

Learning To Play

I was twelve years old when I picked up my first guitar,
I marveled at the way it felt in my hand,
my fingers hurt for days but I could not put it down,
it held something I had to understand...

Learning to form the words
that my heart must say,
find the time to practice them
each and every day...
Don't worry about what they might -
or they might not say,
just tell them all I must first crawl -
learning to play...

I could close my eyes for one million years
and dream of songs I've yet to write,
hands forming chords that feed deep pools of tears,
looks like I'm going there tonight...

Dear Miss Ann Jones

Dear Miss Ann Jones -
if you ever decide to leave me alone
I'm gonna' stay out all night long,
and I just might not come back home,
Better if you forget about me...
I'm not somebody you'd want to see...
Dear Miss Ann Jones...

Dear Miss Ann Jones -
I'm afraid to pick up the telephone,
you're on the other end and time has shown,
you're half crazy and the other half's gone,
Why do you want to pick on me???
I'm not your only source of company...
Dear Miss Ann Jones...

Dear Miss Ann Jones...
Dear Miss Ann Jones...
You've got to move on and set me free -
I'd do it for you won't you do it for me???
Dear Miss Ann Jones...

Dear Miss Ann Jones -
I'm run ragged and down to the bone,
I'm six pound and six stone,
you got to leave me the hell alone
Look in my eyes you won't find love...
we broke his heart - what were we thinking of???

When Amber Rains

As a matter of fact she comes right in,
makes herself at home in my world,
kind of tall, misplaced and thin,
she's no ordinary girl,
Wide eyed and tight lipped -
soft hair falls everywhere
she had me at "Hello" I think -
somewhere...back there,

When Amber rains she pours down -
from the cracks in her broken heart,
somebody needs to love this girl -
before she falls apart,
and I want to be the one she sees,
who made a difference in her life,
when Amber rains she pours down -
but not tonight...

I met her down at "Tootes Shore" bar,
a stormy Friday night,
she walked in and sat down next to me,
asked me for a light,
Dreamy eyed and soft lips -
wet hair tangled on her brow,
Franklin told me "forget about this" -
but I still want her somehow,

Just How It Feels Sometimes

God bless the money -
it don't go far enough,
in the land of milk and honey,
living sure has been tough...
when I get around to it -
I'm gonna' lose the rest of my mind,
not that I am beholden to you -
that's just how it feels sometimes...
just left of center- and never straight down the line,
that's just how it feels sometimes...

I'm not much to look at -
they say I'm too old to swing,
a lot of summers ride under this hood,
and I'm running short on springs,
still I lay awake at night,
counting the stars in my mind,
while the carnival breaks down below,
that's just how it feels sometimes...
just left of center - I've never drawn inside the lines,
that's just how it feels sometimes...

Just how it feels sometimes...
just how it feels sometimes...
like an animal locked in a cage -
beaten down with fear and rage -

God bless the man -
who don't know when to quit,
rolls his sleeves up and digs in -
when he's thrown in the thick of it,
he is a hero to me - and there's no denying,
that's just how it feels sometimes...

Everything But You

I've got the moon in the sky,
looking down on me,
I've got the stars in the Heavens above -
as far as the eye can see,
I've got the wind to wrap me up,
I've got the sea deep and blue,
everything a man could want,
but I don't have you...

Everything but you -
everything but you,
I will wait here until I turn to stone,
everything but you...

I have a mighty righteous heart,
beating within my chest,
I keep time on my side,
where I find it serves me best,
the suns' rays warm my austere face -
the sky is wide and blue,
I've got everything a man could need,
but I don't have you...

Near As Bad (As The Last Time)

If I raise my hand I've got a question to ask -
about your fixed rate policies and the lots that have been cast,
against the temporaries and the innocent of heart and soul,
well, it might get a little hot in here tonight -
but it all comes down to a measure of self control...

And this don't hurt near as bad as the last time -
as a matter of fact I don't feel anything at all,
I won't drop down to my knees -
and kiss your ass just to please,
it don't hurt near as bad as the last time...

You are a solitary man in the most desperate of ways -
you've got your hand on my silver while your gold is at play,
your mission statement is a collection of mysteries and lies,
yeah, you speak a good forked tongue -
but I see you behind those flashing eyes...

I'm three sheets to the wind -
dancing on your soya again,
I've got something to say -
but you're not listening anyway...

This don't hurt near as bad as the last time -
in fact I - I don't think I feel any pain at all,
I won't fall down on my knees -
and kiss your ass just to please,
it don't hurt near as bad as the last time...