

A Very Good Day

(R. Nottebart)

I didn't have to think, so I didn't have grow
It was a very, very, very good day
There wasn't really anything I especially had to know
It was a very, very, very good day
I didn't have to try so I did not have to fail
(It was a very, very, very good day)
I did not have the facts so I spun a little tale
(It was a very, very, very good day)
A very good day, a very good day!
What more can I say to make you understand that...
Let's get caught up in some ambitious project
All you need is daytime-TV-talk-show logic
A very good day, a very good Day!
What more can I say to make you understand that...
Come along with me, just relax and have a drink
(Very, very, very good day)
The talking head on television tells you what to think
(Its been a very, very, very good day)

I Might Be Wrong

(R. Nottebart)

I don't think its right. I don't think its good
From where I'm standin' this is nothing more than a dog & pony show
If I could swear I might. If I could leave I would
Gotta tell you darlin' I've forgotten more about this than you'll ever
know
Of course I might be...I might be wrong
I might be...I might be wrong
That was really dumb. I watched you light the match
Then you stood there, fanned the flames until that bridge was burnt
I guess your brain's all thumbs. I guess that's the catch
I'd ask what you were thinkin', but I guess you weren't
Of course I might be...(I might be mistaken)
I might be wrong...(but I could be right)
I might be...(I might be mistaken)
I might be wrong

Walkin' Through

(R. Nottebart)

I can lie 'cause I'm good at that too
I can tell little stories to pacify you
But the truth of it is that I don't have a clue
I'm just standin' in line...I'm just walkin' thru
I can tell that you're finding me out
That I'm not quite as sure as I am full of doubt
That you'll see just what only skin deep is about
I'm just phonin' it in...I'm just walkin' thru
Its not easy to make this look good
If I knew how to fix it I would
Oh so I put on a pretty good show
I can cover in flash what I just do not know
I can make it come true just by saying it's so
I'm just standin' in line...I'm just walkin' thru

The Slow Dance Song

(R. Nottebart)

So close your eyes, I'll hold you near me
You know I'm shy, no need to fear me
You made it clear that I am so outrageous, yet the final pages aren't yet done
So close your eyes and tell me I'm the only one.
So take a chance, come out and reach me
Though I can't dance, I know you'll teach me
You made it clear that I am so outrageous, yet the final pages aren't yet done,
so...

Ellie May*

(J. Casner)

Hey, hey Ellie May, I'll stay a while with you
Let me rest my feet for a day or two
'Til I can put back on my highway shoes
I've been movin' too fast, a little too hard
But just a night with you would surely cure my blues
Hey, hey Ellie May, I'll stay a while with you
When I'm feelin' outa time,
Like an old steam engine taken off of the line
That's when it starts to feel it, gotta have a friend to fix it
Gotta get myself back on track and get back to you
Hey, hey Ellie May, I'll stay a while with you...
It seems it's happened once again
The miles between have been taken their toll
You know that I still feel it, gotta have a friend to fix it
Gotta get myself back on track and get back to you
Hey, hey Ellie May, I'll stay a while with you...
Hey, hey Ellie May, I'll stay a while with you...

Another Chance

(R. Nottebart)

The waitress asks you, "What you want?"
Ah... now there's a question
'Cause everything upon your plate does not involve digestion
So you fiddle with your menu, sip your water
Weigh your options, there you are
Drop another nickel, do a little dance
Pick another number, take another chance
The policeman says, "Now, where you goin'?"
Ah... now there's a question
'Cause pure trajectory does not define direction
So you give the man your license, think profanity
Keep your mouth shut, make a philosophical retreat
Drop another quarter, do alittle dance
Pick another number, take another chance
Your brother asks you "How you doin'?"
Boy, now what a question
It's just a courtesy and nothing that requires deep reflection
So you dip into the repertoire, give the short report
Change the subject, friends and lovers, yada, yada, yada
Drop another dollar, do a little dance
'Cause doors and windows open, you might get another chance

Hello Elaine

(R. Nottebart)

I've been trying to figure out the reasoning behind this thing
Hello Elaine, Hello Elaine, Hello
Maybe if you wrote it down, then I could see, eventually
Hello Elaine, Hello Elaine, Hello
I thought that you had someone who'd wait for you
Now you're in too deep and it's too late for you
Oh no. Elaine
I don't think that I should be around no more
I'll find the door
Good-bye Elaine, good-bye Elaine
Oh my, Elaine. Oh my Elaine
Good-bye Elaine, Good-bye Elaine, Good-bye
You've been causing more than just your share of pain
It's quite insane
Good-bye Elaine, good-bye Elaine
Auf wiedersehen, good-bye Elaine
Good-bye Elaine, Good-bye Elaine, Good-bye

Falling Rain

(R. Nottebart)

How did you know how much I hate to miss you so?
You're so far away
And in my bed, await the deluge in my head
Its so far away
Like Falling Rain
It seem I'm safe inside, but the pain gets wide and deep
And when I dream of you, seems I'm in a deeper sleep
So please excuse me while I wake up from my snooze
I'm so far away
Like falling rain

Fairly Numb

(R. Nottebart)

I'd forgotten all the things that used to please me
I'd forgotten all the pleasures I'd been shown
There's a vacant little moment there to tease me with the past that I had known
I'd been searching for a piece of pure contentment
I can manufactured copies from the past
Still I'm building toward a future with resentment that I know that it won't last
If I make it up I know it's artificial
If I sit and wait I know it just won't come
So I'm standing in a pit of indecision...fairly numb
It's enough for now to know the problem's features
It's enough for now to recognize the wall
But it won't be long before this creature starts to take it all

Hot In the Shade

(R. Nottebart)

Now if I get the least bit cranky
It's just that I'm a miss-placed Yankee
It's not that I'm opposed to bettin'
'Cause I bet a hundred bucks I'm sweatin'
Now it's not that I don't like it down here
But it gets a little hot in the shade
Now maybe if I just slow down
To around about the speed of sound
Find myself another tropic island
Develop some kind astyle 'o stylin'
'Cause its not that I don't like it down here
But it gets a little hot in the shade
Is there somethin' in the whiskey that can help me beat the heat
'Cause I'm beginin' to believe I should be makin' a retreat
I can admire summer dresses, the temperature's distressin'
Even in the shade, adjustments must be made!
It's not that I don't like it down here
Don't get me wrong, it gets a little hot in the shade, though
...It gets a little hot in the Shade!

Faith

(R. Nottebart)

It's an act of faith to tie your shoes
It takes faith to show your hand and lose
I don't know,..I don't know anything.
It takes faith to say a prayer out loud
It takes faith to entertain a doubt
I can't know,..I don't know anything.
It's an act of faith to take the cup
And an act of faith to give it up
I don't know,..I don't know anything.
It takes faith to cast your bread around
It takes faith to tie your purse strings down
But I don't know,..I can't know anything.
*And in the event that you're absolutely sure
Its not very likely that faith is what you bore
There's nothing like having your fait in doubt...doubt in faith...*
Its an act of faith to think there aint
But an act of faith to call the saints
And I don't know,..I can't know anything.
It takes faith to search into the sky
It takes faith to stop and wonder why
But I can't know,..I don't know anything.
It takes faith to offer up a prayer, it takes faith to hold your breath out there, it
takes faith to be....and not be scared
But I can't know,..I don't know anything.
It's an act of faith to tie your shoes
It takes faith to show your hand an lose
Guess what?...it takes faith!
I don't know anything
It takes faith to say you will...

West Texas Skies

(R. Nottebart)

You there a standing cliché, wiping the tear from your eyes
Sad stare and feeling the pain
Deep under West Texas skies
Oh boy, what will we have? What will the pastor provide?
Calm words on his behalf
Deep under West Texas skies
What do really know? What can you really see? Think it'll rain today?
Anything on TV? Maybe I'll take a walk. Take in some countryside. Make it a
double...life could get simplified.
If you were here today, what would it mean to you?. What could really say?
What would you really do?
Deep under West Texas skies

You Stole My Lunch**

(R. Nottebart)

You stole my lunch! You took my avocado!
That was such a bold bravado. What's a boy to do?
You stole my lunch! You made off with my salad.
And now I sing this lousy ballad...all 'o 'cause 'o you
Beans! All I ever get from you are beans! Until my ways outstretch my means
I'll have to eat those TV dinners!
You stole my lunch! You took my enchilada.
Now babe you really shouldna oughta. Now I feel so blue
*Oh darling! Ever since that fateful day when you stuck your hand deep in my
lunch bag, and you pulled out the avocado, and peeled the flesh and devoured
the meat, and planted the seed in a deep dark, warm place, I've never, ever
been able to look at guacamole the same way again.*