

Jellybean Wine

Jellybean wine, perfect for a sunday morning hangover

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Hang out the window and wait to grow younger

Hang out the window and wait to grow young

And she does

The sun's coming up as she's going down

High as a kite that's kicking the ground

Yesterday's gone but she's still around and she knows

Sinister Side

I've got a straw hat

I took it from a tourist

took it right off his head

because I'm a purist

next I got his pocket watch

stuck at half past three

that was meant for a grandson

but got passed on to me

I didn't mean for it to hurt

it's just my line of work

there's an angel on the right shoulder tellin' me no

a devil on the left sayin on with the show

the angel on the right says boy you better think twice

why does the side of the devil always look so nice

I've got a camera

equipped with a flash
it was taken from someone's
secret stash
now I've got some photos
though none of myself
all the folks that I don't know
got empty frames on the shelf
I've got a backpack
but I did the gal a favor
when I took it off her hands
it was freedom that I gave her
inside I found a history book
on the Russian revolution
looks like Marx says that I'm justified
with my wealth redistribution

Johnny

little johnny johnny cut himself to stay sane
he had a girly girly but she couldn't remain
by his side so he tried to fill the void in his life
by writing on his arm with a knife I
ittle johnny's brother when he saw johnny's pain
he looked at little johnny with the greatest disdain
he said bro I don't know but it looks to me as though
only yourself is to blame
she walked into johnny's room
and now she knows just what he means

it was different
when she was writing on his arm she was
little johnny knew that feeling had to revive
he didn't really wonder whether he would survive
so he clung to the pain with the hopes to regain
proof that johnny still was alive

Tall Grass

The tall grass swings to the rhythm of the falling rain
that drops its beads on the flowers below
the sun shines down like a spotlight on center stage
and all the creatures feel the morning time rage
on that center stage
the soft wind sings to the jitter of the dancing trees
that drop their leaves like a fly on the go
the dark clouds ring out a RUMBLE WHILE THE SUN ABSTAINS
and we're all dancing to that summer time rain
call us all insane
where did you look in a mirror what did you see saw
myself tell me more a little bit clearer than before

La Paz

I want to crawl in the ocean
want to swim in the street
til both my knees are broken
til I skin my padded feet

yes I

think I'll retire for a while

go down to La Paz

a place above the sea to miles

to sit and watch time pass

I hope they named that city right

for I intend to rest in peace

smoke from my Andean pipe

in a blanket of llama fleece

I don't need my eyes

don't need my ears no more

I see what I despise

I hear what I abhor

yes I