

who's breathing all the air (martin)

who's breathing all the air that i used to breathe
there's a 1,000 mile stare between you and me
& the telephone lines are strung
back in time they seem to run
all the way from here to there

who's making my mistakes is someone keeping count
life puts it penny in and takes its dollar out
& you do just what you can
without a map without a plan
to get from here to there

who's making all the love that we used to make
you were east i was west we lay there face to face
now we keep what's yours and mine
as we stare across the great divide
that runs from here to there

who's breathing all the air that i used to breathe
there's a 1,000 mile stare between you and me
the telephone lines are strung
on endless highways that seem to run
& we can count them one by one
all the way from here to there
who's breathing all the air

even trade (martin-hicks)

i used to trade all my stuff
cause my arms weren't long enough
to carry a wife a house & kids
& a past full of wish i did

trade an open sky for a falling rain
a child's eyes for some growing pains
a sundown for another day
you can call it an even trade

how much land does one man need
six foot long from head to feet
trade some earth for a stone
skip that stone across the sea

way back when
you made a deal with someone
who's to say why it comes undone
you made a trade you can't go back on
for all you gave
three chords & this song

you can only carry what you can
in the back of a u haul van
throw the rest in a pickup truck
bring it all back home with a little luck

i want everything (martin-hicks)

i want to be a weatherman on cable tv
broadcasting sunny days as far as i can see
i want everyone to pretend to be me
like an airbrushed girl in a magazine
i don't want much i want everything

i want to wander down
a desert highway beneath the stars
& have stranger pick me up
in a brand new car
i don't want to be god
i want to be god's best friend
i want to die & be born again
i don't want much i want everything

a weatherman a magazine
a brand new car & a diamond ring

i want to live with you in a great big house
with lots of windows to let the darkness out
i don't want to be your lover
i want to be your wedding ring
next to you wrapped around your skin
i don't want much i want everything

a weatherman a magazine
a brand new car & a diamond ring
next to you wrapped around your skin
i don't want much i want everything

never look back (martin)

the train leaves at 10 but then again it might not
the conductor he won't tell me or maybe he just forgot
trains they never look back
they got no room for things that go off track
they're slow to leave but once they do
they're sure gone from you
that's all they can do

there's a moon up in the sky that does & doesn't care
spinning like a silver coin someone tossed up in the air
heads or tails wrong or right
it steals the day & calls it night
takes a lie & makes it true
& gives it back to you
that's all it can do

love with its two faces it gives & takes away
asks for everything & nothing
til it finds a place to stay
someone ought to pay the rent
on this cluttered room in my head
when love moved in it made a mess
out of me & you
that was all it could do

used cars (martin-hicks)

what if i were selling used cars
in some small midwestern town
where everything that goes around comes around
what if i stole one of those cars
& i left without a trace
would you leave some flowers
in the used car lot in that empty space
in that lot in that empty space where i left without a trace

would the dealer be happy
as he picked up the flowers you left behind
thinking i'd sold another car
would these fantasies fill his mind
would he put the flowers in a jar & the jar on his desk
would he imagine an empty lot
filled with flowers & no cars left
would he be happy like a cemetery on memorial day
would he thank me for leaving without a trace

would the whole town be feeling good & much richer too
would everyone be happy except for maybe you
would flowers fall from the sky
& leave everyone amazed
& would they still talk about
the day i left without a trace
except for you would they be amazed
the day i left without a trace

go ask the rain (martin)

it's a waste of time to tell you what i know
it's a waste of time to wonder where love goes
money's green on a good day the sky is blue
that's all we can say about me & you
don't come to me & ask why love unwinds
go ask a clock he'll give you the time

there are things that i wish i'd never said
on that empty page when i was made of lead
leaving pieces of myself all over you
stretch a lie till it fits you like the truth
don't ask me about those kisses that we shared
go ask a cup it knows how lips can wear
don't ask me about anything at all
go ask the rain it'll show you how to fall

there's a tree out in the yard over there
& the branches get more crooked every year
you can stare out of the window all you want
but you can't change a thing what's done is done
don't ask me why these things get bent
go ask the road it just goes where it's sent
don't ask me about anything at all
go ask the rain it'll show you how to fall

california (martin-hicks)

as a child you thought you'd live forever
that the road would never
come to an end
in your memory
it was blank as paradise
the place was deserted
til you opened your eyes

the sky was blue in california
the sun was yellow the grass was green
on the grass sat the empty pink stucco
bungalows in your dream

it was waiting miles of orange groves
without a footprint lined up in rows
it was silent trying to exist
the place was deserted
til you took your first breath

roy & kitty in a photograph
with a plymouth coupe
they seem to ask
was it always waiting here for us
an empty glass to pour your life in
or a handful of dust

looking south (martin-hicks)

there's a tilted sign
by the side of the road
with a tilted arrow
that tells you where to go
it's probably still there
on the outskirts of town
pointing at it's shadow
stretched out on the ground

i could write like the devil
but i couldn't read
the signs someone put there
for everyone to read
& i could dream like the devil
but i couldn't sleep
so the dream got restless
& walked out on me

they're working on the highway
it's down to one lane
so you can leave but you can't come back
the way that you came
there are words round here
that you left behind
& some of these nights
i can hear every line

santa rosa (martin)

if you go west down the southern route
you can feel the flames beneath your shoes
something's burning up the street
but no one even missed a beat

drive slow when you bring me home
play me one more song

santa rosa's a little run down
but i left something in that town
something back there i need to reclaim
but just keep it for me if it's all the same

tell old bill when he comes round
those downtown girls are still downtown
they're still down on 4th and main
but he's never going back again

santa rosa there's a sunset there
you can see the colors in the air
it's like that bible you used to have
where all of jesus' words are written in red

used to the dark (martin-hicks)

throw your keys on the dresser
like you own the place
throw your keys on the dresser
like you own the place
lay down next to me
& fill this empty space

someone's headlights are flashing
by the train it's raining sparks
you take what light you can get
til your eyes get used to the dark

you caught me staring at the ceiling
you said 'there's no need to dream'
you caught me staring at the ceiling
you said 'there's no need to dream'
tonight i've got everything you need'

throw your keys on the dresser
you've got no place to go
throw your keys on the dresser
you've got no place to go
sometimes it's better
not to pay back what you owe

throw you out of heaven (martin)

adam was a gardener eve she was one too
the snake said 'it gave me the power of speech
imagine what it can do for you'
so they traded up for knowledge but then they couldn't stay
they'll throw you out of heaven if you misbehave

the painter left his family but he left the pictures up
he was blind & blue as ocean park
& cursing his bad luck
there's some things you can think
but some you shouldn't paint
they'll throw you out of heaven if you misbehave

i had a friend who used to get drunk
with the priest down the block
he'd argue about jesus curse the dark & sometimes god
you can think what you want but watch what you say
they'll throw you out of heaven if you misbehave

now i'm living on the edge of town
with my wife & my two kids
the garden's a little run down
and the paint peels a bit
but i get up in the morning & i never curse the day
they'll throw you out of heaven if you misbehave

what other people lose (martin-hicks)

the day shut down like a wrecking crew
& left the pieces scattered here between me & you
did you look down to say your prayers
did you look down to tie your shoes
did you look down long enough to learn
what other people lose

& what isn't lost is just hidden
somewhere out of view
you're just lucky to be given
what other people lose

when some things fall they fall without a sound
you never stop to look you never turn around
did we leave something half buried
something we can use
something light enough to carry
that other people lose

there's a paper on the sidewalk at our feet
full of someone else's news on some other street
did you look down to say your prayers
did you look down to tie your shoes
did you look down long enough to learn
what other people lose