

Hi, this song's called "Red Bird."

Ho down, down, ho, down, dee.
Red bird dancin' in custody.

Goin' down, New Orleans,
red bird dancin' on a red bird swing.

Red bird sing and a-red bird do,
New Orleans an' a red bird blue.

I been born an' I'm gonna die.
Blood red wings you gonna make me fly.

I'm goin' in a red-bird den.
Ain't gonna come out again.

Ho down down, ho down dee.
Red bird dancin' in custody.

Doo, doo. Doo, doo. Doo, doo.

Ho down down, ho down dee.
Red bird dance a penitentiary.

A jailer stoned an' he barred the door.
Red bird's gone, yeah, to fly no more.

Black crow see, black bird blew,
New Orleans is where the red bird flew.

I been born an' I'm gonna die.
Blood red wing, she gonna make me cry.

On a rusty wing, a dead, dark thing.
Crows too loud now when red bird sing.

Ho down down, ho down dee.
Red bird dance a penitentiary.

Doo, doo. Doo, doo. Doo, doo. Doo, doo.

[Applause]

This song is called "Flipside," a clean record, right and wrong, you haven't heard. This is A-side and "Baby How I Know."

Baby, how I know it must feel to you.
Baby, how I know it must appeal to you.
But I can't always do a big deal for you.

Yes, a-baby move a-your needs a little closer to mine.

Well, watch you watch them people on the streets.
An' I watch you watch them people in the stores.
An' I know the pretty things you see,
well they really shouldn't be yours and more.

Baby, how I know it must feel to you.
Baby, how I know it must appeal to you.
But I can't always be a big wheel for you.
I said, baby, move a-your needs a little closer to mine.

Yeah, I seen you see the dust and call it golden sand.
And I seen you see the trees an' baby, take my hand.
An' I know you that all these a-things you do,
they should really make us friends again, again.

Ah, baby, how I know it must feel to you.
Yeah, look, baby, how I know it must appeal to you.
But all that I can try to do is be real for you.
I said, baby, move a-your needs a little closer to mine.

[Applause]

Yeah, you turn the record over and this is the B-side called "Together."

Gonna get myself together.
Gonna get ridda this bad weather.
Gonna make myself a deal I used to be.

I'm gonna get my woman back. Gee!
I'm gonna get her down the track.
I gonna give her back to me, I used to be.

Well, I used to be a good guy.
yes, I never did too bad, an' I blew it doin' bad things to the best things that I had,
an' I lost her on this dumb stunt I knew was damn wrong
but I'll get her back a little if she ever hears this song.

Cause I'm gonna get myself together,
gonna make her feel so good.
Gonna make myself a deal I always used to could.
I gonna kiss her in the morning, like a sunshine through the trees.
Gonna get myself a deal I used to be.

[Applause]

Uh, this next song is called "Late 1961 (Or 3701 28th St. Cowboy Blues)."

Why do I feel like I need to remember yesterday.
when it only brings me a pain . . .

oh, to my life?

An' if the people behind me who said that they love me didn't understand,
an' why when I left them alone . . .
oh, didn't they cry?

Yeah the back doors I remember how I tried to dismember from my memory.
but the ghost in the backroom drifts through . . .
blue like the rain.

And California loomed westward like the clouds on a mountain not so far away.
Yet I knew when I got there I'd feel . . .
oh, jus' the same.

Cause the past moves faster than a grassfire
and tomorrow can't come another day too soon.

An' only a pale pony with his wild Injun rider
came 'cross this dark passage and moved
on to a moon.

Yeah a white walls on a black Ford they move like a timepiece an' goin' round 'n round.
They're carryin' me homeward from home . . .
left back behind.

An' if the people back there who said that they love me don't understand (fuck 'em).
An' a-why when I left them alone . . .
oh, didn't they die?

Cause the past moves faster than a grassfire.
An' tomorrow can't come another day too soon.

An' only a pale pony with his wild Injun rider,
he gonna cross this dark passage and move . . .
onto a moon.

[Applause]

This next song is another song about the past. It's called "A Pink and Black Song."

Well I drove down to the drive-in,
An' then I drove in.
I asked that carhop for a coke.
I said, "Let's go for a little spin."
She said, "I'm losin' you, boy.
Yeah, I'm losin' you."
Somewhere between the burgers and the malt.
I said, "If you won't pass your pepper, sugar,
Then I don't want none of your salt."
An' I drove off.

Yeah, I drove down the main drag,
Smack in the middle of town.
I turned on my radio and let my leatherette top down.
I was cruisin' out across Broadway,
Draggin' down Main.
Whoo.
An' then the DJ on the radio said,
"Pink and Black, she's comin' back again."
An' I drove in.

When I turned up that radio, this is what I heard:

"Ooo-wee-ooo-wee-ooo-hoo-ooo-ooo-hoo-hoo.
If you ever need somebody to love you.
If you ever need somebody to care.
Stick your finger up in the air.
An' baby I'll be there.
Wooo-oooo-oooo.

Cause Pink and Black is comin' back.
An' Pink and Black is comin' back.
An' Pink and Black is comin' back.
Pink and Black, well, Pink and Black is comin' back,
Is comin' back for you an' me.

If you need to boogie-woogie.
If you ever need to dirty bop, um-bop.
Well, baby don't stop, um-bop.
'Cause I'll be dancin' there, too-ooo-ooo.
Sho-doh-n-doh-doo-dooo-ooo-doo-dooo-hooo-oooo-hoo-doo-doo-doo-doooo-ooo.

If you ever need some brown penny loafers.
If you ever need some bobby sox.
Well, baby, don't leave the hop.
Just stay on top and bop,
Like we did in school.
We'll both be cool.

Cause Pink and Black is comin' back.
An' Pink and Black is comin' back.
An' Pink and Black is comin' back.
An' Pink and Black, Pink and Black is comin' back,
Is comin' back for you an' me.

Whoo-hooo-hooo-hee-hee-hee-hee-hoo-hooo, soh-doh-n-doh-doo-dooo-ooo-doo-dooo-hooo.

Yeah so come with me to 1953.
We'll bring back all of our used-to-be's.

Yeah, Pink and Black,
She's a-comin' back for you and me.
Whoooit, whooit, whoit, whoit, whoit, whooo."

[Applause]

This song is called "Cowboy and the Stranger."

Cowboy of the prairie.
Cowboy of the plains.
Falling from the saddle.
Yeah, they're grabbing for the reigns.
Landing on the death rocks
With his bullet hole and his gun.
Yeah, dyin' there but breathin'
The stains in the sun.

Well, the cowboy is lying
Under pale red sky.
Yeah, the cowboy is a-dyin'
Under a still-red sky.
Yes, the cowboy surrenders,
Stay down, roll over, and cry-ee-yi-yi-yi-yippee-yiiiiiii.

Then along comes a stranger with a Bible's in his hand.
An' he takes the cowboy's water
Between dust from a Promised Land.
And stranger leaves him a-lyin',
A-feelin' no remorse.
He's a-headin' for Amarillo
And a-ridin' the cowboy's horse.

Yeah, the cowboy is lyin'
Under blood-cloud sky.
Yeah, the cowboy is dyin'
Under blood-crowd sky.
Yes, the cowboy surrenders,
Stay down, roll over and cry-ee-yi-yi-yi-yippee-yiiiiiii, oh.

Ah, but the cowboy he starts singin'
The soft coyote sound
For the times he was a wild one
Shooting up border town.
Yeah with boots off an' a-bleedin'.
Yeah the day was almost gone,
Yet the cowboy keeps his singin'
While the stranger he passes on.

Yeah, the cowboy is lyin'
Under the final sky.

Oh, the cowboy is dyin'
Under the vinyl sky.
An' the cowboy remembers
A stranger who passed him by-ee-yi-yi-yi-yippee-yiiiiiii-oh.

[Applause]

This is the last song. It's called "Maybe." Maybe.

Maybe you'll make it tomorrow;
Maybe you'll make it today.
I don't know if I'll even go
but I'm sure that'll get away.
Maybe you'll make it
Or maybe you'll break it
Or maybe you'll take it
Or even forsake it tomorrow.
Yeah an' maybe even today.
I don't even know if I'm gonna go
But I sure that'll get away.
Yeah, I'm sure that'll get away.

Maybe you'll make it on the highway.
Maybe you'll make it town.
I don't know if I have to go
But I should be moving around.
Maybe you'll will it
Or maybe you'll thrill it
Or maybe you'll spill it,
I ain't try to kill it, tomorrow.
No, yeah, maybe even today.
An' I don't even know if I want to go
But I'm sure gonna get away.
Yeah, I'm sure gonna get away.

Yeah, well, maybe I'll make it tomorrow.
Maybe again I won't.
I don't know and I don't care
Jus' as long as I know I don't.
Yeah, maybe I'll leave it
Or maybe I'll grieve it
Or maybe deceive it
Or even believe it, tomorrow.
Yeah, then maybe some other day.
Ah, but one thing I know if I never go
I'm sure I'll be leavin' today.
Yeah, the one thing I know
If I never go
I'm sure I'll be leavin' today.
Bom-bom-ba.

[Applause]

[Applause]

Uh, all these songs are from a series called "Juarez Series."

Well, I am a Texican badman.
An' I gotta pistol in my hand.
An' I'm gonna go across that Rio Grande hiiii-yi
Where the women are willin'
And life there is thrillin'
Gonna make me a killin'
In Juarez.

I'm gonna meet me a fine señorita.
I'm gonna tip her my hat when I meet her.
I'm gonna take her out and dine her on tortilla hii-hiii.
An' you love her, you bought her
And if you didn't you ought'er.
Get a little off that daughter
From Juarez.

[Applause]

Well, I'm sittin' in a border palace
I's drinkin' [suckin?] on Dos Equis beer.
Yeah, I'm sittin' with Greasy Alice
Ah, just suckin' on Dos Equis beer.
An' I want to be Los Angeles
But it's bad enough, goddammit, down here.

Well, I can feel my skinny body,
Slip like a knife into her perfume.
Yeah, I feel my skinny body
Stab the wall of a [her?] naked room.
Ah there just ain't enough of that tight white cotton
To a-hide her evil from my boom.

Well, I can hear her dead [red?] mouth whisper,
Leakin' from down the hall.
I hear her dry hips blister,
Rubbin' noises behind the wall.
Then like a street [scream she says?] she wants it tough,
I suddenly ain't got nobody but that's enough.

Oh, I'm sittin' in a border palace
Suckin' on Dos Equiis beer.
Yeah, suckin' with them Spanish Alice
Suckin' on Dos Equis beer

An' I want to be Los Angeles
But it's bad enough, goddammit, goddammit, goddammit, down here.

[Applause]

I feel just like a dogwood tree.
Yes, somebody come an' carve a cross outta me.
An' a-carry me down to Jerusalem
An' a-people get me to the carpenter's son.
Oooooo-oooo-ooo.

He carried my weight up the **gold got off the plain**.
Yes, sky turned black, Lord, it started to rain.
An' the soldiers with their hammers drove his white a-hands to me
An' I made him a part of a dogwood tree.
Oooooo-ooooo-ooooo-ooooo.

An' a-he may be gone far away from here.
Yes, the sun may shine bright, Lord, the sky might be clear.
But darn it the Jews outta nail him an' me
Lingers dark in the bark of a dogwood.

Yeah, so, girl, I get down on my knees and I appeal to you.
Oh, Blundie, my Blundie,
girl, won't you come an' ride with me?
Stuff your clothes in a sack,
come an' jump on my back
down a highway.
Yeah, I'm headin' for Juarez
an' my way up Cortez,
Colorado,
an' I need a-your soft skin next a-mine once again,
yeah, when I go.

Yeah, Blundie, sweet, sweet, Blundie,
girl, won't you come an' break loose with me?
I got my knife an' my gun,
we can have lots of fun
down a highway.
Cause I'm crashin' the state line,
a-headin' for hard time
this Sunday
an' I need a-you tattoo
next a-mine when I do,
aww, Chic Blundie.

[Applause]

Well, I'm a-writin' on a rock across the USA.
Writin' on a rock every night an' every day.

Writin' on a rock, boy, all the way.
You're writin' on a rock across the USA.

Yeah, your life is long or your life is short
But every man he gotta leave his mark
So I got my pencil and got my chalk
An' there ain't any made I can't make talk, right on.

Yeah, I'm writin' on a rock across the USA.
They're writin' on a rock a-every night an' every day
Writin' on a rock, boy, all the way.
A-writin' on a rock across the USA.

I remember once down in Galveston, a hurricane ripped the sea.
The people there well they braved the wind just to see what my mark would be.
So I climbed the cliffs an' I reached the top with a pencil in my hand.
I scribbled down the mysteries an' I stopped at howlin' wind.

Yeah, they're writin' on a rock across the USA.
They're writin' on a rock every night an' every day.
Wherever you're at, boy, I'm right in your way.
If you're writin' on a rock across the USA.

I remember down in Los Angeles an earthquake shook the land.
The people screamed for the shakes to stop but they needed the writin' hand.
So I found a rock and wrote a note an' dropped it in the sand.
As soon as it hit, all the shaking stopped, but I'm a-writin' on the road again.

Yeah, they're writin' on a rock across the USA.
They're writin' on a rock a-every night an' every day.
Writin' on a rock, boy, all the way.
Writin' on a rock across the USA.

[Applause]

All right this next song is called "The Radio and Real Life" and this is the song of the radio. *[Clucks]* The radio's on. *[Clucks]*

You got to open your life to some better things.
You got to open your soul like a door.
An' let your heart roll out and let it ramble about
with the ones that you love for sure.

[Clucks] This is "Real Life."

Well I'm goin' down to the waterside.
I'm gonna get on over to the other side.
Gonna love you like you never been loved before,
Yeah, loved before, waa, loved before, waa, loved before.

Yeah, an' baby you better be open wide
cause we not gettin' down inside,
I'm gonna touch you, ha, like you've never been touched before,
Ah, touched before, touched before, not touched before.
And that's damn good way to spend a goddamn day.

[Clucks] This is the radio.

You've got to open your life to some better things.
You got to open your soul like a door
Let your heart roll out and let it ramble about
with the ones that you love for sure.

[Clucks]

Yes an' when I'm a-layin' up on toppa you,
You gonna be on top, too
Because I'm gonna move you like you've never been moved before
Ahh, moved before, yeah, moved before, waaa, moved before.

Yeah an' when it's over an' you're sound asleep
The sun gonna shine down on your feet.
It gonna warm you, ahh, like you've never been warmed before
Yeah, warmed before, ahh, warmed before.
Waaa, touched before.
Waaa, loved before.
An' that's a damn good way to spend a goddamn day.

[Clucks]

You've got to open your life to some better things.
You got to open your soul like a door.
Let your heart roll out and let it ramble about,
with the ones that you love for sure.

[Applause]

Uhh, this last song of this set is called-a ... it's called "Off Malibu" and it's dedicated to
Mike Baylog and all the other surfer boys and girls.

A great surfer is dead.
And jus' before he died,
this is what he said:

"Oh, lay me out on my board
an' put me in my Woody Ford.
An' drive me down to the beaches off Malibu.
an' hear the little surfers cry
as you drive my Woody by,
a-shedding tears in the waters off Malibu.

In Malibu Blue I belong to you.
I turned every trick I knew.
Now my body's all broke
and you think it's a joke
but I hung 10 my last time for you.

So take my body out to sea
an' you can bury what's left of me
in the waters I crash off Malibu.
An' take my darling's swimmin' clothes
an' you can burn the best a-those (in Catalina)
but cast the ashes on the water off Malibu.

An' Malibu Blue, I belong to you.
I turned every trick for you.
Now my body's all broke
an' you think it's a joke
but I hung 10 my last time for you."

An' the surfer's last wish, fed all the fish off Malibu.

[Applause]

Ah, this is "Truckload Of Art" again. It's an appropriate song for this little place.

With a truckload of art came a-rollin' down the road.
Yeah, the driver was singing and the sunset was pretty
but the truck turned over and she rolled off the road.

Well, the truckload of art, it's burning near the highway.
Precious objects are scattered all over the ground.
Oh, a terrible sight if a person were to see it
But there weren't nobody around.

[Yodel]

Yeah, the driver went sailing a-high in the sky,
Landing in the gold lap of the Lord
Who's smiled and said, "Son, you're better off dead
Than haulin' a truckload full a hot avant-garde."

Yeah, the truckload it's a-burning near the highway.
Precious objects are scattered all over the ground.
Oh, a terrible sight if a person were to see it.
But there weren't nobody around.

Yes an important artwork was thrown burning to the ground,
Tragically landing in the weeds.
And the smoke could be seen, boy, for miles all around,

Ah, but nobody knows what it means.

Yeah, the truckload of art is burning near the highway.
And a tough job for the highway patrol.
Yeah, they'll soon see the smoke
An' come runnin' to poke,
Then dig a deep ditch an' throw the art in the hole.

[Yodel]

Yeah, the truckload of art is a-burning near the highway.
It's raging far out-of-control.
And what the critics have cheered
Is now shattered and queered
And their noble reviews have been stewed on the road.

Yeah, the truckload of art is burning near the highway.
Precious objects are scattered all over the ground.
Whoa a terrible sight if a person were to see it.
But there weren't nobody around.