

Tiny Gods

I close my eyes and I can see everything about you
But I can't write a love song till it's true
I shoot down the rain and backstroke through a hurricane
but my heart came hold nothing till it's you

Come on kid, here comes that feeling again
That I'll always be alone
And with your guns aimed at the burden of time
All that burns up is the night

Tiny gods carry on in their cloudy ways
Oh I came so close to slipping today
I set my watch to the beat of a permanent wave
Oh I just don't know how long I can wait.

Come on kid, here comes that feeling again
That I'll always be alone
And with your guns aimed at the burden of time
All that burns up is the night

And if we meet I swear to the tiniest God
I've been yours all along
I was yours all along

Paris, TX

People are flooding in. it's getting a little out of hand.
My home don't look much like my home.
The old man never saw the day
These streets were filled with those LBJ Stetsons without a drop of sweat in sight
He worked a drag line all over the state
I learned how to swim in those rivers he made
I shot my first gun on the Rio Grande and smoke my first joint from Willie's Strand

So here we are where the clouds are as big as God
and everyone wants to be a cowboy
and the cowboy just wants to be alone

So get you a truck, some new shiny boots
The end of the day we'll all know the truth.
Paris, Texas, is just a movie to you
From Lubbock to Monahan to blue eyes crying

Rosies tamale house to Nolan Ryan
This whole place is mystifying still
Now the old farm is an airbnb ad the swimming holes are no longer free
But there ain't no place I'd rather be than home

So here we are where the clouds are as big as God
and everyone wants to be a cowboy
and the cowboy just wants to be alone

So get you a bandana and a nudie suit
Bbut your true color's gonna shine on through
Paris, Texas is just a movie to you
Can't say really blame you at all
I'm a little guilty of it too
But Paris, Texas is just a movie to you

Border Kid

Have you ever seen the Marfa lights?
And sang "Juarez" line by line
At the top of your lungs up at the sky
No need to call, just passing by

Have you ever kissed a frozen fall?
Heading west where you belong
A sunrise bends along the coast
A swell rolls in just like a ghost

Have you ever lived out of your car?
Making rhymes out of the stars
To show the world just who you are
Dreams so big they break your heart

Have you ever been to Paris, France?
With your last dollar in your pants
Lost it all just north of Spain
Russian roulette with a Spanish train

Have you ever held your breath so long
For someone real to come along?
Let your heart burst up in flames

and burns the light that still remains

But you could never had your blood
That follows you and all you touch
The vision of the border left behind
Go steal the world and drink it dry
You ain't the kid they left behind
Go skin the world and bleed it dry

High Times

You know I don't like being alone
I just can't stand the company
Even my troubles picked up and gone
Said they had enough of me
And it's high times, part of one

Getting old, can't fall asleep
Counting hairs instead of sheep
Life came and went, knocked me off my feet
Old presents wrapped underneath the tree
Guess it's Christmas Eve at Applebees again

The tattoos removed, but your heart's still black and blue
And the only thing worse than hitting rock bottom is rock bottom hitting you

Sweet dreams will do you in
Tent fall keeps the life from sin
Never really into family time
Not into dogs, not into wine
I'm not into your valentine

All I ever wanted was a life of leisure
When you're alone, no way to be hurt
An emptiness grew as five o'clock turned to noon
And careful for what you wish for, it just might come through

The tattoos removed, but your heart's still black and blue
And the only thing worse than hitting rock bottom is rock bottom hitting you
Yeah the only thing worse than hitting rock bottom is rock bottom hitting you first

K Hole Deluxe

Busted gut in Livingston
Looks like it's fall again
Watching a cold front pick up steam
Riding high up on my horse, and it's Ketamine

A wind of a thousand knives
Cuts through like a thousand lies
One's only a cowboy could tell
Is this actual paradise or is it just a bitch from hell?

And all my poems will be about you
If I can make it to the spring
I'm a heart sick fool without you
Pretending to be free
Like a paint horse painted only blue
Like a mule afraid of flees
As hard as I try to be
This country's just not cut out for me

You can't break a broken man
With a round pen and a houlihan
And a good horse don't need your applause
If you're in love with everything
You'll be crushed by the beauty of it all
If you're in love with everything
You'll be crushed by the beauty of it all

Convenience Store World

The country nights couldn't tame her
She pulled out a town like a stranger
And the wind was changing with her
Like a long and selfish winner
In no condition to be saved
Her eye dark and worn out
In a California kind of way

She need not a reason
He'd been drunk since branding season
Tumbleweeds blow inside him
Where a heart used to be
He never became who he was pretending to be

A long way from the rodeo
On the wrong side of the lucky break
On the gone side, letting go

The whole way she cried
Lord knows she tried
To reason with a man, gone inside
And goodbye seemed to find a way to bend the truth out of the lie
He's as much a cowboy as she was a wife
Neither cut out for a convenience or kind of life

If the big sky can't heal you
And the river won't move
And you're met with the empty promise of solitude
It's not too late to switch horses
And saddle up anew
And dream of an open ending with Montana out of view

Too so long to remember
Ain't no riots in November
No more West Coast turnarounds today
And I never understand how men can look at himself that way

Postcard from Paradise

Oh the nighttime I never quite understood
As the half moon is cradled by cottonwood
And the dreams I had won't go away
I tried to say in a thousand ways
I don't give a damn if you go or stay
My mind's made up I'll be okay
Let's see what you're made of on your own
Let's see how you sail if the wind don't blow

And one day maybe you'll realize
As I write you a postcard from paradise
All the things you chase like fireflies
Will disappear into the night
And the winds of heaven couldn't blow me back
And morning comes in like a photograph
And the road slips on an angel's mask
And hides its lonely face

I wasn't lying when I said this was easy
I never opened the letter you wrote me
On a cold night out in the Sespe
Your words turned into fire
And the embers painted the canyon floor
A shade of red the sky ain't seen before
It lit up the words from an ancient hand
Written on the wall
Saying what's it like to be free again tonight?

Sweetest Friend

Your odds are stacked against you
Like your habits playing tricks
To a melody of having
To quit all over again

And I'm dying in a good way
To see her so that I could say
Utopia is boring as hell
I wonder in my sleep
Does she ever drink of me?
Was she ever really jealous of my pain?

But if you see my sweetest friend
Won't you tell her I'd do it all over again

The light reflects beneath
The fallen cypress tree
Casting shadows of the breeze
As the night begins to bleed

And it's getting plain to see
The moon don't bother me
As I stare down the barrel of the morning
The silence has me beat
The river loves its feet
Running slow enough to hear your own echo

But if you see my sweetest friend
Won't you tell her I'd do it all over again

Blue Eyes

Daydreams with a fatal bent
Mexican food, a medicine cabinet
A pony with a trick or two
Paints a desert green and the cactus blue

And time is dangerous
You're back to the sun
An eagle flying circles
Where the moon once hung
A shadow where the moon once hung

Well, ain't you the queen of blue eyes?
Got the whole damn world on your side
And I'll be happy to go with you anywhere
Just don't take me for a ride

I wanna live a thousand lives
Fall in love at least a thousand times
And you can swim upstream
Till your lungs up and die
But a river can't help you if your fear what's inside

And honey's getting old
You dance like you won
But you're not gonna break me
Took me too long to grow this young
Took me too long to feel this young

And ain't you the queen of blue eyes?
Got the whole damn world on your side
And I'll be happy to go with you anywhere
Just don't take me for a ride

And I'll gladly follow you anywhere
And be happy, if only for tonight

Leisure Rodeo

Woke up with a headache
Tried to fix it in a vice
Took some time to realize
You can't swim the same river twice

Got tattoos on my lips
That made you think I was awake
Experience is just another word.
For a lifetime of mistakes

When you young and can't hang on to your rope
When you're young, racing to grow old
Hold your horses kid, don't let it show
It's just a big old leisure rodeo

Yesterday's just mountain pass
Seven miles long
Paralyzed I couldn't drive
Was it the breaks of the fog?
Eye's kissing the window shield
and my hands gripping the wheel
Moving at the speed of pain
Down a road there wasn't real

When you young and can't hang on to your rope
When you're young, racing to grow old
Hold your horses kid, don't let it show
It's just a goddamn leisure rodeo