

Shotgun Pillowcase - lyrics

Hearts

Close - so close

He never looks at me

But I hope to be close

A phone call, digital ping

X's and O's, add them up such a little thing

Please ring

Turn me into a thing

Close

Inside - I want to be inside her

Besides ok but better off inside her

But she doesn't see

Looks away and I'm shy

But ok I still try

I want her and inside

Touch, just touch

I want to touch and be touched

With his body

I dream his body

He's not rich but he sings

With wings and things

And little toe rings

That sing and sing

Touch

Hearts - 2 hearts

Such fragile things

Beating in parts

Hearts - say it - hearts

She never looks at me

But I know she knows I'm here

Because I'm driving nails into her stubborn forehead

Hearts

Trust, truth, touch and hearts

Him and her and them in parts (repeat)

D A D G A D capo 4

Big Sigh

My dreams about you honey and your always only mine

It's a real good love, the kind that's hard to find

You'd say Happy, where have you been so long

I've been looking for you sugar now help yourself

Come on, come on, come on

My dreams about your loving and what you like to do

With your King Kong daddy in the afternoon

It'd be little toe chains and just to see you smile

I'd dance for you naked slow for awhile

My dreams about you darling and what I'd really say

With an open heart and month of long days

Words are really nothing, a chance to be near

What really matters most is going on right down here

It's a big dream

She's a big high

She's a big honey

And it's a big sigh

My dreams about your eyes and your legs around mine

Shiney all over and happy with a real big sigh

No work that we really had to do

It's a locked out world; inside of that

more of me for you

fit together pieces, knots undone

mutual respect, best friends

and always with a smile and lots of fun

refrain

D#F#B F#B D# capo 2 Gm harp

Glitterati (Chris Eckman)

Stink or swim

Safety pin

Blasted looks

Glitterati skin

Passed the test of time

Only to encumber

Plant a pine

Where stillness slept

Right again

The wrong one wins

Passed the test of time

The curse grew humble

And hey you!

You almost blew my cover

Hey you!

You almost blew my cover

Melted ways

Got truth today

Stoked the furnace

Made me nervous

The blind leading the bland

To horsy water

On Fidalgo street

You laughed like hell

Hand-pressed curls

And Siamese shells

The blind leading the blind

To bold convictions

And hey you!

You almost blew my cover

Hey you!

You almost blew my cover

And who's the savage now?

And where is all her bluster?

Beneath this frantic shroud

Will it hurt?

Will it hurt?

If there is nothing ever after?

You almost blew my cover (repeat)

Cable Ballad Blues

Working the new job, the new kid in town,

Working class white trash folks always putting down

Assholes, I just call them assholes

But I remember Grandpa smiling, talking to me

Saying, "boy be steady, eat your black-eyed peas
You can take it on your shoulder
So don't be getting wild
Remember what I tell you and you'll do your Pappy proud"
So I don't say anything, I don't let it show
I get on with my business always making a joke
But I'm watching, adding it up and watching
The hiding place, the double locked doors
The display case and what the combinations for
I can't own it, but maybe I can hold it

I got my chrome plated hide-away gun
I got my high-top shoes
I got a bad case of friendly here
And these I-want-to-get-away-from-here
Cable Ballad Blues

Breakdown shotgun in a pillowcase
Will make a difference you can use
If push comes to shove and all else fails
It's the little things you know that will do
So go ahead take it back in the woods
I'm going to check back on the trail
We worked to hard to come this far
Now's not the time to get lazy and fail
Because there ain't no innocence in the world anymore
I don't care what they say
I ain't' trusting nobody

Especially if they're coming up this way

I've got my chrome plated hide-away gun

I've got my high-top shoes

I've got a pocketful of nothing way too long

And the I-aim-to-get-away-from-here

Cable Ballad blues

Country folk learn early

How to hold hard and sell dear

And I aim to apply those lessons

To every little bit of what I'm doing here

Because I can't even hardly help myself

No matter how I try and change

This one's been a long time coming

And I ain't gonna let it get away

Because I'm not going back to no mountain

And I'll never have a college degree

Besides, rich folk here have got enough for two

Or they can plant my ass underneath a tree

I've got a chrome plated, hide-away gun

I've got my high-top shoes

I've got a dream of leaving I've held too long

And these I-aim-to-get-away-from-here-and-never-come-back

Cable Ballad blues.

E A C#G A E capo-8

He's Still Drinking (Hale/Eckman)

Instrumental

Level 20 (Hale/Eckman)

The blistered door, the rusted gate

The cinder path on a dead-end lane

Designed for gloom and no holiday

You know this

There is no map to mark the maze

Uniform colors is the going wage

Judged by how much you take and won't swallow

Consciousness and burning at the cities edge

Everybody here is no accident

The midnight-blue are no gentle men, no gentlemen

Take another bite of the sunshine

Add another crack you won't see

Just another wrinkle in the world up here

Living level 20, number 43

5000 souls stretched 25 high

Nobody breathe but in harmony sigh

Our fathers know, have the answers why

But who follows?

New lawgivers for the promised land

More concrete, another paper plan

But with muscle and blood we build with our stand

For tomorrow

Chorus

The wages to win, disappointing fruit

Born to advantage, no substitutes

Weed what you want but it takes no root and is hollow

Time bomb ticking with quarter notes

Learn the beat easy with the skipping rope

Harbingers awful.

Chorus

C G C G C D# capo 2

No Distance Left To Run (Albarn, Coxon, James, Rowntree - Blur)

It's over

You don't need to tell me

I hope you're with someone who makes you feel safe in your sleeping tonight

I won't kill myself trying to stay in your life

I've got no distance left to run

When you see me, please

Turn your back and walk away

I don't want to see you
Because I know that the dream that you keep is
Wearing me
And when you're coming down
Think of me here
I've got no distance left to run

It's over
I knew it would end this way
I hope you're with someone who makes you feel
That life in the night
And it settles down, stays around
Spends more time with you
I've got no distance left to run

I'm coming home

D A D F#A D

Evergreen

I want nothing that I know
Nothing that I see
This is how the world ends
But how I need it to be
Unhomed

I want nothing that I know
No one I've ever seen
Roots grinding down cobbled streets
Untribed, disconnected but alive
Disconnected but Evergreen
Evergreen (2x)

Chorus: you don't know what it's like
To be alone so much
But what's wrong with that
And if it's what you must
You don't know what it's like
To love somebody
That you can't love
That you need to love
And you know you must

I want nothing that I know
No where I've been before
Darling coastal super chief
Pale-eyed thorn

I want nothing that I know
No part of what I've been
Old song to have to sing
Or self to have to bend
Unknown, between but, unknown
And Evergreen

Always Evergreen

Evergreen

D G B G B D

Work Song

Standing around just looking, never been known to help

Sometimes you've got to bend over friend

Reach down and help yourself

Roll up your sleeves

Way too damn much whining, nothing but a waste of time

It's life, you've got to gamble, spend 2 maybe get you 5

Roll up your sleeves

School book education, lessons learned out on the streets

I wonder if it really matters

Still gotta find what you need

Roll up sleeves (2x)

Do a lot of doing nothing,

But that's something I'm told

Don' be afraid of hard luck

you'll find what you can hold

Talk about your need to do

You talk about your need to go
Just more words and blah, blah
Still gotta move your butt to go
Roll up your sleeves (3x)

And work,
Going to have to
Need a little, want a little
Have to have
Want to have to

I am not the one to point fingers
I'm the worst of the lot
Clearly see what isn't there
Exactly what I haven't got
Repeat 2nd verse

And work
Gotta have
Want to have
Have to have
Want to have
Gotta have
I want to have
Need a little
Want a little

D G D G A#D

Oliva

Instrumental

Streets Of Stone

It's a hard wind tonight that blows

Tips the nests of all the crows

And the shape of all is shuttered fast

For what gathers here to leap, rend and smash

I walk the streets of stone

Winter has finally arrived and fast

Cold chimneys lit and fast

The high, yellow light upon the hill

With the crucifix form and the window sill

But not she sighs, for beauty

I miss the kiss both long and slow

Her full lips and what they know

And holding

And it's me again the late, late show

Fold up with crumpled notes

And knowing

Wind moans in different keys

As the Weaver weaves what he wants to weave

Seemingly set deliberately

But the sense of what it is I fail to see

And she agreed

The river flowing, frozen ok,
We're not getting out, new plans made
So it's back to the kitchen, mansion of thieves
Plotting and planning, not at all pleased
But there I suppose we must go

I miss her breath, narcotic kiss
Well dark eyes, fingertips
The slowing
It's me again but where'd I go
Some left turn stole the show
A folding, folding
Shadows spill

Promises made
Echo still, no time to fade
But I guessed it long ago
The bitter, the learning and the letter came slow
It's down to me with the match and the flames
At the edge of forever she just smiled, then waved

I miss her more than being whole
Common sense but what do I know
And it's showing
It's me again, the late, late show
Out again on street of stone
And knowing, knowing
D#G A#G A# D capo 4