

Lieder Hose Hive

I believe I read in a book once
Or I've come to believe what I lied
Not so sure of my shootin,
But collapse comes from crumblin
And alone surely follows deny

Who gots the keys to the un-dress?
Who'll take back the share of the shy?
Can we all understand that the click of the can
May not weigh in on gain or demise?

There's a book about assholes and aliens
The title rhymes with Lieder Hose Hive
In it time travel makes life-death-tween-ramble
Crescendo decrescendo and rewind
No sign of tears at a funeral
Merely the chapter's last line
For now I turn a blind eye
And wish instead of cry
And hope not forget
Of my time

If we all could agree
That we all die out of key
In that moment no one better than the other
If we could all stand up to what's wrong
Make castaways feel they belong
We could all lumber off to heaven in song

I'd like to think we've all become smarter
Maybe a little too wise
So the powers that be have outgrown tv
Now domain names provide
Best keep the dangerous docile
To conquer dumb down and divide
Little pocket mirrors blink
And with each one more link
In a chain that makes revolution subside

If we all could agree
That we all die out of key
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Cakes

Cakes were piled so high
And all the flies had come to play
Mama calls out all the words
Jimmy Rogers sings
And no matter how hard I scrub
There's a dirt I just can't shake
And no matter how hard I shove
There's a fight I just can't take

Mama sings the same old song
The song she always sings
Bury me and a willow tree
And something about a gun
I'm all bag of bones and no more to love
And some day I'm gonna break
But I'm bound to go to build my soul up
At least the best I can fake

Mama says her luck will change
Good times are gonna come
Running fingers through my hair
And some prayers about doing no wrong

If I could choose the fight
I know I might be winner and then some
If I could choose the fight
I know I might be winner and then some
If I could choose the fight
I know I might be winner and then some

Mama says let's celebrate
What's your favourite kind of fun?
Let's bake a cake and you can sing that song
Mama you know the one

Sad Lessons Wake

How you taught me long ago
The nothing left to what I gave
Dear you were the good the smile-est of pretty face
Am I the hurt the calm in sad lessons' wake?
Am I the hurt the calm in sad lessons' wake?

When over comes
And home just don't quite feel the same
The quick to push and the quick to go
The fair mistake
You sing songs of sin and swoon and the by and by
You sing songs of sin and swoon and the by and by

And the charm you had to wave about
Most aimless
Faces long, the blame, the harm
And the tiny mess
But I'm inching past the small pines

See you made me feel the softest of blue
you made me feel the softest of blue
you made me feel the softest of blue

In spite of silly turns and twists
A spell too short
Of smile and kiss
Dear I'll save the finest frame
For you

Who's Left and Whose Right

People call me crazy
But I never could tell
Did what I could to be cool
But I never knew how
Thought a lot about heaven
Seems there's folks in the know
But when they swing left watch the right
That's some friendly advice

Got some beef with forgiveness
I don't much give it out
See if people don't change
Why forgive them anyway

And then there's surrender
Last stop, broken down
Should you meet its measure
Ask who's laughing now
Has the whole world gone crazy
I just can't tell
And though try as I might
There's no forgiveness in sight

Business

Business

Who's business is it
if my business ever gets to be talked about?
Laying low, 'bout the means to the end
Lately lazy keeps the bees a hummin'
Busy never get no peace of mind
for my hard earned dime

Honey

Some Honey I turned out to be
I never taste the right sort of sweet
I gave you sticky toes
Spat me out on the floor
Mop me right and Lefty's had a time
And no one said a goddamn thing about kisses

Well look out now

Looks like you're outta bubble gum
And I'm wagging that bullseye 'round
And runnin' that tongue
And you're sick of no one telling me the time
Some honey I turned out to be
I never taste the right sort of sweet
The right sort of sweet

Bitchin'

A bitchin' set of speakers in the right ride
Is the kind of sweet that I'm talkin' 'bout
But if you can't keep it on the road
Can you still rock & roll
you get all "mind the 'sheims 'fore you get in the car"
Mind the 'sheims 'fore you get in the car's called bitchin

Well look out now

Looks like you're outta bubble gum
And I'm wagging that bullseye 'round
And runnin' that tongue
And you're sick of no one telling me the time
Some honey I turned out to be
I never taste the right sort of sweet
The right sort of sweet

Boys Give Em Hell

Band goes on at eleven
They don't worry 'bout bein' on time
But I'm a man of my word
These boys give em hell
They fan them flames just right
I know there's a little voice sayin'
Best be packin' up and going on home
I smell smoke
That twenty bucks you shouldn't be spending
Done burned a hole

I had a ride
But look who's walkin' home
It's sweet dreams on the couch
And tomorrow pretty flowers for the missus
I swear little darlin
nothing I could do
When they're playing all my favourite tunes
I smell smoke that twenty bucks you shouldn't be spending
Done burned a hole

Way back when I was twenty
Didn't know what I was doing
But I sure did like to pick a tune
And I set to whoop and holler
When they fiddle little louder
Orange Blossom me a rip or two
But oh no, twin fiddles did me in
It took three boys to drag me home
I smell smoke that twenty bucks you shouldn't be spending
Done burned a hole

Grocery Rag

One night I went to market
My baby and me
Talkin 'bout the day we had
And what we'd like to eat
Along comes Mr. Huff and Puff
All shoulder-chip-mean
Seems he don't like the time we take
Pickin' out the greens

Now I'm a reasonable man
But don't mess with me
If I'm takin' out my baby
To buy our groceries
It's a fine line of leisure
And deadlines to meet
And we're all here 'cause it's cheaper
Than the joint up the street

Buddy starts waxing mumbles
'Til it turns ugly scene
Didn't take too kind to my reply
Now we got an ape in aisle three
No I don't want to dance
Why don't you walk it off
You're so tough with your quiche
He tensed up and spun around
Walked off with fanned-out feet

Now I'm a reasonable man
But I'm no fighter see
Never thought he'd come back
And take a few swats at me
At the wrong end of a wet umbrella
It stung like hell but I lived to tell the tale

But fear not, dear friends
No bitter end
Came to dear baby and yours truly
Once the stars had cleared
Our friend disappeared
We went home to have some dinner
and sweet dreams

Le Prix

Le printemps prend son souffle
Et moi la quarantaine
Il y a seulement quelques temps, j'ai compris ce que j'aime.
Quand on veut plaire à tous,
C'est la peur qui nous mène,
Est-ce le prix de l'amour absolu
De parfois faire de la peine?

Si j'ose si gauchement parler d'étoiles
C'est car les astres je les ai trop harcelé
J'ai voulu porter le poids de la vérité
Afin que tu y sois abrité
Pour qu'à la fin de mes jours
Elle y soit cachée
Comme les perles les plus rares d'une vieille histoire oubliée

Bien malgré moi, mon amour, je t'ai coincé
Entre les compromis et la peur de perdre mon confort
Hélas! Quel geste, quel lâche...
Mes regrets en patrouille, si nombreux, bottes beurrées de larmes
Quelle horreur, les histoires gaspillées
Et ces ombres, ces ombres qui me hantent.
Alors adieu mes chères amies
J'ai eu tort de me lancer à vous sans remords
Était-ce plaisir charnel ou la haine?
Que l'on me pardonne...

Si j'ose si gauchement parler d'étoiles
C'est car les astres je les ai trop harcelé
J'ai voulu porter le poids de la vérité
Afin que tu y sois abrité
Pour qu'à la fin de mes jours
Elle y soit cachée
Comme les perles les plus rares d'une vieille histoire oubliée

Raincloud

There's got to be a rainbow
For a little raincloud like me
Tween sunny skies and raindrops
If you look real hard you can see
Lining silver as a fold
To some hard lessons
And growing old
Maybe tomorrow
No rainbow will turn us away

When fortune runs out
Friends come round to say
Keep your head down
Heads they will nod
Lips will purse and some hands will reach out
Ain't it pretty to think how luck can change?
Maybe tomorrow

Ain't it pretty to think how luck can change
Maybe tomorrow
No rainbow will turn us away