

Rodeo Clown

She's a rodeo clown
Drivin' cross the prairie
On a late summer night
Pullin' into another tornado town
She's a rodeo clown

She's got her windows down
Radio blastin'
Drivin' songs
A drink would help the world go down
She's a rodeo clown

A saloon full of sound
Drunk poets perched
Right outa sight
When midnight pulls on into town
She's a rodeo clown

Chorus:

Cheap motels, the bruises and swells come with the job
One night stands with another ranch hand just an afterthought
She's a rodeo clown

She's a rodeo clown
Steeled by the pain
Of her younger years
She has no fear of fallin' down
She's a rodeo clown

It's A Beautiful Thing

Every time I look around these days there's trouble brewin'
People the world over, strugglin', tryin' to make do
The world can be a cruel master, that's plain to see
Too much suffering, war, poverty
But, you know, a smile from a stranger
A helping hand
Kids playin' at the beach all covered in sand
It's a beautiful thing

Pretty much every day I can find something that takes my breath away
It happened to the boys in this band just the other day
We came out of the garage, came out of the cold
Found ourselves lookin' up at a big double rainbow
We felt pretty lucky
When all was said and done
No pot of gold
Just rainbows and sun
It's a beautiful thing

Chorus:

Well we'e not here to hector you, to lecture you at all
We're not preachers or politicians with sermons or a crystal ball
Some say the cup is half empty
Some say the cup is half full
Some say smell the roses
Well we're tryin' to smell it all

Now, I don't want to sound maudlin, sentimental in my old age
And I'm not gonna stand here and trot out a litany of used clichés
But you know, let me tell ya
The stars keep flyin'
And the babies keep cryin'
And we all keep tryin' to make it last
It's a beautiful thing

Old Lips

Sadness comes and it's such a weight
Pullin' me down into the jaws of fate
Tears run dry, no time to waste
It's a warehouse, buddy, call a spade a spade

Chorus:

These old lips, sinkin' ships
Ain't sailin' anymore
These old lips, sinkin' ships
Washed up on the shore

You're not a song that goes on and on
Like Mozart or Rachmaninoff
Let's do the twist, dance in your prime
Upside down and out of time
Cracked by the sun on a blistering day
Windswept smiles all blown away
A suitcase for your goin' away
To the warehouse, buddy, what a serenade

What Will It Mean When You're Gone?

Some people like bells are born to ring
While other people can't ring a thing
But you ring loud and oh so long
What will it mean when you're gone?

Chorus:

What will it mean when you're gone?
What will it mean when you're gone?
I just can't help my holdin' on
What will it mean when you're gone?

Some people they sing the sweetest songs
Other folks are born to hum along
But your song keeps on keepin' on
What will it mean when you're gone?

Some people shine like the moon
Others twinkle like the stars above
But you shine brighter than the sun
What will it mean when you're gone?

The Road to Hollywood

She walked past the United Nations
To Port Authority Station
Concrete towers swayin' in the wind
She walked so quickly she had to begin

Chorus:

This much is understood
She'd walk the whole way if she could
Might not be for her own good
She's on the road to Hollywood

He left behind the grey skies and rain
Where the cruise ships roam the range
Daredevils floatin' on the breeze
He's got a head full of hopes and dreams

He's headed south but half past late
She's headed west on the Interstate
With memories quickly erased
No markers on the trail to trace

Now Tinsel Town won't get the best of me
Just you wait and see

Downtown

Come on down, take a look around
See why they call it Downtown
Nothing to do, nowhere to stay
Can't find nothin' on a rainy day
We got lateral oppression, nobody helps
Sideways intolerance, it's every one for himself
But even a dog lives better, even a dog lives better

Why is this happening? The answer is clear
But don't talk to me about it 'til you've done some livin' down here
Even a dog lives better, even a dog lives better

It's not Soweto, it's not Trench Town
It's not Tiananmen, it's not Sarajevo
It's not East L.A. and it's not Zaire
There's no good reason why it's happening here
Even a dog lives better, even a cat lives better
Even a rat lives better, even the bugs live better
Even the politicians live better, mon

Downtown!

No Time to Cry

Well, I don't have time for the cryin'
Pop psychologizin'
The sun is slowly sinkin'
And it set me to thinkin'
About you

Well, I don't have time for the dyin'
Terminal merchandising
The sun is slowly sinkin'
And it set me to thinkin'
About you

Chorus:

Well, I don't have time to cry
The days are slippin' by
So many things to do
No time for tears over you
No time to ask why
No answers I can buy
The days are slippin' by
And I don't have time to cry

Well, I don't have time for the lyin'
'bout the afterlife arrivin'
The sun is slowly sinkin'
And it set me to thinkin'
About you

Waitin' for Tomorrow

I'm just sittin' here in this hotel room
Wonderin' if the phone will ring
I have just checked in to this hotel room
And I'm wonderin' what tomorrow will bring

Chorus:

I'm just waitin' for tomorrow
Hopin' that the night will pass
I'm just waitin' for tomorrow
And wonderin' how long it will last

It has been a long while since I last saw your face
Yet it burns like a brand in my mind
It has been a long while since I last left this place
Leavin' you lonely behind

Now you and both knew we were livin' a lie
The time for movin' on had arrived
But the pain on your face the tears in your eyes
Seemed just a little contrived

I Was Crazy I Was

Trees melting like wax
Sun burning to ash
Drippin' like honey from the sky
Brushin' the ground with the lash of your eye
Mirage, maybe, mirage, maybe, mirage, maybe mirage

Sun settin' so fast
Like love that just don't last
Heat has gone to my head
Can't remember what it was I said
Good-bye baby, good-bye baby, good-bye baby, good-bye

The future has become the past
Like a bomb turned into a blast
Forget the days as they're passin' by
Too old to weep, too young to cry
I was crazy, I was crazy, I was crazy, I was

Cool Tumbleweed

Your laughter fills the room
Make it warm inside
Your laughter beats back
Beats back the hands of time
Accidents happen, don't be afraid
Relax in the shade of
Cool tumbleweed

The leavin' is so hard
Tearin' us apart
My bones rattle like a snake
Thinkin' 'bout that mistake
Accidents happen, don't be afraid
Relax in the shade of
Cool tumbleweed

An audience of mountains
Greets the symphony
The sound of survival
Floats on the breeze
Accidents happen, don't be afraid
Relax in the shade of
Cool tumbleweed

36 Days in December

It rained for 36 days in December
Or at least that's what I remember
 Banished leaves
 Painted feet
 Makin' such a noise

Chorus:

Every day seems like a dream
 Sleepwalkin' in between
The sundown and the brightening
The daylight is kind of frightening

 The river turned into sand
It flowed right through my hands
 Right between my eyes
 Apocalyptic cries
 Fallin' like trees

I did my best to recall a time
When I woke up with peace of mind
 But not the ice is burnin'
 Flames unfurlin'
 Leavin' nothing behind