

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
Pack 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