

Badlees, The, Song for a River

Badlees, The
River Songs
Song for a River
he was the king of the back seat
(alexander/naydock)
of drunk reverie

saw him escorted out of a mets game
He was the king of the back seat
on network t.v.
Of drunk reverie
kept his head in the clouds
Saw him escorted out of a mets game
with any cheap high he could cull
On network t.v.
in his cancered impala
Kept his head in the clouds
and his hog shirts
With any cheap high he could cull
and his head tapes played dull
In his cancered impala
he lived in a company house
And his hog shirts
in the pardeesville woods
And his head tapes played dull
with a stir crazy dog

and a graveyard of old 'jimmy' hoods
He lived in a company house
sundays we'd run for his stash
In the pardeesville woods
at the new york state line
With a stir crazy dog
that summer when moments of
And a graveyard of old "jimmy" hoods
circumstance altered like wine
Sundays we'd run for his stash

At the new york state line
CHORUS
That summer when moments of
this is for the man
Circumstance altered like wine
this is for the days that we killed

was it my wind of change
(chorus)
or just a breeze at the top of the hill
This is for the man
he didn't talk the gold ring
This is for the days that we killed
he just schemed for a skeleton key
Was it my wind of change
but when you think you met thunder
Or just a breeze at the top of the hill
you only see what your head wants to see
He didn't talk the gold ring

He just schemed for a skeleton key
he threw back-mountain parties
But when you think you met thunder
five deep at the 'well'
You only see what your head wants to see
with his girlfriend, louise, who'd get lit

and tell us all 'go to hell'
He threw back-mountain parties
then he'd get liquored up
Five deep at the 'well"
and throw me his keys and yell 'drive'
With his girlfriend, louise, who'd get lit
with him and louise in the back
And tell us all 'go to hell"
doin' 'american pie'
Then he'd get liquored up
he'd talk of out west over beer
And throw me the keys and yell 'drive"
and the garbage that we ate
With him and louise in the back
'bout the punk band he'd managed
Doin' 'american pie"
in phoenix in '78

i was this kid of sixteen the enamored
He'd talk of out west over beer
impressionable kind
And the garbage that we ate
in the poetic pull of the passion
'bout the punk band he'd managed
of life with the lines
In phoenix in '78

I was this kid of sixteen the enamored
CHORUS
Impressionable kind

In the poetic pull of the passion
he just disappeared that mid-august
Of life with the lines
not even a shout

then i read in the news that september
(chorus)
that his time had run out

how he tried to outrun a state trooper
He just disappeared that mid-august
down 93 south
Not even a shout
a charge of possession is why he fled
Then i read in the news that september
said word of mouth
That his time had run out
the paper said nothin' was left
How he tried to outrun a state trooper
but the seats and the frame
Down 93 south
and i read in the write-up
A charge of possession is why he fled
for the first time his real name;
Said word of mouth
birthplace unknown, not from nowhere

no close family
The paper said nothin' was left
just a wild running river
But the seats and the frame
that cut it too fast to the sea
And i read in the write-up

For the first time his real name;
i still raise a glass once a year
Birthplace unknown, not from nowhere
on the night that he died
No close family
though hindsight says
Just a wild river running
he only let me believe that we'd ride
That cut it too fast to the sea
lord, he still taps a vein in my mind

like a summer rain cools
I still raise a glass once a year
long after that river ran dry
On the night that he died
and reality ruled
Though hindsight says

He only let me believe that we'd ride
CHORUS 2X
Lord, he still taps a vein in my mind
Like a summer rain cools
Long after that river ran dry
And reality ruled

(chorus2x)