

## GHOST OF A THRILL RIDE

### **This Invisible Life**

I don't ever get lost anymore  
I'm never falling behind  
Cause I don't care where I wind up sleeping  
And nobody notices what time I arrive  
It feels like a Sunday morning out  
I'm guessing it's June  
Maybe that highway leads to paradise  
Maybe it leads to the fountain of youth

#### CHORUS:

I'm going to hire me a spotlight  
And the finest crowd that money can buy  
I'm going to build me a grandstand  
And stand around staring down at the barren ground  
Of this invisible life

I don't dream about wealth anymore  
And I don't let myself dream about fame  
And I refuse to dream about the poacher's daughter  
Or the laughter at midnight in the mud and the rain  
I've given up on ever joining the rodeo  
But I'd still make one hell of a spy  
I know I'll never be a Hollywood Romeo  
I'm too easy to see through and so hard to find

#### CHORUS

It's a glorious world out here  
And I'm a glorious man  
And it's a glorious day to wait around for a tow truck  
With both axles stuck in the sugar-white sand  
It feels like a Sunday morning out  
Hell, maybe it's noon  
Maybe that highway leads to the ocean  
And maybe it leads to the moon

CHORUS

### **Outsider**

I'm gravel and stone  
I'm weeds and rattlesnakes  
I'm bottles and bones  
I'm a long, flat interstate

I'm brambles and thorns  
I'm wild blackberry vines  
I'm traveled and worn  
I'm sundown all the time

I'm wandering barefoot down her tar and gravel eroscape  
I'm much obliged, stranger, much obliged  
I lost my bearings in her maze of veils and tattered drapes  
I'm evening as the crow flies

I'll always be the new guy  
I'll always be the last of the fools in line  
I'm evening as the crow flies  
I'm twilight as the last of the scarecrows cry  
"Outsider, nobody home"

I'm August at noon  
I'm miles of railroad  
I'm a sucker for June  
I'm a long, long time ago

I'm stranded on a Ferris wheel of yearning I don't understand  
Help me down, stranger, lend a hand

I'm locked in battle with the Herculean shadow  
Of her once upon a fine man

I'll always be the new guy  
I'll always be the last of the fools in line  
I'm evening as the crow flies  
I'm twilight as the last of the scarecrows cry  
"Outsider, you're on your own"

## **Wringing the Wheel**

Right about now her heart should be pounding  
Her hands are trembling, her head's getting light  
She's turning the sound down, afraid it'll drown out  
An engine out in the night

I'm still enthralled by the last time I saw her  
The traffic was crawling the highway was white  
I cancelled my plans and abandoned the van and was stranded  
In town for the night

We toasted southern winters in the snow  
And pounded warm Drambuie in the cold  
We held our own til it was almost dawn and came to  
In each other's clothes

I was leaving  
She was breathing on the window as I fishtailed away  
Through the tears and the rear-view mirror  
I could see her disappear in the fogged over pane

### **CHORUS**

Please Angeline deliver me  
I'm bearing down on the outskirts of town  
With the reins in my teeth  
The clean smell of the wild onions sweetens the heat  
I'm drunk on the wind in my mouth  
And wringing the wheel for a little more speed

The wind is rising  
Along the horizon

Blue sheets of lightning are gaining on me  
I'll be home as the first of the overgrown raindrops  
Impact the street

In the high beams  
Blooms and pine needles  
Fall in squalls like a blizzard of dreams  
She's watching the highway for headlights  
And wringing her highball for a little more speed

CHORUS

CHORUS

### **Cheap Rags**

She was sizing me up  
She was staring you down  
She glared at me and growled my eyes looked lovely on her gown  
She was feeling us out  
To see who's daring who  
She sighed and cooed your lipstick sure looked lovely on her shoe

She curled up and purred  
In a wrought iron bed  
You closed your eyes and whispered, "She looks gorgeous in red"  
She said, "The Jag really brings out my bag and my shoes  
I need leathers, pearls and diamonds  
Bring me feathers, furs and fools"

CHORUS

She wore our wind on her wastelands  
She wore our hearts on her sleeve  
She pinned the medal of our sins to her gown

She was only wearing you and me around

We swang from her rafters and her grand chandelier

I drank from her slipper with her tongue in my ear

We crawled through her stairwells, her cellars, and her halls

We rattled all her windows and left cracks in all her walls

CHORUS

She said, "Sin only wears us all around for a while

We rise into fashion, then we fall out of style"

Now we're tattered on her barbed wire

And scattered on her thorns

We're litter on her roadside and we're fodder for her scorn

CHORUS

## **All Young Ladies**

I swore I could hear the call

Clear to the end of the mall

She blew like a wrecking ball right through the promenade

She turned 21 that fall

She brought her own alcohol

She shook off all the confetti and danced on a Chevrolet

Do all young ladies lie?

Our ghosts are damned to walk these hallways night on night

Do all young ladies lie?

Do all young ladies lie?

A friend of a friend of mine

An Indian summer night

A thin little wind whistled in on the fenders of minivans from out of state

Blame it on berry vines  
In the shade of a stand of pines  
Blame it all on the wine skin she hid in her boot at the gate

Do all young ladies lie?  
Our ghosts are damned to walk these hallways night on night  
Do all young ladies lie?  
Do all young ladies lie?

It was cider and cinnamon tea  
And grass on a golden knee  
It was flannel and clean hair drying out there in the autumn sun

I swore I could taste the heat  
Of a thousand eternities  
Mingled with watery beer on her swirling tongue

Do all young lovers lie?  
Our ghosts are damned to walk these hallways night on night  
Do all young lovers lie?  
Do all young lovers lie?  
Do all young lovers lie?  
Do all young lovers lie?

## **Pink Champagne**

Is she still rolling in old money?  
Is she still driving way too fast?  
Is she still drinking too much Stoli?  
Busting balls and kicking ass?

Is she still dozing off at red lights?  
Passing out behind the wheel?  
Offering traffic cops mimosas?  
Telling lies and making deals?

Don't let her know you saw me here  
Don't even say I came  
There's diamonds in her eyes tonight  
And fountains of pink champagne

Is she still always over sleeping?  
Staying out too late at night?  
Spending all her family's money?  
Raising hell and telling lies?

I'll bet she met him at The Preakness  
Or crashing parties at The Club  
Was she still taking ballroom dancing  
When she finally fell in love?

Don't let her know you saw me here  
Don't even say I came  
There's limousines lined up outside  
And fountains of pink champagne

Does she still talk about Savannah?  
Or one sweet summer by the sea?  
I bet she sold off all her horses  
I doubt she ever thinks of me

Don't let her know you saw me here  
Don't even say I came  
There's starlight in the pines tonight  
And fountains of pink champagne

### **Over the Wateree**

No, I really couldn't stay  
What with all these meetings to make  
I keep waking up naked, clawed up, and sore in a goddess's bed every day

I'll take part of the blame  
If I seem a little lost in a daze  
Every time I think I got my feet on the ground I look down and the ground  
moves away  
It goes shaking away  
I look down and the ground moves away

Why the hell would I want any money?  
With all these acres of anger to farm,  
A quiet understanding with manhood, and a fist full of feathers and yarn?

I'm wading over the Wateree  
To lay me down in the shade of the trees  
In the shade of the trees

I've been speaking in tongues  
With the breath of the gods in my lungs  
I've been channeling Ponce de Leon, swallowing sunlight, and coming undone

I remember how tenderness tastes.  
I can still see the smile on her face  
When she spotted me drunk on the trunk of the car in Kentucky on the day of the race  
Laughing "My, what a waste!  
Howling "My, what a pitiful waste!"

Why the hell would I want any whiskey?  
When I done shot out the lights on the street  
With a kerosene lantern in one hand and the mysteries of manhood clamped in my teeth

I'm wading over the Wateree  
To lay me down in the shade of the trees  
In the shade of the trees

In the dark at the top of the stairs  
We were way too wasted to care  
Our naiveté beaded like sweat on the walls, hell, it hung like honey in the air

But, hey, what's a memory or two  
In the cycle of planets and moons?  
If I came here to claim the lifeless remains of my wildest dreams, I should know what to do  
I ought to know what to do  
I should know what to do  
I should know what to do

Why the hell would I want marijuana?  
With all these mountains of madness to move?  
When the Martian marauders come marching they'll march with our manhood  
stuck to their shoes

I'm wading over the Wateree  
To lay me down in the shade of the trees  
In the shade of the tallest trees  
In the shade of the trees

## **Misunderstood**

She just thought they all always saw her as bashful and quiet  
But she's through being all the boys' sweet little kid sister tonight  
So she's painting it on, lacing it up, and cinching it tight  
Practicing posing and closing her eyes

CHORUS:

Way too smart for her own damn good  
And she's way too misunderstood  
Misunderstood  
Misunderstood

If it's the effortless, offhand wit and casual grace they admire  
Then she just knows she can shoulder the weight of setting the night on fire  
So she's tucking it in, tucking it out, and sucking her tummy in tight  
Practicing pouting and rolling her eyes

CHORUS  
CHORUS

Now her thoughts are all clouded and stained from Mescal and leveraged champagne  
Her cards are all maxed and her funds are all drained  
So she's staggering home, drunk and alone, and the snow is changing to rain  
Just a scared little innocent child in the rain

CHORUS  
CHORUS

## **East of the Sunrise**

I know all about those big city women  
I know what goes on in those back rooms at night  
A handsome young man with his wallet in his hand  
Can get by on a wink and a smile

I can prey on the urban romantics  
Weeping haiku over cafe au lait  
I can load up the truck when things start to heat up  
And if the waitresses beg me to stay I'll say

Look for my taillights  
East of the sunrise  
You don't understand, ma'am, I'm way too much man for such a civilized life  
Listen for bloodhounds  
West of the sundown  
Don't get me wrong but there's things going on out there you and I know nothing about

There's way too much money in Dallas  
I feel obliged to set some of it free

I might leave part of my heart down in Texas  
But I'll take a shitload of Texas with me

Maybe I'll marry a billionaire's daughter  
And become an embarrassment out at the club  
I'll start in on the gin by eleven AM  
And when my in-laws start getting fed up I'll say

Look for my taillights  
East of the sunrise  
I don't give a damn, ma'am, I'm way too much man for your brand of sanitized life  
Listen for bloodhounds  
West of the sundown  
Don't get me wrong but there's things going on out there you and I know nothing about

I can knock over banks out in the Badlands  
And start up my own band of thieves on the run  
Disappearing into the desert at night  
Building campfires and polishing guns

Living off biscuits and jerky  
Whisky and twisted cigars  
Falling in love with my hostage  
And being glamorized by fools with guitars singing

Look for my taillights  
East of the sunrise  
No thank you, ma'am, I got some awful big living to cram into such a small life  
Listen for bloodhounds  
West of the sundown  
Don't get me wrong but there's things going on out there you and I know nothing about

If I ever do make it back home again  
I probably won't be alive  
Tell my mother and father I missed them  
And kiss all my sisters and brothers good-bye

Bury me out on the Trinity Plain  
Where the clay is carnation red  
Plant a muscadine vine where my foot stone should lie  
And a halo of pines at my head

And look for my taillights  
East of the sunrise  
You never did understand, I was way too much man for such a tiny little life  
Look for a dust cloud  
West of the sundown  
Don't get me wrong but there's things going on out there you might want to find out about

## **Vanishing Man**

I can't find a trace of my south  
I've been driving around in circles for years now  
These little railroad towns are so strangely lit at sundown

I'm the wind in the weeds

I can't find my way through this maze  
Of the pace and the space and the grace in decay  
I can't bear to stay  
I can't leave and I can't look away

I'm the wind in the weeds  
I'm a stir in the leaves  
I'm the light through the hole in the hat in your hand  
I'm a wandering soul  
I'm a vanishing man  
A vanishing man

I chain-smoke till dawn  
By the green glow of the dash and the cell phone  
I let the seek keep cycling on  
Bursting preachers and Spanish and static and songs

And I don't have a home  
I still don't have a home  
Just when you think I'm in the palm of your hand  
You'll hear clattering bottles and rattling cans  
I'm a ghost in the grandstand  
A sack full of wind  
I'm a bat in the rafters  
And a rat in the tin  
In the cool before dawn  
I'm a creak and a groan  
I'm a breath on the back your neck and I'm gone  
I'm so goddamn alone

I'm a pall of unease  
I'm the wind in the weeds  
I'm the light through the hole in the hat in your hand  
I'm a wandering soul  
I'm a vanishing man  
A vanishing man  
A magnificent man  
Such a frail little man  
I'm a terrified man

## **Wastelands**

I'm on my way  
I'm breaking through  
The clouds of gray and powder blue  
Hooray

Hallelujah

I'm a beautiful man

On fields of stone and rusted cans

Bones and bottles and disowned lands

I will stand

Hallelujah

A magnificent man

Out in the wastelands, my, how I dream

I'm pounding my chest while the girls in the grandstand scream

I'm a work of art

I'll take your heart

I'll fill you with fountains of fire and sparks

In the dark

Hallelujah

We'll lie littered with laughter and riddled with dazzling stars

I'll fall to my knees in the hall of my dreams

Majestically posing while girls in the mezzanine scream

"Hallelujah!"

For exotic oils and forbidden teas

Out in the wastelands, my, how I dream

I'm curling my lip while the girls in grandstand scream,

"Please outsider

You seem like such a lonely man

Take me away with you

I want to see the wastelands"

All the Romeos burn just a little too bright  
All the harrowing rodeo gigolos wither and die  
Hallelujah  
At the hands of day, at the feet of the night

So dress my wounds and soothe my brow  
We'll make it from here to the border somehow  
Where we'll drown  
Hallelujah  
In exotic oils with forbidden powers

Out in the wastelands, my, how I dream  
I'm dusting my chaps while the girls in grandstand scream,  
"Please outsider  
You seem like such a lonely man  
Take me away with you  
I want to see the wastelands  
Please show me the wastelands  
Show me the wastelands  
You seem like such a haunted man  
I want to see the wastelands  
Please show me the wastelands"

### **So Be It**

Tonight's the night we planned to say our vows  
We planned for candlelight and evening gowns  
We planned for wild romance  
We planned for years  
Now here I stand abandoned  
No plan, no you and no tears

We prowled the haunted caverns underground  
We came alive each time the sun went down  
We buzzed away the mornings  
On black coffee and dreams  
We laughed and danced away just  
One too many nights it seems now

#### CHORUS

No situation at all  
No clever writing on the wall  
One kiss goodbye and that was all  
So be it

You're free to wonder what we could have been  
If not for all the lies and all the sins  
You're free to long for afternoons we dozed away  
You're free to wonder why  
A light inside you died when you strayed  
You're free to share the blame  
And call him by my name

#### CHORUS

You're free to hunger for the life we led  
Then wonder why you shiver in his bed  
And I'm free to love whoever won't put me to sleep  
You're free to marry money  
And touch him thinking of me

#### CHORUS

### **Mere Mortal Men**

It's too late for a nightcap  
Too soon to go home  
I'm too wiped out to party

But I don't want to be alone

I'm too rough for romance

Too smooth to resist

I'm too wild for one woman

But I could sure use a kiss

CHORUS:

I'll never dance until dawn

I'll never really feel at home

I'll never lay around stoned all summer long again

I finally understand

Where the pavement ends

And mere mortal men

I'm too poor to be a playboy

Too proud to be bought

Too slow to make trouble

And too fast to get caught

I'm too old to be a soldier

Too blissed out to fight

Too drunk to be driving

And too smart to try

CHORUS

If I could do it over

I'd own a souvenir stand

On some dust covered highway

On some boarded-up strand

Where the ghost of a thrill ride

Looms, creaks, and commands

Lost armies of seagulls

On a kingdom of sand

CHORUS

### **Swallowed By The Night**

She seems so tangled and wild

Me? Am I too wide-eyed and mild?

She might not think so

I've been around you know

She sets the smoke overhead all aglow  
with the lights in her eyes

She parts the underground sea

And weaves through the elbows and knees

She might be solo

I'm too shy to ever know

Please, I can't breathe with her

inches away from me ordering wine

BRIDGE

And she might be lazy

She might be the kind to sleep in a coffin all day

But if I'm so crazy

How come she makes tomorrow seem so far away?

CHORUS

Wake me up

I think I'm falling falling falling

I give up

I think I'm falling falling falling

If I'm not crawling home by morning

I was swallowed by the night  
Swallowed by the night

She's damp from dancing alone  
Please, have I been down here too long?  
She might be lonely  
She might just need room to breathe  
She faintly smells of patchouli and leather and sweat and  
I'm losing my mind

BRIDGE

CHORUS

CHORUS