

# 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 &quot;put it in a cool, dry, place&quot;