

Younger Than I Was

Bag o' Bones on the funny side of the street
Tappin' out a rhythm with his two left feet
Mama's in the kitchen with a pot o' hot grease
Throwin' live chickens in it piece by piece
Daddy's in the basement won't come out
Sissie's in the attic singin' "Twist & Shout"
I was on the stoop watchin' Bag o' Bones
Wishin' in was Keith in the Rolling Stones
Younger than I was, upper lip fuzz
Doin' what every teenage boy does

I got a canoe and a case of beef stew
If we can find a river god knows what we'll do
Cigarette's kill ya but they're really fun to smoke
I'll smoke 'em when I'm older, smoke 'em 'til I choke
Watchin' Bag o' Bones with his headphones on
Classic rock baby and he's singing along
I got a little brother and his name is Phil
He don't act right and I don't think he ever will
Mama's in the basement alone with Dad
I walked in on 'em once and wish I never had
Younger than I was, upper lip fuzz
Doin' what every teenage boy does

They say do unto others as you would have them do unto you
But I like insulting folks and I like being insulted too
Something's happening here and you know it Mr. Jones
I learned the golden rule from Bag o' Bones
Younger than I was, got a light buzz
Doin' what I wanna do just because
Younger than I was
Younger than I was
Younger than I was
Younger than I was
Younger than I was, upper lip fuzz
Doin' what every teenage boy does

Wake The Dead

I write songs in my head
About the childhood that I left
Played the songs and I was fed
Met a girl and we were wed yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I light candles in my head for the things I never said
Taste of wine makes me sad and helpless
All and all I'm feeling fabulous
So wake the dead
Wake the dead

Bought a house and that was that
Had a kid and added cats
All good things must come to pass
Kick the can and raise a glass yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I light candles in my head for the things I never said
Taste of wine makes me sad and helpless
All and all I'm feeling fabulous
So wake the dead
Wake the dead

My homes a rest stop for dead people treasure
A thrift store vault is all that I'm after
A spool of thread a cast iron raptor
A blue giraffe set out to pasture

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About the childhood that I left
Played the songs and I was fed
Met a girl and we were wed yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
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So Cliche

She's a hot little pop star
Teasing the boys until they start to fight
Gun slinging her Les Paul
Strutting the stage every night

Everyone knows you've got a thing for her
It's hard to believe you're not embarrassed by everything that you say
You're so cliche

Pulling up in your Jaguar
Buying drinks for the kids at night
Yeah, she knows who just you are
And she slides away cause it don't feel right

Everyone knows you've got a thing for her
You can't even see anything besides the kind of guitar that she plays
Everyone knows that you're no good for her
It's hard to believe you're not embarrassed by everything that you say
You're so cliche

You bought her that guitar
So she'll listen to what you say
Won't get in that Jaguar
But she drinks on your tab all day
And you always go too far
Vulgar jokes with a touch of grey
Sunburst little superstar
Gonna give it all back some day hey hey

Everyone knows you've got a thing for her
You can't even see anything besides the kind of guitar that she plays
Everyone knows that you're no good for her
It's hard to believe you're not embarrassed
by everything that you say
You're so cliche
Everything that you say
You're so cliche

I Can't Leave the USA

An English man in Germany
Said I would make good company
But I can't leave the USA

Another good bloke moved to Papua New Guinea
He said come down. The weather is pretty
But I can't leave the USA

Bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye

The Eiffel Tower stepped on Lady Liberty
Thanks for all these choices you've given me
But I can't leave the USA
All the ugly things that we wanna hide
Like lying and cheating and maybe homicide
But I can't leave the USA

Bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye

When I was eighteen, I should have been a man
I knew one day I'd have to take a stand
But I can't leave I just gotta stay
The only life for me is the American way! Ha!

I try to speak but you don't hear what I say
Fried chicken apple pie and Chevrolet
So, I can't leave the USA

I'm dancing in the mess everyday
Living the dream the American way
But I can't leave the USA
Bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye

Big Brother

Hey Big Brother, big brother, I wrote you a song
Don't be afraid, it's not very long
We can walk in the light
And if something's not right

You jumped off the roof back in '72
I know 'cause I stood in the front yard and watched you
It didn't end well
I laughed like hell

Sailors and rockers, jets and guitars
You hang out with vets, I hang out in bars
You vote one way and I vote the other
Time's running out, Time's running out
hey brother, hey brother, big brother

Plainview Drive was a tough neighborhood
You gave as you got best as you could
We rode bikes at night
Learned how to fight

We were working poor in the bell bottom south
You ran track and I ran at the mouth
Time goes by
Accusation fly

Sailors and rockers, jets and guitars
You hang out with vets, I hang out in bars
You vote one way and I vote the other
Time's running out, Time's running out
hey brother, hey brother, big brother

Fading Out of You

Where am I? Where are you?

Right here

Right here

She's almost half way out the door

So many cats have come and gone

Toys are wrapped neatly stored in the attic

She's like a pop song we created

Like a drunk that won't go home

Happy days are created to ease the sadness when I'm all alone

I think I'm fading out of you

An ancient tide

A misplaced moon

A photograph of something used

Reminds me of our days of you

Sad thoughts for those who faded

My childhood house you're safe there

Shielded by hiding places

Cool songs and daydream mazes

The first night that you cried broke the silence of our lives

Down a "Soft Cell" music ride

Out of the womb into the night

It all got crazy out of tune

You walked around in mismatched shoes

You dreamt of colors I never knew

These happy days are made of you

I think I'm fading out of you

I think I'm fading out of you

I think I'm fading out of you

Take you for a Drive

Starting to get dark early
Now the leaves have turned
You say you didn't want to hurt me
But leaving left quite a burn

Aahh
I want to take you for a drive

The time feels tight
Like the traffic I'm in
No idea what you're thinking
Taillights aren't moving
Should have waited til daylight
But waiting is not my thing
I'm right here, right now
with the lyrics you left me

Aahh
I wanna take you for a drive

We'll head down Fairview
Maybe stop at the pub we both knew
Let's cheers to our old friends
And the 80's hairdos

But I don't want to live in the past
It's all behind us
The road ahead looks clear
But obstacles always appear

It's now the golden hour
Hometown radio makes it so familiar
This car still has so much power, remember?
Do you remember? Don't you remember? Do you remember?
It's starting to get dark early

Rock and Roll Retirement Home

Everybody treats me like I'm out of my mind
I'm wearing hearing aids, without 'em I'm blind
I wish I could remember what the hell I meant to say
But I can sing "Tangle Up & Blue" any day
Senility is fun if you give it all you got
You snore when you're sleeping and you snore when you're not

(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home

I'm in cardiac arrest but I'm gonna beat the rap
My roomie doesn't wanna hear my personal crap
He says it's not psychological, it's all in my head
He's just afraid I'll rat him out to the Feds
My kids are all afraid they give me too many pills
They're just afraid I'll leave 'em out of my will

(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
And everybody's crazy and so I say, when in Rome...

Jimmy's on the guitar, Geddy's on the bass
Bob is blowing lyrics all over the place
Charlie's on the drums but he's got no rhythm
Nobody's got the heart to say we can't play with him

I'm a mile-high lover on a pension from the state
Got my TV, got my jello, got my my laundry while I wait
I'm staring at the dumpster from my window up above
Turn it to a firepit and give me a shove
I'll fall into the flames from a hundred thousand feet
And they'll identify by the fillings in my teeth

(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
I've done sold my house and gave away my comb
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home
(I'm in the) rock and roll retirement home

Left for the Sky

Her windshield is broken in her car
It doesn't matter, she doesn't go far
She still believes that's who you are

But you lied when you met her at her local bar
You had her believe that you were a star
You fed her that line in the back seat of your car

She was beautiful in bloom
She got married once in June
Now every evening she just sits in her room

Wearing your cologne instead of her perfume
Waiting for the radio to play your tune
The tour will end, and you'll be back home soon

She's alone and starts to cry
Cause you're the man who left her for the sky

She puts all the dishes in the sink
Sits on the floor and starts to drink
Says she's not crazy she's just going for a ring

And when you come home the sparks will fly
She won't be alone, there's reason to cry
She'll have her man that left her for the sky

Movin' On

Feed the old women in a shoe
Tip the bear playing xylophone out of tune
Pet the dog he never gets the bone

Yeah pet the dog he never gets the bone
He wobbles along and along and along
Movin' on

Movin' on to the next thing
I'm movin' on to the next phase

The telephone is staring me down
God I miss that rotary sound
Phone booths, dial tones and party lines

Now I'm staring at a mouse on a clock
My key winds but finds no tock
So long thanks for the fish
I'm checkin' out

Movin' on to the next thing
I'm movin' on to the next phase

Feed the old women in a shoe
Tip the bear playing xylophone out of tune
Pet the dog he never gets the bone
He wobbles along and along and along

Jack and Jill, riparian law
Share the land free us all
The radio is wound too tight want make a sound

Yeah progress is a persistent hound
Nostalgic ball is now unwound
So think big and talk small
Roll on
Movin' on
Yeah I'm movin' on

Love

Love will make you drive real slow,
Love will make you drive real fast,
Love will be the best feeling ever
and love will leave a scar that lasts,
Love will take you right into heaven,
Love will make you want to dance,
Love will make you think that life's all over
before you ever really had a chance,

And if you know what I'm talking about
then you know what I'm talking about
Talking 'bout love

Love will make your heart feel huge
Love will kick you in the head
Love will make you feel so damned alive
and love will make you wish you were dead,
Love will make you stand up tall
Love will I put you on your knees
Love will make you buy an expensive ring
and brush up on the birds and the bees

And if you know what I'm talking about
then you know what I'm talking about
Talking 'bout love

Love will make you life of the party
Love will give you life at its worst,
Love will give you pain like a hole in your heart
And forget that you ain't the first,
Love will make you feel really old
When heartache isn't anything new,
Love will make advice ineffective
But if it makes a difference, I love you

And if you know what I'm talking about
then you know what I'm talking about
Talking 'bout love
Talking 'bout love