

Soul Deep Into Outer Space

by Jerry Axson

I'm gonna' build me a spaceship, maybe in my backyard,
I can find all the parts I need, get em' off my car,
And maybe a robot too, a friend to call my own,
warn me if danger approaches, keep me from feeling alone,
I won't need nobody else,
I'm just fine all by myself,
No, I can't hear you call my name,
a million miles away...
and it don't really feel the same,
a million miles away...
I'm gonna' send myself some place,
a million miles away...
soul deep into outer space,
a million miles away...
soul deep into outer space...

I'm gonna' point my spaceship, straight to the moon,
I'm not leaving tonight, but I'm going real soon,
And you can watch from afar, can even count me down,
and I'll be so damn brave, hardly wait to get off the ground,

House On The Moon (Bed In The Sea)

by Jerry Axson

The house that I live in is as cold as the moon,
there is no air to breathe and it's falling soon,
the silence makes my lungs collapse,
life in a vacuum perhaps...
You dare not a sound in our house on the moon,
lay quiet and still on the bed - light will come soon,
the weight that presses down on you,
there's not a thing that you can do,
It's easy to leave you I'll just walk away,
easy to forget simply broaden the base,
easy to make love you just sample and swoon,
but what do you do when you're house is on the moon?

The bed that we sleep in is as wide as the sea,
it's violent and cold at times - crashing over me,
and I believe this ship is adrift,
something wrong, we won't admit,
You dare not a move on our bed in the sea,
for fear of a ripple that will drown us eventually,
they say it's a lot like falling asleep,
there is no pain and you don't weep,
It's easy to leave you I'll just walk away,
easy to forget simply broaden the base,
easy to make love you just smile and tease,
but what do you do when you're bed is in the sea?

Nothing Between Us (But My Pride)

by Jerry Axson

Here she comes, on a Friday night,
in her green Camaro, 1969,
I'm so lucky, all the boys step aside,
there ain't nothing between us, but my pride...
And if it weren't for the tears that I've cried over her -
I might say that it's all in vain...
It doesn't matter, she drives me insane...

All I wanted was a kiss from you -
just to see what it might do -
instead it lay like a broken arrow in my side...
nothing between us but my pride...
nothing between us but my pride...

Well she walks, about ten feet tall,
and I don't mind saying, she don't feel nothing at all,
I been lucky, hadn't caught the buzz,
til' I was down on my knees, then I knew I was,
And if it weren't for the tears that I've cried over her -
I might say that it's all in vain...
It doesn't matter, she drives me insane...

*All I wanted was a kiss...
SOS I'm in distress...
All I wanted was a kiss...
SOS I'm just a mess...
Your lips on mine...
SOS I'm in distress...
Taste so fine...*

Solid Citizen Kenneth Cain

by Jerry Axson

Solid citizen Kenneth Cain, took off in his aeroplane,
slipped the earth toward the sun, in '44, one early august morn',
A business trip is all this was, didn't mean to cause a fuss,
but something came out of the east, the brightest lights I've ever seen,

Can I meet you - shake your hand,
sit and talk a while,
exchanging views on Flying Saucers,
always makes me smile,
Solid citizen Kenneth Cain,
changed the world we live in,
and we'll never see a starry sky,
the same way again...

Nine of them against the snow, a "V" formation - I don't know,
boomerangs in circus lights, crossed the ridge and out of sight,
And I was there with Kenneth Cain, I felt the fear - I felt the pain,
watched the world embrace the man, something I don't understand,

Real Wild Thing

by Jerry Axson

They were shining lights cross' the water, against a pale harvest moon,
like silvery spider webs, they danced so out of tune,
there's men down by the shoreline, people all along the banks,
you can hear faint talk and laughter, you can hear the preacher giving thanks...
And it's a real wild thing...
that's come into my life,
It's a real wild thing...
and it won't come round' twice,
It's a real wild thing...
that's why I got to keep it all on ice,
It's a real wild thing...
And every mother's daughter, and every father's son,

can sleep behind the law, that stands behind the gun,
but the "talkers" keep on comin', and the city finds delight,
in a small town by the river, that cannot sleep at night,

Got my picture on the TV, interviews at nine,
the sundays' best is cleaned and pressed, the alibies are fine,
And me I'm in the limelight, and me I'm in the know,
the creepin', crawlin' monster, who's putting on this show,

Six

by Jerry Axson

Why would you tell little lies about me?,
why would you tell my friends untruths?,
wasn't I there when you needed me?,
to lift you up and help you through...
And it's a primitive situation,
this winning at all cost,

makes me speak with hesitation -
hold my tongue - absorb the loss...
And I've been one time in the making,
two times forsaken,
three times cut down to my soul,
four times through the fire,
five times much higher,
six times a story left untold...

I remember when we were happy,
I remember everytime you called,
I can almost touch your body -
making shadows on the wall...
It's an all night vindication,
a test of strength and will,
to stop myself from falling -
as I'm climbing up this hill...

Scrap Of Paper

by Jerry Axson

Give me just a scrap of paper,
I can scribble up a line or two,
I'm sorry about these missed intentions,
it's the best that I can do,
If love is but an opportunity,
then don't let me pass you by,
there's potential in anything they say,
maybe that's the reason why -
I get lonely...I feel cold...
I am only...one soul...
Take me to the highest mountain and,
throw me off the top alive,
put an end to my misery,
help me to finalize,
The acts of a past aggressor,
I sacrifice with tooth and nail,
let's hope something good floats up,
from the bottom of this rusty pail,
Am I crazy??? am I done???
I am empty...being one...

There's a note in the bottle,

*there's a word in my mouth,
come close now and listen,
it's bound to slip....out.....*

Ghost In My Town

by Jerry Axson

There's a ghost in my town, walking up and down these streets,
scares a lot of people away, they say he looks a lot like me,
Yeah, he goes to the places, you and I used to go,
says a lot of things, only I could know...
There's a place in my chest, my heart used to beat,
now it's empty and cold in there, man, they're pulling up the sheets,

Takes a lot of love, to feel this way,
it'll take a lot of courage, to find the light of another day...
I am that ghost -
I am that shadow that you see,
I am that ghost,
and he is me...

There's a ghost in my town, on any moonlit night,
see him dragging these chains around, Oh man, it's a horrible sight,

Give him room to pass, he's beyond the hands of care,
it's all we can do for now, offer up a simple prayer...

(I Can't Believe) It's Got A Mind Of Its' Own

by Jerry Axson

I went to sleep last night - fell in a dream,
I could not wake - it was the strangest thing,
Deep in the Amazon I searched for a queen,
I could not find her - tell me what does this mean?,
I can't believe she's got a mind of her own,
wakes me up at night - won't leave me alone,
someday I'll break her but until then she's stone,
I can't believe she's got a mind of her own...
Down in the bushland where the tiger do lie,
Saw my baby out the corner of my eye,
I tried to call her - but there was no reply,
She left me standing here - I'm wondering why?,
I can't believe she's got a stride of her own,
runs me half to death - I'm down to the bone,
I'll try to catch her but until then she's gone, gone, gone,
I can't believe she's got a stride of her own...
I went to sleep last night - awoke from a dream,
My body aching from the core to the seam,
It was not real - but that's not how it seemed,
My baby's waiting and you know what this means,
I can't believe it's got a mind of its' own,
runs me half to death - I'm down to the bone,
someday I'll break it but until then it's stone,
I can't believe it's got a mind of its' own...
Mind, mind - mind of its' own...

Black Mule

by Jerry Axson

I don't want to be your fool, some dead weight you drag behind,
so far gone now it's just cruel, will you say goodbye this time,
All your friends - they talk me down, say I'm just no good for you,

but it's the soul no, not the crown, that sees the spirit on and through...

And I don't want to be your black mule,
meant to carry only you,
Black mule is a poor mans' tool,
for the unlucky few,
I don't want to be your -
I don't want to be your -
I don't want to be your black mule...
I don't want to be your -
I don't want to be your -
I don't want to be your black mule...

Say goodbye to this boy now, up and over the hills,
I want to leave without a sound, don't you know that your love kills?,
"precious, precious" is your name, but you don't seem to me like that,
I could die inside your flame, never - ever coming back...

All songs performed by:

Jerry Axson: lead & backing vocals, lead & rhythm guitars, keyboards

Hal Axson: vocals, bass, lead guitar on "Black Mule" & "Mind Of Its' On", harmonica on "Ghost In My Town"

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