molly, to James, "Well that's a fine motorbike.
A girl could feel special on any such like."
Says James, to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you.
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952.
And I've seen you on the corners and cafes, it seems.
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme."
And he pulled her on behind,
And down to Boxhill,
They'd Ride.
Says James, to Red Molly, "Here's a ring for your right hand.
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man;
For I've fought with the law since I was seventeen.
I've robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine.
And now I'm twenty-one years, I might make twenty-two.
And I don't mind dyin' but for the love of you.
But if fate should break my stride, then I'll give you my Vincent, To Ride."
"Come down Red Molly, " called Sargent McQuade.
"For they've taken young James Aidee for Armed Robbery.
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside.
Oh, come down, Red Molly, to his dying bedside."
When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left.
He was runnin' out of road. He was runnin' out of breath.
But he smiled, to see her cry.
And said, "I'll give you my Vincent.
To Ride."
Said James, "In my opinion, there's nothing in this world
Beats a '52 Vincent and a Redheaded girl.
Now Nortons and Indians and Greavses won't do.
Oh, they don't have a Soul like a Vincent '52."
Well he reached for her hand and he slipped her the keys.
He said, "I've got no further use...for these.
I see Angels on Ariels in leather and chrome,
Swoopin' down from Heaven to carry me home."
And he gave her one last kiss and died.
And he gave her his Vincent.
To Ride.

Blood Red and Goin’ Down

Tanya Tucker

That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
Daddy said, "Now come girl
We're headed down the road to Augusta"
And frankly through his clenched teeth
He called Mama's name and then he cussed her
He said, "Girl, you're young
But some dude has come along and stole your mother"
But you can't steal a willin' mind
'Cause mama's always lookin' for a lover
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
With dusty teardrops on his face
My daddy cried an' big steps he was takin'
Halfway runnin' to keep up
My shorter legs were so tired and shakin'
"Where did I go wrong, girl?
Why would she leave us both this way?"
At times like these, a child of ten
Never knows exactly what to say
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
We searched in every barroom
An' honky-tonk as well
An' finally daddy found them
And Lord, you know, the rest is hard to tell
He sent me out to wait
But scared I looked back through the door
An' daddy left them both
Soakin' up the sawdust on the floor
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down
That Georgia sun was blood red and goin' down

Last Kiss

Wayne Cochran
[Chorus]

Well where oh where can my baby be

The Lord took her away from me

She's gone to heaven so I got to be good

So I can see my baby when I leave this world

[Verse 1]

We were out on a date in my daddy's car

We hadn't driven very far

There in the road, straight ahead

The car was stalled, the engine was dead

I couldn't stop, so I swerved to the right

Never forget the sound that night

The crying tires, the busting glass, the painful scream that I heard last

[Chorus]

Well where oh where can my baby be

The Lord took her away from me

She's gone to heaven so I got to be good

So I can see my baby when I leave this world

[Verse 2]

Well when I woke up, the rain was pouring down

There were people standing all around

Something warm running in my eyes

But I found my baby somehow that night

I raised her head, and then she smiled and said

"Hold me darling for a little while"

I held her close, I kissed her our last kiss

I found the love that I knew I would miss

But now she's gone, even though I hold her tight

I lost my love, my life

That night

[Chorus]

Well where oh where can my baby be

The Lord took her away from me

She's gone to heaven so I got to be good

[Harmonizing Outro]

Her First Mistake

Lyle Lovett

Once upon a time ago
Way up in the land of sleet and snow
How this fairy would go
I could not have know
I had searched around this world so mean
From Livingstone to Palestine
Trying to pursue my dream
Of love
It was then I met this girl so fine
She made me think so fast I left my thoughts behind
And I tried to pass for a sophisticated
Northern man
I said yes my dear, I know exactly what you mean
Because there's not so much I haven't done or seen
And may I say your eyes are the loveliest
Shade of Jade
I said well come on baby
Come on baby
Come on baby
It was then I knew I had made my first mistake
She did not even start to wait
As she turned around to walk away
This is what she had to say
She told me man I come from way down South
I've got a picket fence with a picket house
And I don't need no fast talking Northern man
Like you around
I said well come on baby
Come on baby
Come on baby
Honey I don't know what you just heard
But Alabama is my favorite word
And Birmingham
Is a long way from here

I could see the light began to shine
She turned back around her eyes met mine
And suddenly the whole world became
A better place
Even if it was only for an instant
Because it was then I knew I had made my
Second mistake
She told me man that was a real good try
But Alabama's not where I reside
I come from where the river is wide
And the craw fish hide
I said well come on baby
Come on baby
Come on baby
Honey I don't know what you just heard
But Louisiana is my favorite word
And New Orleans
Is a long way from here
She just looked at me and shook her head
Your lines are pretty sad she said
You are a lonely, weak, pathetic man
If this is doing the best you can
It was then I knew I had made my third mistake
Yes three strikes right across the plate
And as I hollered honey please wait
She was gone
I said well come on baby
Come on baby
Come on baby
Honey I don't know what you just heard
Bartender set 'em up are my favorite words
Because the love I need
Is a long way from here
Oh the love I need
Is a long way from here
Yes well there I sat so all alone
Like a king who sits upon his throne
And whose kingdom may have just gone home
With another kingdom
So as you can imagine much to my surprise
When the door was flung back open wide

It was a miracle
She walked inside
And pulled her chair up next to me
And that's when she knew
She had made her
First mistake
Honey I don't know what you just heard
But come on baby
Are my favorite words
And where we're going
Is a long way from here
And where we're going
Is a long way from here
So like I said before
I could not have known
How this fairy tale would finally go
Still the only certain thing for sure
Is what I do not know
So like the years and all the seasons pass
And like the sand runs through the hour glass
I just keep on running faster
Chasing the happily
I am ever after
I just keep on running faster
Chasing the happily
I am ever after

The Last Gunfighter Ballad

Guy Clark
The old gunfighter on the porch
Stared into the sun
And relived the days of living by the gun
When deadly games of pride were played
And living was mistakes not made
And the thought of the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Ah, the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
It's always keep your back to the sun
And he can almost feel the weight of the gun
It's faster than snakes or the blink of an eye
And it's a time for all slow men to die
And his eyes get squinty and his fingers twitch
And he empties the gun at the son of a bitch
And he's hit by the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Hit by the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Now the burn of a bullet is only a scar
He's back in his chair in front of the bar
And the streets are empty and the blood's all dried
And the dead are dust and the whiskey's inside
So buy him a drink and lend him an ear
He's nobody's fool and the only one here
Who remembers the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Remember the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
He said I stood in that street before it was paved
Learned shoot or be shot before I could shave
And I did it all for the money and fame
Noble was nothing but feeling no shame
And nothing was sacred but stayin' alive
And all that I learned from a Colt 45
Was to curse the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Curse the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Now he's just an old man that no one believes
Says he's a gunfighter, the last of the breed
And there are ghosts in the street seeking revenge
Calling him out to the lunatic fringe
Now he's out in the traffic checking the sun
And he's killed by a car as he goes for his gun
So much for the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
So much for the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Homecoming Queen's Got a Gun

Julie Brown

Brown Julie
Homecoming Queens Got A Gun
Homecoming Queen's Got A Gun
(Hoooooo) It was homecoming night at my high school
(Hoooooo) Everyone was there, it was totally cool
(Hoooooo) I was real excited, I almost wet my jeans
(Hoooooo) ÔCause my best friend Debbie was homecoming queen
Riding the float with her tierra on (tierra on)
Holding this humongous bouquet in her hand (bouquet)
She looked straight out of Disneyland
You know the Cinderella ride, I mean definitely an E ticket (E ticket)
The crown was cheering, everyone was stoked (was stoked)
I mean it was like the whole school was totally coked or something
The band was playing Evergreen
And all of a sudden somebody screamed
Look out! The homecoming queen's got a gun
Everybody run, the homecoming queen's got a gun
Everybody run, the homecoming queen has got a gun
Debbie's smiling and waving her gun
Picking off cheerleaders one by one
Oh Buffie's pompom just flew to bits
Oh no, Mitzie's head just did the splits
God, my best friend's on a shooting spree
Stop it, Debbie, you're embarrassing me
How could you do what you just did
Are you having a really bad period?
Everybody run, the homecoming queen's got a gun
Everybody run, the homecoming queen has got a gun
Stop Debbie, you're making a mess
Powder burns all over your dress
An hour later the cops arrived
By then the entire glee club had died, no big loss
You wouldn't believe what they brought to stop her

Tear gas, machine guns, even a chopper
Throw down your gun and tierra and come out of the float
Debbie didn't listen to what the cop said
She aimed and fired and now the math teacher's dead
Oh it's really sad but kind of a relief
I mean, we had this big test coming up next week
Everybody run, the homecoming queen's got a gun
Everybody run, the homecoming queen has got a gun
Debbie's really having a blast
She's wasting half of the class
The cops fired a warning shot that blew her off the float
I tried to scream "duck" but it stuck in my throat
She hit the ground and did a flip it was real acrobatic
But I was crying so hard I couldn't work my instamatic
I ran down to Debbie, I had to find out
What made her do it, why'd she freak out
I saw the bullet had got her right in the ear
I knew then the end was near
So I ran down and I said, in her good ear, "Debbie, why'd you do it?"
She raised her head, smiled, and said "aaaggghhhh I did it for Johnny"
Johnny? Well like who's Johnny? Answer me, Debbie, who's Johnny?
Does anybody here know Johnny? Are you Johnny?
There was one guy named Johnny but he was a total geek, he always had food in his braces.
Answer me, Debbie, who's Johnny?

Lyric omitted because it ruins the film we are seeing Monday.

Everybody run, the homecoming queen's got a gun
Everybody run, the homecoming queen has got a
Everybody run
Everybody run, the homecoming queen has got a

When It's Springtime In Alaska (It's Forty Below)

Johnny Horton

I mushed from Point Barrow through blizzard of snow.
Been out prospectin' for two years or so.
Pulled into Fairbanks, the city was a-boom.
So I took a little stroll to the Red Dog sea-loon.
As I walked in the door, the music was clear.
The purtiest voice I had heard in two years.
The song she was singin' made a man's blood run cold.
When its springtime in Alaska it's forty below.
(When it's springtime in Alaska it's forty below.)
It was Redhead Lil who was singin' so sweet.
I reached down and took the snow packs off my feet.
I reached for the gal who was singin' the tune.
We did the eskeemo hop all around the sea-loon.
With a caribou crawl and a grizzly bear hug.
We did our dance on a kodiak rug.
The song she kept singin' made a man's blood run cold.
When it's springtime in Alaska it's forty below.
I was as innocent as I could be.
I didn't now Lil was Big Ed's wife-to-be.
He took out his knife and he gave it a throw.
When it's springtime in Alaska I'll be six feet below.
(When it's springtime in Alaska he'll be six feet below.)

Christabel

Robert Earl Keen

It's been seven long days and seven hard nights
In a sixty-two Chevy with broke taillights
An eastbound man in a westbound lane
A dishwater blonde about sixteen
Was standing on the shoulder with a ribbon in her hair
Her hand on her hip and her thumb in the air
And I pulled off the road and as she grabbed for the door
I knew the wind was cold 'cuz I'd seen it all before
And I was scared
Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream
Now the moonlight peeked in and out behind the clouds
Now and again on this godless child
And the radio was scramblin', cracklin' in the air
The ribbon she wore looked old in her hair
And I saw the moonlight sliver dead down on her face
I knew it was true she was in the wrong place
In the wrong time, in the wrong tale
I knew when I'd asked her she'd hiss, "Christabel"
Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream
She was after the man who'd left her alone
With no father beside her and love longtime gone
And the snake deep inside her a hiss in her head
The rest that had been her was dying or dead
And she'd a taste for young women with pearly white skin
She spat on the floor when she spoke of the man who made her like this
Who had written her tale
This medieval maid they call Christabel
Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream
Then she breathed out the story of her lover to be
A knight'n shining armor on a silvery steed
Who longed to be worthy so he sought the crusade
While she waited, breath bated, in linen brocade

But a pair of black eyes wove 'round her a spell
The snake they call Lydia seduced Christabel
And she cuddled her tender and she poisoned her soul
She stole her young body and made it her own
Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream
Now the knight would love Lydia in Christabel's arms
And Lydia would have it should he ever return
But Lydia was left with the story undone
No silvery steed no castle no throne
Half woman half serpent entwined in a spell
A barge black and fancy this medieval tale
And she faded at dawn the bird and the beast
Deep in the dreams of those bound for the east
Like me
Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream
Things ain't never what they seem...

Dreamsicle

Jason Isbell and The 400 Unit

I guess we're leaving town again
We're moving out and moving in
Gotta break the news to all my friends
But they won't care
They'll just find another face
To fall behind to take my place
And run way up past second base
And just stand there
A dreamsicle on a summer night
In a folding lawn chair
Witches ring around the moon
Better get home soon
Poison oak and poison ivy
Dirty jokes that blew right by me
Mama curling up beside me
Crying to herself
Why can't daddy just come home?
Forget whatever he did wrong
He's in a hotel all alone
And we need him
A dreamsicle on a summer night
In a folding lawn chair
I'm still packing up my room
Gotta get home soon
New sneakers on a high school court
And you swore you'd be there
A heart breaking through the springtime
Breaking into June
Broken glass and broken vows
I'll be eighteen four years from now
With different friends in a different town
I'll finally be free
Call you both some holiday
Tell you why I moved away
Say everything's gonna be okay

You can come see me
A dreamsicle on a summer night
In a folding lawn chair
Daddy's howling at the moon
Better get home soon
Heat lightning in the evening sky
And my mother's red hair
Hearts breaking through the springtime
Breaking into June
Breaking into June
Breaking into June

Seven Spanish Angels

Willie Nelson, Ray Charles

He looked down into her brown eyes
And said "say a prayer for me"
She threw her arms around him
Whispered, "God will keep us free"
They could hear the riders comin'
He said, "this is my last fight
If they take me back to Texas
They won't take me back alive"
There were seven Spanish angels
At the altar of the sun
They were prayin' for the lovers
In the valley of the gun
When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared
There was thunder from the throne
And seven Spanish angels
Took another angel home
She reached down and picked the gun up
That lay smokin' in his hand
She said, "Father, please forgive me
I can't make it without my man"
And she knew the gun was empty
And she knew she couldn't win
But her final prayer was answered
When the rifles fired again
There were seven Spanish angels
At the altar of the sun
They were prayin' for the lovers
In the valley of the gun
When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared
There was thunder from the throne
And seven Spanish angels
Took another angel home
There were seven Spanish angels
At the altar of the sun
They were prayin' for the lovers

In the valley of the gun
When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared
There was thunder from the throne
And seven Spanish angels
Took another angel home
There were seven Spanish angels
At the altar of the sun
They were prayin' for the lovers
In the valley of the gun
When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared
There was thunder from the throne
And seven Spanish angels
Took another angel home

Taneytown

Steve Earle

I went down to Taneytown
I went down to Taneytown
To see what I could see
My mama told me never go
I'm damn near twenty two years old
Sometimes I fear this holler swallow me
She ran off to Gettysburg
Went off with that new beau of hers
I snuck off after dark
It's a long way down the county road
The stars were bright and the moon was low
Down to where the black top highway starts
I went down to Taneytown
I went down to Taneytown
I went down to see what I could see
Now everybody stared at me
You'd think that they ain't never seen
A colored boy before
Well they chunked at me and called me names
They'd have whopped me sure but the sheriff came
I slipped off ran through the dry goods store
I ran down Division Street
Some of them boys followed me
Down to the railroad track
There's four of them and I can't fight
But I had my old Randall knife
I cut that boy and I never did look back
I went down to Taneytown
I went down to Taneytown
I went down to see what I could see
Cross the fields and woods I run
Like a bullet from a rabbit gun
Back home to my bed
Now Ma came in from Gettysburg
Her and that new beau of hers

"Boy you look like hell"; alls she said
A month went by without a word
Somebody down the holler heard
About that boy they hung
He begged those men to spare his life
But I dropped my bloody Randall knife
He picked it up so they thought he was the one, yeah
I went down to Taneytown
I went down to Taneytown
I ain't goin' back there anymore

Love at the Five & Dime

Nanci Griffith

Rita was sixteen years
Hazel eyes and chestnut hair
She made the Woolworth counter shine
And Eddie was a sweet romancer
And a darn good dancer
And they waltzed the aisles of the five and dime
And they'd sing
Dance a little closer to me
Hey, dance a little closer now
Dance a little closer tonight
Dance a little closer to me
Hey, it's closing time
And love's on sale
Tonight at this five and dime
Eddie played the steel guitar
And his mama cried 'cause he played in the bars
And he kept young Rita out late at night
Soon they married up in Abelene
Lost a child in Tennessee
But still that love survived
And they'd sing
Dance a little closer to me
Hey, dance a little closer now
Dance a little closer tonight
One of the boys in Eddie's band
Took a shine to Rita's hand
So , Eddie ran off with the bass man's wife
Oh, but he was back by June
Singin' a different tune
Sporting Miss Rita back by his side
And they'd sing
Dance a little closer to me
Hey, dance a little closer now
Dance a little closer tonight
Eddie played in the barroom band

'Til arthritis took his hands
Now he sells insurance on the side
And Rita's got her house to keep
She sells dime store novels with a love so sweet
And they dance to the radio late at night and still sing
And they'd sing
Dance a little closer to me
Hey, dance a little closer now
Dance a little closer tonight

Leaves In The River

By Sea Wolf
I met a girl on Halloween
Well she was lost and I was drunk
And it was dark and cold out when we left
And as we walked the rain started
The leaves softened
With every step and all around around us
People slept alone with their dreams

The wind came down from out the planes
And blew the leaves out through the streets
I wondered how far leaves could really fly
Would they rest in several yards
Or make it to the city
Or would they end up in the river just to float away

She pointed to a small brick house
And said it was where she grew up
The lights were out
She asked if we could stop for a while
Her hair was still just getting wet
Water running down her neck
Collecting in the hand printed cement beneath her feet

Apparently there had been a death
Someone close had nothing left
Because she hadn't left him in the end

I saw her blush when I asked
If she always talked like that
She said it only happened when she drank
And later on I felt her hand slipping into my cold fist
She promised me a kiss as soon as we got home
Her costume had begun to tear
She ran ahead and turned to me
Her laughter echoed through the empty streets

You Think You Know Somebody

Todd Snider

You think you know somebody
You think they know you
You think you know somebody
But man you never do
Jackie used to live three blocks away from me
We used to throw the baseball
And we'd climb his old oak tree
You know we would sneak his old man's cigarettes
Behind the picket fence
We swore that we would always be best of friends
We used to sit out on the curb
And talk on summer nights
Until Jackie's dad would call him
And he took off like a light
The Friday nights were all the same
Our high school senior year
We hung out at the river
Drank black label beer
And we would listen to the Stones
With all of our old friends
Maybe sneak a toke or two
Down where the river bends
Well I remember how I said
I'd drive him home on Friday night
Well he said go on without out me
Buddy I'll be all right
We went off to college
Start our freshman year
Well I went off to school
About an hour away from here
But you know Jackie he took off
Went to college out of state
He used to call me all the time
He used to tell me it was great
He said I'm coming home for Christmas

And I hope you'll do the same
Well he'd say that he was coming
But Jackie never came
Ah, you think you know somebody
You think they know you
You think you know somebody
But man you never do
Well the night that he got married
Well I was his best man
He's moved back to town
And now we're neighbors again
I've since found myself a wife
So now I'm married too
Our families get together
Every Sunday afternoon
His boy and my boy
They sit out and talk at night
Until Jackie calls for his boy
And then he takes off like a light
Last night I saw the flashing lights
I quickly ran outside
A neighbor lady told me
That Jackie's youngest boy had died
And I was shocked to see the cops
Had Jackie handcuffed in the car
Ã???Til this morning's paper told me
That Jackie had gone too far
And now they're saying Jackie
He ain't the only one to blame
Cause battered children, they almost always
Grow up to do the same
You think you know somebody
You think they you know you
You think you know somebody
But man you never do

Dead on the River

Ian Noe

[Verse 1]
Mary almost made it to twenty-nine
The mother of an orphan and a friend of mine
Painted up with high heels on her feet
Making what she could from this filthy street

[Chorus]
Dead on the river yesterday
Been gutted like some varmint, so they say
With a tangled rope around her, she was bound
Dead on the river, rolling down

[Verse 2]
Well, I was quotin' scripture at an early age
The old man ruled his household in a gospel rage
Up and down our hallway, the Bible spilled
Left behind a sinner in the mill and field

[Chorus]
Dead on the river yesterday
I don't know how much longer that I can stay
They're saying now there were two more bodies found
Dead on the river, rolling down

[Verse 3]
The Feds are in their best suits, pulling rank
Scattered out with their bloodhounds along the bank
And the city lights, they flicker on the one-lane bridge
The siren echoes bouncing along the ridge

[Chorus]
Dead on the river yesterday
I need a flood to wash my sins away
Like an ancient hickory, twisted, turning brown
Dead on the river, rolling down

Ballad of Spider John

Willis Alan Ramsey

I'm in between freights, and I sure would be obliged
If I could share your company
I'm on my way to nowhere
I been runnin' from my past
Runnin' from the things I used to be
Now I know my words sound strange to you
But if you'll wait till my song is sung and my story's told
You might come to understand
Why I'm old and bent and devil's been runnin' out of time
When I long ago held a royal flush in my hand.
Oh, I was a super market fool, I was a roll-the-bank, a
Stool pigeon
Robbing my hometown
I thought I'd lost the blues, yes, I thought I'd paid my dues
I thought I'd found the life to suit my style
But here I sit ol' spider john
The robber man
Long, tall and handsome
Yes, ol' spider john with the loaded hand
Taking ransom
Then one day I met diamond lil
She was the sweetest thing, I declare,
That the summer breeze ever blown my way
But, lady, she had no idea my illustrious occupation
She thought I was a saint, not a sinner gone astray
But you see that word got around and lily left town
Never saw her again
Tossin' and turnin', causin' my heart to grieve
Oh, I was a super market fool, I was roll-the-bank, stool pigeon
Robbing my hometown.
I thought I'd lost my blues, thought I'd paid my dues
I thought I'd found the life to suit my style.
But here I sit ol' spider john,
The robber man
Long, tall and handsome

Yes, ol' spider john with the loaded hand
Taking ransom
That is all my story
Been these thirty years since I took to the road
Find my precious jewel one
If you see my lily, won't you give her my regards
Tell her ol' spider got tangled
In the black web that he spun
You can tell her that ol' spider got tangled
In the black web that he spun

Daydreaming

Daydreaming Lyrics
Early in the morning, too hungover to go back to sleep
Every sound is amplified, every light so dizzying
LIsten for a while to the neighbors having sex
Wishing I could lay my aching head upon your breast
Can't I dream another dream?
Can't I close my eyes and wonder back to sleep?

But I'm daydreaming about you
I know that it's wrong
That I'm daydreaming about you
Cause I've been daydreaming for so long

Bloody mary afternoon, waste my time out in the sun
Hum myself some melodies, maybe I could sing you one
Maybe I could find you sitting down at the cafe
Maybe I could join you at your table today
Can't I just get what I want?
Can't I be the man that steals away your heart?

But I'm daydreaming about you
I know that it's wrong
That I'm daydreaming about you
I've been daydreaming for so long
Yeah, I've been daydreaming for so long

Later in the evening, take the bus down to see the show
You'll be behind the bar, I'll get a beer, leave a tip, and lay low
I'm just a kid that gets his drinks from you

Who stands around and doesn't have a clue
Can't I hold you close to me?
Can't I ever say to you just what I mean?

But I'm daydreaming about you
I know that it's wrong
That I'm daydreaming about you
Cause I've been daydreaming for so long
Oh yeah, I've been daydreaming for so long

El Coyote

Guy Clark

In the town of Reynosa, there's a beautiful river
That shines in the Mexico sun.
There are boats and they cross from one side to the other,
At dusk when the hot day is done.
From there to Acuña to Del Rio, Texas,
You valley up through San Antone.
With the pesos I've saved up for years then I'll trade
For the chance to send dollars back home.
Coyote, coyote, qué hiciste cabron?
Coyote, man what have you done?
You took all our money and left us to die
In the heat of the South Texas sun.
Coyote, qué hiciste cabron?
He steps out of the shadows, he won't look in my eyes
His hand's out to take all I've got.
He says that he's smuggled a thousand good men
And he says that he's never been caught.
So with seventeen other, braceros like cattle
Packed in for that long final ride.
In the semi-truck crossing the border it's dark,
And it's hot as an oven inside.
Coyote, coyote, qué hiciste cabron?
Coyote, man what have you done?
You took all our money and left us to die
In the heat of the South Texas sun.
Coyote, qué hiciste cabron?
The braceros are asking in whispers,
Why the truck stopped in the heat of the day?
At first sign of trouble, he's left us all there
By the road and he's walking away.
Coyote, coyote, qué hiciste cabron?
Coyote, man what have you done?
You took all our money and left us to die
In the heat of the South Texas sun.
Coyote, qué hiciste cabron?
Coyote, qué hiciste cabron?

Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis

Tom Waits

Hey Charlie I'm pregnant and living on 9th Street
right above a dirty bookstore off Euclid Avenue
and I stopped takin dope and I quit drinkin whiskey
and my old man plays the trombone and works out at the track

he says that he loves me even though it's not his baby
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 dancin every Saturday night

and hey Charlie I think about you everytime I pass a fillin station
on account of all the grease you used to wear in your hair
and I still have that record of Little Anthony and the Imperials
but someone stole my record player now how do you like that?

hey Charlie I almost went crazy after Mario got busted
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 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 dependin on how I feel

hey Charlie for chrissakes if you want to know the truth of it
I don't have a husband he don't play the trombone
I need to borrow money to pay this lawyer and Charlie hey
I'll be eligible for parole come Valentine's day

$29.00

Tom Waits

Little black girl in a red dress on a hot night with a broken shoe
Little black girl you should've never left home
there's probably someone still waitin' up for you
It's cold back in Chicago but the Los Angeles street is worse
all you got is twenty-nine dollars and an alligator purse

see that vulture in the Fleetwood with the chartreuse hood
sees you're tryin' to get your bearings
say hey baby which way's the main stem
wherever you say you're from he'll say he grew up there himself
he gonna come on and make you feel like you grew up right next door to him
take a left on Central he gonna throw it in reverse
all you got is twenty-nine dollars and an alligator purse

he gonna come on just like a gentleman
and oh baby you're gonna be a little shy
you say your ex-old man was a sax player
he says Baby I used to play bass with Sly
and you say you like his Cadillac
says honey I got two or three
sweetheart you're sure fortunate that you ran into me
you've done a dime in the joint you figure nothin' could be worse
than twenty-nine dollars and an alligator purse

Got Pharoh on 8-track you start smokin' a little boo
thinkin' gettin' out of Chicago was just about
the best thing that's ever happened to you
you startin' to like it already this cat seems to be cool
he says Baby I know a good old jailhouse in West-Hollywood
be just right for you
he ain't no good Samaritan he gonna make sure he's reimbursed
a lot more than twenty-nine dollars and an alligator purse

and when the streets get hungry baby and you almost hear em growl
someones savin a place for you when the dogs begin to howl
and the streets are dead they creep up and take whatever's left on the bone
and remember suckers always make mistakes
when they're far away from home
chicken in the pot whoever gets there first is gonna get themselves
twenty-nine dollars and an alligator purse

and the siren's just an epilogue the cops here always get there too late
they always stop for coffee on their way to the scene of the crime
they always try so hard to look just like movie stars
but they couldn't catch a cold
baby don't waste your dime
she's lucky to be alive the doctor whispered to the nurse
she only lost half a pint of blood twenty-nine dollars and an alligator purse

Cocaine Blues

Johnny Cash

[Verse]
Early one morning while making the rounds
I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down
I went right home and I went to bed
I stuck that loving 44 beneath my head
Got up next morning and I grabbed that gun
Took a shot of cocaine and away I run
Made a good run but I run too slow
They overtook me down in Juarez, Mexico
Late in the hot joints taking the pills
In walked the sheriff from Jericho Hill
He said, "Willy Lee, your name is not Jack Brown
You're the dirty hack that shot your woman down"
"Yes, oh yes, my name is Willy Lee
If you've got the warrant just a-read it to me
Shot her down, because she made me slow
I thought I was her daddy but she had five more"
When I was arrested I was dressed in black,
They put me on a train and they took me back
Had no friend for to go my bail
They slapped my dried up carcass in that county jail
Early next morning about a half past nine
I spied the sheriff coming down the line
Talked and he coughed as he cleared his throat
He said, "Come on you dirty hack into that district court"
Into the courtroom, my trial began
Where I was handled by twelve honest men
Just before the jury started out
I saw that little judge commence to look about
In about five minutes, in walked the man
Holding the verdict in his right hand
The verdict read, in the first degree
I hollered, "Lawdy, Lawdy, have mercy on me"
The judge, he smiled as he picked up his pin
Ninety-nine years in the Folsom Pen
Ninety-nine years underneath that ground
I can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down

Summer Wind

Johnny Mercer

The summer wind came blowing in from across the sea
It lingered there to touch your hair and walk with me
All summer long, we sang a song
And then we strolled that golden sand
Two sweethearts and the summer wind

Like painted kites, those days and nights they went flying by
The world was new, beneath a blue umbrella sky
Then softer than a piper man, one day it called to you
I lost you, I lost you to the summer wind

The autumn wind and the winter winds, they have come and gone
And still the days, those lonely days they go on and on
And guess who sighs his lullabies, through nights that never end
My fick-le friend, the summer wind

The summer wind
One summer wind
Summer wind

Love in the Hot Afternoon

By Gene Watson
From somewhere outside, I hear a
Street vendor cry "filet gumbo"
From my window I see him, going
Down the street and he don't know
That she fell right to sleep
In the damp tangled sheets so soon
After love in the hot afternoon
Now the Bourbon Street lady,
Sleeps like a baby in the shadows
(in the shadows)
She was new to me, full of mystery,
But now I know (I know)
That she's just a girl,
And I'm just a guy, in a room
For of love in the hot afternoon
We got high in the park,
This morning and we sat, without talkin'
Then we came back here,
In the heat of the day, tired of walkin'
Where under her breath,
She hummed to herself a tune
Of love in the hot afternoon

A Pretty Diamond Ring

A Pretty Diamond Ring
Recorded by T.J. Sheppard
Written by Glenn Martin

She packed up her brand new suitcase
Kissed her faithful husband
Said she was going to see her girl friend
Took the champagne flight to Vegas
A love from her past was waiting
A few drinks and the old flame burned again
After a week of nights together
He put his arms around her
he gave her a pretty diamond ring
He said now every time you wear it
I hope you'll think about me
It's just my way of saying
I'm glad you came
What a tangled web we weave
when we practice to deceive
There's no such thing as a perfect lie
When she got back home her first stop
was at a local pawn shop
She had come up with the perfect scheme
She came home with a ticket
said she found it at the airport
And gave it to her husband to redeem
Her heart almost stopped beating
when he came back with a toaster
Knowing she could never say a thing
The next day at his office his secretary kissed him
And thanked him for the pretty diamond ring

What a tangled web we weave
when we practice to deceive
There's no such thing as a perfect lie

What a tangled web we weave
when we practice to deceive
There's no such thing as a perfect lie

I'll Forgive But I Won't Forget

Paul Kelly

Sometimes the very best of friends just have to disagree
I've seen the very best of friends part forever bitter company
And you and I, we've had our share of ups and downs
But we've seen each other through
Though I have to say I always thought I was a better friend than you
You've let me down in so many little ways
You apologise and I always accept
'Cause I forgive but I don't forget

When you were hurt I took your pain, yeah I soaked up all your rage
And there were times you did the same for me, though you always complained
When all the others wrote you off I defended you, I stuck with you like glue
You're so generous and so completely selfish and I always kind of liked that about you
But this is one too many times you've treated me like a doormat
Oh I'll forgive but I won't forget

Dying comes at any time, living has no rules
Forgiving may get you favours but forgetting's just for fools

I can't believe she fucked you here and then fed me full of lies
Why don't I go and get her now
And you can fuck her again right before my eyes
Then you two can have each other
You deserve each other I bet
And I'll forgive but I won't forget
I won't forget
I'll forgive but I won't forget

Anastasia Changes Her Mind

Paul Kelly

Anastasia left a kiss on the mirror
And a couple of condoms by the bed
I tried to find her on her old number
But I just got her boyfriend instead
Oh it's hard, so hard
When Anastasia changes her mind

So I went back to working the quadrellas
I collected three times in a row
I swear it must have been that kiss on the mirror
That I'd touch with my lips just for luck each time I'd go
Oh it's hard, very hard
When Anastasia changes her mind

Now the numbers were my daily devotion
I was stashing big bills in the floor

Then one night at my door a commotion
Anastasia-at some ungodly hour!
I said 'Baby can I fix you a coffee
And tomorrow let me buy you a dress
Since you've been gone I got lucky'
She just nodded her head and said 'I guess'
Oh it's hard, yeah it's hard
When Anastasia changes her mind

Now 'Stacey' takes the crumbs from the table
And feeds them out back to the birds
Me, I can't even pick the daily double

Since that kiss on the mirror disappeared
Yeah it's hard, ain't it hard
When Anastasia changes her mind

She Can't Say That Anymore

John Conlee

I never thought I'd live to see the day
Anyone could turn my head the other way
She squirmed beside him, her mind was made
Now she can't say that anymore

I've never done this sort of thing before
Once you get started it ain't all that hard
Then he got up and locked that cheatin' door
Now she can't say that anymore

At home her porch lights burnin' as she fumbles for the key
Tonight she jumps the fences but she didn't quite get free
She's as cool as a salesman as he opens the door
She's breakin' in a new new routine for the man who walks the floor

Mama insisted that I stay awhile
You're treatin' me as if I were on trial
I've never lied to you, she kindly smiled
Now she can't say that anymore

At home her porch lights burnin' as she fumbles for the key
Tonight she jumps the fences but she didn't quite get free
She's as cool as a salesman as he opens the door
She's breakin' in a new routine for the man who walks the floor

Now she can't say that anymore

Miss Emily's Picture

John Conlee

I wake up in the morning is a state of fright
On the wrong side of the bed all night
Clinging to the broken heart Inside my head
Open my eyes and I move my hand
From 'round her pillow to the nightstand
And straighten Miss Emily's picture by my bed

Go to the office; the work's piled up
Pour three fingers bourbon in my coffee cup
Cry on my best friend's shoulder down the hall
Feel so lonely, when I close the door
Bite my nails and I walk the floor
And straighten Miss Emily's picture on my wall

Look out my window and what do I see
Nothing but pain looking back at me
All that my future means to me
Is tossing yesterday's love out into the wind
And straighten Miss Emily's picture now and then

I leave my office and I go downtown
To a little bar we all hang around
Laugh drink beer -shoot pool and have a ball
When the laughter stops and the hurt takes hold
Reach in my pocket for my billfold
And show Miss Emily's picture to em' all
I stagger in the house and I slam the door
Scatter my clothes all over the floor
Wishing I could do the same thing in my head
Drink a beer and I eat a bite
And just before I turn out the light
I straighten Miss Emily's picture by my bed

Look out my window and what do I see
Nothing but pain looking back at me
All that my future means to me
Is tossing yesterday's love out into the wind
And straighten Miss Emily's picture now and then

I Don't Remember Loving You

John Conlee

I don't remember loving you
And I don't recall the things
You say you put me through
You tell me that you've had
A guilty conscience for so long

You say that you walked out on me
You say you did me wrong
Well, I just don't see how that could be true
'Cause I don't remember loving you

I don't remember loving you
You might talk to my doctor
He drops by each day at two
I get a funny feeling when I look into your eyes
There's something in your smile
That gives my stomach butterflies
You must look like someone I once knew
But I don't remember loving you

I don't remember loving you
I heard you mention children
Did you say there's one or two?
You say I quit my job and then I drank myself insane

You say that I ran down the highway
Screaming out your name
Now that's not the sort of thing that I would do
No, I don't remember loving you

I don't remember loving you
I absolutely, positively know that can't be true
But everyone I know here in this place is very strange

If you'll hand me my crayons
I'll be glad to take your name
In case I run across that guy you knew
But I don't remember loving you

I don't remember loving you
And I don't recall the things
You say you put me through
You tell me that you've had
A guilty conscience for so long

You say that you walked out on me
You say you did me wrong
Well, I just don't see how that could be true
'Cause I don't remember loving you

Don't Stand So Close To The Window

John Conlee

Oh Marlene, how we fell
What we've done now we never can tell
Bottle of wine, then another
Suddenly we fell into each other

Don't stand so close to the window
Somebody out there might see

Then the word on the wire
Would be just like Ash Wednesday bushfire
Kiss me quick, kiss me warm
Put your dress on and hurry back home

Don't stand so close to the window
Somebody out there might see
And you're not supposed to be here with me

There's a way, there's a track
One false move and there's no turning back
Turn the page, close the book
Walk out the door now with never a look

And don't stand so close to the window
Somebody out there might see
And you're not supposed to be here with me
The walls have ears and the darkness has eyes don't you see?

Sonora’s Death Row

Well the Mezcal is free in Amanda's saloon
For the boys from the old Broken O
Saturday nights in the town of Sonora
Are the best in all Mexico
They've got guitars and trumpets and sweet senoritas
Who won't want to let you go
You'd never believe such a gay happy town
Had a street named Sonora's Death Row

Well inside Amanda's we were all dancin'
With all of Amanda's gals
I won some silver at seven card stud
So I was outdoin' my pals
But the whiskey and mezcal and peso cigars
Drove me outside for some air
Where somebody whispered "Your life or your money"
I reached but my gun wasn't there

I woke up face down in Amanda's back alley
Aware of the fool I had been
I rushed to my pony, I grabbed my Winchester
And I entered Amanda's Again
Where I saw my partners twirlin' my pistols
And throwin' my money Around
Blinded by rage, I pulled the trigger
And one of them fell to the ground

Well Amanda's grew silent like night in the desert
My friends stared in pure disbelief
Amanda was kneeling beside the dead cowboy
Plainly expressing her grief
And as I bowed my head, a tremble shot through me
My six-gun was there at my side
I felt in my pockets and there was my money
I fell to my knees and I cried

For a nightmare of mezcal was all that it was
No one had robbed me at all
I wish I was dreamin' the sound of the gallows
They're testin' just outside the walls
And the mezcal's still free in Amanda's saloon
For the boys from the old Broken O

And I'd give a ransom to drink there today
And be free of Sonora's Death Row
Yeah I'd give a ransom to drink there today
And be free of Sonora's Death Row

The Week Of Living Dangerously

I got out of work and I headed for the neighborhood beer joint
I sat around and had a beer with the boys like I always do
Well I didn't have nothin' to say anyway there ain't no point
There's just something 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue
Well it was well after dark so I knew my wife and kids were waitin'
And I guess I took a left where I generally take a right
Well I filled her up with gas, checked the oil at the Texaco station
I threw the car seat in the dumpster and headed off into the night

Woo-ohh-ooh-ooh-ooh
There's somethin' 'bout a Monday that always makes me blue

Well I headed south on 35 hell bent for vinyl
I hadn't never had her up past 55 before
Well somethin' 'bout that little red line always looked so final
Buddy you'd be surprised how fast a Chevrolet truck can go

Now, down in Mexico they've got a little place called Boystown
Where a man's still a man if you know what I'm talkin' about
Well, I walked into the Cadillac bar and I laid my cash down
I said "there's plenty more where that came from" and the lights went out

Well I woke up in a county jail 'cross the line in Laredo
With a headache and a deputy staring at me through the door
Well he said "Now how you got across that river alive, I don't know
But your wife just made your bail so now you're really dead for sure"

Now my wife, she called my boss and cried so I got my job back
And the boys down at the plant, they whisper and stare at me
Yea well my wife can find a lot of little jobs to keep me on the right track
Well, but that's a small price to pay for a week of living dangerously

Yeah-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-wee
That's a small price to pay for a week of living dangerously

Copperhead Road

Steve Earle

Well my name's John Lee Pettimore
Same as my daddy and his daddy before
You hardly ever saw Grandaddy down here
He only came to town about twice a year
He'd buy a hundred pounds of yeast and some copper line
Everybody knew that he made moonshine
Now the revenue man wanted Grandaddy bad
He headed up the holler with everything he had
It's before my time but I've been told
He never came back from Copperhead Road
Now Daddy ran the whiskey in a big block Dodge
Bought it at an auction at the Mason's Lodge
Johnson County Sheriff painted on the side
Just shot a coat of primer then he looked inside
Well him and my uncle tore that engine down
I still remember that rumblin' sound
Well the sheriff came around in the middle of the night
Heard mama cryin', knew something wasn't right
He was headed down to Knoxville with the weekly load
You could smell the whiskey burnin' down Copperhead Road

I volunteered for the Army on my birthday
They draft the white trash first,'round here anyway
I done two tours of duty in Vietnam
And I came home with a brand new plan
I take the seed from Colombia and Mexico
I plant it up the holler down Copperhead Road
Well the D.E.A.'s got a chopper in the air
I wake up screaming like I'm back over there
I learned a thing or two from ol' Charlie don't you know
You better stay away from Copperhead Road

Copperhead Road
Copperhead Road
Copperhead Road

Billy Austin

Steve Earle

My name is Billy Austin
I'm Twenty-Nine years old
I was born in Oklahoma
Quarter Cherokee I'm told
Don't remember Oklahoma
Been so long since I left home
Seems like I've always been in prison
Like I've always been alone
Didn't mean to hurt nobody
Never thought I'd cross that line
I held up a filling station
Like I'd done a hundred times
The kid done like I told him
He lay face down on the floor
Guess I'll never know what made me
Turn and walk back through that door
The shot rang out like thunder
My ears rang like a bell
No one came runnin'
So I called the cops myself
Took their time to get there
And I guess I could'a run
I knew I should be feeling something
But I never shed tear one
I didn't even make the papers
'Cause I only killed one man
But my trial was over quickly
And then the long hard wait began
Court appointed lawyer
Couldn't look me in the eye
He just stood up and closed his briefcase
When they sentenced me to die
Now my waitin's over
As the final hour drags by
I ain't about to tell you

That I don't deserve to die
But there's twenty-seven men here
Mostly black, brown and poor
Most of em are guilty
Who are you to say for sure?
So when the preacher comes to get me
And they shave off all my hair
Could you take that long walk with me
Knowing hell is waitin' there
Could you pull that switch yourself sir
With a sure and steady hand
Could you still tell youself
That you're better than I am
My name is Billy Austin
I'm twenty-nine years old
I was born in Oklahoma
Quarter Cherokee I'm told

Fancy

Reba McEntire
I remember it all very well looking back
It was the summer I turned eighteen
We lived in a one-room, rundown shack
On the outskirts of New Orleans
We didn't have money for food or rent
To say the least, we were hard pressed
Then mama spent every last penny we had
To buy me a dancing dress

Well, Mama washed and combed and curled my hair
Then she painted my eyes and lips (Lips)
Then I stepped into a satin dancing dress
That had a split on the side clean up to my hip
It was red velvet trim and it had fit me good

Well, standing back from the looking glass
There stood a woman where a half-grown kid had stood

She said, "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down"
She said, "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down"

Mama dabbed a little bit of perfume on my neck
Then she kissed my cheek
And then I saw the tears welling up in her troubled eyes
As she started to speak
She looked at our pitiful shack
And then she looked at me and took a ragged breath
She said, "Your Pa's runned off and I'm real sick
And the baby's gonna starve to death"
She handed me a heart-shaped locket that said
"To thine own self be true"
And I shivered as I watched a roach crawl across
The toe of my high-heeled shoe
It sounded like somebody else that was talking
Asking Mama, "What do I do?"
She said, "Just be nice to the gentlemen, Fancy

They'll be nice to you"

She said, "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down
Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down
Lord, forgive me for what I do
But if you want out, well, it's up to you
Now don't let me down now
Your Mama's gonna move you uptown"

Well, that was the last time I saw my Ma
The night I left that rickety shack
The welfare people came and took the baby
Mama died and I ain't been back
But the wheels of fate had started to turn
And for me there was no way out
It wasn't very long until I knew exactly
What my Mama'd been talking about
I knew what I had to do and I made myself this solemn vow
That I was gonna be a lady someday
Though I didn't know when or how
But I couldn't see spending the rest of my life
With my head hung down in shame
You know I might've been born just plain white trash
But Fancy was my name

She said, "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down"
She said, "Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down"

It wasn't long after a benevolent man
Took me in off the streets
And one week later I was pouring his tea
In a five-room hotel suite (Yes, she was)
I charmed a king, congressman
And an occasional aristocrat

Then I got me a Georgia mansion
And an elegant New York townhouse flat
And I ain't done bad (She ain't done bad)

Now in this world
There's a lot of self-righteous hypocrites that call me bad

They criticize Mama for turning me out
No matter how little we had
But though I ain't had to worry about nothing
For nigh on fifteen years

Well, I can still hear the desperation
In my poor Mama's voice ringing in my ears

"Here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down
Oh, here's your one chance, Fancy, don't let me down
Lord, forgive me for what I do
But if you want out, well, it's up to you
Now don't let me down, hon'
Your Mama's gonna move you uptown"
Oh, and I guess she did

What's A Simple Man To Do?

Steve Earle

Dear Graciela, I'm writin' this letter
Deep in the night and I'm all alone
It's nearly breakin' my heart to tell you
I'm so far away from home
I know I said I'd never cross the border
I know I promised to return to you
But I lost my job in the maquiladora
What's a simple man to do?

I met a man in Tijuana
Said he had a job for me to do
Standin' on a corner in San Diego
With a pocketful of red balloons
All I wanted was a little money
All I needed was a week or two
I never even saw the police comin'
What's a simple man to do?

Tell my mamma that I said I'm sorry
I know she didn't bring me up this way
Ask if she could light a candle for me
Pray that I'll come home someday
Oh Graciela, won't you please forgive me
I never meant to bring this shame to you
I lost my job in the maquiladora
What's a simple man to do?

Racing in the Street

I got a sixty-nine Chevy with a 396
Fuelie heads and a Hurst on the floor
She's waiting tonight down in the parking lot
Outside the Seven-Eleven store
Me and my partner Sonny built her straight out of scratch
And he rides with me from town to town
We only run for the money got no strings attached
We shut 'em up and then we shut 'em down

Tonight, tonight the strip's just right
I wanna blow 'em off in my first heat
Summer's here and the time is right
For racing in the street

We take all the action we can meet
And we cover all the north east state
When the strip shuts down we run 'em in the street
From the fire roads to the interstate
Some guys they just give up living
And start dying little by little, piece by piece
Some guys come home from work and wash up
And go racing in the street

Tonight, tonight the strip's just right
I wanna blow 'em all out of their seats
Calling out around the world, we're going racing in the street

I met her on the strip three years ago
In a Camaro with this dude from L.A.
I blew that Camaro off my back and drove that little girl away
But now there's wrinkles around my baby's eyes
And she cries herself to sleep at night
When I come home the house is dark
She sighs "Baby did you make it all right"
She sits on the porch of her daddy's house
But all her pretty dreams are torn
She stares off alone into the night

With the eyes of one who hates for just being born
For all the shut down strangers and hot rod angels
Rumbling through this promised land
Tonight my baby and me we're gonna ride to the sea
And wash these sins off our hands

Tonight tonight the highway's bright
Out of our way mister you best keep
'Cause summer's here and the time is right
For racing in the street

Cedartown, Georgia

Waylon Jennings

I got a gal in Cedartown Georgia I used to have to walk nearly three miles to court her
She never had much just a sharecropper's daughter
But I married her and took her down to New Orleans
Got a little house in the South French Quarter
Got a job tookin' bales load them on steamboat
I give the seven days pay next day unbroke
When she ain't a sleepin' all day she's a primpin'
Every evenin' when the sun goes down she starts a swarmin' on Orleans town
Walkin' into work this mornin' at daybreak
I caught her with the tall long dandy from canebreak
As she walked right by me and she looked right through me
I made up my mind what I'm a gonna do eased in the pawnshop and bought a 22
I watched as the roomclerk gave them a room key
A standin' right outside I could read Room 23
Tonight I'll put her on a train for Georgia
Gonna be a lotta kin folks squallin' and a grieving
Cause that Cedartown gal ain't breathing

No Kinda Dancer

Robert Earl Keen

The first of the month
Brings back the notion
Of a big round white dance hall
and a cool summer night
Red cherry faces set black shoes in motion
To the oom pa pa rythym of a German delight

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

A taught little bald man
Like a German war hero
With buxom matrons to a quick John Paul Jones
Drapes of crepe paper
A ball made of mirrors
Cast shiny reflections on a brass slide trombone

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

A man was still dancing
With his phantom partner
Though the band had quit playing
At the evening's end
And it made me feel lucky that I had a partner
to teach me the dance steps
And come back again

And I tried hard to tell you I was no kinda dancer

'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

And I tried hard to tell you...
'Took my hand to prove I was wrong
You guided me gently
Though I thought I could never
We were dancing together at the end of the song

Between Hello & Goodbye

Robert Earl Keen

It was you and me last Saturday alone out in the dark
It was something like no good for nothin', you're playin' with my heart
You got ?mad? and I'm alone and so I sit and cry
In between our first hello and our last goodnight goodbye

[Chorus:]
And I wonder about the words that we have wasted
I wonder about the things you say that make me start to cry
And I wonder about the time that we've forsaken
In between our first hello and our last goodnight goodbye

The headlights beamed across your face, the shadows fell on mine
The words fell down upon the road beside the borderline
Or slip into the darkness or give it one more try
In between our first hello and our last goodnight goodbye

[Chorus]

Somewhere between our first hello, my dear goodnight goodbye

Christabel

Robert Earl Keen

It's been seven long days and seven hard nights
In a sixty-two Chevy with broke taillights
An eastbound man in a westbound lane
A dishwater blonde about sixteen
Was standing on the shoulder with a ribbon in her hair
Her hand on her hip and her thumb in the air
And I pulled off the road and as she grabbed for the door
I knew the wind was cold 'cuz I'd seen it all before
And I was scared

Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream

Now the moonlight peeked in and out behind the clouds
Now and again on this godless child
And the radio was scramblin', cracklin' in the air
The ribbon she wore looked old in her hair
And I saw the moonlight sliver dead down on her face
I knew it was true she was in the wrong place
In the wrong time, in the wrong tale
I knew when I'd asked her she'd hiss, "Christabel"

Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream

She was after the man who'd left her alone
With no father beside her and love longtime gone
And the snake deep inside her a hiss in her head
The rest that had been her was dying or dead
And she'd a taste for young women with pearly white skin
She spat on the floor when she spoke of the man who made her like this
Who had written her tale
This medieval maid they call Christabel

Things ain't never what they seem

When you find yourself livin' in your own dream

Then she breathed out the story of her lover to be
A knight'n shining armor on a silvery steed
Who longed to be worthy so he sought the crusade
While she waited, breath bated, in linen brocade
But a pair of black eyes wove 'round her a spell
The snake they call Lydia seduced Christabel
And she cuddled her tender and she poisoned her soul
She stole her young body and made it her own

Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream

Now the knight would love Lydia in Christabel's arms
And Lydia would have it should he ever return
But Lydia was left with the story undone
No silvery steed no castle no throne
Half woman half serpent entwined in a spell
A barge black and fancy this medieval tale
And she faded at dawn the bird and the beast
Deep in the dreams of those bound for the east
Like me

Things ain't never what they seem
When you find yourself livin' in your own dream

Things ain't never what they seem...

Goin' Down In Style

Robert Earl Keen

I left Houston, Texas on a Gulf Coast Hurricane
I was blown down by tornadoes, washed up by the rain
Well my pappy wasn't happy with me, he told me to go
So I stole my daddy's Cadillac, and I headed down the road
I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in style.

Well I hit Corpus Christi, and the wind was at my back
I drove them women crazy in my daddy's Cadillac
I'd cruse them down the boulevard, treated them like queens
I took them all the places that they wanted to been seen
And when I had to leave them, I'd tell them with a smile
I'm headed for the border, man I'm goin' down in style

Well, you've got to take your chances if they ever come along
Close your eyes and listen to that great big engine wind
And it down really matter, whether you are right or wrong
Cause when you cross the border yeah you leave this world behind
I stomped down on the pedal, I set the cruise control
Five hundred raging horses blew on by the state patrol
Yeah, there sirens were screaming, Lord the lights were flashing red
A dozen more were waiting at the road block up ahead
I scattered them like chickens, I heard one of them cry
"He's headin' for the border man, he's goin' down in style."

Yeah when you cross the border you ain't ever coming back
And there ain't no redemption when the cops are on your tail
The closest thing to heaven, is the great big Cadillac
The city lights of Houston, or the fiery gates of hell
They nabbed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio Grande

I'm feeling just like Moses looking at the promise land
They hauled me back to Houston, they threw me into jail
My momma started crying when my daddy paid the bail
I'm sorry I'm not there to hear the outcome of my trial
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in style

Mariano

Robert Earl Keen

The man outside he works for me, his name is Mariano
He cuts and trims the grass for me he makes the flowers bloom
He says that he comes from a place not far from Guanajuato
Thats two days on a bus from here, a lifetime from this room.

I fix his meals and talk to him in my old broken spanish
He points at things and tells me names of things I can't recall
Sometimes I just can't but help but wonder who this man is
And if when he is gone will he'll remember me at all

I watch him close he works just like a piston in an engine
He only stops to take a drink and smoke a cigarette
When the day is ended, I look outside my window
There on the horizon, Mariano's silhouette

He sits upon a stone in a south-easterly direction
I know my charts I know that he is thinking of his home
I've never been the sort to say I'm in to intuition
But I swear I see the faces of the ones he calls his own

Their skin is brown as potters clay, their eyes void of expression
Their hair is black as widow's dreams, their dreams are all but gone
They're ancient as a vision of a sacrificial virgin
Innocent as crying from a baby being born

They hover around a dying flame and pray for his protection
Their prayers are all but answered by his letters in the mail
He sends them colored figures that he cuts from strips of paper
And all his weekly wages, saving nothing for himself

It's been a while since I have seen the face of Mariano
The border guards they came one day and took him far away
I hope that he is safe down there at home in Guanajuato
I worry though I read there's revolution every day

Jennifer Johnson & Me

Robert Earl Keen

Deep in the pocket, of an old sport coat jacket
I chanced to discover an old memory
Three for a quarter, a black and white portrait
Taken of Jennifer Johnson and me

I'm in the corner, my shirt collar open
Like some Latin lover, on late night TV
Smiling right there with her head on my shoulder
It's Jennifer Johnson, and she's lookin' at me

It must have been summer, Nineteen Sixty Seven
The Beatles were singing "Love Is All You Need"
I held her hand as we walked through the arcade
Two young believers on a three dollar spree

I'm in the corner, my shirt collar open
Like some Latin lover, on late night TV
Smiling right there with her head on my shoulder
It's Jennifer Johnson, and she's lookin' at me

Three for a quarter a black and white portrait
Jen, close the curtain so no one can see
Hey kiss me quick, 'cause the red light is flashing
It's flashing on Jennifer Johnson and Me

Waiting on that late night train back to home
I felt her warm, in the cool evening breeze
Told her I'd probably love her forever
Forever for Jennifer Johnson and Me

I'm in the corner, my shirt collar open
Like some Latin lover, on late night TV
Smiling right there with her head on my shoulder
It's Jennifer Johnson, and she's lookin' at me

Three for a quarter a black and white portrait
Two young believers on a three dollar spree
I saved you picture in my sport coat pocket
Jennifer Johnson, did you save one of me

The Five Pound Bass

Robert Earl Keen

Up this morning
Before the sun
Fixed me some coffee and a honey bun
Jumped in my pickup
gave her the gas
I'm goin' out to catch a five pound bass

Down by the lake side
Just off the ramp
All them people sleeping in their fishing camp
Some out in the pup tents
Some out on the grass
They all be dreaming 'bout that five pound bass

The early birdie always gets his worm
Me I always get my wish
When you're talking 'bout that five pound bass son
The early wormy gets the fish

Jumped in my john boat
I stow my gear
I fire her up and when I am in the clear
I sail across that water
As smooth as glass
Ready here I come you five pound bass

I find a perfect spot
Some old dead trees
Back in a canyon where you cain't feel no breeze
I tie my lure
I make my cast
It's breakfast time you five pound bass

That old sun is rising
That water is clear

I watch my lure as it's flying through the air
I see a ripple
I hear a splash
Lord have mercy, It's a five pound bass

[Spoken:]
That's a five pound bass son
Aw it's big as a god damned baby

Here In Arkansas

Robert Earl Keen

The north wind blows a prairie fire across the open plain
A light shines on the granite stone where someone carved my name

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

An icy ring around the moon a fire across the sky
They buried me this afternoon and left me here to die

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

Sheriff Clark, Reverend Friend, Mrs. Worthington
Told my family that I'd be the end to all they've done

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

Mother raised the children and daddy worked the farm
I was born the seventh son of the seventh born

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

All the elders did decree my soul to be unclean
They strapped me to a gurney and gave me morphine

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

Sister walks into the night and prays my soul to save
And underneath the cold moonlight she finds my open grave

Sister find the preacherman
Daddy call the law
Things have gotten out of hand
Here in Arkansas

The north wind blows a prairie fire
Here in Arkansas

.32 Blues

Chris Duarte
I'm just here to get that money
Just this favor and it ain't for me honey
So get your man, we'll make this quick
Lord, I see you ain't feeling too slick
You said he'd be back 'bout an hour ago
Oh, you look so bad
I can't hang here no more
Feel that breeze by that back door
Lord, this house is a
Killing floor
Oh, he swung that bat right at my head
Just one more inch and I'd be dead
So I put him down, then I turned to you
Now I'm looking down the hole of an old .32
My whole life passed before my eyes
Just one look at your dark surprise
Oh, you look so sick
When you pulled that trigger
Lord, I swear I'll walk if I hear that click
Yeah, I walked away and I never looked back
Just desperate souls in a broke down shack
So I walked one mile in my own shoes
Now you know I've got
Oh, I've got these .32 blues

Don’t Ask Me Why

Backsliders

See you later on tonight
And we're gonna get it right
Yea we're gonna go downtown
Gonna lay our money down
Ooh baby

Don't want your sympathy
Just watch my back for me
Honey can you drive a car
Don't you worry it's not too far
Ooh baby, don't ask me why

See you later on tonight
Then I'm gonna get things right
Don't you worry if they bright the heat
I've got a friend beneath my seat
Ooh baby, don't ask me why

Just know my man's at home
Let me see if he's alone
Keep it running while I go upstairs
And keep your eye on that alley there
Ooh baby, don't ask me why

Throwin' Rocks

Robert Earl Keen

Alright
One, two, ready, go

She wasn't bad, she wasn't good
She was just what she was
She had a thing makes a man
Do the things he does

She had a way, a special way
To speak without a word
I swear to you, this very day
That this is how it all occurred

We was throwin' rocks in the river, counting ties on the track
Thinking life could not be better, living in a shack
Feeling love for one another, deep down in our bones
Standing by the water, throwin' rocks, skippin' stones

I was raised in New Orleans
She was born in Jacksonville
And for a time, to me it seems
She made the world stand still

Throwin' rocks in the river, counting ties on the track
Thinking life could not be better, living in a shack
Feeling love for one another, deep down in our bones
Standing by the water, throwin' rocks, skippin' stones

I came home late and I caught her
With a man from out of town
Now I wait beside the water
For the flood to take me down

Throwin' rocks in the river, counting ties on the track
Pouring gas on her letters and setting fire to the shack
Screaming bloody murder, leaving nothing but the bones
Standing by the water, throwin' rocks, skippin' stones

I am standing by the water, yeah, throwin' rocks, skippin' stones

(Throwin' rocks, skippin' stones)
(Throwin' rocks, skippin' stones)
(No-no-no)...

Long Black Veil

Lefty Frizzell

Ten years ago, on a cold, dark night
There was someone killed neath the town hall light
There were few at the scene, but they all agreed
That the man who ran looked a lot like me

She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave while the night winds wail
Nobody knows, nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

The judge said Son, what is your alibi
If you were somewhere else, then you don't have to die
I spoke not a word thought it meant my life
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

The scaffold was high and eternity near
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold winds moan
In a long black veil she cries over my bones

Mr. Mudd & Gold

Townes Van Zandt

Now the wicked king of clubs awoke
It was to his queen he turned
His lips were laughing as they spoke
His eyes like bullets burned

The sun's upon a gambling day
His queen smiled low and blissfully
Let's make some wretched fool to pay
It's plain it was, they did agree

Send his deuce down into diamond
Four to hart, trey to spade
Three kings with their legions come
And preparations soon where made

They voted club, the days commander
Gave him an army, face and number
All but the outlaw jack of diamonds
And the aces in the sky

Well, they give his sevens first instructions
Spirit me a game of stud
Stakes unscarred by limitation
'Tween a man named Gold and a man named Mudd

Club filled Gold with greedy vapors
'Til his long, green eyes did glow
And Mudd was left with the sighs and trembles
Watching his hard earned money go

Flushes fell on Gold like water
Tens they paired and paired again
But the aces only flew through heaven
And the diamond jack called no man's friend

Now the diamond queen saw Mudd's ordeal
Began to think of her long lost son
Fell to her knees with a mother's mercy
And prayed to the angels every one

The diamond queen, she prayed and prayed
The diamond angel filled Mudd's hole
And the wicked king of clubs himself
Fell face down in front of Gold

Now three kings come to clubs command
But the angels from the sky did ride
Three kings up on the streets of gold
Three fireballs on the muddy side

And the club queen heard her husband's call
But Lord, that queen of diamond's joy
When the outlaw in the heavenly hall
Turned out to be a wandering boy

Now Mudd he checked and Gold bet all
Mudd he raised and Gold did call
But the smile just melted on his face
When Mudd turned over that diamond ace

And here's what this story's told
If you feel like Mudd you'll end up Gold
If you feel like lost, you'll end up found
So amigo, lay them raises down

Easy Money

Todd Snider

He tried to look like he had a little bit of money
A grifter with a southern drawl
Well I could tell right away by the the way he was runnin'
That the boy was just a beggin' to crawl
At least a junkie knows what he needs
You get a man all strung out on greed
And he'll give up everything he's got for just one shot of having it all

He took every last cent of his savings
On a trip to the local track
He had a tip from a friend
Bet it all down to win
On a horse named Heart Attack
Well now he ain't no fool, boys, he didn't bet it all
So everything was cool when that horse took a fall
But then he turned around and blew the rest
Trying to win it back

He wanted easy money
It's sad but it's true
Everybody wants the most they can possibly get
For the least they can possibly do
They want that easy money
I don't understand
God they scheme and they plan
But they can't get their hands
On no easy money

Now she'd been watching him from a table
Not too soft but not too tough
Well she figured by the money he'd been throwing around
That he was damned sure good looking enough
So she worked her way over, she shot him a wink
He took his last five bucks, he bought her a drink
By the time they hit the Motel Six
They figured they was in love, love, love, love

She loved that easy money
It's sad but it's true
Everybody wants the most they can possibly get

For the least they can possibly do
They want that easy money
I don't understand
Lord god, they scheme and they plan
But they can't get their hands
On that easy money

It must have been about two weeks later
He got a call from a business friend
Who'd found a sure fire steal of an investment deal
And honey, guess what, he's gonna let both of us in
So they took all her savings out of the bank
And on the way home they stopped to gas up the tank
She stepped in for some ciggs and she never saw the fucker again

He got that easy money
It's sad but it's true
Everybody wants the most they can possibly get
For the least they can possibly do
He thinks it's easy money
He don't understand
If you scheme and you plan
You ain't got your hands
On no easy money
You scheme and you plan
You ain't got your hands
On no easy money

24 Hours A Day

Todd Snider

Skinny young man
With born again eyes
And a Jesus tattoo on his arm
Leans on the wall
While the traffic goes by
The gas-mart at Fairview and Farm
A rap song pounds
From an '83 Caddy
While he waits on a payphone to ring
Been standing around since a quarter past nine
Still hasn't heard a thing

24 hours a day
24 hours a day
Sign says we're open the man says you pay
24 hours a day

Backed up on Farm
Carhorns are screaming
Cause some guy's Suburban is stalled
He guesses her daddy
Must be back home
Otherwise she'd have called
He thinks to himself
I guess I can't blame him
It wasn't so smart what we did
A uniformed cop gets in line with his coffee
Some women yells at her kid

24 hours a day
24 hours a day
Sign says we're open the man says you pay
24 hours a day

Carload of drunks
Pulls up in a hurry
For a six-pack before it's too late
He starts to dial
To leave one more message
Stops and decides just to wait

Could have been different
And maybe it couldn't
With some things it's too late to learn
Fumes from the gasoline hang in the air
World just continues to turn

24 hours a day
24 hours a day
Sign says we're open the man says you pay
24 hours a day

The skinny young man
With born again eyes
And a Jesus tattoo on his arm
Leans on the wall
While the traffic goes by
A gas-mart at Fairview and Farm
Hmm...

West Nashville Grand Ballroom Gown

Jimmy Buffett

Standin' on side of the Highway 4 exit
A lady in tie-dye, a bag by her side
Not really lookin' like anything special
She saw Tennessee tags and she waved for a ride

Sat right beside me as the meter hit sixty
Splainin' her travels and her family background
When she got through I could not help but thinkin'
She's a long way from a West Nashville grand ballroom gown

Father had money and her mother had love
Channelled entirely to her dear sister Dove
Twenty-two years in society's plan
Was cancelled in the swing of her dear mother's hand

Six hours later we hit Cincinnati
Yawnin', she woke up and then asked where we were
When she found out, she I must be goin'
This close to Nashville was too close for her

So I stopped by the roadside and I gave her five dollars
She took it then kissed me and gave me a note
She told me just to read it then mail it in Nashville
On old loose-leaf paper to her mother she wrote

'Mama I'm fine if you happen to wonder'
'I don't have much money but I still get around'
'I haven't made church in near thirty-six Sundays'
'So fuck all those West Nashville grand ballroom gowns'
Yes, she’s a long way from a West Nashville grand ballroom gown

Little Bird

Jerry Jeff Walker

Little bird come sit upon my window sill
Sat there through the falling rain
I watched that little bird upon my window sill
Saw my thoughts of you go by again
Picture of my face
On the window pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain?
Yeah, I remember how we talked before we said goodbye
Too young to know this world outside our door
And how we laughed and said our love was free
Like birds that fly the winds
Well the rainy day made me think of you once more
Picture of my face
On the window pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain?
I have no regrets about the past, I see how young we were
When our world was love and life was but a thought
Many things go many ways and many times but once
Well our lives have passed and that love is but a thought
Picture of my face
On the window pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain?
So as the thoughts go tumbling back I wonder how you loved
Wonder if you've seen that little bird
I wonder if he's sat upon your window sill
I wonder if you'll ever hear these words
And the picture of my face
On the window pane
Is it tears I see or is it rain?

Desperate Times

Charlie Robison

Jackie went to high school
In a little Texas town
He finished up and spent the most of next year bummin' around
He couldn't find a job to hold
So on a Friday night
He figured he could see the world and buy a 4-wheel drive
If he'd join the army
Cause these are desperate times
Well he came back four years later
A little higher off the ground
Things there hadn't changed
And that just really got him down
So he went off to San Antone
An hour to the east
And got a job workin' for the San Antone police
Well he had a pistol now
Cause these are desperate times
Well ol Jackie he got married
But his ends they wouldn't meet
His wife worked at the Texas Commerce Bank just up the street
Jackie got an idea
To get him outta debt
And they could live the good life
And drive a new Corvette
If he'd rob the bank he said
Cause these are desperate times
Well he had planned the whole thing
And while his baby worked
He came in after hours
In a black ski mask and shirt
She told him where the money was
And thats just where he went
The minute that he saw it he already had it spent
Well it wasn't easy
But these are desperate times
Well he drove off to Bandera
Cause that was his hometown
He had it in his mind just where he'd lay that money down
He went out to his mom's house
And Jack went up the hill

To bury that old suitcase full of hundred dollar bills
Well he'd let it sit a while
Cause these are desperate times
Well the bank they called the g-men
Cause they were insured by the Fed
And Jill she rolled on Jack
Cause she was in above her head
The g-men gave Jack wind of this
When they made his arrest
And he asked her why she turned on the one that she loved best
Well it wasn't easy Jack
But these are desperate times
Yeah ain't that what you always said
These are desperate times

Watching the Detectives

Elvis Costello

Nice girls, not one with a defect
Cellophane shrink-wrapped, so correct
Red dogs under illegal x
She looks so good that he gets down and begs
She is watching the detectives
"Ooh, he's so cute"
She is watching the detectives
When they shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot
They beat him up until the teardrops start
But he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no heart
Long shot at that jumping sign
Invisible shivers running down my spine
Cut to baby taking off her clothes
Close-up of the sign that says "We never close"
He snatches at you and you match his cigarette
She pulls the eyes out with a face like a magnet
I don't know how much more of this I can take
She's filing her nails while they're dragging the lake
She is watching the detectives
"Ooh, he's so cute"
She is watching the detectives
Oh when they shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot
They beat him up until the teardrops start
But he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no heart
You think you're alone until you realize you're in it
Now fear is here to stay, love is here for a visit
They call it instant justice when it's past the legal limit
Someone's scratching at the window, I wonder who is it?
The detectives come to check if you belong to the parents
Who are ready to hear the worst about their daughter's disappearance
Though it nearly took a miracle to get you to stay
It only took my little fingers to blow you away
Just like watching the detectives
Don't get cute
Just like watching the detectives

I get so angry when the teardrops start
But he can't be wounded 'cause he's got no heart
Watching the detectives
It's just like watching the detectives
Watching the detectives
Watching the detectives
Watching the detectives
Watching the detectives
They're watching the detectives
Watching the detectives

John O'Reilly

Charlie Robison

My name is John O'Reilly
And my father worked the fields
In the hills of old Kilarny
Where I helped him turn the wheels
My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of 17
And I used my fists for gambling in those wet Kilarny streets
Well the ship left for America and I brought my pack aboard
Said goodbye to my dear Ireland said a prayer to my dear Lord
I fought those sorry guineas in the kitchen they called hell
I fought them for their dollar and those guineas paid me well
Fair thee well fair Dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return
I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shore
My gut stayed full of whiskey and my bed stayed full of whores
They called my right a cannonball and my left they called the same
I left em' all lyin' half in blood and half in shame
I met a man on '32 and he stuck out his hand
And he offered me a thousand if I'd fall before his man
I said it could be done but only for another two
He smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoe
Fair thee well fair Dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return
They rang the bell two times before I let him have my nose
And I let him work my left until my eye was swollen closed
Then I let loose a right that they still talk about today
For that guinea didn't know that I had bet the other way
They covered every dock and every port there on the coast
Looking for that double crosser who had turned into a ghost
But I was on a train my friend that rode the other way
And i'll sail from California back to Dublin one fine day

Indianola

Charlie Robison

My little brother was just ten years old
When we hit bad weather and hid in the hole
We could see Texas was only a mile
And oh, little brother, I remember your smile
At Indianola
My dad built a sawmill of Cypreses and stone
It was here on Madena that we made our home
The year 1850 and I sent for my girl
Oh Fraulein, come meet me in this brand new world
At Indianola
The war they call civil had barely begun
Me and my cousins decided we'd run
Up through Louisianan to meet up with Grant
But one hundred damn rebels shot us there in the sand
At Indianola
They said up in New York, the stock market fell
And the life they was livin' was shot all to hell
But we ain't seen nothin' no different than dust
Sept the wheels on the wagon all covered with rust
At Indianola
And that scrape with old Hitler was over and done
And I wondered if I could kill kin with my gun
But we sat there in Paris in a little cafe
And as they toasted Truman, I drifted away
To Indianola
But it's fifty years later and nobody cares
About some old city that ain't even there
Well, my sons moved to Houston
And they work in the Gulf
With seven days on and seven days off
Well I work for the doctor that bought our old ranch
From first quality federal the foreclosures branch
And he calls me hillbilly and he laughs at my hair
But the cancer will get him if anything's fair
And I'll take his ashes and throw from my boat
As they crossed that ocean I'm going to float
To find me another Indianola
Indianola
Indianola

Loving County

Charlie Robison

Well, I loved a girl
She lived out in Pecos, and pretty as she could be
And I worked the rigs on out in Odessa
To give her whatever she needs
But that girl, she run with an oil company bum
'Cause the diamond was not on her hand
And he left her soon 'neath the big loving moon
To go out and X-ray the land
Now I sit in my car at the New Rainbow Bar downtown
And the frost on the windshield shines toward the sky
Like a thousand tiny diamonds in the lights of loving county
Well, I walked in that bar and I drank myself crazy
Thinking about her and that man
When in walked a woman, looking richer than sin
And ten years worth of work on her hand
Well, I followed her home and when she was alone
Well, I put my gun to her head
And I don't recall what happened next at all
But now that rich woman, she is dead
Now I drive down the highway
Ten miles from my sweet baby's arms
And the moon is so bright it don't look like night
And the diamond how it sparkles in the lights of loving county
But she opened that door and I knelt on the floor
And I put that ring in her hand
Then she said, "I do" and she'd leave with me soon
To the rigs out in South Alabama
Well, I told her to hide that ring there inside
And wait 'til the timing was good
And I drove back home and I was alone
'Cause I thought that she understood
The next night an old friend just called me to wish us both well
He said, he'd seen her downtown, sashaying around
And her diamond how it sparkled in the lights of loving county
Well that sheriff, he found me out wandering

All around El Paso the very next day
You see, I'd lost my mind on that broken white line
Before I even reached Balmorhea
Well, now she's in Fort Worth and she's just giving birth
To the son of that oil company man
And they buried that poor old sheriff's dead wife
With the ring that I stole on her hand
And sometimes they let me look up at that East Texas sky
And the rain on the pines, oh Lord, how it shines
Like my darling's little diamond in the lights of loving county

Out In The Parkin' Lot

Guy Clark

I was sittin' on the fender of someone else's truck
Drinking Old Crow whiskey, hot 7-up
Out in the parking lot

You can hear the band a playin right through the wall
Ain't no cover charge, there ain't no last call
Out in the parking lot

Now there's a couple of cowpokes puttin' up there dukes
Wasn't much to it after both of 'em puked
Out in the parking lot

Now someone called the police and the police finally came
And they wrote 'em a couple of tickets and they took a couple of names
Out in the parking lot

[Chorus:]
I love to see the neon dancin' on the gravel
I love to hear the pickup trucks come unraveled
And some have given up, some have given in
Looks like everybody's looking for a friend
Out in the parking lot

Oops there's a couple who could not wait to get home
They're probably in love so let's leave them alone
Out in the parking lot

The band is on the bus, they're all loaded up to leave
But the drummer's got a girlfriend and she's tuggin at his sleeve
Out in the parking lot

[Chorus]

Everybody's gone, they've shut out all the lights
The dust begins to settle and it's never been so quiet
Out in the parking lot

The Guitar

Guy Clark

Well, I was passing by a pawn shop
In an older part of town
Something caught my eye
And I stopped and turned around

I stepped inside and there I spied
In the middle of it all
Was a beat up old guitar
Hanging on the wall

"What do you want for that piece of junk?"
I asked the old man
He just smiled and took it down
And he put it in my hand

He said, "You tell me what it's worth
You're the one who wants it"
Tune it up, play a song
And let's just see what haunts it

So, I hit a couple of chords
In my old country way of strumming
And then my fingers turned to lightning
Man, I never heard it coming

It was like I always knew it
I just don't know where I learned it
It wasn't nothin' but the truth
So I just reared back and burned it

Well, I lost all track of time
There was nothing I couldn't pick
Up and down the neck
I never missed a lick

The guitar almost played itself
There was nothing I could do
It was getting hard to tell
Just who was playing who

When I finally put it down
I couldn't catch my breath
My hands were shaking
And I was scared to death

The old man finally got up
Said, "Where in the hell you been?
I've been waiting all these years
For you to stumble in"

Then he took down an old dusty case
Said, " Go on and pack it up
You don't owe me nothing"
And then he said, "Good luck"

There was something spooky in his voice
And something strange on his face
When he shut the lid
I saw my name was on the case

The Ride

David Allan Coe

When I was thumbing from Montgomery
I had my guitar on my back
When a stranger stopped beside me in an antique Cadillac
He was dressed like 1950
Half drunk and hollow eyed
He said it's a long walk to Nashville
Would you like a ride? Son
Well, I sat down in the front seat
He turned on the radio
And them sad old songs coming outta them speakers was solid country gold
Then I noticed the stranger was ghost white pale
When I asked him for a light
And I knew there was something strange about this ride
He said, "Mister, can you make folks cry when you play and sing?
Have you paid your dues? Can you moan the blues?
Can you bend them guitar strings?"
He said, "Boy, can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'Cause if you're big star bound let me warn you it's a long hard ride"
Then he cried just south of Nashville
And he turned that car around
He said, "This is where you get off, boy
'Cause I'm goin' back to Alabam"
And as I stepped outta that Cadillac
I said, "Mister, many thanks"
He said, "You don't have to call me mister, mister
The whole world calls me Hank"
He said, "Mister, can you make folks cry when you play and sing?
Have you paid your dues? Can you moan the blues?
Can you bend them guitar strings?"
He said, "Boy, can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'Cause if you're big star bound let me warn you it's a long hard ride"
He said, "Drifter can you make folks cry when you play and sing?
Have you paid your dues, can you moan the blues?
Can you bend them, guitar strings?"
He said, "Boy can you make folks feel what you feel inside?
'Cause if you're big star bound let me warn you, it's a long, hard ride"
If you're big star bound let me warn you it's a long, hard ride

Pontiac

Lyle Lovett

I park my pontiac
Down the hill out in back
Late every afternoon
With a coke and a cigarette
And all of the neighbors there
They see a nice old man

And the girl there across the street
She sits on her front porch swing
She never realized
What I told her with my eyes
How back in the second war
I killed twenty German boys
With my own bare hands

And the woman inside my house
She won't stop talking
She never says a thing
She just keeps talking
And I might just leave her still
After the sun goes down
And I smoke this cigarette

Switchblade

Roger Clyne
Went down to Mexico on the Fourth of July
I got a tattoo of a moth and a butterfly
Had a little time to burn, a little money to spend
And so I bought a switchblade for each of my friends

Pablo and Dan had a plan said
"We're gonna get rich
Put the double cross
On a double crossin' narco-snitch
Just a dirty little two-man job
But it's a sure-fire win
And brother when we cut him down
We gonna cut you in."

Yeah dumb and drunk as I was
You know I'd do it all again
Back when I bought a switchblade
For each of my friends

They were sharp enough to stab
Another hole in the sky
Hard enough to make the proudest diamond sigh
Faster than the rockets on the Fourth of July
Strong and cruel enough
To make a statue of Mary cry...

They said, "Amigo don'tcha worry
Now we gonna disappear
Couple of months" they said
Now it's been almost a year
I know that if you want that kind of money
Man you gotta stay brave
Federales are pullin' bodies out of shallow graves

Yeah dumb and drunk as I was
You know I'd do it all again
Back when I bought a switchblade
For each of my friends

They were sharp enough to stab
Another hole in the sky

Hard enough to make the proudest diamond sigh
Faster than the rockets on the Fourth of July
Strong and cruel enough
To make a statue of Mary cry...

Later in the fall, I got the call, "Boy won'tcha come down
Maybe put a name with a few unlucky faces we found."
Now no matter what I do, can't get my heart to mend
Somebody buried a switchblade in each of my friends

Yeah dumb and drunk as we was
You know I'd do it all again
Before I buried a switchblade
With each of my friends

They were sharp enough to stab another hole in the sky
Hard enough to make the proudest diamond sigh
Faster than the rockets on the Fourth of July
Strong and cruel enough
To make a statue of Mary cry...

Yeah, they were sharp enough to stab another hole in the sky
Hard enough to make the proudest diamond sigh
Faster than the rockets on the Fourth of July
Strong and cruel enough
To make a statue of Mary cry...

South Texas Girl

Lyle Lovett

Saint Mother Maria watch over us please
As we wonder around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

Three in the front seat they sat on each side
That green-and-white 58 Fairlane it would glide
Down farm roads past open fields seeming like no big deal
As it was happening I never felt a thing

But now looking back it seems like it was everything
Singing with mom just so we could hear ourselves sing
Stealing a drink from the cold can in daddy's lap
Protected by only a small thin brown paper sack

And the wind blew the echoes of long-faded voices
And they'd sing me a song that the old cowboys sang
And I didn't know what the words meant or anything
I was just singing because I was supposed to

Sing Mother Maria watch over us please
As we wonder around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

And with the windows wide open it felt hot to us anyway
Three bound together on a day just like any day
They told me and taught me and showed me and bought me
Whatever I wanted from the corner U-tote-M

They say the name Corpus Christi means the body of Jesus
Pronounce it Refugio city folks they don't know
It looks like Palacios but sounds like
Just listen the next time you're watchin' Sid Lasher

And the wind blew the echoes of long-faded voices
And they would sing me a song that the old cowboys sang
And I didn't know what the words meant or anything
I was just singing

Saint Mother Maria watch over us please
As we wonder around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

And I didn't know what the words meant or anything
I was just singing

And these days with car seats and open container laws
Social correctness leaves no room for Santa Claus
Sitting right next to me she looks like that used to be
Song that they sang for me

And with the windows wide open it feels hot to us anyway
Two bound together on a day just like any day
The wind blows the echoes of long-faded voices
And they sing us a song that the old cowboys sang
And now that I know what the words mean and everything
I am still singing

Saint Mother Maria watch over us please
As we wonder around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

Saint Mother Maria watch over us please
As we stumble around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

Saint Mother Maria watch over us please
As we wonder around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

Saint Mother Maria watch over us please
As we wonder around in this dangerous world
Thank Mother Maria there's nothing so sweet
As the undying love of a South Texas girl

The Randall Knife

Guy Clark

My father had a Randall knife
My mother gave it to him
When he went off to WWII
To save us all from ruin
If you've ever held a Randall knife
Then you know my father well
If a better blade was ever made
It was probably forged in hell

My father was a good man
A lawyer by his trade
And only once did I ever see
Him misuse the blade
It almost cut his thumb off
When he took it for a tool
The knife was made for darker things
And you could not bend the rules

He let me take it camping once
On a Boy Scout jamboree
And I broke a half an inch off
Trying to stick it in a tree
I hid it from him for a while
But the knife and he were one
He put it in his bottom drawer
Without a hard word one

There it slept and there it stayed
For twenty some odd years
Sort of like Excalibur
Except waiting for a tear

My father died when I was forty
And I couldn't find a way to cry
Not because I didn't love him

Not because he didn't try
I'd cried for every lesser thing
Whiskey, pain and beauty
But he deserved a better tear
And I was not quite ready

So we took his ashed out to sea
And poured 'em off the stern
And threw the roses in the wake
Of everything we'd learned
When we got back to the house
They asked me what I wanted
Not the lawbooks not the watch
I need the things he's haunted

My hand burned for the Randall knife
There in the bottom drawer
And I found a tear for my father's life
And all that it stood for

The Cape

Guy Clark

Eight years old with a flour sack cape tied all around his neck
He climbed up on the garage, he's figurin' what the heck, well
He screwed his courage up so tight that the whole thing come unwound
He got a runnin' start and bless his heart, he's headed for the ground

Well, he's one of those who knows that life is just a leap of faith
Spread your arms and hold your breath and always trust your cape

Now, he's all grown up with a flour sack cape tied all around his dream
And he's full of spit and vinegar and he's bustin' at the seam
Well, he licked his finger and he checked the wind, it's gonna be do or die
And he wasn't scared of nothin', boys, he was pretty sure he could fly

Well, he's one of those who knows that life is just a leap of faith
Spread your arms and hold your breath and always trust your cape

Now, he's old and gray with a flour sack cape tied all around his head
And he's still jumpin' off the garage and will be till he's dead
All these years the people said, he was actin' like a kid
He did not know he could not fly and so he did

Well, he's one of those who knows that life is just a leap of faith
Spread your arms and hold your breath and always trust your cape
Yes, he's one of those who knows that life is just a leap of faith
Spread your arms and hold your breath and always trust your cape

Immigrant Eyes

Guy Clark

Oh Ellis Island was swarming
Like a scene from a costume hall
Decked out in the colors in Europe
And on fire with the hope of it all
There stood my father's own father stood huddled
With the tired and hungry and scared
Turn of the century pilgrims
Bound by the dream that they shared
They were standing in lines just like cattle
Poked and prodded and shoved
Some were one desk away from sweet freedom
Some were were torn from someone they love
Through this sprawling tower of babel
Came a young man confused and alone
Determined and bound for America
And carryin' everything that he owned

Sometimes when I look in my grandfather's Immigrant Eyes
I see that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings inside
I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life
So don't take it for granted say grandfather's Immigrant Eyes

Now he rocks and stares out the window
But his eyes are still just as clear
As the day he sailed through the harbor
And come ashore on the island of tears
My grandfather's days are numbered
But I won' t let his memory die
'Cause he gave me the gift of this country
And the look in his Immigrant Eyes

Watermelon Dream

Guy Clark

The sun was hot and the dust rose up like smoke
So we hid beneath the elm tree and watched the watermelons float
There in a big 'ol tub of ice
And we'd split em open with a kitchen knife
And everybody had a slice it was a watermelon dream

[Chorus]
Ain't nothin' sweeter than a watermelon dream
'Cept sittin on the front porch eatin' that peach ice cream
When life is really sweeter than it seems
That's what you've got to call a watermelon dream

With sticky hands and and faces we fought the yellow-jackets to a draw
Then we used the rind for second base and played a little hard ball
I don't know how much we ate
But we all got the belly-ache
And everybody stayed up what too late
It was a watermelon dream

[Chorus]

Then a little after sundown we'd be runnin out of steam
So we'd light a roman candle and try to hold on tho the dream
Maybe slip out behind a car
Take a little tastes from a jar
Then just lay back and count the stars
That's called a watermelon dream

Wanna Rock and Roll

Ray Wylie Hubbard

Last night I went down to the railroad tracks
To watch that train roll by
99 cars screaming into the dark
I heard the lonesome whistle cry
With her name on my arm and the rain coming down
I kissed her like it was the first time
I took her down to the railroad tracks
And her red, red lips touched mine
She said, "I wanna rock & roll
Wanna hoochie coo
Shake that thing
Baby, love me do"
The woman's got a walk to make a man cry
Throw back his head and howl
Ruby red lips, liquid hips
More than the law will allow
If I told her once, I told her twice
I must have told her a thousand times
I got a red hot mind and a cold black heart
I am the jealous kind
Where the woman just laughed and said, "Sweet Daddy
You know you are the only one
You're my smooth lover boy, my heartache and joy
Come on let's have some fun"
I wanna rock & roll
Wanna hoochie coo
Shake that thing
Baby, love me do
It was early last night, I went downtown
To a place called Johnny's Last Stand
Through the blues and the smoke, I saw her on the dance floor
She's with another man
The dead man's name was Louie Dupree
I pushed the little button on my knife
I walked up and I said, "Well hello boys and girls

Have you enjoyed your life?"
It's time to rock & roll
Time to hoochie coo
Time to shake that thing
Baby, love me do
Last night I went down to the railroad tracks
To watch that train roll by
99 cars screaming into the dark
I heard the lonesome whistle cry
With her name on my arm and the rain coming down
I kissed her for the very last time
I took her down to the railroad track
And her dead, red lips touched mine
I wanna rock & roll
Wanna hoochie coo
Shake that thing
Baby, love me do
Wanna rock & roll
Wanna hoochie coo
Shake that thing
Baby, love me do
Baby, love me do
Baby, love me do
Baby, love me do
Baby, love me do

Warsaw 1941

Johnny Clegg, Savuka

Amambuka, amambuka azothengisa izwe lakithi, izwe lakithi
He was taken in the night
They came without any warning
No time to hide or fight
They came like bees aswarming
The questions start to fly
Will he break or will he defy?
Can he withstand the worst that is to come?
A child in a man's clothing
Resisting the fascist' ploy
The underground puts iron in the heart of any boy
Swimming in a sea of pain, he knows this is the end
He hears himself whisper the name of his best friend
I never betrayed you, and I never betrayed the revolution
I just didn't want to die alone, I needed you to see me home
And if I could save you, and if I could find a solution
I would die a thousand times, to get you out of here
Sharing the same cold cell
Betrayer and betrayed
An island with two frightened castaways
Not a word is spoken,
How can he explain?
Through swollen eyes they watch the dawn's first rays
It's all over now
They stand backs to the wall
Waiting for the fascist's sword to fall
In the desperation of a young life about to end
He turns before the bullet
And forgives a friend
I never betrayed you, and I never betrayed the revolution
I just didn't want to die alone, I needed you to see me home
And if I could save you, and if I could find a solution
I would die a thousand times, to get you out of here

Moliva

Johnny Clegg
Hawu baba ngashada intombi yami esikolweni emoliva
(Oh father I married my girl at the school on Mooi River)
Kwashunqa uthuli kwandlovu madoda silwela lobuhle
(The dust was rising with all the preparations at Ndlovu's home)
Usipho wakipha izinkomo ezamalobolo ezinamasondo
(Sipho paid the bride price with a motor car)
Wadlala umukwa wami, wadlala engalindile
(And my father-in-law performed an unexpected war dance
on the spur of the moment)
Wadlala umukwa wami engalindile kwakhikhiza abafazi
(My father-in-law performed an unexpected war dance
and the women encouraged him with shrill cries)
Ngisho izulu eliphezulu lalihleka kancane
(Even the Heaven above - i.e. the Zulu King - gave a small laugh)
'Zulu eliphezulu lalikhona lalihleka kancane
(The Heaven above was present and he gave a small laugh)
Emoliva, emoliva
(At Mooi River)

Chorus:
Yamnandi lendaba ngaze ngashada emoliva ngiyabonga webanguni
(It was a wonderful event, for I eventually got married at Mooi River
and I thank you people of the chunu clan)
Ngaze ngashada ngaze ngathola nowami
(I eventually got married, I eventually even got my own wife)

Wemzila wangincelisa amasiko ngaze ngaba wumuthu
(Mzila! you suckled me on the traditions and customs
of the Zulu and I became a person)
Hawu wemakhabela nangikhulisa ngaze ngaba wumuthu
(Oh you people from Makhabeleni you raised me until I became a person)
Kungathiwani ngani banguni nahlanganisa zonke izizwe
(And what can be said about you, Machunu people,
for you brought together all the nations)
Nahlanganisa zonke izizwe ubesehlulekile ubotha
(You brought all the nations together,
Botha long having failed to do this)
Nahlanganisa zonke izizwe ngobuhle ubesehlulekile ubotha
(You brought all the nations together in good spirit,
Botha having long failed)
Emoliva

(At Mooi River)

Chorus

(Here I call out the praise names of various people who have been important in my life, most of whom were present at my marriage)

Chorus

Dixie Drugstore

By Grant Lee Buffalo
Oh Jambalaya
Oh Jambalaya
It was muggy July around supper time
When I pulled into New Orleans
I got dropped off at South Rampart Street
I was hungry for a plate of greens
I made my way down the banquette
Where I could see an open door
And overhead a sign made of painted pine read
The Dixie Drug Store
Peppers and roots were hanging from the rafters above
There were oils and sprays all on display
For money, luck and for love
I reached down to pick one up
When a dark hand grabbed my arm
And before I could see just who it was
She said "You don't want that charm"
Oh Jambalaya
"The last man to walk that thing out of here
Just up and disappeared
Found his wallet and his wingtip shoes
Near a tombstone down in Algiers
What you need, my travelling friend
Is a place to wash your jeans
And I wouldn't be the least surprised
If you were hungry for a plate of greens"
She beckoned me on up the stairs
For she'd done made up her mind
Said "Take off your hat and kick off your boots
And leave your pride behind"
Oh Jambalaya
She took me down to a secret place
In the bayou of her blankets
She offered to share her bourbon
I thanked her then I drank it
Thru a small crack in the ceiling
Burst the Louisiana moon
It shone down on our bodies
And we began to croon
Like a couple of coyotes
We were howling thru the night

And I swear they were a beatin' those Congo drums outside
Oh Jambalaya
We laughed until the mornin'
By then my pants had dried
I picked up my hat and pulled on my boots
And I gathered up my pride
I figured she had done stepped out
I didn't see her anywhere
And I set out to find her
I headed on downstairs
Got down to the bottom
I couldn't believe my eyes
Gone were all the bottles
And the remedy supplies
Oh Jambalaya
I shouted out for Marie
I darted out the door
An old man on the wooden porch said
"What you in there for?
Son, you got no business
The hoodoo store's been closed
Long as I remember
A century I suppose"
"But Mister, I just spent the night
With a young gal named Laveau"
He said "The Widow Paris
Done had a little laugh on you"
I said "You mean to tell me
That was the voodooin'?"
He nodded yes, "None other
The Queen of New Orleans"
Oh Jambalaya
Oh Jambalaya
Oh Jambalaya
Oh Jambalaya
Oh Jambalaya
Oh Jambalaya

Hotel California

The Eagles
On a dark desert highway
Cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas
Rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance
I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night
There she stood in the doorway
I heard the mission bell
And I was thinkin' to myself
'This could be heaven or this could be hell
Then she lit up a candle
And she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor
I thought I heard them say
Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (any time of year)
You can find it here
Her mind is Tiffany-twisted
She got the Mercedes bends, uh
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys
That she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard
Sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember
Some dance to forget
So I called up the Captain
"Please bring me my wine"
He said, "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969"
And still those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say
Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
They livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise)

Bring your alibis
Mirrors on the ceiling
The pink champagne on ice
And she said, "We are all just prisoners here of our own device"
And in the master's chambers
They gathered for the feast
They stab it with their steely knives
But they just can't kill the beast
Last thing I remember
I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back
To the place I was before
"Relax", said the night man
"We are programmed to receive
You can check out any time you like
But you can never leave”

Deep In a Dream

I dim all the lights and I sink in my chair
The smoke from my cigarette climbs through the air
The walls of my room fade away in the blue
And I'm deep in a dream of you
The smoke makes a stairway for you to descend
You come to my arms, may this bliss never end
For we love anew just as we used to do
When I'm deep in a dream of you
Then from the ceiling, sweet music comes stealing
We glide through a lover's refrain, you're so appealing
That I'm soon revealing my love for you over again
My cigarette burns me, I wake with a start
My hand isn't hurt, but there's pain in my heart
Awake or asleep, ev'ry mem'ry I'll keep
Deep in a dream of you

Death of the Last Stripper

Terry Allen
She had a boy from some guy from Fresno
Where he is now, none of us know
She had a number on some paper in her purse
That was the number we tried first

Yeah, but nobody answered
Every time we tried
We're the only ones in the world
That even know she died

Gave her clothes to the Goodwill, except for one pretty dress
Tried to make her face up, so she could look her best
Got carnations at the Safeway, but no roses there
Had no money for a preacher, so we tried to say a prayer

Nobody answered
Every time we tried
We're the only ones in the world
That even know she died

Yeah, they shut down the mill; now there's no one around
She was the last stripper of the last club in town
Can't say that I knew her, can't say we were friends
But I still try that number every now and then

Nobody answered
Every time we tried
We're the only ones in the world
That even know she died
We're the only ones in the world
That even know she died

Such a Night

Dr. John

Such a night, it's such a night
Sweet confusion under the moonlight
Such a night, such a night
To steal away, the time is right

Your eyes caught mine, and at a glance
You let me know that this was my chance
But you came here with my best friend Jim
And here I am, tryin' to steal you away from him

Oh, but if I don't do it, you know somebody else will
If I don't do it, you know somebody else will
If I don't do it, you know somebody else will
If I don't do it, you know somebody else will

And it's such a night, it's such a night
Sweet confusion under the moonlight
It's such a night, such a night
To steal away, the time is right

Yeah, I couldn't believe my ear
And my heart just skipped a beat
When you told me to take you walkin' down the street
Oh yeah, you came here with my best friend Jim
Here I am, I'm stealin' you away from him

Oh, but if I don't do it, you know somebody else will
If I don't do it, you know somebody else will
If I don't do it, you know somebody else will
If I don't do it, you know somebody else will

'Cause it's such a night

I Hope That I Don’t Fall in Love with You

Tom Waits
"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.

Highway 17

Rodney Crowell

I put away fifteen grand doing one-night stands mostly liquor stores and fillin' stations
Me and this peepin' Tom by the name of J.D. Swan and any number of his odd blood relations
This was armed robbery 1957 and mostly our getaways were clean
Then I'd pay off the boys and bury my bread out on Highway 17

I had five kids and a wife with one dress and a yard full of cars that wouldn't running
My two oldest boys they were on to my noise they despised what their daddy done
But I did my thing the best I could maing plans by the light of day
And then night would fall and it was time to call and I was always on my way

Now J.D. he was crazy and he was inbred he drank whiskey like it was goin' out of style
You know I should have seen it coming the writing was on the wall he was getting just a little too loose and wild
And he made his mistake out on Airline Drive, you know those North Houston cops are quick
They blew a hole in J.D. the size of Dallas and put a lump on my head with the brunt of a nightstick

You know 5-10 in Huntsville ain't no good times boys but I walked that line do you know what I mean
'Cause my mind was snug on that hole I dug out on Highway 17
I said my mind was snug on that hole I dug out on Highway 17

So I served my time only way I knew how thinking big and making plans
All about the way I was gonna change the world when I get my hands on that 15 grand
You know C.W. and Herschel my two oldest boys they took care of their momma and their little sisters the best way that they could
Dealing dimes and stealing hubcaps you know pretty soon they were doing good
So I walked out those prison gates a free man on the first day of November 19 and '63
I kissed my wife and I hugged my babies but they didn't seem the same to me

You know the boys looked on they were already grown it was written across their eyes and their faces
I'm the perfect sample of a bad example gone forever from their graces
But baby six long years and a lot can change many miles beyond your wildest dreams
But a six-lane wide modern interstate ride out on Highway 17
Lord they sunk my ship 'neath a concrete strip out on Highway 17
Man they broke my back they built a concrete track out on Highway 17
Well, you know it ain't funny but they buried my money out on Highway 17

Shades of Gray

Robert Earl Keen
We made Oklahoma a little after 3
Randy, his brother Bob and my old G-M-C
We had some moonshine whiskey
And some of Bob's homegrown
We were so messed up we didn't know
If we were drunk or stoned
Randy was a sad-sack, tall kinda frail
Bob was a raving maniac, crazy in the head
They been kicked out of high school several years ago
For pushin' over port-a-cans at the 4-H rodeo
Since then they've done their little dance
Right outside the law
Popped twice in Oklahoma, once in Arkansas
And I don't know what possessed me
To want to tag along
Cause I was raised a Christian
And I knew right from wrong

[Chorus]
Right or wrong, black or white
Cross the line your gonna pay
In the dawn before the light
Live and die by the shades of gray
We stole two Charolais heifers from
Randy's sweetheart's paw
Sold them at the livestock sale
Outside of Wichita

We got $900 and never did suspect
The world of hurt we'd be in once
We cashed that check
Next day we heard the story
On the local radio
Made our plans that very night
To go to Mexico
I swear we would have made it
If it wasn't for that shine
I got sick about the time we crossed
That Kansas line

[Chorus]

I was layin in the bar ditch
Prayin I would die
When a light come on above us
And a voice come from the sky
A half a dozen unmarked cars
Came screeching to a halt
They grabbed bob, he started screamin'
It was all my fault

There were men and dogs
And helicopter buzzin' all around
They had the brothers on the
Pickup hood and me down on the ground
Bob flew all to pieces but randy he
Held tight when a black man in a
Suit and tie stepped out into the light
He told his men to turn us loose
They put down their guns
He said these are just some
Sorry kids, they ain't the ones

[Chorus]
They left us by the roadside
Down hearted and alone
Randy got behind the wheel
Said boys I'm going home
We turned around to face our fate
Downhearted but alive on that
Mornin' in late April, Oklahoma, 1995

Travelin’ Soldier

Bruce Robison
Two days past eighteen
He was waiting for the bus in his army green
Sat down in a booth in a café there
Gave his order to a girl with a bow in her hair

He's a little shy so she give him a smile
And he said, "Would you mind sittin' down for a while
And talking to me?
I'm feeling a little low."
She said, "I'm off in an hour and I know where we can go."

So they went down and they sat on the pier
He said, "I bet you got a boyfriend but I don't care.
I got no one to send a letter to.
Would you mind if I sent one back here to you?"

I cried
Never gonna hold the hand of another guy
Too young for him they told her
Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier
Our love will never end
Waitin' for the soldier to come back again
Never more to be alone when the letter said
A soldier's coming home

So the letters came from an army camp
In California then Vietnam
And he told her of his heart
It might be love and all of the things he was so scared of
He said, "When it's getting kinda rough over here,
I think of that day sittin' down at the pier.
And I close my eyes and see your pretty smile.
Don't worry, but I won't be able to write for awhile."

I cried
Never gonna hold the hand of another guy
Too young for him they told her
Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier
Our love will never end
Waitin' for the soldier to come back again
Never more to be alone when the letter said

A soldier's coming home

One Friday night at a football game
The Lord's Prayer said and the Anthem sang
A man said, "Folks would you bow your heads
For a list of local Vietnam dead."
Crying all alone under the stands
Was a piccolo player in the marching band
And one name read but nobody really cared
But a pretty little girl with a bow in her hair

I cried
Never gonna hold the hand of another guy
Too young for him they told her
Waitin' for the love of a travelin' soldier
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Don't Stand So Close To Me

The Police

Young teacher, the subject of schoolgirl fantasy
She wants him so badly, knows what she wants to be
Inside her there's longing, this girl's an open page
Bookmarking, she's so close now
This girl is half his age

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Her friends are so jealous
You know how bad girls get
Sometimes it's not so easy to be the teacher's pet
Temptation, frustration so bad it makes him cry
Wet bus stop, she's waiting his car is warm and dry

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Loose talk in the classroom to hurt they try and try
Strong words in the staffroom the accusations fly
It's no use, he sees her he starts to shake and cough
Just like the old man in that book by Nabokov

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, oh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, oh

(Please don't stand so close to me)
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
(Please don't stand so close to me)
Don't stand, don't stand so

Don't stand so close to me

(Please don't stand so close to me)
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
(Please don't stand so close to me)
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

(Please don't stand so close to me)
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
(Please don't stand so close to me)
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Calling and Not Calling My Ex

By Okkervil River

She was once mine
That smile that shines from the glossy magazine that's stuck inside the Sunday times
She was so sweet
On Christmas eve
With the snow set deep when we went walking through the pines
I had just been fired and her first offer had arrived
And the new year would see her flying far away from me
Though I didn't know it a the time

With out-stretched hands
Now she commands a famous figure
For every picture
And she stands up strong and she demands
And they deliver
Yeah she's a fixture
And it's mixture of dumb jealously and fear that I might feel
Should she appear
Just like it hasn't been three years
And there's distance to her voice over the phone
And that's because she stands alone
While I'm still sitting here

Girl you see me here on another quite night
I will wait until another indistinguishable day arrives
I'll sigh when the light is even and bright
Where my life is sweet while it's slightly disappointingly just gliding softly by
Girl you won't wait for me
In some secluded stand of trees
Some Christmas eve some god was kind enough to set aside
Although I love you too, I'm proud of you
God knows I'm feeling really stupid now
For ever having said "goodbye"

During the fight
I said yeah right
When insisted that I'd visit
That you'd write
Now I know you're working hard so I never hear from you
And that's fine
You look the same on TV as when you where mine

I walk in from the kitchen and I finger the remote control
I watch you from the distance you go walking through the terminal
I remember every instance when you stunned me
Well you're so lovely yeah you're so smart

So go turn their heads
Go knock them dead
Go break their hearts

Go break their hearts
Baby break their hearts
And I know you will

No. 29

Steve Earle

I was born and raised here this town's my town
Everybody knows my name
But ever since the glass plant closed down
Things round here ain't never been the same
I got me a good job alright but some nights
Take me to another time
Back when I was No. 29

I was pretty good then don't you know watch him go
Buddy I could really fly
Everyone in town came, hip flasks, horn blasts
Any autumn Friday night
Sally yelled her heart out push em back, way back
I was hers and she was mine
Back when I was No. 29

We were playin' Smithville big boys, farm boys
Second down and four to go
Bubba brought the play in good call my ball
Now they're gonna see a show
But Bubba let his man go I cut back, heard it crack
It still hurts me but I don't mind
Reminds me I was No. 29

Now I go to the ballgames cold nights, half pints
Friday nights I'm always here
We got a pretty good team, good boys, strong boys
District champs the last three years
Got a little tailback pretty slick, real quick
I take him for a steak sometimes
Nowadays he's No. 29

I don't follow rainbows, big dreams, brass rings
I've already captured mine
Back when I was No. 29

West Texas Highway

Jerry Douglas

Now I was driving down
A West Texas highway
I saw a hitchhiker
And his thumb was pointing my way
He didn't look suspicious
And he didn't look any too clean

I put on my brakes
And I opened my door
I could tell he was a bum
By the muddy boot he wore
He said I'm going down to Haskell
Got a woman down in Abilene

He said East Texas
Is where I come from
I was working a rodeo out there
And it sure got humdrum
So I'm just traveling around
A whole lot of Texas I've seen

I'm mighty glad
You were going my way
In your brand new clothes there
And your great big Chevrolet
I'm going down to Haskell
Got a woman down in Abilene

Well he was grinning like a possum
And a mighty happy rascal
And he waved good-bye
When I let him out in Haskell
And that's about the last
Of that old road tramp
I ever did see

But I'm still wishing
To this very day
That he had my clothes
And my big Chevrolet

And it was me going to Haskell
With a woman down in Abilene

Drive-In Movies and Dashboard Lights

Nanci Griffith
Sister had a crystal voice
She played a Silverstone from Montgomery Ward
Baez songs and Monroe hair
She sure could turn the boys heads to stare
Swimwear saunter, tan and haunt them
Was all she learned in school
Books were for the other girls
And the other girls were fools
Texas back in '69 was drive in movies and dashboard lights

Father waltzed her down the aisle
Cause college didn't suit her style
The sad truth was she could barely read
But if you told dear father, well he wouldn't believe you
The telephone rang and drove mother insane
From all the hearts left on the shelf
Sisters gone and she won't be home
Cause she didn't take care of herself
Texas back in '69 was drive in movies and dashboard lights

Where is she now
The backseat queen of fraternity
Where is she now
She's heavy on thigh
And light on integrity
Someone should have told her
When beauty's all you offer
How soon the world discovers
That your beauty's gone
Its gone

Mother can't you hear your daughter crying
Father wake up her youth is dying
The kids are gone
Husbands gone away
And its a shame cause she had such a lovely face
Can't you see she needed more than

"Oh what a pretty child"
You never taught her truth from lie
All you told her was to smile
Texas back in '69 was drive in movies and dashboard lights

Where is she now
The backseat queen of fraternity
Where is she now
She's heavy on thigh
And light on integrity
Someone should have told her
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Texas back in '69 was drive in movies and dashboard lights.