

Rains Too Much Around Here

We used to say that we were birds of a feather and
now there's nothin' but stormy weather 'round here.

We ain't exactly Romeo and Juliet,
we ain't even Desi and Lucille.
You feel sick of hearin' what I think,
and I think I'm sick of hearin' how you feel.
We used to say that we were birds of a feather and
now there's nothin' but stormy weather 'round here.

We don't live in Architectural Digest,
it's somethin' closer to a trailer park hell.
You say you can't see the lawn through the weeds,
I can't hear the TV through your yell.
Every day, another brick crumbles and
every night the thunder rumbles 'round here.

And everyday another tear is fallin'
down my cheek, straight into my beer.
(and) every night another place is callin',
'cause it rains too much around here.

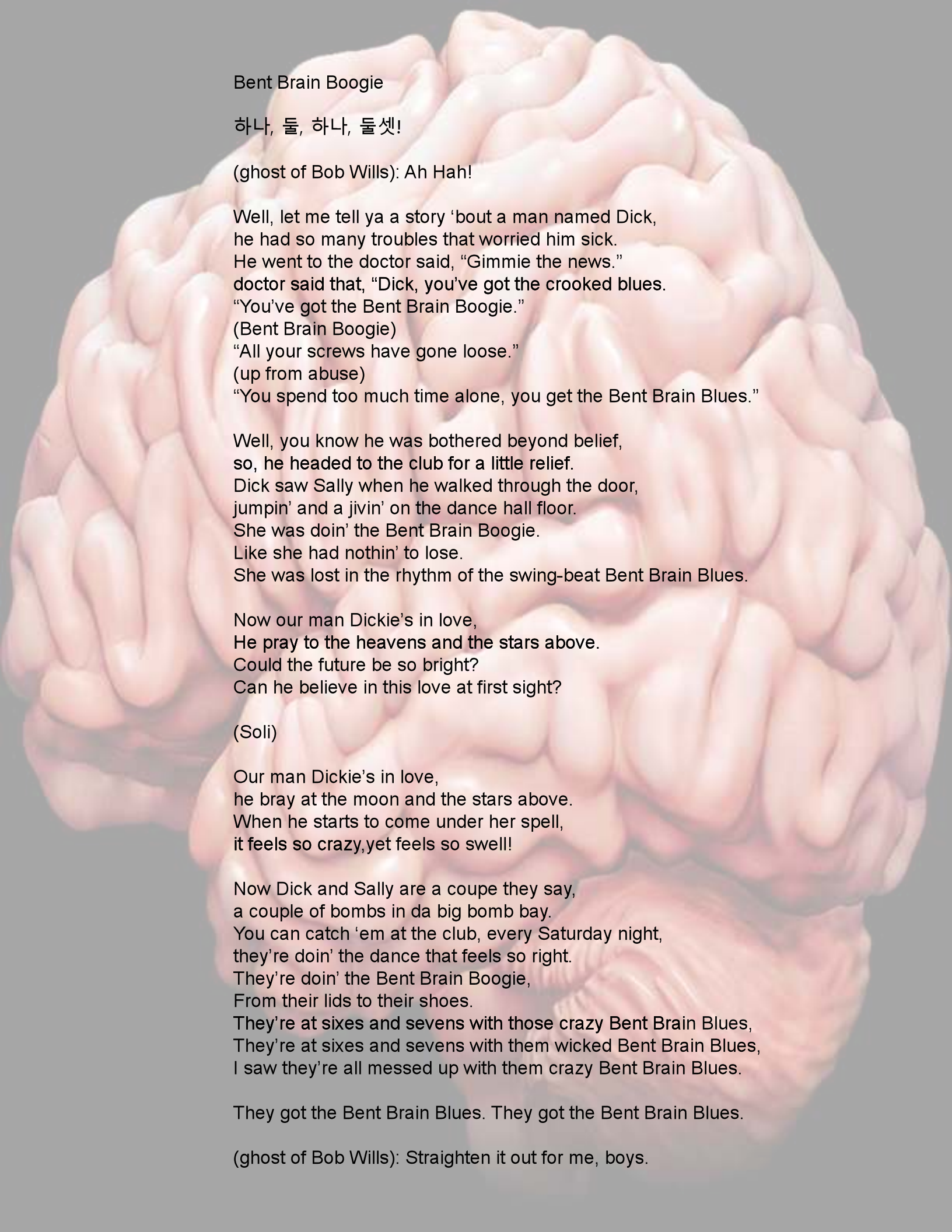
Old man Noah had it easy you see,
dealin' out two of a kind.
But after forty days and nights,
we're still at sea;
it's a busted flush we've run out of luck and we've run out of time.

(Soli)

And everyday another tear is fallin'
down my cheek, straight into my beer.
(and) every night another place is callin',
'cause it rains too much around here.

Well I've been thinkin' maybe Southern California,
I'd hang my line off the end of some pier.
'Cause I'm lookin' out for a new situation,
I only wanna see you through my rearview mirror.
Every night, the hounds start barkin' and,
every night the skies get dark around here.

And every day another tear is fallin'
down my cheek, straight into my beer.
(and) every night another place is callin',
'cause it rains too much around here.



Bent Brain Boogie

하나, 둘, 하나, 둘셋!

(ghost of Bob Wills): Ah Hah!

Well, let me tell ya a story 'bout a man named Dick,
he had so many troubles that worried him sick.
He went to the doctor said, "Gimmie the news."
doctor said that, "Dick, you've got the crooked blues.
"You've got the Bent Brain Boogie."

(Bent Brain Boogie)

"All your screws have gone loose."

(up from abuse)

"You spend too much time alone, you get the Bent Brain Blues."

Well, you know he was bothered beyond belief,
so, he headed to the club for a little relief.
Dick saw Sally when he walked through the door,
jumpin' and a jivin' on the dance hall floor.
She was doin' the Bent Brain Boogie.
Like she had nothin' to lose.
She was lost in the rhythm of the swing-beat Bent Brain Blues.

Now our man Dickie's in love,
He pray to the heavens and the stars above.
Could the future be so bright?
Can he believe in this love at first sight?

(Soli)

Our man Dickie's in love,
he bray at the moon and the stars above.
When he starts to come under her spell,
it feels so crazy,yet feels so swell!

Now Dick and Sally are a coupe they say,
a couple of bombs in da big bomb bay.
You can catch 'em at the club, every Saturday night,
they're doin' the dance that feels so right.
They're doin' the Bent Brain Boogie,
From their lids to their shoes.
They're at sixes and sevens with those crazy Bent Brain Blues,
They're at sixes and sevens with them wicked Bent Brain Blues,
I saw they're all messed up with them crazy Bent Brain Blues.

They got the Bent Brain Blues. They got the Bent Brain Blues.

(ghost of Bob Wills): Straighten it out for me, boys.

Chainsaw Love

Well, I'm a big man mama,
built like a redwood tree.
I love you baby,
but you're tryin' to make a toothpick outta me.
and how can I love you when you'll never gonna let me be free?

I'm hooked on ya baby,
like a fish on the line.
When I kiss your lips,
Lord, they taste as sweet as cherry wine.
But how can I love ya when you never give me any of your time?

Some men love the mountains,
and some men love the sea,
some men die tryin' to fly,
not me:
I like trees.

(Move 'em out! Move 'em out!)

They got a sawmill baby,
they'll tie you up, they'll cut you down to size.
Them rigs are rollin' in,
(they ain't fooled by pretty eyes.
It's called chainsaw love, and that chainsaw cuts right into your disguise.


(Glenn Yarbrough now, huh?)

Now some men love the mountains,
some men love the sea,
some men die tryin' to fly,
not me:
I like trees.

(Move 'em out! Move 'em out!)

I mean I really, really, really like trees.

(Move 'em out! Move 'em out!)

A dimly lit bedroom with a bed, a nightstand, and a window with curtains. The room is bathed in a soft, blue light, creating a melancholic atmosphere. The bed is in the center, with a white blanket and several pillows. A nightstand is visible to the left of the bed, and a window with white curtains is on the far left. A floor lamp is on the right side of the room.

Mi Amor

It's late at night, I'm still up as the rain is falling down.
I'm just layin' alone in the dark, listenin' to fire trucks and car alarms.
Sleep teases like an indolent child, wrapped in silky faded things.
But there's a hole in this bed, as big as you, and I have to keep from falling in.

I don't believe in nostalgia, or glorifyin' the past,
'Cause nothin' people ever make is built to last.
And I can't be sure of anything, in the private gloom of night,
But it seems that lovin' you, was the only thing, I ever got right.

Mi Amor, Mi Amor
There are the stars above me, the earth below me
Mi Amor

Everyday you're not around is as confusing as the first.
I keep expecting a call or a letter, or maybe you'll walk on through the door.
Things seem a little muted, a little more mundane.
A growing litany of bills, and back pains, and solid dreams.

I don't understand the physics,
it's like the opposite of gravity.
But it seems the farther you're away,
the stronger you pull on me.

Mi Amor, Mi Amor
There are the stars above me, the earth below me
Mi Amor

Monster Truck

It's the Thirteenth Annual, Armadillo County, Lacto-Vegetarian, Commie Libertarian, Gay and Lesbian, Monster Truck and Tractor Pull.

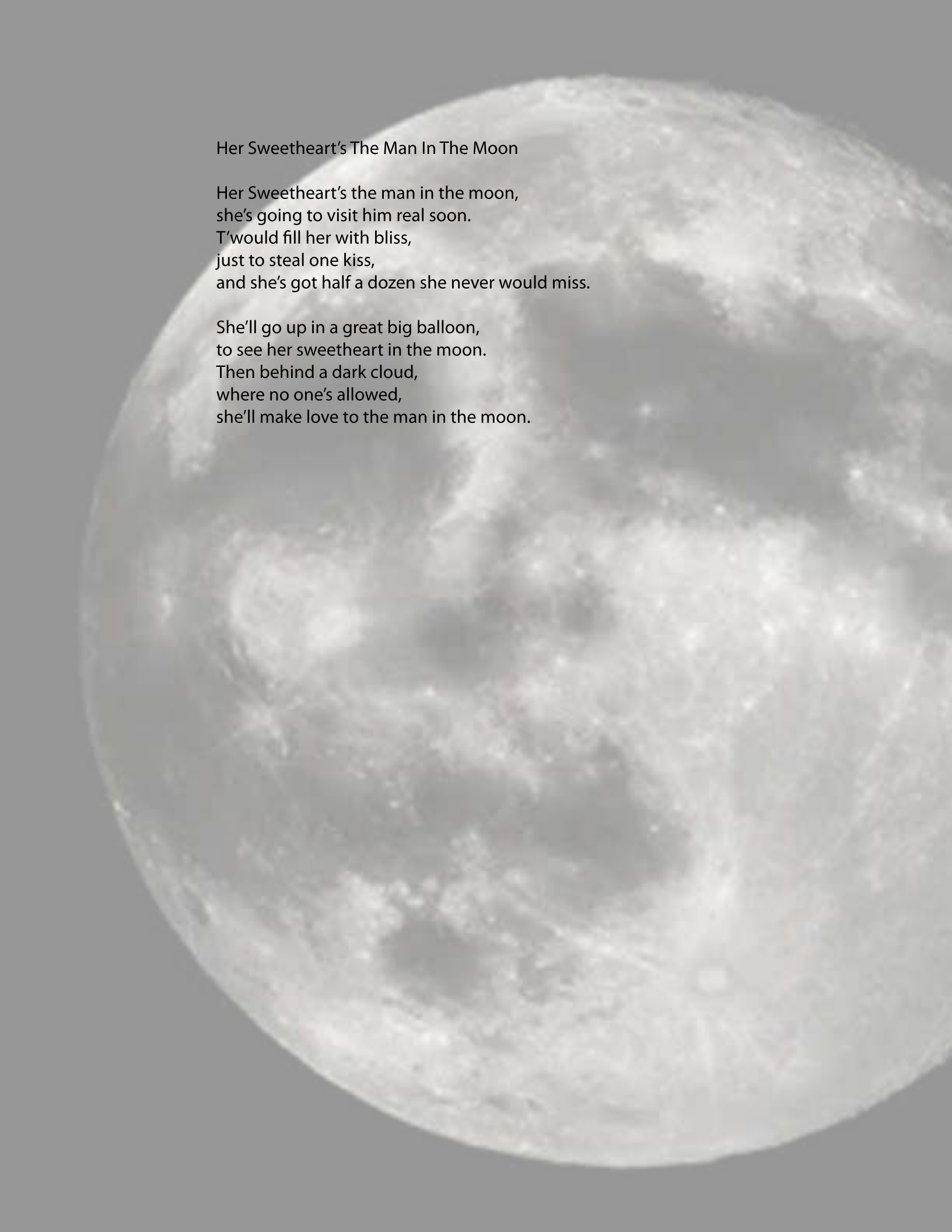
I'm a travelin' troubadour, a one-man band,
part Willie Nelson, part Willy Loman,
and I guess you know where that puts me on the totem pole.
And I travel around from here to there,
playin' rodeos and county fairs,
and Wall Mart openings and two-bit hole in the walls.
So, I didn't think it was anything big,
when my agent called me up and said,
"Here's the gig.
Pack your bags, I'm sending you out on the road.
To the Thirteenth Annual, Armadillo County, Monster Truck and Tractor Pull."

The trip was nothin' but trouble from the get-go,
when my Chevy S-10 had a rod that let go,
just outside of dry spit, Tennessee.
And pardon my French, but it was somethin' of a bitch,
with all my gear, and havin' to hitch,
but I got to the arena with a little bit of time to spare.
I told the promoter I could eat a horse,
but he said, "Here comrade, have some borscht,
meat is murder, but sour cream's okay.
And welcome to the Thirteenth Annual, Armadillo County, Lacto-Vegetarian, Commie Libertarian,
Monster Truck and Tractor Pull."

Show tunes started to blare, through the lilac scented air,
I wanted a beer but it was California Chardonnay they were drinkin'.
I knew it was weird, right off the bat, maybe by the way they shook hands with me like *that*.
Say, what the hell was my agent thinkin'?
Sure, I'm way in debt and I'm down on my luck,
I said a gig's a gig, but what the ~~fuck~~,
It's the Thirteenth Annual, Armadillo County, Lacto-Vegetarian, Commie Libertarian,
Gay and Lesbian, Monster Truck and Tractor Pull.

(Soli)

Well pro that I am I did my bit, and wouldn't you know it, it was somethin' of a hit,
though I never thought of myself as particularly authentic.
But the crowd went nuts and they shouted for more, I finally left the stage after three encores,
had to leave some time for the Men's Auxiliary Tap Dance Unit (whatever that is).
Then the big pink truck smashed a Japanese wreck, I called a cab and grabbed my check,
it included a bonus and a note on the back that read:
"Y'all come back to the Fourteenth Annual, Armadillo County, Lacto-Vegetarian, Commie Libertarian,
Gay and Lesbian, Monster Truck and Tractor Pull."



Her Sweetheart's The Man In The Moon

Her Sweetheart's the man in the moon,
she's going to visit him real soon.
T'would fill her with bliss,
just to steal one kiss,
and she's got half a dozen she never would miss.

She'll go up in a great big balloon,
to see her sweetheart in the moon.
Then behind a dark cloud,
where no one's allowed,
she'll make love to the man in the moon.

The Bog Man

Hard off the Natchez, in a valley so old,
a country so poor, but rich in black coal,
There lived a young miner named Billy O'Shea,
He promised his sweetheart there'd soon come a day,
When they'd move from the valley, he'd no longer toll,
Breathing choking black diamonds and smelling of coal.
It got in his clothes, clung to his hair,
Under his nails and hung in the air singing:

Someday lord, ease this hard life of mine,
Put the cork in the bottle and cleanse me of sin,
And save me lord from the hell of the mine,
And wash this black dust clean off of my skin.

It's a story told often of husbands and brides,
We all soon seek comfort where comfort abides.
While Billy drank whiskey and practiced neglect,
His bride found solace with a young Reb cadet.
So, one day at the mine, he was told to go home,
Number two had a cave in, and four was near gone.
When he got to his cottage he heard cries of desire,
So, he boarded the door, set the building afire singing:

Why me lord, and this sweet love of mine?
Take the cork from the bottle and let me crawl in,
And save me lord from this hatred of mine,
And wash this black smoke clean off of my skin.

So, they tried and they hung young Billy O'Shea,
And rested his body in an unhallowed grave.
The coal vein ran dry and the mine grew a shambles,
The county ran riot with kudzu and brambles,
And the Tennessee Valley Authority plan,
Called for constructing a huge concrete dam.
The damming would cause the whole valley to flood,
And maybe wash clean all the terror and blood, singing:

Drown me lord, and this country of mine,
Take the stop from the bottle, and let me back in,
And drown me lord and this wet land of mine,
And wash this black blood clean off of my skin.

So why waste your time with a tale so mundane?
This kind of thing happens with the sureness of rain.
Well, some fishermen out in the crepuscular light,
Saw what looked like a raft floating free through the night.
So, the dam didn't free the damned soul from the loam,
But the water had freed his wood box from its home.
And the peat has preserved Mr. William O'Shea,
The local state college has his bones on display, singing:

Help me lord and this poor soul of mine,
Stop this exhibit of my bones and skin,
And dry me lord and this wet land of mine,
And dig me a hole for to drop me back in.

Darlington Stripes

An instrumental reel celebrating the Pettys, Yarboroughs, Allison et. al on the race track known as "The Lady in Black."

The outside racing line was frequently used to such a degree that the right side of the cars had large scratches on them, colloquially known as a Darlington Stripe.



Trucker's Lament

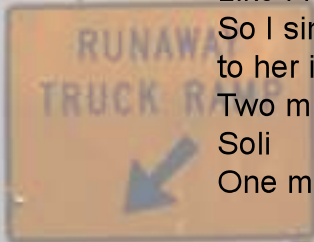
Seven miles of downgrade, give or take,
wrestling my bulldog down through the snake.
sometime round midnight, just reading the mail,
Armageddon boys and some senator goin' to jail.
Gears are whinin', ringin' in my ear,
watchin' the white line and fightin' the fear
I grip the wheel, I can't deny it.
Sign on the right is a wailer in the night:
Six miles of downgrade

Already 10 miles over the limit,
the joker on my donkey's tryin' to spin it.
His headlights flood into the cab,
like a cattle prod or an Ali jab.
It's the burning light from Ezekiel's chariot,
or the glow of a green man's airborne Marriott.
Angels or aliens take your pick
But this chicken hauler's just being a dick.
Five miles of downgrade

Once knew this cat called 50 percent,
had shutter trouble on a downstroke, tryin' to make his rent,
doin' a Georgia overdrive, went in too hot,
missed the sandbox and wound up greasy side up.
Coyotes got there before the ambulance could,
now he's got a hook for an arm and a leg made of wood.
I take west coast turnarounds and Brahmin's caffeine,
I push hard on the road and meaner in between.
Four miles of downgrade
Solo
Three miles of downgrade

And the veil of descent lifts briefly when the scent
of honeysuckle mingles with gloom and regret
My mind's half at home, still lingering in bed
Her showered flowered fragrance slithering in my head
It's simple to decode, but I cant kiss the wind
Like I might kiss the road, or win a game that's been ginned
So I sing the blues, with a style that's fused
to her irreverent symbols and her wandering shoes
Two miles of downgrade
Soli
One mile of downgrade

A life viewed through a windshield smeared with grime,
and layers of bugs in a yellow-green slime.
A fella like Pollock could'da sold this glass,
but I'm enterin' the picture for goin' too fast
Old skins on the roadside, and off to the right,
a spook highway lady in my line 'o sight
She's holding' up a sign says
"Seven more miles of downgrade."
Man, it's gonna be a long night.



Why Did You Hurt Me?

It seems we'd run out of good times,
The times of our lives had passed by.
And internet logic, dictated to you,
To leave this bondage before you died, so you
Called me up from Milwaukee last week,
A long-distance goodbye through the phone.
I stare at the walls wonderin' where I went wrong,
Here, when I sit in our home, all alone, tell me:

Why did you hurt me, and would you do it again?
Why don't you do it again?
Why did you cause me such anguish and shame,
Why did you give me such pain?
And would you do it again?

My bank says I'm plumb outta money,
I got IOU's all over town.
So, a bar bud of mine, recommended to me,
I should sell my Chevy before it broke down so I
Sold my pickup for liquor last week,
Sold it for nine hundred bills,
Got wasted on whiskey, tequila and beer,
Thinkin' drinkin' would cure all my ills, screw my bills, tell me:

Why did you hurt me?

I tried to write you a letter,
A clean slate, if you would return,
I promised that things would be much better now,
I'd show you the lessons that I had learned, but I
Burned the letter, and scattered the ash,
'Cause I just can't write what I think,
But I know that a man needs more in this here world,
Than a house, and a truck and a drink, I still think (stink) of you:

Why did you hurt me?