Buck 65, 50 Gallon Drum

My idea of heaven, I enjoy the fixing of a flat tire

I like art made of garbage, a little pain is good for you

I don't want everything to be made easy for me

Fast ain't always better than slow you know

A home run every time would start to get boring after a while

I hope I never forget how to bleed

Static fuzz, hiss, it's just the thing sometimes

50 gallon drum, that's what I'm talking about

Give me a hundred bucks to work on your bike

And maybe I'll cut your hair for you while I'm at it

I wanna work, I'm ready, I wanna take my baby dancing

Scary movies on Monday morning, chopping some wood, wind in my tires

Chocolate chip cookies, rain in the window, it's the underneath of Paris

It's New York from the back, Mount Uniacke in the fall

In a moment between heartbeats I'll set fire to the sky

Or cut the devil's throat

I'm three for four with a double and two stolen bases

Having my picture taken with the Amazing Creskin

It's a shiny day and the dogshit smells like strawberries

I found a shoebox filled with viewmaster reels

I don't have to cut my hair or do math ever again if I don't want to

Tell the bounty collectors to kiss my ass

I'm a hunter gatherer surveying the junk yards

Warrior monk with a month long bus pass

Odd job casanova, I write nothing down and keep my clothes in a guitar case

I run with bulls and swim with the pool sharks

Perfection is a place where there are two for one milkshakes on Tuesdays

It's where you can pay for a room with your good looks

The ball parks are always busy and the umpires always make the right call

Everyday is halloween and people use plastic Christmas trees

They fight with their fists and go to drive-in movies

There's no such thing as luck or the dentist and shoes don't hurt your feet

I keep a lighter and dog treats

In my pockets at all times because you never know

I've got a Saint Francis of Assisi keychain

And a wallet made of Corinthian leather

Sometimes I drive all night and listen to talk radio

Sometimes I practice scratching for hours on end

Usually I sit in my window and listen to my tapes, I've got all kinds of tapes

Hugs and kisses, and treats in a bag

In paradise a buck will buy you a comic book, a soda and a candy bar

You can always find a place to park or to hide

The DJs only play originals and the theatres still have silver screens

And Buster Keaton matinees

I'm an outlaw faith healer, with sock monkeys for the kids

I'm the ringmaster-king of the convenience store parking lot

My show is an every man for himself freak fest

Páck a lunch and ask for Johnny Rockwell

Here your favorite pen works forever but memory parallax

It's 70's doing 20's, 50's doing 2000

Everyone's got their own arrow and there ain't no short handled shovels

It's under my pillow, it's tomorrow and the next day