

Leaving West - lyrics

Regret

It's a bad situation. the world spun out of control

Gray skies press down harder

And she's the only one that knows

Long distance always calling

Desperation limp and spent

Forget the dance and the fawning

Every man has his regret

I know you boy and your tailor

And the price of a load

Come on, why all the tears now

You take the steps You've got to go

Another one is dead and gone now

Laid so neatly there to rest

Gravestones are the markers

Signposts of your regret

I know You and that hunger

And the meal You make alone

Come on, why act so glum now

You say you want I know you don't

Count the ones that are gone now
Each one was heaven sent
But the gravestones are the markers
And every man has his regret

EEBCBE

"OK. OK. its a drum machine I know what You're thinking".

Cheyenne

1

Revived, coffin break. suffocated. I couldn't wait,
It's ten below and a black top road
Nobody's out there. tonight it's lonely passing through
I think a drink is due. I'll take two

Out of Cheyenne into piney woods, this drive will do me good
Remembering what she said what she said
I'm not your enemy no, I'm now it. can't you see
It's the pass that binds, that's not an alibi
But you never try, why don't you ever try?

2.

I remember a wishing well
Where we stood and whose hand that I held
And the coin that was tossed and what it got
Cigarette smoke and empty roads, it's 4 AM a stupid joke

But what do I know

On a list I'm alone

Einstein. barfly. which one what's the face tonight

But the last thing she said as the phone line went dead

"If You roll alone I'll leave the lights on

If you roll alone I'll leave the lights on

If you roll alone"

D# G A# G A# D Capo 2

"A true story from the heart of America".

Say It and See

It's funny I should feel this guilt

Walking around with this smile

what's the crime?

I've paid my dues and I've claimed my debts

Ain't gotta lie. This one's mine

This one's mine

You might laugh and shake your head

Say you know me. Say you've seen this

I don't mind, this time I don't mind

So OK, all right

I'm gonna say it And see

I love her and she loves me

I wasn't looking, who'd a figured
Holding out like that someone would get the picture
Now it's a hand to hold and oh good,
Little toes
With our pasts we are quite modern
She's got scars and I've got the daughter
But it fits, we like the fit
But it's true it's a handful
It's modern love and look out below
Ah. but we know
Oh yes, we know

So OK, all right
I'm gonna say it And see
I love her and she loves me

F A# D F A# D# Capo 4

"A song that took me 42 years to write".

Freak Show

Now I guess it's time we're going to have to see
I'm ready for you, I bet You're not ready for me
I've been away a long time, I couldn't handle this scene
I only return to wipe the past clean
Because I'm ashamed of myself and for some of what I've done

But it's hard to know the truth, especially when you're young

Especially when you're young

And it's hey ho, hi-dy ho

I can Always do the stomp at a freak show

But maybe I'd just like to let it go

Please don't tell me that you never lie

I see shadows creep you could not disguise

I'm not coming back to make them pay

But the things I've got inside yes, they need to hear me say

Because if I didn't say it they'd never know

I'm a sentient creature and not a piece for their freak show

I'm not a piece for their freak show

And it's hey ho, hi-dy ho

I can Always do the stomp at a freak show

But maybe I'd just like to let it go

Looky, looky here what you've gone and done

I've spent long years trying to get this knot undone

Crazy aunt, and uncles. Mom and Dad too

What the hell do you think me and my sister are supposed to do?

When you're young it's hard to say "leave us alone."

I don't want to play, I don't want to be in your freak show

I don't want to be in your freak show

And it's hey ho, hi-dy ho

I can Always do the stomp at a freak show

But maybe I'd just like to let it go

standard tuning

"Puts the fun back in dysfunctional...I wrote this in 1984 just before moving to Seattle".

Gypsy's Minor Swing

Instrumental

standard tuning

"A song I wrote 15 years ago. Living in Europe brings it back with new life".

The Orphanage

There's a little candle light

Where the children sleep at night

In that home on top of the hill

Where they dream of hands to hold

And never all alone

And Mommy and Daddy don't fight

It's just a simple wooden house

Left alone and done without

But with angels above and below

And the children run and play

As they pass the time away

Waiting and wanting to go

For a little while it might be all right

It might be OK for just a few short days

But for the unlucky ones, no one comes

And they're waiting there still

In that home over the hill

Well, I was a lucky one

I spent some time and then it was done

And my new parent. are happy with me I suppose

But I'll not forget those days

And the little bed in which I lay

And my friends I left there waiting and wanting to go

For a little while it might be all right

It might be OK for just a few short days

But for the unlucky ones, no one comes

And they're waiting there still

In that home over the hill

D# G A# G A# D#

"The first guitar player I ever saw in person was in a church".

I Don't Know

I'm going to tell You something

I'm not going to lie

So if you come here early honey

Don't say you're surprised

I'd like to stay forever

But I'm feeling filled up and full

So I've packed my bags, I've found the key

I guess it's time to go

But OK, friends think I'm crazy

Friends think I'm stupid

But I don't know, I don't know

I'll be looking for sunshine

Had enough of this rain

Course it's true, I'm sad about leaving

But I'm not going to stay that way

You can't say we never tried now

You know we did what we could

'Course I always know that there is more that you can do

But it doesn't always mean that you should

But OK, friends tell me it's easy

Friends say it's simple

But I don't know, I don't know

I don't know

I'm not looking for trouble

But I've had enough of blue

I looked in the mirror and had to make a choice

Darling, didn't mean to hurt You

Of course I could write a letter

Maybe put this in a song

It's been nice, darling, I love you too

But take a look and I'm gone

But all right, friends tell me it's easy

Friends think I'm crazy

Friends think I'm simple

But I don't know

All right, easy

Tell me it's all right

I don't know

D# G A# G A# D#

"Stubborn Taurus me".

Tonight

Say no more, I'll take the chance

You've had your share I know

But I'm not that kind of man

I'll take care

And besides, I've got a different kind of plan

Why don't we just hold hands?

Not forever and a day, oh no
I could not stand the wait
And I'm not so very strong and besides,
Yes I'm sure I know that you're the one I want
In time and fortunately

Let's dance all night
Tonight

OK, I know. it might be impossible
A silly notion
Dumb idea
But if you want to get close and see
Can anybody love?
Can you and me?

Let's dance all night
Dancing all night
Tonight
Tonight

D# G A# G A# D

"I still love watching old Fred Astaire movies. Thanks for the memories, Fred".

Caroline's Dream

Instrumental

"Don't fall asleep in the studio when somebody's making a record".

One Single Rose

One calendar page, too many days
This is borderline insanity
To bend my knees and have to wait
But I'll try to laugh as I wipe my eyes
And try to remember some innocence
And wonder if this life will be kind

Forget about the running
Forget about the devil's curse
I never saw this coming
No time to steal away or worse
So I am fortunate but I am stunned
Sometimes drawing blanks just like a child
Confronted with stupid adult questions

Silently I climb, straight to the top
Where I'll catch my breath and try to see
You can watch but I won't fal
It's one single rose. growing in this garden
Waiting I hope and fascinated enough
To see and love

EGBGBE Capo7

"Falling in love is definitely great inspiration. Being in love is even better".

Big Stick

Because I want it around here, don't make it so

Sitting in the middle of this corn field

My daddy warned me to go

Highway 41 I know and just where it goes

I can't, I want but I won't

Damn this dry county and number nine coal

I wish we didn't need the heat so bad

But Christ it's getting cold

No job here and nine fingers

But that's the way it goes

There's not much left here now, but I wonder

If I could stir at with this old stick

What would float?

I used to like this living. working the land

When my daddy was alive it made a lot more sense

But things was different back then

Now he's gone. most of my friends too

And I've got the itch when a little luck would do

I can't, I won't, I can't move

A Band-Aid, cigarettes, this land I walk

I'm not going to worry about the Chevrolet

Troubles I've got enough

Now Nancy's packed and wants an answer from me
Or says she's not coming back

There's not much left here now, but I wonder
If I could stir at with this old stick
What would float?

There's not much left I know but I wonder
If I should spend a little more
But I don't know

standard tuning

"The little farms of the world are fast disappearing. Here's just one more story".

Baby Bean

1

Hello blank page, disasters galore-
Best double time it, television sores
White noise chicken, scratch paper pie
Fold over corner, slip goes the night

2.

Can't you hear her knocking now,
Squeezing off a sneeze
Try a little harder, better say it louder please
A friend indeed, sang his songs for me

So good luck mama and little baby bean

3.

Down near the bottom now

Running out of reach

Don't bother hollering

No one will hear you scream

A friend is gone

The rocking chair creaks

But good luck mama and little baby bean

Good luck mama and little baby bean

C G C G C E Capo 4

"My first thought was about the kid".

Was a Friend

Instrumental

D# G A# G A# D

"It's in the title".

Slow Poison

Hello poison, we hear you calling

Familiar like a friend

At least now it's in the great wide open

It's good we don't pretend

It's taken time, television and time

Of course we know living life here in the city

It's everywhere you look and see

The hateful stares and the silent signs

Directed at my dark skinned friends and me

But we know why

We know why our nation

Plays trickle down and lies to control

We know why they're jealous

And fear to ever really let go

Oh we know

We know

Same old trash, overused bedsprings

Same old take away

Babies grown and jumping, busy doing nothing

No work or money to play

And it's why try

Slow poison

So dissatisfied

Nowhere really to climb

If You want to run

Where do you go?

Where do you want to live?

Where do you come from?

And what's pride?

But we know that our nation

Plays trickle down and lies to control

We know that they're jealous

And fear to ever really let go

Oh we know

We know

D G# A# G# A# D Capo 1

"Too much time in the city perhaps. I'm not sure-It's not difficult to see and know what's going on, though, no matter where you live.