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broke and low

i went fishin' in my pocket, lookin' for a dollar
didn't find nothin', shoulda heard me holler
i'm broke, good lord i'm low
and i don't know how much lower i can go

so i went to my baby, beggin' money like crazy
but she wanna know what happen to the money that she gave me
i'm broke, i mean i'm low
and i don't know how much lower i can go

looked into the gutter tryin' to find some penny
i can tell you right now, i didn't find too many
i'm broke, good lord i'm low
and i don't know how much lower i can go

i ain't got no money, i don't know where it went
all i got in my pocket is a fistful of lint
i'm broke, i'm pretty low
and i don't know how much lower i can go

don't seem fair to be broke since the day that you born
with all them other suckers just rollin' in corn
i'm broke, good lord i'm low
and i don't know how much lower i can go

i ain't got no money, can't buy no beer
all i got in my pockets is a pair of bunny ears
i'm broke, lord i'm low
and i don't know how much lower i can go
i said i'm broke, lord i'm low
and i don't know how much lower i can go

colonel potter's field

well, it's 1-2-3, and i don't want to go
and don't pick me, i'm tellin' you so
i'm emotionally destabilized, pigeon-toed & lazy-eye'd
can't be trusted in the saddle, sure to wilt in the heat of battle

i'm desperately status quo
inconsequential placebo
vanilla, milquetoast, sad sack
master of none, man-jack
of all trades, plumbers, maids
no holidays and no parades
never burns, only fades
and when i am beyond what can be healed
just bury me in colonel potter's field

if you have to pick, pick carefully
or just cut to the quick, and pick anyone but me
cuz i ain't a hero, i don't want a shot
so does you want to win, or does you not?

i'm just a desperately status quo
inconsequential placebo
vanilla, milquetoast, sad sack
master of none, man-jack
of all trades, plumbers, maids
no holidays and no parades
never burns, only fades
and when i am beyond what can be healed
just bury me in colonel potter's field

well, it's 1-2-3, and i don't want to go
and don't pick me, i'm tellin' you so
i'm emotionally bifurcated, mono-dimensionally complicated
you say bark, and i wag, sure to raise the wrong flag

i'm desperately status quo ...

a deeper blue

you're no savior
comin' down the mountain
stealin' my change
back out of the fountain

don't you call my name
don't you walk my floor
i dim my candle
so you can't darken my door

and you jump the turnstile with no token
another little law you've broken
a little white lie, once spoken
turns a deeper blue
a little bit like you

you're no angel
standin' on my shoulder
settin' heaven on fire
and freezin' hell over

don't you call my name
don't you walk my floor
i dim my candle
so you can't darken my door

and you jump the turnstile with no token
another little law you've broken
a little white lie, once spoken
turns a deeper blue
a little bit like you

dutch was the master

you be santa claus and i'll be the clown
and we'll strap on our packs and we'll make the rounds
and you bring the rain and i'll bring the whiskey
you note the ghosts and i'll hope you miss me

we won't be sitting and we won't be stand-upping
we'll just sort of lean and try to think of nothing
we'll slip to the lot when our thirst starts to riot
we won't have names, we'll just nod and keep quiet

sydney or the bush home run or a bunt
swish was too sweet and philly was too blunt
tampa got had and the owl got wiser
i was all right but dutch was the master
and i want your love, yes, i want your love

it's time to go now, it's the poor man's curse
it's been a hard day's night, and the night days are worse
but sleeping in the sun leaves the moon with the foliage
i don't need shades i just need a bandage

now, you be the god, and i'll be the christ
and we'll split the gold i pull from the heist
and you sit on the throne and i'll be at your right hand
hark the herald, it's the angel brass band

sydney or the bush ...

we're humid or cool and we don't make scenes
and we know what we know, if you know what we means
but it's hard to walk a straight line, upon a fault line
we can't help it if we're countin' in waltz time

there's a carnival tonight it's out around the bunker
grab a ball, find a girl, hit the bull, and you dunk her
it's so timeless, like the rock of cashel
the beer is cold and tonight is kind of special

sydney or the bush ...

everybody got religion but me

in the cold light of the morning, i'm goin' up over the hill
if the first shot don't kill me, i know the last one will
it's a judas jubilee, it's a fallen filigree
everybody got religion but me, oh my lord, everybody got religion but me

oh, what do you know, my blue-eyed son?
and what do you know, my darling young one?
i know a tailor with no thread, i know a baker with no bread
i know a cobbler with no elves, i know some folks that don't hardly know themselves
but that ain't me babe, that ain't me, that ain't me babe, that ain't me
cuz in the cold light of the morning ...

and what do you know, my darling young one?
oh, what do you know, my blue-eyed son?
i know a banker with no cash, i know a woodsman with no axe
i know a cabinetmaker with no shelves, i know some folks that don't hardly know themselves
but that ain't me babe ...

oh, what do you know, my blue-eyed son?
and what do you know, my darling young one?
i know a driver with no car, i know a barkeep with no bar
i know a drinker tryin' to make his twelves, i know some folks that don't hardly know themselves
but that ain't me babe ...

and what do you know, my darling young one?
oh, what do you know, my blue-eyed son?
i know a trucker with no truck, i know a gambler with no luck
i know a witch which lost her spells, i know some folks don't hardly know themselves
but that ain't me babe ...

oh, what do you know, my blue-eyed son?
and what do you know, my darling young one?
i know the writer who wrote these rhymes
i know the singer who sung these lines
i know he did it for love, not for wealth
i know some folks don't hardly know themselves
but that ain't me babe ...

in the cold light of the morning ...

fair weather friends

it's been a minute, since we met
but i ain't heard that you passed yet
so i'm wonderin' where you been for so long
if you's a fair-weather friend,
well i see the sun comin' out again
and i'm wonderin' where you been for so long

i had a uncle from wichita falls
gave me my first old crow and my last pall malls
he was always a poor man
til he married a mormon
now he don't have time for his nephew at all

once had a friend down in the keys
we was joined at the hip and we was thick as thieves
but he went in for the sea
and out went me
and i ain't seen my friend since nineteen-ninety-three

it's been a minute, since we met...

what did you do with my drunken sailor?
why is my uncle a tee-toh-tailor?
where is my aunt, and what's her number?
why must everybody disencumber
from me? poor me!

it's been a minute, since we met...

i had an aunt down in the salinas valley
she was christened margarita but she went by sally
last we talked was on the rotary
she hasn't got ahold of me
for thirty-seven years, give or take, by my tally

it's been a minute, since we met...

the finish line

it don't matter how high up the ladder you climb
the man in the long black cloak keeps time
you can buy up everything on earth, and lock the gate
still, you can't own one cobblestone of that heavenly real estate

cuz what you goin' out with, is what you come in with
and what you came in with, is what you goin' out with
and you jump the gun, but you're right on time
buddy, i'll see you at the finish line

you can build a pyramid on the backs of some slaves
and you can build a casino on the top of some graves
and you can hide your money in some bank offshore
but still you cannot hide from that knock upon the door

cuz what you goin' out with, is what you come in with
and what you came in with, is what you goin' out with
and you jump the gun, but you're right on time
buddy, i'll see you at the finish line

a man built a building 'bout ninety miles high
put his name up in lights 'bout ninety miles up in the sky
st. peter, in the glare, when the name was found
pointed down, down, down ...

cuz what you goin' out with, is what you come in with
and what you came in with, is what you goin' out with
and you jump the gun, but you're right on time
buddy, i'll see you at the finish line

cuz what you goin' out with, is what you come in with
and what you came in with, is what you goin' out with
and you jump the gun, but you're right on time
buddy, i'll see you at the finish line

high hopes

get my backpack rucksack, down to the train track
poppin' like a tic tac, choppin' like a lumberjack
baby, i'll catch the katy
don't need no mule to ride, i mean, don't need no mule to ride

mi soy hobo, corro con lobo
everywhere that i go, signs out the window
no trespassing, got me laughing
cuz this is all for you and me, i mean, this land was made for you and me

we got high hopes
pie in the sky hopes
walkin' a tightrope
like children on jump ropes
countin' out 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 high hopes

motorcycle zen, man, cigar-store indian
drunkard, and a citizen, bringin' it all back home again
maybe, baby,
i'll have you for me, i mean, maybe baby, i'll have you

i got high hopes ...

on a thumb and a prayer, man, we been everywhere, man
from cali to connecticut, prevailing on the etiquette
of candles, in the windows, and when the wind blows
we'll be dust in the wind, all we are is dust in the wind

but we got high hopes ...

howl

there's a scandal brewin' and the cat's out the bag
and that flash undertaker's on a cryin' jag
he was last seen at the tailor stuffin' garments in a bag
but there are some things you can't fix, not even with a flag
i say howl, goddamit howl

the bed bugs are bitin' and the rats are crazed
i seen polly wolly doodle walkin' round in a daze
with a magnifying glass blindly aimin' the rays
but the weatherman said it's been rainin' for days
i say howl, goddamit howl, goddamit howl

i been havin' jabberwocky dreams
where everything wrong still feels like it seems
and i can't see the casket
but i can hear the screams of the trowel
i can fool all for some and fool some for all
but all the king's horses can't return me to the wall
now all i can do is lie in the hall and howl
goddamit howl, goddamit howl

the banisters end before they reach the ground
and i know that ol' scatman is lurkin around
he's probably clamorin' for the cook to throw some railroad down
he cuts a hole in the bread to keep the eggs around
i say howl, goddamit howl

well, the sins of this past are long and forgotten now
the undertaker went to cleveland, he's a tailor now
and polly wolly doodle laid ol' scatman down
and forecasted his weather 'til his rain came down
i say howl, goddamit howl, goddamit howl

i been havin' jabberwocky dreams ...

i ain't never goin' to drink again

once upon a time i was a stand-up gent
spreadin' the gospel everywhere i went
i flew straight as an arrow, boys, i couldn't be bent
boys, i was heaven-sent

then come the whiskey boys, and then the gin
yes, it was drinkin' boys, that did me in
it was bottle after bottle, and sin after sin
the devil was my friend

and it was darkest, before the dawn
but boys, you know the lord done flipped the light switch on
and them black crows, turned to rainbows
and on the third day, boys, you know i rose

now all my enemies will be my friends
and every poor man will be rich again
and all the mousey soused-up ladies writin' cards they'll never send
will fall in love again

alright, that's a fake, broken hearts still break
and the poor eat crow while the rich eat cake
but still, the last drink i took is the last i'll take
cuz i ain't never gon' to drink again, boys
no, i ain't never goin' to drink again

no, i ain't never gon' to drink again, boys
i ain't never goin' to drink again

i ain't no trouble

i'll be your helper monkey, dusk to dawn
you know i'll clean up after everybody's gone
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

i'll carry water, yes, and chop your wood
i'll go one better than your best man could
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

i worked my way from a bungalow out west
to a railroad in brooklyn without stoppin' to rest
i'm just countin' the days til i'm countin' sheep
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

my grandpa's pappy was a railroad man
and where his last track ended, my grandpa's began
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

now my grandpa and my dad both took the same turn
men of land born, but men of letters learned
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

i worked my way from a bungalow out west
to a railroad in brooklyn without stoppin' to rest
i count one step at a time, so's it don't seem so steep
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

we come from up the mines, cuz we was born to the trade
if you want us to dig, just point and hand us a spade
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

songs in our throat and, coal in our spit
i work a poem like a pony in a pit
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

i worked my way from a bungalow out west
to a railroad in brooklyn without stoppin' to rest
i'm eschewing the shoal so's i can dig in deep
and i ain't no trouble, and i'm glad to work for my keep

i miss you

i take the kicks deep in my gut, and slowly double over
i count my breaths and live with less
it's no wonder i ain't sober

there are only so many times a man can take a beating
and still get up to try for what
he knows won't stop the bleeding

oh, give us today our daily bread
and pour no pain upon our heads
i cross my heart and fear to die
i may have stoop'd but i don't lie
and i miss you

it's the little victories that reignite your engines
but pleasant dreams are few and far between
and all that's left is tension

just to win once, god, it's magic, there's nothing like that feelin'
but what ascends must sink again
and i am no exception

oh, give us today our daily bread ...

i do my best to patch the leaks and count upon the rains
from dusk to dawn i soldier on
with what little pride i've retained

oh, give us today our daily bread ...

if i may begin again

hard rains in ohio, and the water is on the rise
up ahead, the river is up to the bridge's underside
sheets of rain are blinding, i navigate by feel
knuckles white from gripping tight to the black steering wheel

halfway into iowa, when the twister hits the ground
tears up everything in sight, and knocks everything down
rips into a boy scout camp, ten miles up ahead
i hear it on the radio, six young people dead

oh lord, if i may i know the water
oh lord, if i might i know the wind
if i may, if i might, if i may, if i might
oh lord, if i may begin again

by the time i hit the salt flats, i'm halfway to insane
endless conversation, runnin' all round my brain
i'm a tour guide to no one, i'm pointing out the sights
when the mountain tucks the sun in, i'll stop for the night

when i finally make california, i pull off to the side
i kiss the ground, and thank the winds, for delivering me alive
i jump back in, turn the key, and the engine roars to life
i'm comin' down the mountain to my daughter and my wife

oh lord, if i may i know the mountain
oh lord, if i might i know the wind
if i may, if i might, if i may, if i might
oh lord, if i may begin again

in a boxer's town

you're down, but you ain't out
the referee begins to count
one, two, three
the crowd begins to shout
it's a big-time bout
in a boxer's town,
you can't let nobody knock you out

punch-drunk, and your legs is bowed
on the ropes, just tryin' to hold
yerself upright
but that's a heavy load
and then the whistle blowed
it's a boxer's town,
and boy, you just been ko'd

a manager knows
and i got a nose
for sniffin' out a boxer in love
first it's the ringside eye
the pretty soon, i
am buryin' them with their golden gloves
god help a boxer in love

when i've had my final fight
all i ask is that you write
upon that stone
that goes above my grave
where i'm laid
"here lies a boxer,
a fighter by his trade."

it's yer shoes

i'm in the dark of an alley like batman
light on my feet like a cat lands
quick like a crossbow
quiet like the shadow

cuz i can't even take my baby dancin' tonight
on account of the fact that i ain't dressed right
now quit cryin' like a baby, i ain't a mugger who's
gonna rob you for your money, it ain't yer money that i want
it's yer shoes

i seen ya in the elevator
told myself that i'd see ya later
followed ya out from the office
got off the train where you got off it

see, i can't even take my baby dancin' tonight
on account of the fact that i ain't dressed right
now quit cryin' like a baby, i ain't a mugger who's
gonna rob you for your money, it ain't yer money that i want
it's yer shoes

now, i like a shine on a buckle
and i like every shade of black
and i like that square-toed style
yes, i like shoes like that
and i like dancin' with my baby to a slow, greazy blues
so sit yer ass on the curb and just take off yer shoes

so there i was dancin' with my baby that night
i had a smile on my face like everything was all right
but inside i was cryin' like a baby, cuz i was just a fella who's
got a girl that doesn't like him, it wasn't me that she liked
it was yer shoes

jackdaw tower

please won't you give me, somethin' good to eat
i'm tired and i'd like to take this weight off my feet
time ain't been much use to me
but i ain't young as i used to be
life is just a sentence we don't want to complete

and i waited on my hour, with all the grace i know'd
and i prayed over a flower as the wild river flowed
and the rain came down in showers as the west wind blowed
i come from jackdaw tower down to crow canyon road

mistakes are like old pictures, hangin' on the wall
that you try not to look at as you walk on down the hall
but the eyes in those faces
still put us in our places
you can't live for just the good days, you got to live 'em all

and i waited on my hour, with all the grace i know'd
and i prayed over a flower as the wild river flowed
and the rain came down in shows as the west wind blowed
i come from jackdaw tower down to crow canyon road

jake j. thomas' mission st. blues

when you headin' up the wrong parade
just circle back behind it
cuz when you up on mission st.
you know you gon' to find it

oh yeah, when the fog come rollin' in
it doesn't matter where you goin'
any more than where you been

along a trail of smoke,
the culinary denizens
come tendrillating through the fish-eye
of a jake j. thomas lens

oh yeah, and the fog come rollin' in ...

and in the jake j. thomas night
when we are everyone and no one
our corrugated countenances
train trackin' the ocean

oh yeah, and the fog come rollin' in ...

and smoke is to ocean
as bay is to mission
and the lullaby will linger
like an ellipsis in position

oh yeah, and the fog come rollin' in ...

lady greensleeves

and i thought that i could save her
with the melody i have her
with the demon in my ear
and a tune i couldn't hear
i played for those that would enslave her

oh, where are you, lady greensleeves
gone from beneath the bougainvillea
oh, i see you, lady greensleeves
comin' through the wisteria

the gypsy turned up the joker
and the accusation broke her
where the sky lacked a bird
i placed a minor third
so the broken could forever invoke her

oh, where are you, lady greensleeves
gone from beneath the bougainvillea
oh, i see you, lady greensleeves
comin' through the wisteria

lonesome traveler

on the street, the dawn is descending
over mascara, great-paint, and dirt
and the six o'clock shakes are just endin'
and the bartender's got stains on her skirt

and the daisy days have made way for silver
and the leaves are entombed in brass
and there's a junkiedom backpackin' hitler
writin' his name in red lipstick on the grass

and the moon's got a saddle full of splinters
and the rain reminds you of home
gamblers sleep in the park in the winters
and count chainlinks by the side of the road

someone left their teeth at "the tip-top"
and the lights in "vesuvio" are dim
and patrick's still lookin' for hemlock
oh, but nobody's lookin' for him

and the last livin' heir of a princess
keeps her rubies in an ol' pair of nylons
and "the bounties of heaven are endless!"
should little christ through his big orange pylon

and the moon's got a saddle full of splinters ...

there's a silver keychain dagger
and arthur's got nicotine nails
on a saxophone crutch he staggers
as the roof tar pelts down like hail

and the lonesome travelers crash down
and 3rd street's surrounded by rust
bums sleep on pillows of hash browns
and leave angel silhouettes in the dust

and the moon's got a saddle full of splinters ...

melville's blues

he sailed from california to the immigrant isle
with his 88-keys and his schoolboy smile
he parked at the park, set up in style
a half-step towards diminished, at the left of the dial
and it was "thar she blows!" and "that's all she wrote"
as we sailed with captain ahab on that goddamn boat

people came, people went
half broke, all bent
then came the winter of discontent
between the devil and the deep blue sea, the good captain went
and it was "thar she blows!" and "that's all she wrote"
as we sailed with captain ahab on that goddamn boat

in the shadow of the towers, he played the tower song
for the bowery bums, tryin' to kick the gong
when the towers came down, everything went wrong
oh, the days were too short, and the nights were too long
and it was "thar she blows!" and "that's all she wrote"
as we sailed with captain ahab on that goddamn boat

california called him home, so the good captain sailed
and he bid farewell, to the great white whale
and if you want to know the moral of the tale
there's a major melody in every minor scale
and it was "thar she blows!" and "that's all she wrote"
as we sailed with captain ahab on that goddamn boat

my nightmare is smarter than your daydream

ring around the collar, pocket lacks a dollar
ashes ashes, sleepin' on the ground
but hey diddle diddle, i gots me a fiddle
with that mississippi sheiks sound
now, i scream, you scream, i'm on the away team
my nightmare is smarter than your daydream

the wheels on the bus go around and around
so rise and shine and make a mournful sound
good mornin', good mornin', good mornin' how are you?
i hope you don't suffer through the same blues i do
now, i scream, you scream, i'm on the away team
my nightmare is smarter than your daydream

twinkle twinkle, little star
i wonder where in the hell this ol' world you are
cuz the man don't 'low no fiddle playin' here
and i still lacks a dollar for to buy me a beer
now, i scream, you scream, i'm on the away team
my nightmare is smarter than your daydream

ring around the collar, pocket lacks a dollar ...

oh, mr. leon

oh mr. leon, oh mr. leon
why'd you have to go so soon?
ain't no mud left in the river
and no more shine on the moon

oh mr. leon, oh mr. leon
i still remember you just like that
with your walkin' stick in hand
wearin' yer panama hat

big chief buffalo nickel,
and the once-and-former big bad bill
are sittin' with the sheik of araby,
on top of that lonesome hill
and polly wolly doodle, and the winin' boy
we're all as quiet as the breaking dawn
because we know you didn't want us
you really didn't want us
to talk about you when you're gone
you said, please don't talk about me when i'm gone

oh mr. leon, oh mr. leon
no more dancin' on daddy's shoes
if we ever meet this side of heaven
then i'll finally shake these crazy blues

oh mr. leon, oh mr. leon
how i'm feelin', ain't no words can tell
fare you well champagne charlie
champagne charlie, fare you well

the peter murphy, jesus mary blues

i'm not the one to hurry down the hall
like a horse at the course, i stall in my stall
why do in spring, what you can do in fall?
why even bother, with botherin' at all?

i'm not the one to go skipping down the lane
i'm much more likely to be dripping down the drain
if i have a theme song, it's "ain't that a shame"
the world don't want me, and i expect the same

lucretia, my reflection is losing hues
my duran durans are turnin' siouxie siouxs
i got the existentialism
love and rockets, joy division
peter murphy, jesus mary blues, i mean
them psychocandy, bauhaus blues

i'm not the one to make a long-odds bet
i'm not the one to get the table set
if you want it done, well, i ain't done it yet
i don't want for nothin' and that's just what i get

someone was prayin' at the ol' camp ground
but it was not me, i was not around
at the sound of the bell, i went right down
you found what i lost? well, i lost what you found!

lucretia, my reflection is losing hues
my duran durans are turnin' siouxie siouxs
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she's in the fog

from sun to sun, her shadow cast,
she'll be the first one, to be the last
she's in the fog, up in the saddle, tryin' to ride her horse back home

her hair is pepper-gray, her eyes are river-blue
her face is very old, the scar is very new
she's in the fog, up in the saddle, tryin' to ride her horse back home

*well, bless her heart, and bless her soul
and bless her rock, and bless her roll
she's in the fog, she's on the roam
honey findin' home sweet home*

like a deck, that lacks a suit
no one to walk a mile in her boots
she's in the fog, up in the saddle, tryin' to ride her horse back home

with empty saddle bags, her weary body rides
her country tells the truth, 'bout how her city lies
she's in the fog, up in the saddle, tryin' to ride her horse back home

well, bless her heart, and bless her soul ...

white line on her neck, where once there hung a chain
the sun been fillin' in what little light remains
she's in the fog, up in the saddle, tryin' to ride her horse back home

my candle guttered out, without a sound
she's through the pass now, and comin' down
she's in the fog, up in the saddle, tryin' to ride her horse back home

a thief for every bible

rats thin and dried, and the noose you tied
and it's a bad day comin'
it's a whistle and a pig
and i can hear the drummin'

sweet bitter tea, and the howlin' three
got an itch for hemlock
they sold the black mariah
and bought an auction block

hey hey, it's something to get your head around
somethin' good is risin' up, somethin' bad is goin' down
hey hey, somethin' even you have never seen
gon' be a thief for every bible, and a drunk for every dream

soot sweet and thick, and the broken brick
i hear the claws a-climbin'
a crow inside an overcoat
said somethin' 'bout simon

and so simon said, god bless the dead
and the rest can go to hell
tell the pig to get his whistle
and tell the rat to ring the bell

hey hey, it's something to get your head around...

hey there gun, tell the seventh son
we 'bout to build a railroad
i know you like the water clear
as dew upon a cane toad

i'm drinkin' buttermilk , all by myself
been in the cups on rye
i make the fine look ugly
i make the ugly look fine

hey hey, it's something to get your head around...

the westside sheiks

west of town, sad-eyed clowns
with tears on white cheeks
walk the streets, done up in grease
the westside sheiks

along the shore, troubadours
like old antiques
walk the creeks, for 8-day weeks
the westside sheiks

and we sittin' on top of the world with cross-legs
and we can't afford the blues, so boys, let's beg
and borrow,
from the widows
on their peaks
the westside sheiks

swingin' rhymes, in double-times
they doublespeak
swear blue streaks, wet their beaks
the westside sheiks

and we sittin' on top of the world with cross-legs
and we can't afford the blues, so boys, let's beg
and borrow,
from the widows
on their peaks
the westside sheiks

west of town, there's a sound
on mission street
it's pompadour sleek, and dust bowl bleak
it's the westside sheiks

your funeral, my trial

boys, it's like murder, waitin' on your good girl's letter
boys, it's like murder, waitin' on your good girl's letter
no idea under the sun, what you might have done to upset her

no reason for your deceivin'
it's the season, for high treason
i'm grievin' for your leavin', even as i, flash my smile
your funeral, my trial

when you finally get the letter, boys, your tears spilin' onto the page
when you finally get the letter, boys, your tears spilin' onto the page
it's the dying of the light, boys, against which the wild men rage

i didn't see signs, you had designs
on a rewind to a free time
you made a beeline to the see-line, now it's my time, after a while
your funeral, my trial

boys, love is a long road, when the crows eat up the crumbs at your back
boys, love is a long road, when the crows eat up the crumbs at your back
i dreamt about a white tuxedo, but boys you know the bride wore black

what lifeline? you cut mine.
still, in my mind, you're still mine
i still want you, debutante, you haunt my night time, oh, and my crime is on file
your funeral, and my trial

no reason for your deceivin'
it's the season, for high treason
i'm grievin' for your leavin', even as i, flash my smile
your funeral, my trial

all songs by The Westside Sheiks
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