

Boots

These old boots of mine they've got
To many scratches they've been
Worn everywhere from Montauk to Memphis
And in a world of danger and graceful deceit
I stand somehow protected by these old boots on my feet

And these old boots of mine they've got
To many stories they've been
Thrown across the room in anger
They've been kicked up in glory
They've been out hitchhikin' on dusty streets
Hell I woke up in jail with these old boots on my feet

And there was a man whose name shall remain
A secret for all of eternity (his name was Bruce)
And Bruce took my boot in the palm of his hand
He had the smile of an angel on his face
He said, "Now honey you got a hole it runs
deep through your sole, I swear about the size of Kentucky!"
Bruce took three dollar bills and that hole he did fill
He said, "Cause girl you should be walkin on money."
You gotta love Bruce and you gotta love

These old boots of mine they've shared
To many dances they've twirled, tipped and dipped from
Paris to Texas and in a world of Strangers and aching defeat I'll
be
Running for cover, over and under, flashing a trucker
With these old boots on my feet
Gonna tell it like it is now
Damn fine boots of mine

Whiskey In A Wheatfeild

I was drinkin whiskey in a wheatfeild
Laughin on my back at the sky
I was playin with my skirt
Tryin to flirt
Out to the Catcher in the Rye
Oh these things I do to get by

I was lookin for something familiar
To hold in these old arms of mine
So I grabbed my guitar,
Full of scrapes from empty bars
And I strummed her into the night
Oh these things that I do to get by

And Ill just keep ridin this through
A swagger and a swing in every move
Playing from city to city
Like to know me is to love me
These things I do to get by
And the crossroads I bear
With dirt under my nails
With gossimer lining my shoulders
For inspiration has failed me
And harsh words have failed me
And I'm tired of thinking this over

I just want to sleep where theres dust in the sunlight
I'm gonna run down roads that buckle and twine
And if you ever need
To think of me
Make it laughing on my back at the sky
Goodbye my love,
Goodbye my love,
These things I do to get by.

1979 Mustang

Well it was overcast and I was feeling down
Driving way to fast for my 1979 mustang
And the wind was whipping through my hair
I was in fog, my eyes were a deep dark gray
Cause I was thinking hard about all the word that you said
When the words were like weapons in the air

*You know Im tryin really hard to put you behind
But there's little I can do with the things that stay in my mind
In my mind
But I find, the quicker that I move the sooner I forget
So the only thing to do is keep on ridng without you
By my side

Well I think the light was green but you know I don't recall
It was just like a dream I had no control
So I reached right down I turned on my radio
And wouldn't you know it was playing something
sentimentally slow
So I turned it off cause I'd had it up to hear with all this despair

*Chorus

No the road ahead was looking dark and smooth
And it turned me on if you want to know the truth
I felt giddy I was laughing at myself
Cause I'd driven three long states and one harsh corn feild
Just to give my head some time to heal
I was lost in Pennslyvania with no gas

*Chorus Out.

MY LOVE

My love is truer than you think
Purer than the whitest snow that you've ever seen
And my love
Will knock you off your feet
Send you to infinity on a good day

So won't you take it
Take it
Or just leave me alone
I hope you take it baby
I hope you take it from me

And my love is like a two way street
You never know if it's coming or it's going
And if you push my love
It just might stick just like a deep red lipstick
On your body

Wake Up Tomorrow

I've got to bite the bullet
Get out of second gear
Turn off this television
Grab the wheel and start to steer
It was a hazy day but it's beginning to clear
Cause it's take it or leave it baby,
That's my story and I'm sticking to it

*Chorus

I've got to wake up tomorrow and
Do something that I've never done
Knowing full well that someone
Is watching over me

This brown wool carpet
It just won't leave my toes

But the money in my pocket
Well it always comes and it always goes
There are circumstances beyond my control
But you can bring them on baby
Cause I'm back to being built to take it

And there are no perfect words
That you can say to me now
For this is no perfect world
Without you

Life is short it's been said time and again
Well it's been a year of second chances
It's been a year of saying goodbye to some good friend
And I never saw that wrecking ball waiting to descend
But man it hit me, it split me and next time it may miss me
But it will surely swing again

So you've got to wake up tomorrow and
Do something that I've never done
Knowing full well that someone
Is watching over me
I'm gonna wake up tomorrow
and do something that I've never done
And I'm so glad your the one
who's watching over me

Little Ol' Me

The Devil knows how I like to be kissed
He comes on the days I cannot resist
He knocks down my door and takes me
Fully on the lips
And I'd like to know who gave him my name

So I can throw them some of this blame
What He's done to my life is a God damned shame
Must he always make me beg him for more

So I've got to pray
I've got to pray
And maybe someday he'll stop all this playin'
Around with little ol' me

I said the Devil is trying to make me his slave
He gave me your love and then took it away
He's got me thinking about you every
God damned day
Must he always make me beg him for more

So I've got to pray
I've got to pray
And maybe someday he'll stop all this playin'
Around with little ol me

The Best Is Yet To Come

Don't try to patronize me
With all the things that you have done
Cause I'm workin for a livin baby
But the livin just never comes
And it's a long life
But I hold tight
Cause something is bound to deliver
And I keep believin that the
Best is yet to come

Cause there is love honey
And then there is you
And the way you shackle and chain

Whip and inslave
You made it kinda hard to be tried and true
So I hit the road
Hell I let you go
Cause I ain't got time for your deliverence
But I keep believin that the
Best is yet to come

Whooa I've been shot down
Kicked around
Town to town from the beginning
I've been out done,
Unsung, wrung and hung
For no reason
But I keep believin that the
Best is yet to come

So let me see you shake it baby
Let me see you shake it baby
Will you shake it for me (2x)

Just keep believin that the
Best is yet to come
I said keep believin that the
Best is yet to come

Shot My Wad

RRRRRROOWWWWW
Pacing my walls at night
Against the sound of my lovers wail
Where are my old eyes now
When he crys to me "this is emotional blackmail"

I've shot my wad

I've lost my touch
I was starting to think
That I just think to much
But sometimes its just
All around me

Wasting away in cold
I fight a fever that 6 feet high
Watching the curtain close
I take 9 steps back into the night

Chorus

If this journey is my destination
Don't bore me with your expectations
Cause I can't keep draggin this around
Anymore I can't keep draggin this around
Any.... Stop right now cause you know you do it
Baby This around

Chorus

Symphanies and Serenades

Come lie beside me now
Let me look down at your face
Barely kiss that mouth
Come lie beside me
And Oh you could stay
As the night falls down
Tucked away from this
Sleepy town
Come lie beside me now

Don't let me end this day

Uninspired
Just let me watch your eyes
Grow tired
For Symphonies and Serenades
Can be found within the beauty
Of your face
Come lie beside me now

Cause I'm not one for indecision
But if you want to well you can
Just take your time
The stars are lined in there position
Come on baby lie that head next to mine
Next to mine

We can do anything
That we want to but I
Would be satisfied
Just to hold on to you for
Symphonies and Serenades
Can be found within the beauty
Of your face
Come lie beside me now

San Gimignano

I got to many buckles in my life these days
Holdin me back from my destination
I don't need buckles
I need the wide open hills of San Gimignano

I've got to many choices to many ways
Can't wrap my head around anything
I don't need anything
But the wide open hills of San Gimignano

San Gimignano, San Gimignano
San Gimignano, San Gimignano

I've got to many diamonds, to many rings
In my face and around my fingers
I don't need diamond rings
I need the wide open hills of San Gimignano
Chorus out.

Don't Come Lookin For Me

Hangin low on Fulham Road
Feelin like there's little left
For anyone or anything at all
And I don't expect you to know cause
Your to busy baby basking in the glow
Of everyone and anything at all

So when it all comes down to you babe
Next time
If it ever comes down to you babe
My, my
When it all comes down to you babe
Well oh lord, don't you come lookin for me

Cause we were tight not long ago
You spent hours telling me all the things you
You thought I should know about you
Somehow it's always about you
Now I've got solitaire, nicotine
I'm writing pages in my journal
Just for something to read
Oh baby, you left me down and dusty
Chorus

I've got nicotine, solitaire
The old red flannel that you used to wear
Beside me - outside of me.
Chorus out