

Footholes

Wanna take this time
To throw around some things of mine
They're buried fine (under boxes and dirt)
They left footholes in my mind

And you can still laugh about it
And you can still dream about...

You still can't fly
They pop out all the things that let you climb
Topplin' down
You just keep lookin' for what you found

And you can still laugh about it
And you can still dream about...

Twelve Gone

Have you ever tasted wasted time
Behind the sternin' coals
Bottles to the roof
Don't mind the shadows either
People in a pile
Under the blue moon
Start over clocks read your mind
The wooden sign in front of the blue grass
Clouded faces to the still (gone)

Tracks lead to the doorstep
Different spaces drawn
Over the windshield and through the other dawn
Observation sorry, didn't wanna show your mind
Gonna be a long time, til you get it right
Intuition four leaf, stand on your side

Power of the Spy's

Roll the dice and play a stand
It seems the money's in command
Stumped your toe and face the blows
Knowing something no one knows
Someone needs to change some bone

I'm sick of lookin' at these clones

Throw a round in
Your spent skin
When do you win
When spies are your friends

Bag the tricks then spin your eyes
Taught'm how to mesmerize
House of winners play
The rest are on their way

Someone needs to change some bone
I'm sick of lookin' at these clones

Throw a round in
Your spent skin
When do you win
When spies are your friends

The Painter

I heard you're livin' back up in Indiana
Hometown can't whisper much
It's loud as bangin' bells
Feels like summer still
Guitar man playin' in a bar and grill
My eyes on a painting on the wall
Yours fixed that cookie jar

It was all the same
Hair, colors, you still played those games
In my mind you were the one
That I could blame for everything

If that's the way, that's the way you wanted to take it
Then that's the way I wanted to say it

Tried it out, leave it all underneath
Dried it out, hid it all behind my teeth
Put to the brush
I don't like to talk about it
Guess the game is who I am now
I'm the painter
Just the painter

It was all the same
Except someone had scared the frame
Gave it to'm to hang fifteen years ago

If that's the way, that's the way you wanted to take it
Then that's the way I wanted to say it

Slow Days

She lived over the road
Around the lake and stones
Padded mats at the door
She won't talk to me anymore

I've been slow days
Since the last time

Error in the Chemistry

There's an error in the chemistry
Of what you wanted to be
I hold it high
But they're wantin' to buy
Your hermit side

Empty pocket lies
Weak ended rhymes

But you know, it won't always be this way
(it's so easy to say)
But you know, it won't always be this way

There's an error in the astronomy
Of where you wanted to be
I'm talkin' right by
With hope in my eye

Seems you made yourself too late
Anything's that's failed to create
Is balling inside
I borrowed what's mine

Off the Ground

You know the city
See the city fall on this town
They flush the pity
Cold can weave in out of the sound
Scrapin' knowledge off the ground
Round by round
Fired through the walls
And join me as I settle down

You own the city
Watch the city fall all around
Hand-cuffed to plenty
Seasons can roll down the hills and the mounds
Scrapin' knowledge off the ground
Round by round
Thrown through walls
And join me as I settle down

All Along

There you waited for me
And I couldn't wait to see
How you looked
And where we're gonna live now
I hate when I think of places
That I could've been all along
I'm comin' back to where I feel strong
No soldier story to tell
I just haven't felt well

Highway Seven's Moon

Laugh at the ground

And you think you know it's true
And it's got you all wound up in the middle of the road
Cause it's a seven moon
But it's got name off [faux?] and faces grey [?]
It's about this
Laugh at the ground
It's about this
Time

Here Comes Sound

Saw a man
On the road
That played the blue
Much better than you

Sound is something that comes through the air
Sound's made by something, not fortune or fame

Cut the charts down
Play something that's sound
Play some real guitars
Play something that starves

Play the man on the side of the road
The man on the side of the road

Sound is something that comes through the air
Sound's made by something not fortune or fame

Wait and See

Tell me where you're gonna stay
Or where you're gonna be
I just don't know how long I can take the way
Not knowing how it's gonna be
Everytime it's wait and see

Weedin'

I don't know if I can take it now
You just go down and the lock is open
Hold it now
When you know that you're still broken
You're still broken
And the hold you hold it down

Hey hey
Is that the way?
Hey hey
Is that the way?

When'd you take me on this trip my boy?
Can I sail across it one more time to do the weedin'?
Do you think I'd find what I'm lookin for?
Under boxes and that old red floor

Hey hey
Is that the way?
Hey hey
Is that the way?

When'd you take me on this trip my boy?
Can I sail across it one more time to do the weedin'?
Have you seen that plant down yonder now?
It's takin' over what I've seen go down

Gets you down where you need to see it coming

Story of Your Life

Don't ask any questions
Half-assed expressions
It's only your possessions
That put you down, so down...

When it hits you,
The rest of your life,
In your dreams master flight,
The story of your life,
Turn the pages just right

The Traditional Lists

You could be an actor
But some things don't play that way
Cover your maps
And the troubles come so much faster now
Startled by the office town, you say
But I'm confessed, by slow decisions,
negative zero revisions, go away, it's got to be time to go away,
It's got to be time...

Airplanes over the water
Something has come about
Reaching over to bomb her
Won't she know?

Some things are different,
And some things don't change
Pass me the paper, pass me the paper
Pass me the plug, pass me the plug,
Don't talk so loud
It's all in the blood
No one's singing along, no one's singing along...

You can't talk your way out of this

Smash Your Watch

Smashed your guitar on the corner of a day
Cars ride by you go the other way from here
I don't ever wanna go back there again
But there's somethin' in the air, it's in my skin, I know

Can you feel the wood all around you
And the back of roses come down
And everything just won't be the same
Can't be

Smashed your watch on the corner of day
Cars ride by you go the other way from here
I don't ever wanna go back there again
But there's something in the air, it's in my skin I know...

