

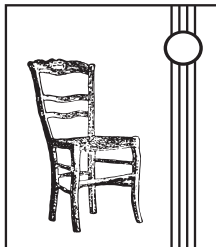
BRAD FIELDER

LYRICS, VOLUME 1

2009 - 2014

Brad Fielder
Lyrics, Volume 1 2009 - 2014

all content written by Bradley Allan Fielder
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OLD CHAIR

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CONTENTS

from SACRED AND THE VULGAR

RETRACE EVERY LINE	3
SACRED AND THE VULGAR	4
YOU MUST FORGET	5
GRANT MY PARDON	7
DIRECTOR'S CHAIR	9
STEAL MY GRACE	10
INCESSANT DISCOURSE	11
THE SQUIRRELS	12

from BRADLEY ALLAN FIELDER

INTRO	17
I CAN NO LONGER BEAR THIS CROSS FOR YOU	18
DRINK THE LAST BEER	19
GARFIELD COUNTY RAMBLER	21
BLACK MOTTLED BACK PORCH CAT	23
CAN'T WIN THE WAR	24
ONCE MY SON	25
SECRET TATTOO	27
BUGLER'S SONG OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE	28
THE LAST LETTER	30
IT IS NOT REAL	31
LOSING FRIENDS AND GAINING SCARS	32
HELP THE PEOPLE GET ALONG	33
HOT SAUCE AND SOPPIN BREAD	34

from 13 WEEKS

YOU WERE FIRST	39
LOST CLAIM	41
LITTLE MAN	43
NORTHERN THEME, SOUTHERN SCHEME	45
DRINKER'S PRAYER TO ST. PAUL	46
RAINBOWS AND RUGBURNS	47
CHECK ONE-TWO	48
PERFECT GAME	50
MEN WITHOUT WOMEN WITHOUT MEN	51
LIPSTICK COVERED ROACHES	53
THE WARRIORS	54
I WISH ROBIN HOOD WERE HERE	55

from EASTSIDE THROWAWAYS

BONES BROWN	59
BETWEEN A SCARLET WOMAN'S KNEES	60
BUZZWORDSMITH	61
DAMN SLEEP DEPRIVED SUMMER DUST	63
LAUNDROMAT	65
TUCO HELD THE CHICKEN	67
CRIBBO THE CLOWN...	69
CHEAP BROWN GLOVES	71
YOU'VE GOT ME	72
LAY DOWN BOUDREAUX	73

SACRED AND THE VULGAR

released November 7, 2009

RETRACE EVERY LINE

I've got a suitcase full of memories
I lost when I was young
Top drawer full of four track tapes
recorded one by one
Garage full of paintings
that I pictured just for fun

This is song two thousand three hundred
and eighty-one

I've reread all my stories
just so I can keep them straight
Listen to my music
to make sure that I am great
Retraced every line
just in case my hand was late

This is song three thousand two hundred
and eighty-eight

Explain it, no
the reason shows
the muse comes here to see
Divide it, why
combine and try
expand the lines

It's got to be the movies
to be sure of sound in time
Play back every day in need for answers to the line
Boil down and freeze it
Preserve it for all time

This is song five thousand six hundred
and sixty-nine

SACRED AND THE VULGAR

These years
have made me serious
I'm at that stage
mysterious
things I see and hear
become my songs

My dreams
become the reference point
Their symbols
of the night anoint
the sacred and the vulgar
as the same

The imagery
too soon breaks down
when I'm back in
my hometown
I feel as though
I never have before
needed
what was out of me
for reasons only others see
While I invest in
self medication

YOU MUST FORGET

Twice back from the
hallucination
straight jacket of quit
This is the serious story
of a troubled man
who goes by the name
You Must Forget

You must forget
You Must Forget
You must forget
Forget
Forget
Forget forget forget

He's that man on his bike
with his pipe
He speaks out with a spike in his tongue
and as it shakes
it rattles and rakes
across the backs of plaque teeth
He spits at the street
and pedals with his hiking boot feet
His brown coat from donation
has lasted him with salvation

He's twice back from the
hallucination
straight jacket of quit
This is the serious story
of a troubled man
who goes by the name
You Must Forget

You must forget
You Must Forget
You must forget

Forget
Forget
Forget forget forget

He mutters out across my path
He seems to be in a wrath that he's unleashed on his mind
He's worried but kind as though he's nothing
And when he's gone
I think of him
I want to know what is within those walls
where he stinks it up
all of the time

He's twice back from the
hallucination
straight jacket of quit
This is the serious story
of a troubled man
who goes by the name
You Must Forget

You must forget
You Must Forget
You must forget
You Must Forget
Forget Forget, forget forget
Forget Forget, forget forget

GRANT MY PARDON

In the garden I was fooling with a woman
who had taken off her ring
Beg your pardon but do not be assuming
that we did everything
We walked around the water hugged and kissed
squeezed each other tight
Ten years was on her mind that we had missed
a chance to ever spend the night
She told me she would gladly have my baby
Softly whispered "I love you"
Right then I know that we were both too crazy
There was one thing I could do
I swear to you that was the last we met
All desire has been lost to reach her
I often wonder how that lovely woman
turned out such a creature

It was a slow drift but we made it here
Stand upon this new found land
In all the lows we strove to find this high place
The path is open run the sand
To each are taken lessons
that were hard learned
Record them with a photograph
To each who can't be seen
we lose them lonely
The faded memories of past

A photograph
The faded past
This new found land
We run the sand
It's "I love you"
What could I do
We hit it off
It stopped my cough

We made the movie
Don't disprove me
Squeeze her tight
And spend the night
Too lost to reach her
Such a creature
Her wedding ring
Is not a thing

In the garden
grant my pardon

DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

Frustration reigns over the day
When the changes won't be made
When you refuse and you won't do you work
They'll be forced to see your way

You try to make the pain go away
To exist in a comfortable orderly way
While the routine is wearing thin
It's hard to fight but you can't give in

But don't be silly and don't just slack
Get the story, they're off your back

Make your moments
See that they're all
Directed to your liking

He gets confused when the sun goes down
When he can think about what he wants to know
And since you've gotten used to wearing that frown
He can no longer tell the difference

No one in this world can make up your mind
We must live our lives no matter what it takes
What's left over from last time
We must change ourselves to fit into our place

But try not to listen to the noise

Don't be silly and don't just slack
Have the story, they're off your back

Make your moments
See that they're all
Directed to your liking

STEAL MY GRACE

Everyone
has been in love
with Lindsay
We all think
that she's
the cream of the cute
We all know
that she
whips up a frenzy
Everyone has been in love with Lindsay

Everyone
knows Wampus
is the king
Suzy
is his
most delightful queen
Michael Lee
is duke
of all that's keen
Everyone knows Wampus is the king

Everyone
seems
to know my face
They're not sure
where
they know me from
To flatter me
would surely
steal my grace
Everyone seems to know my face

INCESSANT DISCOURSE

I don't really know
but it's time I
told you so
About the places where I go
and the things I
think I know there
The reasons why I go and the
bad things that I do there

Everything's a sin
everything takes me away
from where I need to be
It's all about these people and
their visions
that they seek
You can climb a mountain but then
you can't see the peak

We know it's all the same
they tell us
everything is right and fine
and then they tell us
we are not playing a game
We are pieces
in the puzzle
shaken up inside the box

The tension and the pressure
causes more than pain and knocks

THE SQUIRRELS

We got ants
We got ants single file from the window sill
across the counter over to the sugar bowl

They're all just getting that sweet stuff one by one
and on down the cabinet they go
The ants

We got crickets
hiding in blankets and jumping out
being greasy, shiny, black

Singing in the shadows of opportunity
driving us nuts
late night thrown out the back door
The crickets

We got mice
back behind the oven
pissing and shitting in the broiler to stay warm

Their necks snapped in a cheese trap one by one
They'll learn not to winter indoors
The mice

We got squirrels
Superior to the dog, flauntingly
but not quite quick enough

The cat drags his kill into the garage
under the television
He's got a little dungeon of dead ones there
The squirrels

BRADLEY ALLAN FIELDER

released November 1, 2011

INTRO

Well

The Garfield County Players
bought a box of cigarettes
and eighteen beers

Then

They drove their station wagon
to the guy's house
where they kept the drums
arranged

They played 'til past eleven
taking medicine
and drinking eighteen beers

In the morning
when they woke up
they found someone had been sick
and that was strange

They laughed
as they took pictures
of the mystery pile of puke
upon the floor

I CAN NO LONGER BEAR THIS CROSS FOR YOU

Old time preacher man inside me
Boy sure like to drink his rye whiskey
Wishes I didn't smoke cigars
I wishes he liked to go to bars

He makes my eyes tear up at times
when I'm not quite sure why
I can't pray and will only preach when
liquor's got me high

It is not very curious
I do not question as to why
The man in me is slow to see
to know that I will die

Savior will not be accepted
by the devil in my eyes
I keep him wet deep down in there and
smoke him out to dry

This old time preacher man inside me
Boy sure like to drink his rye whiskey
But he wishes I didn't smoke cigars
I wishes he liked to go to bars

DRINK THE LAST BEER

Singing and traveling dreams of the road
unravel my seems as I softly explode
I drink the first beer

Point me to a bar with some good-timing folks
to go play my guitar and some bad banjo jokes
Not too far from here

There won't be a bus or an open air stage
I've already torn out and burnt up that page
And cried all those tears

I'm stuck on the farm like a knot in a rope
This self induced harm
With the whiskey and dope
It can't be my best as I just try to cope
It's never been more clear

But to do and to go
For to tell only what we now
And if not it surely will show
As the time to better take it slow

Receiving letters from who needs to write
Seeking for a better way to make it through the night
I fail to reply

Gone are the days of the easy way to be
Along with old ways that compromised me
I was living a lie

Some circles have swung back around for me now
The work has begun with the knowledge of how
These ideas will fly

In thirty-two years since the day of my birth
I'm happy to live every day on this earth
Not a holiday goes by that I don't feel the worth
Because she did not die

But to live for the sons
And to give more than we could run
If the clock struck out we still won
Our work here will never be done

But to do and to go
For to tell only what we now
And if not it surely will show
As the time to better take it slow

Singing and traveling times on the road
unravel my mind, I softly explode
I drink the last beer

GARFIELD COUNTY RAMBLER

They call him the self pigeonholer
He's a cheap betting
Low stakes bad roller

He could spend the day away
in the field on his knees and
Never find a clover with
more than three leaves

There won't be a winner
to cook him his dinner
He's only getting thinner and
picking off fleas

When it comes time for betting
his chances
the odds and advances are
killing him
worse than disease

Long time gone
Garfield county rambler
Looking for the score
to come in
Never have a sure thing
He'll always be the gambler and
Always for nothing but to
satisfy him

These days
he's seen some foul times
Last night rolled up
all the pennies and dimes

For a carton of Old Gold
and overweight centerfold
and a four pack of
peach Boone's Farm wine

He'll eat bologna and cheese
if it's only on
one piece of bread
that's just fine

From the ways of his mama
he thrives upon the drama
He can only
not see the signs

Long time gone
Garfield county Rambler
Trying to be
somebody's friend
Won't find his answers
in a bottle of amber
When he doesn't have a
nickel to spend

Long time gone
Garfield county Rambler
Looking for the score
to come in
Never have a sure thing
He'll always be the gambler and
Always for nothing but to
satisfy him

They call him the self pigeonholer
He's a cheap betting
Low stakes
bad roller

BLACK MOTTLED BACK PORCH CAT

This is the story of the black
mottled back porch cat

I showed up at St. Mary's
1979

In the seat of a county
that was named after an
assassinated president

Mama always said
I was her little angel
Her own little slice of heaven

My daddy
he'd out be
hanging with the roughnecks
drinking at the Chapter 7

It was four in the morning
after eighteen hours
of pushing it through the rain

My granddaddy burst through
the barroom door
yelling out my last name

He said Fielder!
Where you at boy!
You're having a baby!
Better get your ass to the hospital!

CAN'T WIN THE WAR

I'm feeling defeated
My soul has lost
Been put in my place
At too high a cost
The baggage is heavy
My heart on the floor
I'm losing this battle
I can't win the war

ONCE MY SON

On a slow boat to China
Coming back from bumfuck Egypt
I met a gypsy lady wearing
seven diamond rings

Her eyes were black as coal
With a ribbon around her neck
that held a locket with my picture
and my daddy's picture too

When I went to ask her name
She slapped my face for shame
And she handed me that letter
that I wrote to her from jail

It said, "Mama, I am sorry
for the things that I have done.
Mama, don't you worry about me.
I am still your little boy,
but now I don't play with toys.
The guns I shoot have killed
a man or three. I have been
sentenced sixty years, so now
my greatest fear is that you'll
surely be long dead before I
once again walk free."

As I read those hollow words
I felt sixty years of hurt
Folded up that letter and I
gave it back to her

She said, "My boy, I've been a'waiting
for this day, so long and patient.
Now you can see, with your own two eyes
I am still alive.

Your daddy never said a thing and
I buried him last spring and
you'll be laying down beside him before me
that's for damn sure."

And then she whipped out
my old thirty-eight
from her shabby apron pocket
Cocked that hammer back
using only her right thumb

She prayed, "My boy has killed a man.
Now, Lord, I wait for your command
to do unto him just as he as done.
Though he spent his time in jail
I will send his soul to hell and
he will not live to tell of
his murders on the run.
I will kill this sinner
who was once my son."

SECRET TATTOO

I've got stories that I can't tell
Some that make me feel not too well
A few that would surely send me to hell
If I believed in such a place

Tales of loss of love and blood
People who I should have never shrugged
Just try to stay up above the flood
When it dangles in your face

Police calls to family fights
Exercising parents' rights
Got to keep that lid on tight and
Make sure that you stay safe

Damage done to the people I've known
Places where the fear of death has grown
Try to leave all the bad stuff alone
When it takes over your space

It's like a secret tattoo
A mark I keep from you
Never gonna get found out
Never gonna get found out
Like a secret tattoo
Mark I keep from you

If the reason outweighed the rhyme
it wouldn't be a crime

If the reason outweighed the crime
there wouldn't be a rhyme

BUGLER'S SONG OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE

He left home with his horns and
she became a dancer
All that beauty had been outshined
by the untruthful answers
Cowboys and the rappers
Sexy sappho flappers
And the great natural disaster
known as love

There were written many letters
that never saw the post
Of her charm act with the feathers
he can't help to shyly boast
But mostly to himself
For the shame outweighs the deed
With the urge to overtake it
He must concede

She was out back of a nightclub
in another woman's car
There was talk of honest murder
while they smoked a cheap cigar
For his money they would kill him
But that day never came
As it was not in the cards
of this particular game

They say he lost it all when
the news came through the wire
Brass and steel smashed to the ground
He set that deck on fire
But the officers all laughed
He was thrown off of the boat
They burnt that sack of letters
Every note

It was over in an instant
they were dead before they knew
That back door was thrown open and
away them bullets flew
There had been a major tip-off
from the man behind the bar
So the guy who was supposed to die
watched it all from his car

So if you need a moral or
a lesson to be learned
Watch your back, don't give slack
Don't let your ass get burned
Don't fall in love with money
Keep your trophies locked away
Live to die when you're supposed to
and stay alive today

Don't fall in love with money
Keep your trophies locked away
Live to die when you're supposed to
and stay alive today

He left home with his horns and
she became a dancer

THE LAST LETTER

If she shall call while I'm away
Please deliver this
next holiday
It's vital she receive this then
A promise kept
to Gwendolyn

It's apparent that
we have been here before
In the forgotten bonus room
on Easy Street
The last time that we made it
we had failed to find the door
Now I'm taking pictures
for all the world to see

It's just not that easy anymore
To come to terms with you
is digging deep
Let's take what's on the table
and throw it on the floor
Do away with all of our
desires to compete

For the forgotten bonus room
on Easy Street
Intersecting lines are
upon the walls
One is my confession and
five others my defeat
I never blame you
every time I fall

If she shall call while I'm away
Please deliver this
next holiday

IT IS NOT REAL

A bouquet thrown out
in the middle of night
Wanderer that strayed
from the comfort of light
Silence of a man
who cannot do right
Violence of another
who lacks all insight
And you want to stand there and
ask me how I think I might

I don't want to feel it
Please do not reveal it
I prefer to conceal it
From those who would show up
just to steal it

The villain is praying
for something to kill
With medicine made to
make enemies ill
A kettle burned black
at the top of the hill
Drunkard found dead at
his corn liquor still
And you want to jump up and down
telling me it's not real

I don't want to feel it
I hate not to be it
Not near enough to see it
But that's how it goes anymore

LOSING FRIENDS AND GAINING SCARS

Losing friends and gaining scars
Playing in all the bad news bars
Don't know where the good times are
Think 'til I drink

I sped past the sign that said
Too Far
Now I'm losing friends
and gaining scars

Leaning on the bathroom door
Bleeding on a concrete floor
I just had to have one more
Lose it in the sink

I sped past the sign that said
Too Far
Now I'm losing friends
and gaining scars

HELP THE PEOPLE GET ALONG

Why do we write those songs
To try to make the whole world cry
About running out of money
And finding out your honey
Has long been wanting you to die

Like a race to the bottom I guess
Who's standing in the biggest mess
We gotta stay up above for the people we love
Stay sad for all the rest

It's gonna be a big book of lies
That's never been a big surprise
We're just hungry men with a thirst for sin
We'll keep doing it until we

Write us some better songs
Try to make the whole world smile
Like a lady in lace with a pretty face
It'll never go out of style

We've all got to play our part
Try to warm up the coldest of hearts
Some people won't listen and they're gonna be missing
Reasons why they should start

Giving a care or two
'Cause nobody really wants to be blue
We've got to play our songs to help the people get along
'Cause that's what the music can do

We've got to play our songs
to help the people get along

HOT SAUCE AND SOPPIN' BREAD

It's got to have enough hot sauce
to sweat my head
Got to have a good and thick pot liquor
for that sopping' bread
Gonna need a whole two onion
to get that flavor right
When I do my cooking and drinking
most every night

Mustard greens with Valentina
Boneless ham chunks in the beans
Red potatoes, ground beef hash
If I don't make them boiled or mashed
Take a shot of Kentucky rye
And pour some in that jambalaya
Chop that garlic fine and squeeze it
Over that boiling pot of peas

Got to have enough hot sauce
to sweat my head
Got to have a good and thick pot liquor
for that sopping' bread
Gonna need a whole two onion
to get that flavor right
When I do my cooking and drinking
most every night

Roasted pork loin wrapped in foil
Livers fried in olive oil
Dipped in egg and whole wheat flour
Set the time to about an hour
Pop the top on a can of Stroh's
And turn that burner down to low
With a jar of sun tea on the porch
You better stir that roux so it don't scorch

It's got to have enough hot sauce
to sweat my head
Got to have a good and thick pot liquor
for that sopping' bread
Gonna need a whole two onion
to get that flavor right
When I do my cooking and drinking
on a Friday
When I do my cooking and drinking
on a Saturday
When I do my cooking and drinking
most every night

13 WEEKS

released April 4, 2012

YOU WERE FIRST

To swim in the fountain
To dance in the field
To show me the sky, you were first

A drink on the mountain
A secret revealed
A reason to cry, you were first

In a boat on a pond
In a hollow'd out tree
In a west coast bar, you were first

On a stage out of town
On the way to a party
On a bench in the park, you were first

I've always been the last to recognize
What it is I've done for the worst
But in the lowest hour of my life
You showed me that you cared, you were first

Where the dust has settled down
Where the dog digs his holes
Where the beer cans pile up, you were first

At the outskirts of town
At the changing of the rolls
At the bottom of the cup, you were first

In anger and love
From a falcon to a dove
For the one up above, you were first

After all and after none
As the story spins along
We still work it out as one, you were first

I've always been the last to recognize
What it is I've done for the worst
But in that lowest hour of my life
You showed me that you cared, you were first

When the timing is right
And they lay my body down
I want you by my side, you were first

LOST CLAIM

If you want to keep a clean name
don't go looking for a lost claim
in a long gone burnt out old flame
you've got to do you're best to kill the pain

You must accept the fact, it will never be the same

On a late week night in a Summer month
I was sitting around stone sober for once
so I picked up the yearbook and looked you up
that's when I decided that I should be drunk
so I got that way

The more I drank, the more I thought
about the sad old days and all the stuff I'd bought
to keep you around and the things I'd sold
to give you that circle made of gold
and now I wanted it back

Well I almost talked myself out of doing
what I had already long ago ruined
so I didn't see the harm in me pursuing
that \$800 worth of precious metal
that I knew was rightfully mine

I needed money, see, to pay off a loan
so I took another shot and picked up the phone
dialed your number for half the night
but it took three hours to get it right
and by then I was pissed

Your husband answered and I said, "Hey buddy!
hand the phone over to that fuddy-duddy
I feel the need to beat somebody bloody
if I don't get that god-dog wedding ring back!"

I remembered just as my yelling stopped
that my ex-wife's husband is a deputy cop
he knows where I work and he know's what I drive
and he's actually even been inside my house
and smelled things in there

Quickly I said, "Sorry, wrong number!"
he said, "Oh, no, I was starting to wonder
just how many illegal blunders
you were going to make in one phone call
and then he proceeded to list off the offences
I had already committed

There was verbal assault over a telephone line
and the threat to commit a violent crime
with a claim on a property that wasn't mine...
that's when I hung up and hoped he didn't know the trick
of dialing STAR 69

Well, of course he had my number traced
and in 15 minutes there were at my place
by that time I was completely shitfaced
and had prepared my alibi to tell the judge

But he did not haul me in, instead
he sat me down and that kind man said
some powerful words that cleared my head
that I'll carry with my until I'm dead
and I'll share them with you now

he said
If you want to keep a clean name
don't go looking for a lost claim
in a long gone burnt out old flame
you're ex-wife tells me that you're insane

You've got to do your best to kill the pain

You must accept that fact, it will never be the same

LITTLE MAN

Little man, little man
child of the promise land
born with fortune in his hand
he did know

From a quiet country home
Little man, he left to roam
just a pocket knife and comb
he did own

Little man went to town
just to see what could be found
he saw women standing 'round
wearing pearls

He found sinners at the bar
drinking, smoking on cigars
making money playing cards
and the girls

Of the ladies he was keen
for he was new on the scene
and they loved him for his green
and boyish ways

But the women and the booze
quickly broke apart his ruse
and he could no longer choose
as grown men say

Living in the greed and lust
Little man soon soon drank and cussed
it was known that he was just
twelve years old

Little man, little man
with a diamond in his hand
cheating out the honest man
for his gold

He was surely too soon caught
and his fortune was now wrought
with the fate of being shot
or to hang

Little man, little man
did not know to give a damn
he just smiled as he heard
the angels sing

Little man, little man
child of the promise land
died with fortune in his hand
he did not know

NORTHERN THEME, SOUTHERN SCHEME

I run a little stand where the food's no good
Open 24/7 at the Edge of the Woods
Got a great big light on the hi-way sign
Get's the people coming in most all the time

We'll pour 7UP in the wine
Set out a plate of clementines
Cold Cobb salad and boiled beef stew
We know how them yankees do

Here in the South we like our schemes
Passing off shit with a fancy theme

Serving sweet baked beans with chicken in a pot
Fake crab cakes and Bisquik knots
From a tall waitress with her midriff showing
To really get those Northerners going

Got a pond out back for fresh steamed clams
And chowder soup with chunks of ham
The men don't mind when the coffee ain't hot
Just as long as the counter girl is...

Here in the South we like our schemes
Passing off shit with a fancy theme

Yellow cheese steak on a hot dog bun
With a kosher dill pickle just for fun
You'll never find a fish plank finer
Than the service at the Edge of the Woods Diner

DRINKER'S PRAYER TO ST. PAUL

I was down on my knees
As a twelve pack was heaved
When the thought was conceived
I should quit

While the church bells were playing
On the floor, I was laying
And my lips started praying
Like this

Can you help me, St. Paul?
Give your wisdom as I fall
I need your truth and hope you understand

I'm not a Catholic, I'm a drinker
And a very heavy thinker
Were it not true I would not call
Please help me, St. Paul

As I said my first prayer
Came a scent to the air
It was breakfast prepared
In the kitchen

Tried to stand but I stumbled
Then to my wife I mumbled
From whiskey to water, I'm a-switchin'!

Oh, help me, St. Paul!
I'm backed up against this wall
Of bottles and cans and pint glasses filled to the brim

I need your truth, I need to hear it
Please take the poison out of my spirit
Were it not true I would not call
Please help me, St. Paul

RAINBOWS AND RUGBURNS

We liked to study the Bible in her bedroom
one tiny piece of torn out page at a time
In a month we burnt through the book of Revelations
and every night we drank the blood of Christ

With those onion skin leaves on a cozy winter evening
Rainbows and rugburns for us both
What the church may shun us for
will not stray us from the Lord
As Jah will provide, Gideon promotes

We'd laugh and dance to songs we remembered
reading aloud from the Old Testament
Puffing like a chimney in November,
yearning for each other's full consent

Those onion skin leaves on a cozy winter evening
causing rainbows and rugburns for us both
What the church may shun us for will not stray us from the
Lord
For as Jah will provide, Gideon promotes

We liked to study the Bible in her bedroom
one tiny piece of torn out page at a time
In a month we burnt through the book of Revelations
and every night we drank the blood of Christ

CHECK ONE-TWO

I went looking for my sweetie girl
Down where the streets are crossed
When she wasn't leaning on the light pole
I felt surely I was lost
'Cause I always find her here
At this time every night
When I feel the urge to get me
A little early morning delight

Walking to the roominghouse
My stomach surely sank
What if they had picked her up
And threw her in the tank?
What if she got busted?
Or what if she got cut?
What if some dumb crazy mark
Had sunk a shiv into her gut?

Old Morty he was working
Behind the flophouse desk
Luckily he quickly put
My racing mind to rest
He had seen my sweetie girl
With a new rich customer
Who had rented out three rooms
And if I wanted to see her, he said

Go on, check one-two
Or maybe check one-eight
You might even check two-seven if you think
It's not too late
She was here at least an hour ago
On what looked like a real hot date
So check one-two
Or maybe check one-eight

So I walked over to room twelve
And knocked for half a minute
When the cleaning lady came up and said
There's no one in it
To room eighteen I jumped and
Peaked in through the curtain
But all I saw was a used up Murphy bed
Of that I was certain

I took a little stroll
Across the parking lot
When I got to twenty-seven
I didn't need to knock
The door was left wide open and
The TV was still on and
A bright pink piece of rubber
Was floating in the john

Back to the office
I burst through Morty's door
Yelling at him that I had not found
That horrible woman
She was probably out hooking back up town
Working on her feet
So I slapped the old man and
Told him that I can't be beat

I checked twelfth avenue
Where it crosses eighteenth street
On up to old two-seven but
Them boys were selling meat
That night I didn't find my sweetie girl
She had vanished for all I knew
But every night since then
I still go back and check one-two

Yes every night since then
I still go back and check one-two

PERFECT GAME

I need to find me
That perfect game
For when I just lose
There ain't no shame

That perfect game
Won't be no shame
That perfect game

I've played with them spirits
Played in the grass
It's easy to lose
You don't win fast

Messin' with that grass
You surely won't last
Best wash your ass

Good folks be weary
Best mind them rules
Stay clear of fast timers
Game playing fools

Best mind them rules
Won't be no fools
Best mind them rules

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

Those men without women
Better get them a dog
Have to wash their own linens
Need a hard working job

They get to keep their own money
Unless they're divorced
Paying out alimony
That a judge has enforced

Some choose to live for Jesus
And some are in jail
Those men without women
In their own kind of hell

I've spent me ten years
With a woman I love
Four cats and two dogs
In three roofs above
It has not been perfect
But by far no lemon
And I wish for goodwill to the men without women

Those women without men
Better get them a gun
'Cause those men without women
Can get dangerous, son

And the world closes in
On the women without men
They gotta cut their own grass
Or pay a kid to cheat them

School clothes must be bought
By the women without men
While they make their two jobs
To try to pay the rent

For the men without women
Seems an easier life
While the women without men
Catch all the strife

I've spent me ten years
With the woman I love
Four cats and two dogs
In three roofs above
It has not been perfect
But by far no lemon
And I wish for goodwill to the men without women
And I pray for good fortune to the women without men

LIPSTICK COVERED ROACHES

She's the definition of
a hot mess
Make a non-believer holler
God Bless!
She can put a whole bottle away
And leaves lipstick covered roaches
in the tray
Bobby says that
she never looks back
And we all love it when she dresses in black

She could make a hundred dollars
in five minutes time
And spend five-hundred
like a couple of dimes
There ain't a single rule
that she has not broken
Nor the dirtiest of words
she has not spoken
Lee said she can walk
and that's what she's gonna do
Through any door she pleases just laughing at you

Some call her a lady
some call her a vamp
She could buy the Hope diamond
with a postage stamp
She feeds on caffeine
THC and fear
Got a hundred and thirty-two IQ
between her ears
Tom tells me that I have to
learn to do the dance
But I don't think I'm ever gonna get that chance

THE WARRIORS

This old Seiko that I wear on my left wrist
Has a new black leather band from the Wal-Mart
And though it's water damaged on its antique face
Still ticks along like the day it was bought

It belonged to the good man Tommy King Fielder
A warrior up against the Cold War lies
He came back to raise six kids and work the cattle
I found it at the farm after he died

I know we've all
got those warriors in our lives
Once they're gone, we keep a token
To remember them by

This silver ring I wear on my right hand
Forged on a Coast Guard ship out to sea
Made from melted down war time five-cent pieces
Simply adorned with a carved out letter B

It was first worn by the good man George Lowell Battin
A warrior of the big one in France
They'd beach the boat and carry on the dead ones
And then a fresh group of live ones would advance

I know we've all
got those warriors in our lives
Once they're gone, we keep a token
To remember them by

This watch and this ring are always on me
My momma and my daddy's legacy
For the soldiers that they knew as their fathers
Two good men that fought to keep the peace

I WISH ROBIN HOOD WERE HERE

I wish Robin Hood were here
I could use some rich money
right about now

I wish Robin Hood were here

EASTSIDE THROWAWAYS

released July 1, 2014

BONES BROWN

I'm Bones Brown
Yes, I'm bones, I'm Bones Brown

A little bit stripped and a little bit down
I never really wanted to be anybody's clown
But it's happened
Oh yes it has

I'm Bones Brown
Yes, I'm bones, I'm Bones Brown

A naked bleeding soul in this festival town
Digging myself up out of this ground
Soaked in dirty water and burnt grass
A pinched out cigar an empty glass
And a failed attempt at skipping class
There are no broken dreams that have amassed
But I will fail the future if I miss the past
Oh yes, I'm Bones Brown

Old brittle brass
I'm Bones Brown

I'm Bones Brown
Yes, I'm bones, I'm Bones Brown

A quirky old fool that's been coming back around
My sheen may be tarnished but it's starting to rebound
Like a ball to bounce
Old brittle brass

There are no broken dreams that have amassed
But I will fail the future if I miss the past
Oh yes, I'm Bones Brown

Old brittle brass
I'm Bones Brown

BETWEEN A SCARLET WOMAN'S KNEES

Like a painting of Death playing chess
The squire drinks his brandy with a barrel on his chest
Great golden egg stolen out of the nest
Sift through the worst and won't look at the best
In hopes that our efforts are blessed

It's a masterpiece lit by a spark
She tends to the pyre and throws on the bark
Funeral paraded stops to pray in the dark
Lamenting the death of a great patriarch
In hopes that the ghost will remark

Cherish the moments when no one is caring
For virtues you hold not always worth sharing
Your efforts are bold but don't go declaring your soul

It's a warm calming sense of relief
Making the best as you push away the grief
With space running out and time is the thief
Proof of your worth as you defeat belief
Now you can be your own chief

Loving is easy with burdens cast off
You let go of being the light to the moth
Find that in living there's nothing as soft as a wish

Cherish the moments when no one is caring
For virtues you hold not always worth sharing
Your efforts are bold but don't go declaring your soul

Like a painting of Death playing chess

BUZZWORDSMITH

Gonna write me a song about dying
write me a song about whiskey
write me a song about killing
write me a song about a woman

Gonna write me a song about lying
write me a song about Jesus
write me a song about living
write me a song about a baby

Gonna write me a song about hard drugs
write me a song about family
write me a song about choices
write me a song about abortion

Gonna write me a song about politics
write me a song about religion
write me a song about civil rights
write me a song about a dog

Gonna write me a song about thunderstorms
write me a song about trains
write me a song about the county jail
write me a song about a truck

Gonna write me a song about wheat fields
write me a song about work
write me a song about traveling
write me a song about a hammer

Gonna write me a song about gravestones
write me a song about beer
write me a song about suicide
write me a song about a man

Gonna write me a song about telling the truth
write me a song about lack of faith
write me a song about loving
write me a song about a song

Gonna write me a song about a song

DAMN SLEEP DEPRIVED SUMMER DUST

Damn this dust of the summer
Shook up by the dogs in the kitchen
Stirred into my pot of beans
Making mud in my whiskey cup
Nowhere near what Woody had
Looks like pepper and tastes like rust

She's looking for a job
We're looking for a place to live
Gotta have a big wood fence
Good size yard for the garden
Nowhere near what's on the west side
So she can raise her butterflies

What I really need is sleep
Four weeks where I don't drink
And a way to make my money
Just singing what I think

Fourteen years in this town
Finally teaching folks my name
I came here to make the scene
Got caught up on the side
Nowhere near as bad as some
Started over a few times

What I really need is space
One big room to do my thing
And a way to make my money
Just singing what I think

Dogs asleep on the floor
She's passed out on the couch
Making noises in a terror
That's when I know to shake her
But I'm nowhere near tired
Two more bottles oughtta do

What I really need is sleep
Four weeks where I don't drink
And a way to make my money
Just singing what I think

LAUNDROMAT

She used dark cherry Kool-Aid for rouge
Had tight pinned diet pill eyes
Pulled on cheap Dollar General store jeans
Over her welfare thighs

Compulsively gambled on scratchers
Trading off the winners for speed
Kept a short little list of losers
Who she go visit when in need

The baby would get locked in the pantry
And the dishes were given to the cat
Her routine to go find a user
Down at the laundromat

There is always something special
Down at the laundromat

Long before the collapse and recession
He was selling shoes out at Dillard's
Now he's drinking away his 401k
Trying to hustle at billiards

He lost twenty-four hundred square feet
In foreclosure to the bank
After his mail-order bride found a stud on the side
Bum wine was all he drank

Now he's got him a one bed efficiency
An Eastside quadplex flat
She found his folding his underwear
Watching Judge Judy at the laundromat

Love was standing in for drugs
Down at the laundromat

You could they were meant to be together
Quite easy on each other's eyes
She'd been looking to find a broken man
And he liked those welfare thighs

What neither knew didn't matter
About each other's broken life
He'd been looking for a woman with meat on her bones
She just wanted to be a wife

Her approach was sly but effective
He liked his ladies like that
They stopped for a bottle of Wild Irish Rose
After leaving the laundromat

Any chance can unfurl
in this mixed up world
Down at the laundromat

TUCO HELD THE CHICKEN

(inspired by The Good, The Band and The Ugly)

Three cigars in as many fires
The third one still smokes
Stick a barrel in the gunman's throat
Let shorty catch the rope

One hundred miles of burning sand
Canteen shot full of holes
A dying man would pay for a drink
Two hundred thousand in gold

Coach into the Native canyon
Looking for a doc
Seek the father in the mission
Tending to the flock

Escape the traps of poverty
As a good priest or a bandit
But never leave your family out
Of treat them heavy handed

The men over in Andyville
Aren't treated quite the same
For here you'll catch a beating down
As long as the band plays

When you're smart enough to know
Talking won't save your hide
And you know the name on the stone
You've earned yourself a ride

There's only two kinds of folks
Here on this spinning fig
Those who hold a loaded gun
And those who have to dig

Open up the unknown grave
Pull out what was never lost
You'll find yourself inside a noose
Standing on a cross

The gunman rode out to the edge
Then turned around to shoot
His bullet snapped the hangman's rope
Your swollen head hits the loot

As Angel Eyes laid in his grave
And the white man's horse was stricken
By the weight of four full bags of coins
Tuco once held the chicken

And when he did we heard aloud
"If you work for a livin'
Why do you kill yourself working?"
The answer was never given

CRIBBO THE CLOWN AND
THE LITTLE CIGARETTE GIRL

Cribbo the clown kept the fleas
in the top of his hat
That the little cigarette girl would
pull off her tiny red cat
But they never made much
for the act wouldn't sell
And Cribbo would cry
every time the girl fell
To some tricks on the side to find them
a ride out of hell

When young, the clown named Cribbo
made his name in many shows
Children would laugh and fathers roar
but mothers held their nose
Inside the Bigtop he thrived
buffooning females
But out of makeup on the street
his act would land him in jail

Working the roads at night on wine
and selling cigarettes
Reciting her dreams to the men in bars
that's where she and Cribbo met
He took her in for pity's sake and
taught her many cunning tricks
They bled each other dry with his antics and her pricks

He painted her in violet
from the forehead to her feet
She wrapped him in fire red rags
for dancing on the street
They'd walk the main drag after dark
to peddle what they had
For sympathetic charity
To take a humble bath

The little cigarette girl held
a kitten filled with mites
As Cribbo made them jump
and talked his party out of fights
He'd step on drunken toes
and bump around just as a joke
Then she'd slide in to keep the calm
and sell a pack of smokes

On nights when no profit arose
from dance or smoke or flea
Out back of the tavern Cribbo sent the girl to be
Five and two men she would empty
of their warming gold
The clown would weep for out of shame
his little love was sold

Of course on morning Cribbo woke
to find the girl was gone
Her note left spelled out plainly
she was his unhappy pawn
With seven packs of cigarettes and
ten fleas to her name
The idolatress had move on
to another devil's game

Cribbo the clown kept the fleas in the top of his hat

CHEAP BROWN GLOVES

A low life
drinking High Life
underneath a bridge

He was mean to his woman
and he hopes that
she'll forgive

Old and stale
Swisher Sweet
tight between his lips

As the winter wind bites
at his exposed
fingertips

Sticking out
from his hobo cut
cheap brown gloves

YOU'VE GOT ME

Vacation Bible School
taught me early on that
I'm a lower class fool

Primary education showed
I learn to fast and
make friends slow

Junior High
brought a coming of age
By High School I was
filling up these pages

Spent my mid twenties
on a fantasy
Add ten to that and now
you've got me

Stressing myself
not trying to get rich
Caught by the work-a-day
bait and switch

Playing for keeps
but I'm on the wrong team
Holding myself back from
living the dream

Lay Down Boudreaux

Beef liver, beans
and hot black coffee
keep me warm on a Sunday night
Very little means
but no way to stop me
Gonna get what's coming to me right

Lay down, Boudreaux

Sleep with the dog
wake up in the morning
gonna fry up some taters and eggs
Waking in a fog
got drunk without warning
Having trouble standing on my legs

You'll get yours, Boudreaux

Rooster in the road
buzzard in the ditch
Do not know the worst of the two
Lighten up my load
we're leaving after six
Just the chores at home left to do

I'm coming home, Boudreaux

Thunderhead above
thunderbolt below
Watch a spring storm rolling in
See the funnel come
stick a knife in its row
Save your crops by splitting the wind

Get in the bathtub, Boudreaux

My day is done
and so is this tune
Got to be to bed before long
Waking after one
just to see that blood moon
Help me finish of this song

Time for bed, Boudreaux

I've got them beef liver beans
and hot black coffee
Keep me warm on a Sunday night

Lay down, Boudreaux

