

CALIFORNIA PLATES

California plates
Seem a little out of place
Thought I knew your face
Thought I saw a trace of
California plates

California plates
Phone call made to late
A message that you left
No forwarding address
California plates

Chorus:

When the night arrives
And the quiet sighs
You bite your tongue
Beneath cherry skies
Do your best to hide
All the worryin' inside
Safe behind the gates with
California plates

California plates
Bent all out of shape
Things are never as clear
As when you're not here
California plates

CHILDREN OF CELEBRITIES

Children of celebrities
Starring in their own movies
Of course they had to pay their dues
Hollywood could not refuse

Children of pop stars
Climbin' up the Billboard charts
Of course they made it on their own
Born with music in their bones

Chorus:

I want a big old ranch
Along the banks of the Rio Grande
I want a private jet
Flyin' in French baguette
I want a house so large
It can store my vintage cars
I want some bodyguards
Keep from gettin' shot or scarred

Children of CEOs
Silver spoons up the nose
Of course they run the family company
Spendin' all the family money

Children of Presidents
Modern day aristocrats
Of course they were born to rule
They were taught in private school

COWS IN KANSAS

They're shootin' cows in Kansas
Drive by style
They're shootin' cows in Kansas
Every once in a while
They're shootin' cows in Kansas, drive by style

Boy lies dyin'
Out in the street
Crowd of people gathered
'round the body
They're shootin' cows in Kansas, drive by style

Bullets shatter glass
Everybody hits the floor
They're all kinda hopin'
This won't happen anymore
They're shootin' cows in Kansas, drive by style

They're shooting cows in Kansas
They're lettin' bullets fly
All the Kansas people wonderin'
Why? Why? Why?
They're shootin' cows in Kansas, drive by style

DISCO BALL

Disco ball falls from the ceiling
Lands on some poor boy's head
He had no idea when he went out dancin'
That he land in a hospital bed

Chorus:

Disco balls ain't made for fallin'
That's a job best left for the heart
It's supposed to keep spinnin'
While the dancers are a-grinnin'
And the lights twinkle 'round in the dark

Disco ball old dance hall mayhem
Forces beyond my control
If lightnin' strikes twice then I'll realize
Not to believe everything I've been told

The good ol' days they are behind me
Who knows what's up ahead
But if I wake up a-breathin' and my heart's still beatin'
I'll be pretty sure I'm not dead

FERLINGHETTI

Run with a pack of dogs
Livin' on the street
Spend most of our time
On the prowl for treats
Authorities houndin' us
Most every day
Always on the move
No place to stay

Chorus:

Round midnite we roam and bark
Howl at the moon with lonely hearts
The dog trots freely in the street
Ferlinghetti wrote that about reality

It only hurts
When I lick my wounds
Starin' thru store windows
At TV cartoons
Call me mongrel, no fixed address
Call me anarchy, hopelessness
Call me outsider, call me stray
Call me your best friend anyway.

RUBY RED LIPS

Who will kiss her ruby red lips?
Who will take her hand?
If she should ask about me
Tell her that I'm her man

Who will stroke her golden hair?
Keep away her fears?
Send a message back to her
Tell her I'll soon be near

I see her face in the shadows
Travelin' overland
Feel the desolation
Feel the desert sand

Chorus:

I feel her flesh in the cool night air
Hold her breath in my hand
Tell her not to worry
I'll always be her man

I will stroke her golden hair
I'll wipe away her from her tears
I'll softly chew her almond eyes
And help her pass the years

Chorus:

I will kiss her ruby red lips
I will take her hand
I'll let her hold my heartbeat
And tell her I'm her man

GRACIE JONES

Gracie Jones had finally had enough
Of bruises like tattoos and scars that didn't bluff
When the liquor started flowin'
Punches they got thrown
And the silence filled up with the sound of Gracie moanin'

Gracie Jones wouldn't take it anymore
Gonna bundle up her kids and head on out the door
Yet it came to pass on the fateful day
Gracie fired the bullet that put him in his grave

Chorus:

Gracie Jones, poor Gracie Jones
The law couldn't stop the blood and broken bones
Gracie Jones, poor Gracie Jones
The Judge she showed no mercy, Gracie's actions not condoned

Now Gracie Jones is servin' ten without parole
One kids with her sister, one's in a foster home
Now she counts the hours up in the women's pen
And if she could do it over, she'd do it again

OUR LITTLE TOWN

The speed queen girls got their hair up in curls
Cruisin' up and down the block
They're so carefree, they've got no place to be
So they walk and they talk and they walk
The downtown hawks hidin' in their shops
Never a moment to rest
They wish they would all split so they don't have to trip
On the feet of the dispossessed

The blue-haired boys always makin' lotsa noise
They're feedin' on human flesh
They got nothin' to do except TV and glue
Or at least that's what you expect
The outa town barons always stoppin' and starin'
Nervous 'bout what's comin' next
They hope it's just a blip so they don't have to trip
On the feet of the dispossessed

Chorus:

Now in our little town
The outcasts abound
Compassion is in short supply
The victim is to blame
And hypocrisy's the name
Of our little town

Well the medicated geeks and the reject high school geeks
Congregate in the square
They lay out in the sun, man it looks like fun
And they sit for hours and stare
At the suits walkin' by
Shake their heads and wonder why
They have to put up with this
They walk at a good clip and they try not to trip
On the feet of the dispossessed

THE GIRL WITH THE SANDPAPER TONGUE

They're selling hula hoops at the funeral
To raise a little cash
Exercise for the mourners
A memorial that will last
The shots are flowin' freely
Everybody hoists a glass
To the girl with the sandpaper tongue

She had a sweet disposition
Or at least she mostly tried
Some say her temper could slay
Anybody on her wrong side
But now's the time for celebration
The band's about to play
For the girl with the sandpaper tongue

Chorus:

Hula hoops at the funeral
You gotta move your hips
Hula hoops at the funeral
Nobody could resist
Hula hoops at the funeral
Everybody missed
The girl with the sandpaper tongue

Some folks look for meaning
To make sense out of senselessness
Others hang on to a moment
Without fear of consequence
Maybe she's bound for heaven
Maybe she's bound for hell
The girl with the sandpaper tongue

SAINT MICHAEL

Did you see Saint Michael
Were you really there?
Was there white light streamin'
From the top of the stairs?
Did you keep your distance?
Did you get real close?
Did he offer direction
To your wandering soul?

Chorus:

Did you see Saint Michael?
Did you look in his eyes?
Did he offer protection
From these troublin' times?

Did you hear Saint Michael's voice?
Did he call out your name?
Did he tell you how you got there
Or who was to blame?
Was it really Saint Michael?
How can you be so sure?
Can you give me a description
Tell me what he wore?

It seems so clear to you
And I wasn't there
You were on your own
Then you came down the stairs
I often wonder
If you chose to come back
Did Saint Michael say somethin'
About future contact?

WAITIN' FOR THE BOMBS TO FALL

Your alienation is complete now
Isolation is your retreat now
Painful as it seems
Shot through by extremes
Waitin' for the bombs to fall

Frozen, you can't speak now
Tears stop on your cheek now
Time passes slow
At night when you're alone
Waitin' for the bombs to fall

Your desperation is extreme now
Confrontation seems so bleak now
Pointless as it seems
You wish it was a dream
Waitin' for the bombs to fall

Resignation rules the street now
Your expectations face defeat now
It's so hard to endure
Not knowing where to turn
Waitin' for the bombs to fall

ESCAPE VELOCITY

A fair wind and a sturdy ship was that was needed to find
A new land far beyond those darkened times
And if the Gods are willing and if my heart is true
I may find the same amongst these words of rhyme

Chorus:

For line after line I release each word from my mind
One more time try to set my spirit free
But time after time there's just one thing I find
It's the problem of escape velocity

To sail upon the cosmic breeze, embrace the winds of time
To cast my silhouette against the stars
It's easier to cross the void, inhale the blackened sky
Than to reach across the silence of your heart

The silence of the universe lies not among the stars
It hangs suspended there inside your eyes
Bu skyward gazing's not for me, for looking at you now
Is to gaze into a heart where love has died.

