

Jim Johnston, Howard

Words and music: jim johnston
Engineered by kerry gansburg
Guitars: jim brammer
Midi arrangements: jim brammer
Drums: jeff wade
Backing vocals: tina williams

Watch out cause he's waking up the nation,
You'd better lock your sons and daughters up,
His airwaves hit your brain from all directions,
The thought police have pushed him far enough.
The fcc can't shut him down, he wears that fifth amendment like a crown.
Up he steps the king of all the media, he doesn't run, he would never hide.
He's got the guts to come on out and say what, from any other mouth is suicide.
He hears innuendo in all you say, he'll crawl under your skin like dna.

Talking bout a name that everyone knows - he's gonna tie you up, he's gonna put you down.
Eloquent and brutal with the truth - he's no coward.
Step into his mind and anything goes - if you can't relate, why you hangin round?
The cure for repression - I got good news - here's howard!

There was a time when I would tremble, control freaks getting bolder every day,
And talking governmental inquisitions what I'd be thinking I could never say.
Free speech was doomed to be, an ancient relic of society.

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