

sleep faster (martin-hicks)

sleep faster they need the bed
storm clouds gather in the west
you've got to pay that's
what the landlord said
but he doesn't understand a thing
he's got a key but he can't get in
keep a safe distance from him

sleep faster there's a house uptown
love walked out and it fell down
no one left to slam the door
nothing but the wind and rain
they're never coming back again
keep a safe distance from them

sleep faster the moon is down
he passed through you like a town
it's not love when you don't stick around
it's just visiting
they just go there to say they've been
keep a safe distance from them

sleep faster we need the bed
not for dying but for dreams instead
you've got to pay
that's what the landlord said
but he doesn't understand a thing
he's got a key but he can't get in
we're a safe distance from him

east of the river (martin)

you used to be a husband
you've always been a son
the pictures in your wallet
they changed every month
no matter what you call yourself
down in your deepest heart
east of the river
you're still who you are

out west they fight about water
and they drink their whiskey neat
and it shakes and rolls and rattles
but it comes down on its feet
as she turned to leave you
the sun was sinking low
east of the river it's always
time to go

you used to be a landlord
now you pay the rent
and the rest of it you borrow
if you can find a friend
you'd pay to change the weather
you'd pay to change your name
east of the river what
falls is more than rain

hank williams (martin-hicks)

someone stole the stone
from hank williams' grave
they don't care who took it
they just want it back today
were they fans or were they vandals
did they think that it would pay
did they roll away the stone
like it was resurrection day

and the grass grows round the mystery
of a montgomery grave
and someone's driving up to knoxville
looking for his name

the crunch of tires on the road
from a loaded pickup truck
everything will turn to gravel
if you give it long enough
and hank has turned to something
mostly sky a little ground
and if they had the decency
they'd turn that truck around

i dreamed of luke the drifter
and stories that he told
out on his lost highway
with his heavy load
there's a ghost in the jukebox
in this bar tonight
and i hear him say 'you'll never get
out of this world alive'

eight ball (martin)

i sleep with one eye open
and the other one shut tight
and stare at half the ceiling
half the night
with one foot on the bed
and one foot on the floor
to keep me one step closer
to the door

these thoughts rattle round my head
like an all night game of eight ball
i can hear them play upstairs
the click and the roll and the fall
the click and the roll and the fall

i've been chewing on this problem
instead of counting sheep
that's why i grind my teeth when i sleep
there's a picture of you by the bed
like a kid tugging at my sleeve
cause she wants what she wants
and she won't ever leave

a song came through my window
it floated through the air
into my sleep
from down the street somewhere
and the dream was all about you
and the notes fell all around
i woke up just before they
hit the ground

i sleep with one eye open
and the other one shut tight
and stare at half the ceiling
half the night

perfect fit (martin)

he was born with half a heart
a little faulty from the start
she had symptoms similar
he could see himself in her

a crooked pot and a crooked lid
mmmm they were a perfect fit

she was born with two left feet
moved in circles down the street
stammered long before she walked
learned to limp before she talked

a crooked hat and a crooked head
mmmm they were a perfect fit
a crooked pot and a crooked lid
mmmm they were a perfect fit

he had only half a wit
never did get over it
a joke in search of its punch line
he knew they were two of a kind

a crooked pot and a crooked lid
mmmm they were a perfect fit

she had half a mind it's true
hadn't learned to count to two
a little short on the balance sheet
it took love to make ends meet

a little hit and a little miss
mmmm they were a perfect fit
a crooked pot and a crooked lid
mmmm they were a perfect fit

empty pockets (martin)

leave my baggage at the station
and things too small to mention
i've brought what really matters to your door
a \$12 ring a saint hanging from a string
a song or two to sing and nothing more

let me empty out my pockets
and turn them inside out
i'll leave it all right here on your floor
i've got these things i brought with me t
hey look cheap but they weren't free
i've got more keys than there are doors

i'd take all the dreams i've had
the good ones and the bad
i'd turn around and sell them for a song
or i'll leave them here with you
out of gratitude
if you can put them back where they belong

take my time as it unrolls
take my picture steal my soul
i won't need it til i come back here again
and take a picture of this
how we stood above your fallen dress like snakes
and other things that lose their skins

1a. (martin-hicks)

i know the rain whenever i see it
i don't have to get soaking wet to believe it
and i know the sun when it beats me flat
i don't need a sign to tell where i'm at
where bad things happen on beautiful days
that's how they do it out here in i.a.
but don't be afraid there's nothing to fear
that's how they do it round here

all alone as a pickup truck
stuck on the grapevine up on blocks
steal the water from the desert they're no fools
bring it south to the valley to fill their pools

take the 5 to the 10 or the 134
i had some friends but they don't live here no more
someone's shooting a gun in the air across town
dodge the bullets as they come down

amy mcpherson walked into the sea
watched the sunset burn as she set herself free
and moose on a hill he can't get in
staring from a distance at the promised land

it won't be tomorrow (martin-hicks)

she called about midnight
it was just a short fight
just a skirmish that didn't
amount to much
she was nervous about something
i was nervous about nothing
when the one thing we needed
was just to touch

she said i'll call you
but it won't be tomorrow
we've said some things
we should never repeat
right now let's lay down
all of this sorrow
and put out the light
and just get some sleep

i went to bed later
but sleep didn't come easy
lying there next to her point of view
it pushed and it shoved me
and it took all the blankets
it tossed and it turned and
it looked just like you

she called the next morning
she called to say sorry
i said the same
there was nothing to add
but i called that evening
and she didn't answer
i said 'wish you were here'
and i left it at that

lost hills (martin-hicks)

the night was black as a bible
beyond the city lights
i was driving through the lost hills
on my way home tonight
i made this same trip long ago
my father at the wheel
my face against the window
as i stared out at the fields

where the land it has its own eyes
and a memory of what you do
of those who never leave here
and those who just pass through

in a valley named for jacob
down heaven's ladder she fell
and put her feet up on my dashboard
the rest is hard to tell
how she left me at the crossroads
where an angel might have fought
now her story's just a dustcloud
kicked up by these thoughts

james dean and woody Guthrie
were here but only one came back
i heard that dylan played here once
in that hall out by the tracks
i've got him on the radio
and it's like he's next to me
it's a song about an immigrant
who hears but he cannot see

a kid down at the railroad yard
is putting pennies on the tracks
he doesn't give a second thought
to what it's like to be left flat
now i'm driving through the lost hills
in the south san joaquin
and the reason i can see so far
is that there's nothing there to see

next best thing (martin-berkson)

she got married on a rainy day
she was blue the sky was gray
the rain came down like rice on her
she kept a file in the wedding cake
wore an off-white dress
and showed up late
she crossed her fingers
as she said the words
this is the day i change my name
she said she'd quit
but she did the next best thing

she made her bed and she slept in it
next to him and her lost wishes
and the part of her that left
and the part that stayed
but trouble comes to those who need it
teaches you til you believe it
hangs around til it gets paid
it lives somewhere beneath your skin
she said she'd quit
but she did the next best thing

she hit the road for another man
did it all without a plan
she said 'i'll send you something back'
she looked at him and bit her lip
said 'if you can't make the trip
maybe you can help me pack
just close your eyes and count to ten
she said she'd quit
but she did the next best thing

mutineer (zevon)

yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
hoist the mainsail here i come
aint no room on board for the insincere
you're my witness i'm your mutineer

i was born to rock the boat
some may sink but we will float
grab your coat let's get out of here
you're my witness i'm your mutineer

long ago we laughed at shadows
lightning flashed and thunder followed us
it could never find us here
you're my witness i'm your mutineer

i was born to rock the boat
some may sink but we will float
grab your coat let's get out of here
you're my witness i'm your mutineer

where it all begins (martin-hicks)

this is the heart sometimes hidden
this is the heart that you were given
this is the place you've never been
this is the place where it all begins

where it abegins where it all begins
in a place where you've never been
where it all begins
this is the earth this is the sky
this is the love that never lies
this is the road that leads us here
with the rest of our
unanswered prayers

these are the fingers
you put to my mouth
to stop the words
as they tumbled out
this is the song i didn't write
in that silence late last night

where it all begins...