

ALL THAT'S GOIN ON

all the nighttime it seems
I'm working out late
awake or asleep
too much on my plate
and when I get up
I cannot recall
what it was
that went on in my dreams
I missed it all

because of all that's going on

a serious wall
of records and books
waiting for me
someday soon
I'll go get lost
an endless search
but there is no chance
I will succeed
and quench this thirst

with all that's going on

oh Marvin you sing
of sexual healing
and I do believe
I know the feeling
for years I've roamed
in need of a home
a place to let go
and find a true love
to rescue my soul

from all that's going on

LATER

boxes full of tapes tracks from long ago
Blondie and Pretenders on the radioshow
growing up so fast, you thought that it would take
a couple more years to find you begging for a break

much later

shuffling papers and your daily routines
as promises and longing in the twilight disappear
a sister is a mother now a son will be a dad
familiar faces wearing different hats

it's later

and when the road got dark you could no longer see
but you were building a house of love in between

another hangover or is it a disease
can you succumb to the pressure or is it just a breeze
the hours you can't sleep seem shorter than before
can you carry all the weight are you open for more
the days of wine and roses may have never been real
the more that you ask the less is revealed

later

IT'S ABOUT TIME

I'm not the kinda guy you'll find preaching
I'm not the reverend I'm not the judge
why would I be the one who's teaching
I tried so hard not to accuse
I tried so hard but it didn't work
then I tried hard to speak the truth

this heart it aches
it needs to find
a gentle pace
it's about time

I'm not the kinda guy to embrace the dark
I'm not the legal spokesman of Lucifer
why would I be so mean or smart
I tried so hard to make a stand
I tried so hard but it didn't work
then I tried hard to let it rest

how this heart aches
it needs to find
a gentle pace
it's about time

I'm not the kinda guy to be demanding
I'm not a therapist or a physician
so why should I be so understanding
I tried so hard to give it time
I tried so hard but it didn't work
then I tried hard to give up trying

VANITY

I was the kind of guy
I could mingle and socialize
I was doin' real fine
any suit would fit my size
yes I could fill my cup
I worked hard all the way up
somehow I lost the touch
and all I had became too much

this man you see
this man you see
is not a bit like me

I stopped reading the news
all these stories that I already knew
I'd seen a thing or two
most of all what it comes down to
hiding in my coat
sinking fast I went so slow
I couldn't stop the show
in spite of all I came to know

this man you see this man you see
is not a bit like me

I had a story to tell
I took the stage then the curtain fell
and I got caught in the act
I had to stop and look for myself

this man you see this man you see
he's not a bit like me
this man you see oh vanity
is not a bit like me

PRIVATE KINGDOM

this town will turn into a ghosttown
the shops will close after they sell out
sledgehammers come to tear the place down
building ground
this town is losing its civilians
if they won't stay to make a difference
it will be lost in insignificance

our house has been
a home for anyone at any hour , any day
no matter in what shape
about to leave or stay
noone here ever lost their face

I used to make myself a life here
new resolutions every next year
kindred souls I found in my scene
they all dissappear

I never left this private kingdom
I never thought I'd see the outcome
that I'd be living high and lonesome

our house has been
a home for anyone at any hour , any day
no matter in what shape
about to leave or stay
noone here ever lost their face

so Mr. Blandings build your dream house
on the remains of our home grounds
I'll touch the green green grass and lay my body down
I'm built to last

RECORD

pressed in vinyl
with every turn
at 33 a minute
the needle would burn
scratching and bumping
shifting the groove
I felt so much better
recycling the blues

labels and covers
players and tracks
writers producers
warner and stax
everything's loaded
up in my core
the sound that drives me
what I do it for

these are my roots
when I go down
or go astray
when I can't escape myself
or disappear
I'll look that way

up in the attic
under my roof
piled up and dusty
still ever so good
on my father's turntable
records I scored
If I ever go under
I'll carry them down

HOTEL

the night porter is smiling
I can't believe my luck
when I hear a room is vacant
even though I'm stuck

my demons are free and done with hide and seek
they come as they please , come to make a fool out of me
or is it just that that I don't wanna face them
I'd better be sweet and man enough to embrace them
or just a let 'm go

a room that's suited
to crash or hang yourself
or start some holy reading
from the bible on the shelf

devils come and go searching for my soul
they are digging a hole to make themselves at home
or is it just that I don't wanna face them
I'd better be sweet and man enough to embrace them
or just a let 'm go

I may have found it
Elvis' last hotel
where broken hearted lovers
sing and ring the bells

when the angels pour me drinks and ask a little more
whatever's in store I'll show them the door
or is it just that I don't wanna face them
I'd better be sweet and man enough to embrace them
or just a let 'm go

TENDER LOVE

since you ask me to tell the truth
please don't leave babe you do me good
but if you feel like this is wrong
please don't stay too long

when the darkness here is all I see
having you my dear I keep my feet
but if you feel that's too big a claim
I just can't take the blame

I hate to see you go
regrets and I told you so's
how I long to see us grow
in our tender love

If putting things in a certain way
makes you uneasy with what I say
know that my troubles are hard to explain
so please don't ask today

I'll keep crossing the same old lines
there's a lot I better be leaving behind
don't worry 'bout this here troubled mind
just please me and I'll be fine

I hate to see you go
regrets and I told you so's
how I long to see us grow
in our tender love

I know I'll manage on my own
loving you can often scares me so
but even though I might be good alone
I found a lasting love

GUITAR

deep in the woods
lies a backbone of roots
(that) came down with the trees that I shake
that I stroke that I squeeze
I slide as I please
and all of my senses awaken

nickel or steel
and magnetic fields
make for a sweet combination
to cover my needs
and express how I feel
when I'm in a dumb situation

I'll skip the dance
it's in my hands
I'll tango and waltz with myself

I'll fall to the click
that comes from within
to all I can feel resonating
in the tones there that ring
make my heart sing
all that I hear when I'm playing

MISS IT

my love for you can be unreal
it's fragile as a love can be
you have been my achilles heel ever since we met
when we play it makes me proud
makes me dance and sing out loud
then we clash we twist and shout and things get out of hand
we are so afraid but act so tough
we play it hard we play it rough
but even when we've had enough and things are looking bad

all that we share, I just couldn't bear to miss it
this thing we have, I just couldn't bear to miss it
I found a love that's meant to be

in everything that's bound to be
what I could see before you saw me
my child you've got a hold on me, right there from the start
I may think of what lays ahead
and talk too much while you act deaf
a lesson I will learn instead, as we both just both follow our hearts
and damn I'd wish that you would stay
I miss you more now everyday
I know you must go your own way, still I hope it won't be far

all that we share, I just couldn't bear to miss it
this thing we have, I just couldn't bear to miss it
I found a love that's meant to be
I found something that I can keep