

Instructions:

Print Full-Size (no Fit-To-Page) on 17" x 11" paper (tabloid).

Trim along black edge.

Fold lengthwise along dotted line, then fold into thirds along dotted lines.

Fits into *Hard Water* CD jacket.

Long Time, No See

Pawn shop workers all think they can play
Blues guitar

Impress you with a signature lick

I sold em some gear that now I miss
Come back in a month
I find that he's picking on
My old Les Paul

And I think
I got the dough
To get it back
And say...

Hey, long time, no see (2x)

Guitar shop workers all say they can play
Black Flag
I see them there strumming hard
Ramonés t-shirt on

I went in there to buy some new strings
He hands me a flyer
Asks me do I wanna go
To his dive bar show

And I think
I just might
Go to it
And say...

Hey, long time, no see (2x)

No man's ever old enough to know better (3x)
Young man bet you're old enough to know better
Not to do it now

Hey, long time, no see (2x)

Hey, long time, no see

(No man's ever old enough to know better)

Hey, long time, no see

(No man's ever old enough to know better)

Pretty Plain Jane

Well the scenesters, they talk it out
Behind their glasses and a petty hairdo
I'm in a bind, I'm in a bind
With a rag-tag band who's two feet
Off of the ground

The line that's drawn, ever changing
The bell of the ball, pretty plain Jane
Singing songs
Never changes, it never changes

Took some time just to sort it out
Done a handful of shows got 'em under my belt
I must let it ride, just let it ride
'Cause the shoe gazers stare, I look,
They stare back at me

The line that's drawn, ever changing
The bell of the ball, pretty plain Jane
Singing songs

We play all night to empty barroom seats
The sun don't shine on this side of the street
Room and board
Add in a small fee
Add it all up

And amongst yourselves you should be free
Ain't getting paid unless you got the pedigree
So, I'm in a bind, I said I'm in a bind

'Cause they talk like a podunk Hamlet
Something to lose

The line that's drawn, ever changing
The bell of the ball, pretty plain Jane
Singing songs, in the room

Pretty plain Jane (3x)

Pretty plain Jane (3x)

Whoa, Janie, now

Pretty plain Jane (3x)

What You Decide

On the way home from spiltsville
In an hour you'll be heading Portland bound
Got me feeling next to nothing
'Cause what you're saying it just ain't right

You'd make a damn good flight attendant
Metal birds they fly above
They say nothing is constant
Except that change comes

I'll be waiting in line for what you decide (2x)

Doesn't help I quit the paper
I get along on a shot and a one and done
Thought I'd told you on our first night
I'd told you then I just ain't right

On a bender on a Thursday
With my friends I plead the 5th
With a drink and stiff upper lip
I wonder where tomorrow comes

I'll be waiting in line for what you decide (2x)

You can help me Santa Anna help me forget
'Cause I got so much work to do on my left
Get me off of this medicine

I told you now I just ain't right
I just ain't right (2x)

I'll be waiting in line for what you decide (2x)

Wenatchee Eyes

There's an itch I can't scratch
Right there on my pride
There's no cure for what she gave me down there
On the riverside

She said don't worry, don't worry
She'll pass that apple blossom pie
Before we knew it we were right back home

Baby's rough around the edges
Those Wenatchee Eyes

High-heeled shoes and boxed white wine

Started drinking red and it went
Downhill from there,
She was swaying back and forth on a folding chair

Baby's rough around the edges
Those Wenatchee Eyes

High-heeled shoes and boxed white wine

Sunday morning rolls around,
These orchards won't pick themselves
She said I got to go, got some work to do by myself

She said don't worry, don't worry,
Baby don't worry at all
If you're ever lonely pick up the phone and
Give that 509 a call

Baby's rough around the edges
Those Wenatchee Eyes
High-heeled shoes and PX wine

Baby's rough around the edges
She gave me those Wenatchee Eyes
There's no doctor I can find

Baby's rough
Yes, she's rough
There is no doctor I can find

Sparks And Shrapnel

She held him with her gaze
Then her eyes would just explode
Spew the sparks and shrapnel
That could really mix me up
There was some ebb and flow
But her eyes would just explode
I took cover for awhile

She would hold her cards, close to her navel
Gently let me down at the arts and crafts table
Just like I was Cain, she was clearly able
My controller screams divert

She was down at Checkpoint Charlie
With the allies taking names
I snuck in in a people's wagon

I was going down in flames
'Cause there was no way of knowing
She's siesmi c retrofit
My mind was just awash

She would hold her cards, close to her navel
Gently let me down at the arts and crafts table
Just like I was Cain, she was clearly able
My controller screams divert

Now the damage has been done
She's in full retreat
I need the League of Nations
To come to my relief

'Cause there was some ebb and flow
And her eyes would just explode
I said her eyes would just explode

She would hold her cards, close to her navel
Gently let me down at the arts and crafts table
I only had a spoon, she poured it from a label
Now I'm all mixed up, she finally cut the cable
She finally cut the cable, she finally cut the cable

Freedom County

In the spring of '95 a crowd gathered here
With steely eyes and a mind on secession
Down the Stilly banks to the Rome Restaurant
They took their oaths, wrote their own laws

Tired of paying tax to the big city folks
Tired of legal devils in black robes
Stokes in Olympia fighting court
Pretty sure I got past that now
Yeah, it's gonna be a little while
But liberty bucks don't pay for the fees

They'd start a revolution then somehow
Take back from the county
All the land that's torn down
They said twelve thousand strong,
The long arm of the law
The county and beauracrats combined
Can't stop us all

And bring militia in if not by legal means
'Til they give us Freedom County
'Cause they know we pack heat

Well, Sheriff Bart got word of this
With a clenched jaw and balled up fist
A thousand mile line in the sand
Stokes was sent down to make a statement
The local Herald had him pinned
He said rise up boys it's only the start

They'd settle things the old fashioned way
Irregardless of what police might have to say

He said twelve thousand strong,
Let's keep soldiering on

When the system is corrupt
You got to manage to take the law
Gonna be a showdown with Sheriff Bart
And us patriots in the street
'Til they give us Freedom County
'Cause they know we pack heat

They made written threats to governor
Threats of PCP in water
The county on the edge of its seat

He'd start the fire, old Saterlee
With iron grip on the property
Take a map and draw their own lines

Start a revolution here and now
Take back from the county
All the land they're tearing down
Twelve thousand strong, the long arm of the law

The county and beauracrats combined
Can't stop 'em all
Gonna be a showdown with Sheriff Bart
And the patriots in the street

'Til we give them Freedom County
'Cause we know they pack heat.

Idle Threats And Cigarettes

You had the weight of a paper airplane
Wide-eyed naive and green
Should have never messed with Chasity Johnson
You probably got kicked in the teeth

Well I didn't know your story was so tragic
To think you were born on New Year's eve
Now looking for your shot a redemption
With that stain on your name
With that stain on your name

Who knows the murmurings of the grape vine
Amazonian hourglass babe
Hold you close you thought you could kiss her now
She yelled 'til she was blue in the face

You could have been every girl's hero
Crowd of cronies standing by
We made our way back home in the rain now
You would have got kicked in the sweets

Well I didn't know your story was so tragic
To think you were born on New Year's eve
Now looking for your shot a redemption
With that red blood in your veins

We talked all night with police
Over those idle threats and cigarettes
Thought you and I were
One and the same.

On the way home you told me this story
That we'd laugh about it some day
Pretty sure I got past that now
They all said you were to blame
Yeah, they all said you were to blame

Well I didn't know your story was so tragic
To think you were born on New Year's eve
Now looking for your shot at redemption
With that ice in your veins

Well, I didn't know
Well, I didn't know

We talked all night with police
Over those idle threats and cigarettes
We talked all night over those
Idle threats and cigarettes and
Idle threats and cigarettes
And cigarettes
And cigarettes

Dreams Of St. Petersburg

Once there was a Sunday son
Just sit and watch the cattails blow
Just another mixed up kid
Couldn't figure out how the sky was so big

Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
Does day deserve a night?
Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
He doesn't want to fight

You know there was a Sunday son
He got expelled, but it ain't his fault
It's just a Midwest thing
Just sit and watch the cattails blow

Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
Does day deserve a night?

Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
He doesn't want to fight

He dreamed of St. Petersburg that night
The snow fell through the lampost light
Love so much like you do at 17
At 17

Once there was a way to get back home
Somebody once said that, they're not alone
Just watch the chimney smoke blow
And wander down that road alone

Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
Does day deserve a night?

Doesn't know the answers

But he still asks all the questions
Does day destroy a night?

Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
He doesn't know the game

Doesn't know the answers
But he still asks all the questions
He doesn't want to fight

Good Enough

Too late to turn this ship of fools
I'm too far gone
Should have spent my time underground
Or solid ground, solid ground

I could leave here today
Bury the hatchet be safe
Barely breathing is
Good enough for now

And I won't be here for long
Just rest my body
Among petty thieves and reveries
I lay me down, lay me down

I could leave here today
Bury my sorrows be safe
Barely breathing is
Good enough for now

I could leave here today
Drown my sorrows be safe
'Cause there aint nothing in the world left to find
That I ain't already mind

Barely breathing is
Good enough,
Good enough,
Good enough for now

I'm standing, naked at the station
Gonna, take this message, give some information
Make your cold, hard initiation,
Draw some nazca lines

My, my mamma taught be better
Oh I here ya calling me from afar sometimes
And I need it in a different life
What they say is what a wounded sleeve I be
And I keep moving, keep moving me

Aspartame

You say there'll be no pain
Like a shot of novacaine
Yes you do, yes you do, yes you do

Prophetic and profane
Served cool like Solarcaine
Yes you do, yes you do, yes you do

You keep on feeding me
Filling me up with tiny lies, little lies

Oversized bottle of champagne
No sugar just aspartame
Aspartame

You tell me about my fame
Over cheese, wine and cocaine
Yes you do, yes you do, yes you do

You keep on bleeding me
Bleeding me dry with little lies

You keep on feeding me
Filling me up with little lies, tiny lies

Sold my soul to arrive here
I bought your line free and clear
Put all of that in my ear
Tell me just what I want to hear

What I want to hear is everybody, everybody
Everybody

You give me songs to sing
I can't unwrap the cellophane
Yes you do, yes you do