

### **working is such a drag**

working is such a drag  
don't you know it baby  
why dont you just relax  
know that you can baby

### **the year it forgot to snow**

every time you tell me come back home i just say no  
i never really liked the cold  
should i go south but north of the south pole  
these directions don't lead to good cheer  
so put me in the mail i'll see you next year

just like the year it didn't snow

by the time i get back to you  
you'll likely be through and on to some other dude  
i promise i wont be rude  
its what i have coming what i deserve too

so i guess i'll make my own home  
somewhere in alaska or maybe peru  
all i know is i hope it snows  
i'll look out the window forget i knew you

wishing every moment had a snow fall  
to soften what i knew  
wish i could own a crummy pool hall  
how often the stripes look solid too

### **its never gonna be that way**

i got a friend that never calls  
he says he's busy i guess it shouldn't matter at all  
am i judge swinging the gavel for the guilty  
but he didnt break any laws  
lets go back to that first day  
friends didnt change and leaves didnt fall

its never gonna be that way ok

i got a sister i dont like  
she's got her problems but we all got our dark nights  
i keep quiet over christmas dinner  
but her conversation's like a lightening strike  
lets go back to that first day  
family didnt change and they sure didnt fight

### **time machine**

these old piano chords  
sound like those classic fords  
our parents used to drive  
and when i think of you  
its 1952  
and we're just falling behind

sunday morning when i came back home  
you told me you're leaving you told me what for  
but i didnt believe you i couldnt conceive of you  
leaving me there crying on the floor

the bass she talks so sweet  
like pundits in the street saying  
"vote for Ike"  
and when i ask of you  
can you vote for me too  
you just tell me that you might

monday evening alone and at home  
you packed all your things gone out the front door  
with a flat empty stare it just seemed so unfair  
that you blamed it on me was i the enemy

i love you

the sax it hits my ears  
metal is all i hear  
coming from your voice  
and when i think of you  
alaska's still brand new  
but we never had a choice

tuesday morning you rang the front bell  
you said you were sorry i said go to hell  
i found out you cheated and treated me mean  
so how could i stay and keep my dignity

### **too much**

it is too much  
it is too little  
it is too late  
i should be happy too

it is the seasons  
it is the cold rain  
it is the uneven bricks  
that line this lane

it is too hard  
it is too easy  
it is too late  
i should be home too

it is the smallest talk  
it is the smallest thing  
it is the smoking gun  
that makes my head ring

### **tuesday**

sometimes your birthday falls on a monday  
and sometimes the skies are gray  
but i know a secret to get through those bad days  
a secret you should try

its not very hard in fact its quite easy  
to turn any tuesday into a weekend  
off come the old ways that feel like a  
long waste of time

tuesday feels like another day  
who'd say goodbye

tuesday  
there's no two ways about it  
i can shout until i am spouting  
nonsense dont doubt it  
lets not be on the fence  
because it just all depends on your point of view  
so lets take two seconds to think instead  
about what side of the bed affects  
how your head sees tuesday  
its a pretty good day