

Traveling Wilburys, Cool Dry Place

Well I woke up this morning
The place was such a wreck
I couldn't reach the bathroom
Thought I better clear the deck
I tried to call the lawyer
And asked him what to do
He referred me to his doctor
Who referred me back to you
And when you checked the manual
You kept inside the case
It said put it in a cool dry place

Well I drove around the city
Looking for a room
That was high above the water
Where my things could be in tune
There was no one to help me
Nobody even cared
I had to go through hell
To get those things up there
I paid my first subscription
Then I joined the idle race
and they said "store it in a cool dry place"

I got guitar, basses, amplifiers and drums
Accordions and mandolins and things that sometimes hum
Cymbals and Harmonicas, capos by the score
And lots of things in boxes laying all around the floor

Some places they get mildew
And others get too hot.
Some places are so damp that
Everything you got just rots
All kinds of condensation
Direct result of rain
And not much compensation
When everything's been stained
Some have sentimental value that
Cannot be erased
Go store it in a cool dry place

We got solids and acoustics
And some from plywood board
And some are trimmed in leather
And some are made with gourds
There's organs and trombones
And reverbs we can't use
Lots of dx-7s
And old athletic shoes

I bought a great big building
It took up one whole block
I made an inventory
Of all the things in stock
The place was getting longer
I was up all night
I used up all my pencils
But I went despite
The blurring of my vision
The sweat upon my face
I got to put this stuff away
I mustn't leave a trace
The landlord's breathing down my neck
He say's it's a disgrace

So I said "put it in a cool, dry, place"