

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

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THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE PACKRAT PHILOSOPHY by Peter Krug

Are you really going to throw that old thing away?
It's a little bit broken, but it's perfectly good.
Can I take it home with me, hey, what do you say?
I could fix it up easy, well, maybe I could.
People always tell me I'm really a chump.
I'll take that TV antenna that you're throwing away.
I just can't stand to see things go to the dump
And maybe I'll fix one of my TVs some day.

CHORUS:

If you're throwing it away will you give it to me?
I'm a hard-core packrat, yessiree.
I don't care if it's useless, as long as it's free.
That's the packrat philosophy.
If you don't want it, give it to me, to me.
If you don't want it give it to me.

I've got barrels in my basement, crates in my woodshed.
My attic's so full that the ceiling sinks down.
All of my closets are packed to the rafters.
Plastic covered piles all over the ground
My front porch is stacked with tables and sofas,
My back porch packed with buckets that leak.
I got things in my pantry and under my bed
And my brand-new barn, well, I filled it last week.

CHORUS:

I've got rusty old bedsprings, broken down porch swings,
Golf carts, truck parts, windows and doors
TVs and radios, half a ton of old clothes
Aluminum siding and two-by-fours,
Buckets full of roof tar, screws and washers in a jar,
Toasters and irons and a washing machine,
Dented up tin pails packed full of bent nails,
Seven hundred pounds of old Life magazine,
Bath towels, stuffed owls, freezer full of hog jowls,
Pieces of a bench from an old city park,
Lawn chairs, teddy bears won at county fairs,
Statues of Jesus that glow in the dark
Moose head, Murphy bed, bucket full of plumber's lead,
Big wheels, rods, reels, sinkers and hooks,
Flower pots, Botts dots, sling shots, army cots,
Nine thousand seven hundred paper back books,
Chevrolet carburetor, mask of Darth Vader,
A chipped up sink and a broken commode,
Crates full of Mason jars, motorcycle handlebars,
Mud flaps, hub caps....Lordy, what a load!

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE YEAR THAT GWENNIE DIED by Peter Krug

I remember the year that Gwennie died. It was nearly Easter Day.
Some tell me it was cancer, Pneumonia, other say
All of us felt pretty bad, but I don't think anyone cried
It seemed so very natural, the way that Gwennie died

Gwennie was our neighbor in the woods ten miles from town
With fifteen cats and a thousand plants in a cabin falling down
The county couldn't run her out, though more than once they tried
She was rooted like a tree until the day she died

She had been a dancer in the life she left behind
And when her body was too old she danced on in her mind
Chasing clouds across the sky, turning with the tide
Slowly spinning with the Earth till the day she died

She never gave us any clue that anything was wrong
She just held it all inside herself, she was so brave and strong
I asked her once what the matter was. She smiled at me and lied
We learned that you can't lie to time, the year that Gwennie died

The social worker said she was too old to live alone
And if she recovered, she was going to the old folks home
Gwennie wouldn't stand for that. She just had too much pride
And, since she was too old to fight, she closed her eyes and died

We found a portrait made of her when she was twenty-two
That she had been so beautiful was a thing we never knew
We set it up like a little shrine with lilies on either side
And when we'd pass we'd think of her, they year that Gwennie died

Some people die on battlefields, some people die in bed
Most are never all alive, some never really dead
But, in my time of dying I'll be more than satisfied
If I can go with half the grace as Gwennie when she died.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

IT'S A MIRACLE by Peter Krug

Early in the morning when I open my eyes
And I see the dawn spread across the sky
There's just no way I can ever deny it's a miracle
Outside my window birds are singing
Tree to tree I can see them winging
And every new moment is sure to be bringing a miracle

CHORUS:

It's a miracle that the flowers grow.
It's a miracle that the breezes blow
It's a miracle that the rivers flow forever to the sea
It's a miracle that the rain comes down.
It's a miracle that the world turns 'round
And the finest miracle I ever have found is the miracle of you and me

You can see it in the wings of butterflies.
You can see it in children's eyes
So many little things make you realize it's a miracle
When summer turns to winter and the spring rolls 'round
And little green things poke out of the ground.
Every little piece of magic that you ever have found is a miracle

CHORUS

Now, people who run for the dollar bill,
The shiny, long car and the house on the hill
Never seem to notice that the world is filled with miracles
Down in your chest your heart is pumping.
Through your body your blood is pumping
Just being alive, now ain't that something. It's a miracle.

CHORUS

But in a world full of war and hate and killing
I can understand why some aren't willing
To look upon life as a grand and thrilling miracle.
But with all the suffering and all the pain
And all the dreams that are dreamed in vain
People get back up and they try again, now that's a miracle!

CHORUS

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

TRAVELING ON MY MIND by Peter Krug

When I woke up this morning I felt good as can be
Right away my baby started in on me
Telling me all the things I ain't she thinks I ought to be
Right away that road started looking real good to me

CHORUS

And I got traveling, traveling, traveling on my mind
This morning I got traveling on my mind
She's going to sing a different song when she's been left behind
This morning I got traveling on my mind

I woke up this morning. I looked 'round for my shirt
My baby, she's been treating me like dirt
I know you hurt the one you love. Now, I ain't no expert,
But I don't think you always love the one you hurt.

CHORUS

I woke up this morning. I looked 'round for my shoes
My baby, she's been singing the dissatisfaction blues
Now, if I ain't had my coffee yet, I just can't take bad news
It got me to thinking how little I had to lose

CHORUS

So I grabbed my hat and my lunch box and I kissed that girl good-by
I walked down to the tracks and I caught one on the fly
And I started feeling good again when the first ten miles rolled by
I ain't going back to that town till I die

FINAL CHORUS

I got traveling, traveling, traveling on my mind
This morning I got traveling on my mind
She's going to sing a different song when she's been left behind.
This morning I got rambling, this morning I got moving
This morning I got traveling on my mind.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

HELLO, SWEET SUNSHINE by Peter Krug

I heard thunder on the mountain,
Saw the dark clouds rolling
Cold wind and then the rain came pounding
Down along the stormy sky
It was frozen toes and the cabin fever
Storm weather sure gets you down
But it's so sweet waking up to a rainbow
Sunshine's back in town

CHORUS

Hello, sweet sunshine. I see your face on my pillow
Where in the world you been hiding such a long, long while.
That old rain's been falling. Did you hear my heart calling to you?
Come back my sweet sunshine. I sure do miss your smile.

Now, storm days can be a pleasure.
Listen to that rain come down
By a fireside, warm and bright
When the one you love's around
Rainy days for lazy loving
Special ways to say you care
Storm nights are such a treasure
When the one you love is there.

CHORUS

I know a special lady
Who spends too much time away,
But every time that she comes to see me
She brings a sunny day
I think the times when most I miss her
Is when the raindrops fall
If I could only have her near
I wouldn't mind this rain at all.

CHORUS

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE WIND OF OCTOBER by Peter Krug

With the wind at our backs and the light in our eyes
In history our kind had no peers
With the world at our feet and the sun in our hearts
Yes, we were the young pioneers
And we thought we would transform the world with our touch
Into something it had never been before
As we preached revolution and dreamed of a world
Without waste, without want, without war
How many ages have passed since that time?
How much we have seen since that day
And the wind of October sings in the trees
And carries the old leaves away.

To a boy with a banner, a book and a dream
The answers are simple and plain.
All of the world would be won to our cause
Had we but the chance to explain.
In the screaming and thunder, the gas and the guns
We stood forth without fear or dismay.
Our youth was our armor. We'd fall to rise again,
But time stripped our armor away.
Did we lose? Did we win? Would we do it again?
It's not all that easy to say.
When the wind of October sings in the trees
And carries the old leaves away.

With our fiery banners of Justice for All
And our battle songs bristling with rage,
Were we so foolish to think that our cause
Would overthrow sickness and age?
Now each passing season brings us the news
Of comrades overtaken by time.
And the wind at our backs is a different sort
Than the warm one we knew in our prime.
Friends of our childhood, the loves of our youth
One by one they are falling by the way
And the wind of October sings in the trees
And carries the old leaves away.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

LOVE IS THE KEY by Peter Krug

You've been weeping and wailing and complaining a lot.
It seems like all you ever talk about is what you ain't got.
Well, you're never going to make it, don't you know that it's true
Until you get in touch with what's inside of you.

CHORUS:

'Cause you've got all the makings of heaven on earth.
You've had it all inside you since the day of your birth.
You've got the brain to think; you've got the eyes to see.
You've got the heart to love; you've got the will to be free.
And life is a kingdom. Love is the key
All you've got to do is just let it be.
Life is a song and life is a dance.
All you've got to do is just take a chance.

Now, the world is so wide and there is so much to do,
There just isn't any time for being lonely and blue.
So pack up your sorrows. Swallow your pride.
Your tank is overflowing. Let's go for a ride.

You can build for tomorrow if you live for today,
But all the fear that you borrow just gets in your way.
Because life is a river, so get in the flow.
Dance to the rhythm. Let yourself go.

CHORUS:

You've got millions of years of history
It's all written in your body in your chemistry.
When you learn to reach in, then you learn to reach out.
That's when you reach the answer to what life is about.

It's just like the story of the prodigal son
We're all working our way back to where we begun.
And when we get there we will have what is true.
And we'll love it so much better 'cause of all we've been through.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THAT DON'T MEAN IT'S RIGHT by Peter Krug

Oh, there've been rich and there've been poor since dim antiquity.
While some have gobbled up the wealth, some lived in poverty.
Some have dined on cakes and wine while others cried for bread.
And the rich said if it was not right it would be different instead.

CHORUS:

Well, just because it's been that way, doesn't mean it's right.
And if you love your fellow beings, you can't help but see the light.
People can be mean and cruel
They lie and steal and act uncool
But just because it's been that way, doesn't mean it's right.

Since the days we lived in caves, men have gone to war
For wealth and honor, pride and fame and a thousand reasons more.
They raged and ravaged, raped and killed and burned things to the ground.
And because it was an old idea, they assumed that it was sound.

CHORUS:

Men have climbed the highest mountains. Men have sailed the sea.
They left the women home to cook and do the laundry.
Men adventured far and wide, yes, men had all the fun.
And the women languished back at home 'cause that's how it was done.

CHORUS:

Every people of any account have had a government
To gather up the taxes and decide how they should be spent,
To rule the army and police and tell folks what to do.
They say a state's essential, but I don't know that it's true.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

TRAVELING LIGHT by Peter Krug

Out on the road, I got my thumb held high
It's a sunny day and I'm on my way
I just spread my wings and fly.
I don't envy you. Well, do you envy me?
I do what I must. I'd rather burn than rust.
I'm poor, but I am free.

And I'm traveling light. I'm traveling free.
Creeping down the road with a heavy load
Well, that's just not for me.
I'm traveling light. I've got time to spare.
What I don't need just cuts my speed
As I travel here and there.

You've got a shiny car. You've got a big old van.
I bet they cost a mite, but that's alright.
You just pay on the five year plan.
But when you want to fly you become aware.
You got to work every day to get the money to pay.
And you ain't going nowhere.

And I'm traveling light. Don't you know it's so.
You can't get there with a load of care.
That ain't the way to go.
I'm traveling light. I'm traveling clean.
My home's a pack upon my back.
Cut the fat and take the lean.

I'm a vagabond. I'm a highway bum.
I don't need a big load out on the open road.
I'm plain but I ain't dumb.
I don't put much in. I don't take much out
But I do my share and I know what's fair.
And that's what life's about.

I'm traveling light. It's take and give.
Creeping down the line with a worried mind,
That's not the way to live.
I'm traveling light. I'm flying high.
I was born to play all along the way
Till I bid this world good-by

And I intend to play all along the way
Till I bid this world good-by.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

MY SONGS ARE NOT FOR SALE by Peter Krug.

You can't play my songs on the juke box.
You'll probably never hear them on the radio or TV.
You can't go down and buy them
At your local record store
The only way you're likely to get them is straight from me.

CHORUS:

And my songs are not for sale.
As a business it's bound to fail.
You can't buy them, you can only get them free.
Some are cheerful. Some are sad
Some are good. Some are downright bad

Some people say my picking's mediocre.
Some people say I tend to sing off key.
But I'm not paying them to listen.
They're not paying me to sing.
So they can just go away and let me be.

CHORUS

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

WOMAN WITH A CHAINSAW by Peter Krug

When I woke up this morning I was frozen nearly dead
So damned cold I couldn't get out of bed
And as I lay there shivering, cold as could be.
Suddenly this revelation occurred to me.

I gotta find a woman with a chainsaw
To spend the winter with me.
If I could find a woman with a chainsaw
All night long I would stroke her fire, yessirree.

I put a notice in the Co-op, put an ad in the Stump
I don't care if she's skinny. I don't care if she's plump.
I don't care if she's pretty or ugly as sin.
If she's just got a chainsaw she can move right in.

'Cause I'm looking for a woman with a chainsaw...

Now, those big city women in their I. Magnin clothes
Are not very useful when the ground is froze.
I need a tough country mama who can help me cut my wood
And when I find her, I'm going to treat her good.

'Cause I'm looking for ...

I would treat her sweet and gentle. We would never fight.
If she went out with other guys, I wouldn't get uptight.
She could do her own thing and I would just do mine.
Her and me and that machine would get along just fine.

'Cause I'm looking for...

I've got a cabin on the mountain, a Chevy pick-up truck
Eleven pounds of home grown Mendocino Thunder f#ck,
A hundred pounds of soybeans, a barrel of brown rice.
Seven cords of firewood would make it all so nice.

That's why I'm looking for a woman with a chainsaw...

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

WILL YOU STILL BE MY FRIEND? by Peter Krug

What are you going to do when I've told you all of my stories?
What are you going to do when I've sung you all of my songs?
What are you going to do when I've told to you
Everything that I've got to say?
When you're tired of the novelty of loving me
Do you think there's any chance at all
You're going to want to stay?
What are you going to do
When the honeymoon is over?
What are you going to do
When I'm no longer strange and new?
'Cause everybody tells me that feelings change
And that all good things must end.
So when the flash and the fire of the romance is gone
Will you still be my friend, babe?
Will you still be my friend?

What are you going to do when my kisses no longer excite you?
What are you going to do when you no longer long for my touch?
Love is such an unpredictable thing,
Some times it lasts for years and years.
Or it may seem alright and then just overnight.
For no apparent reason it completely disappears.
What are you going to do
When the fire burns down to an ember?
What are you going to do
When you don't dream about me all day?
'Cause everybody tells me that feelings change
And that all good things must end
So when the flash and the fire of the romance is gone
Will you still be my friend, babe?
Will you still be my friend?

It's hard to believe that these feelings won't go on forever.
It's hard to believe we won't always be feeling this way.
When I was a kid, you know, I dreamed I'd find
A love that would never die
But love is like a rose, they say,
It blooms and it fades
And yet I'm always game to give it one more try
It's hard to believe
There could come a time I'd no longer want you.
It's hard to believe
You won't always love me like you do.
But everybody tells me that feelings change
And that all good things must end.
So when the flash and the fire of the romance is gone
Will you still be my friend, babe?
Will you still be my friend?

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

MY DADDY WAS A WAR HERO by Peter Krug

I recall the afternoon, I had just come home from school
When the FBI came knocking on our door.
They were looking for my dad
They had to find him 'cause they had
A thing or two to ask him 'bout the war.
I recall the anger and I could feel the fear
Though I was too young to really understand
Any harm it might have done
Many years 'fore I was born.
Him fighting in some distant foreign land.

CHORUS

My Daddy was a war hero,
But a hero of the wrong war.
Though he never did complain
Of the blood he'd shed in vain
He as a hero of the wrong war,
A hero of the wrong war.

Some times at night he'd tell to me
His stories of the infantry
Of the men he'd known and the sacrifices made,
Of battles fought and things he did
From Barcelona to Madrid
With those men he called the Lincoln Brigade.
And when other children's daddies
Got to march on Veterans day
When the drums all beat and the shiny brass bands blared
And the old men made their speeches
Of the heroes who'd come home
At our house my Dad sat
And drank and stared.

CHORUS:

Now many years have rolled along
And my old man for year's been gone.
The drums don't beat and the bands don't play so loud.
And the heroes of the Asian fight
Don't brag about their deeds all night.
Of what they've done, they don't seem all that proud.
Well, some wars, they make people slaves
Some wars make people free.
And some wars don't do anything, it seems.
Though they tried to make him hang his head
My Dad was proud of what he did
Defending human rights and human dreams.

'Cause my Daddy was a war hero
And he knew damned well what he was fighting for.
Though he never did complain...

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE BIRTH SONG by Peter Krug

As another voice has come to join the multitude
As another star adorns the falling night
As another tiny mouth cries out for comfort and for love
As another pair of wondering eyes have opened to the light
As once again the gate of life has opened
And another winding journey has begun
As another person has begun his being to unfold
As a flower unfolds her petals to the shining April sun

Welcome, welcome to this song
May your voice be sweet and strong.
May your stay be full and long
May your song be filled with love
As all our voices, great and small
Join in one melodious call
Simple words that say it all:
May your life be filled with love

Though none of us can say with perfect certainty
That our lives mean anything at all,
That the ageless motion of the stars
Or changes in the sea
Are tuned to human destiny,
To fortune's rise and fall.
There is so very little we can tell you
There is so very little we can know
And each must find out for himself
What's false and what is real
And no one's eyes but yours can see
The way that you must go

But welcome, welcome to this dance
Come weave your way through change and chance
Learn to turn with circumstance
Till your steps are filled with love
Come spin and turn through time and space.
Your partner is the human race
And you'll see the light in every face
When your dance is filled with love

Don't believe it if they tell you life is tragic.
Don't believe it if they say that love is pain
But learn to see the world in all Her magic
Castles in the summer sky, patterns in the butterfly
The flower's scent, the eagle's cry, the voices in the rain

And welcome, welcome to this play
Of joy and pain, of night and day
You can help us find the way
If your heart is full of love
And when years have passed, when you have grown
If you reap these seeds of love we've sown
Then you'll never have to be alone.
May your life be filled with love.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

CHICKEN ON THE HIGHWAY by Peter Krug

As I was rolling down the road
Early in the day
I seen a little chicken on the center line
Of the great highway
It must have fell from a poultry truck
As it went rolling by
And it seemed more than likely
That poor chicken was about to die

CHORUS:

Chicken on the highway, chicken on the highway
Gonna get hit by a car
Chicken on the highway, chicken on the highway
Ain't a'gonna make it far
Chicken on the highway, chicken on the highway
Gonna get hit by a truck
Chicken on the highway, chicken on the highway
Gonna have real bad luck

It might get hit by a Chevrolet,
It might get hit by a Ford.
It might get hit by a Model A truck
With an old-time running board
It might get hit by a Greyhound bus
Or by a delivery van.
But, anyway, that chicken's bound
For the chicken Promised Land.

CHORUS

It might have been bound for Col. Sanders'
Or bound for Foster Farms
But any way you slice it, man,
That chicken was bound for harm
It was written in the Book of Fate
That chicken's time had come.
It's hard to feel too sorry, though,
'Cause chickens are so damned dumb.

CHORUS

Now, that chicken's not too different
From the likes of you and me
Who spend our lives just trying to dodge
From the path of destiny
From forces we don't comprehend,
We fall beneath the wheels
I can't help thinking that I know
How that poor chicken feels.

CHORUS

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

LITTLE BIRD by Peter Krug

A little bird was singing by my window
I woke up and I found you on my mind.
I started wondering where you are
And if you've traveled very far
And if your memories of me are kind.
I thought about our love again and I wondered
Is there any way that the magic can survive
That hard old living, day to day,
That steals the feeling all away?
Is there any way of keeping it alive?

On the day I left the rain was falling.
Tears were in my eyes
Though I could not tell you why I had to go.
It wasn't that you let me down
Or things you'd said or done.
I just couldn't stand to stay
And watch the feeling slipping away
But I still loved you and I longed to tell you so.

Today I watched the sun setting out on the ocean.
The fading light was quite a sight to see.
And as I watched that burning hue
Once again I thought of you
And I really wished that you were there with me
When that little bird was singing by my window
I wish that you'd been there to hear his song
To walk along the beach with me
And watch the sun setting out on the sea.
I wish to God I knew where we went wrong.

Now, I can't exactly say I'm lonely.
I've got a million friends
And women, they treat me sweet and kind.
I've got a lot of good times now
But when the party ends
The feelings that remain are so hard to explain
Then I wake again and I find you on my mind.

Crickets are singing out in the meadow
I watch the moonlight shining down through the trees
Far away a night bird calls.
Gently sleep around me falls.
And I drift away on dreams and memories
Of that little bird singing by my window
Sunsets spreading out all across the sky
Making love by candlelight,
Fingers reaching out in the night
And now and then I miss you.
Now and then I long to kiss you
Now and then it makes me wonder why
A love like that could fade away and die.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE MIGRANT'S SONG by Peter Krug

Up from El Centro and San Bernardino,
From Bakersfield, Fresno, Madera, Merced
Salinas and Stockton up to Sacramento,
Santa Rosa and Red Bluff and on back again.
One hundred thousand men, women and children
They flow on the highway, the old and the young
In an unending cycle of sowing and reaping
The long valley's labor can never be done.

And see how the land yields up her treasure to man's patient hand

They're up in the morning an hour before dawning,
Stretching and yawning, rubbing sleep from their eyes
With the last stars still quivering, in the morning breeze shivering
The sun is just lighting the easternmost skies
Soon in the long open trucks they will travel
Crammed in together and crowded like cattle
Over pavement, over gravel, over dirt roll the wheels
Out to the orchards, the vineyards, the fields.

And see how the land...

Soon in the long rows the swift hands are toiling
In the day's growing heat, in the dusty row's boiling
The sun presses down like a hot, heavy hand
At the backs of the laborers working the land
In the shade of the oak trees by the side of the field rows
Dirty and shoeless, the young children play
While fathers and mothers, older sisters and brothers
Toil on their knees in the heat of the day.

And see how the land..

Down from the highway come men in brown uniforms
Questioning, checking and searching and soon
There are one or two whose papers are not in order
Gone from the crew in the hot afternoon
And when the sun has descended and the long day has ended
It's back to the trucks wiping sweat from their eyes.
Tired and weary and covered all over
With fruit juice and brown dust, with sweat and black flies.

And see how the land..

When there's crops in the field rows and grapes in the vineyards
When the limbs in the orchards bow down to the ground
There's food on the table, there's clothes for the children
There's singing and dancing there's joy all around.
But with skies gray as iron and the icy wind whistling
And frost in the field and no work to be found
Through the cold nights they huddle and hunger and struggle
Till spring brings back sweetness and life to the ground.

And see how the land yields up her treasure to man's patient hand.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

SONOMA COUNTY SUMMER DAYS by Peter Krug

I guess I'm just that grasshopper who's dreaming in the sun
I'm living for the fun
Of drinking in the beauty of each day.
People tell me it's not good just to be a bum
And that the day will come
When the cold wind blows, that's when I'm going to pay.

But on Sonoma County summer days
I'm drifting through the golden haze
Trying to think of all the ways
To say how good I feel
A million insect melodies
Are floating down on the summer breeze
If it's a dream, don't wake me, please.
It's too good to be real.

I guess I'm just that butterfly
Who's dreaming he's a man
I do it all I can
And if you don't understand it, let it go.
I only want to live this dream
Till my time is up
And refill my cup
In the stream of life as long as it shall flow.

And on Sonoma County summer days...

Now, Li Po was a Chinese poet
Who was very fond of wine
He'd have been a friend of mine
But he was born a thousand years too soon
And he died quite poetically
One night when he was drunk.
In a river he was sunk
While chasing the reflection of the moon.

Now, I know the wintertime will come
I'll face it without fears
But if it took a thousand years
When winter came it still would come too soon
And old Li Po is dead and gone.
How I wish that he was here
We'd get drunk on Chinese beer
And wade the Russian River looking for the moon

And on Sonoma County summer days...

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

GERITOL GYPSY by Peter Krug

When I get old and my head turns gray
I know for sure where I don't want to stay
At Leisureville or Old Folks Oaks
Or a condo by the sea.
When my work is done and my kids are grown
And my time at last is all my own
Well, I know just the life I want for me.

CHORUS:

I want to be a Geritol gypsy, drive an R.V. ten yards long
I want to roll on down the Interstate just singing a highway song
I want to be a Geritol gypsy underneath the open sky
I want to be a Geritol gypsy till I die.

I want to ramble 'round from town to town
You never know where I might be found
At a KOA or a roadside rest from Maine to Mexico.
So pump me forty gallons, bub.
I'm going to roll with the Good Sam Club
Wherever the highway takes me, I'm going to go.

CHORUS:

You won't find me in a rocking chair
On the old park bench, I won't be there.
No, I'll be sitting in the pilot house of a tin chateau on wheels
In the mountain morning, in the desert night,
A rambling granddad, doing alright.
Yes, I want to know just how the wild goose feels.

CHORUS:

For so many years I've been so bored
But soon I'll reap my just reward
From the IRA and the pension plan and the Social Security.
When the long, hard pull at last is done
Then, dammit, I'm going to have some fun.
A rambling, renegade grandpa, that'll be me.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

MONEY'S ALRIGHT by Peter Krug

Now, I don't say there's any wrong in money.
I don't turn it down when it comes my way.
In the complicated flow of life
Money is a useful tool
It serves in the work we do and in the games we play.

You can do a lot of things with money
But love will make you high,
And everyone knows that it's something money won't buy.
If you don't believe it
Just try it and you'll see why
I say money's alright, but love will make you high

Some people need
To put their faith in something
They can see and feel
And hold right in their hand
They seem to feel salvation lies
In power and control.
It's sad to see that they don't understand

That you can do a lot of things with money
But love will make you grow.
It can show you so much about life
That you didn't know.
If you don't believe me
Just try it and you'll see it's so.
Money's alright, but love will make you grow.

Some people need
To feel strong walls around them
And surround themselves
With every luxury
They don't realize possessions
Sometimes drag and chain us down
In the burden of our inner poverty.

'Cause you can do a lot of things with money
But love will make you free
It will open up your eyes
It will really make you see
If you don't believe it
Just try it and you'll agree.
Money's alright, but love will make you free.

You can do a lot of things with money
But love will make you high ...

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

BULLET HOLE BLUES by Peter Krug

Well, I woke up this morning
With what appeared to be a bullet hole in my hat.
Yes, I woke up this morning
With what appeared to be a bullet hole in my hat.
I put my index finger through it and I wiggled it around
And I said: "My, my, my,
How do you suppose I managed to do that?"

When I got up from my bed
I had a most peculiar feeling there was something wrong [2]
When I looked into the mirror, I couldn't help but notice
That all the hair on the left side of my head was gone.

Well, I went to call my baby
But my baby wasn't home
So I called my baby's best friend on the telephone.
I said, "Where is my baby?"
And this was her reply:
"She's downtown locked up in the jail.
Don't you remember why?"

Well, my recollection's just a little bit hazy.
I was drinking too much whiskey, beer and gin.
I don't remember nothing
But, oh Lord, what a night that must have been.

So I called up my lawyer
I said, "Oh, lawyer, what in the world do you advise me to do?" [2]
He said, "Well, I just read all about you in the paper, boy
And my advice is: Don't call me. I'll call you."

Just then twenty-six policemen came beating on my door
I decided to leave by the fire escape
Up to the seventh floor.
I was running 'cross the rooftops
Just as fast as fast could be
I was crying out with every step:
"Why's this happening to me?"

Now I'm hiding in this drainpipe
Muddy water running in my shoes
You know, this is exactly the sort of thing
That tends to give a man those weary, worried blues.

Yes, I woke up this morning
With what appeared to be a bullet hole in my hat ...

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

HE'S A LOT LIKE YOU by Peter Krug

He's a lot like you.
I know you'd really like him
If you ever got a chance to know him.
You'd like his family too.
I know he'd like to hear about your folks
He'd love to see those snapshots you could show him.
'Cause he's a lot like you.
He's got that crazy sense of humor
He just loves to sit and tell a joke or two.
He's a lot like you.
He loves games and sports and playing guitar
And gazing at the summer stars like you do.

CHORUS:

And, just like you, he's got a picture of a woman
In a locket on a chain next to his heart.
And, just like you, he thinks about her often
Regretting every hour they're apart.
And, just like you, he worries what the future holds,
Wishing like the devil that he knew.
You've got so much in common with that boy beyond the wire
He's just like you.

He's a lot like you,
Dreaming what his life will be.
When he's back home and the trouble's done.
He pictures in his mind a little house and garden
And he sees his children playing in the sun.
Yes, he's a lot like you,
Yearning for tranquillity
'Cause he's the kind who'd never harm a fly.
He's a lot like you,
Completely out of place
In this barren wasteland where men kill and die.

CHORUS:

He's a lot like you
Lying in his bunk at night
Wondering if tomorrow he will die
And he wonders, too
Why he must face a stranger's bullets
Responding to some order from on high.
He's a lot like you.
His flesh cannot withstand the force of steel.
It's easily torn apart by bursting shell.
He's a lot like you.
This boy was born for better things
Than being butchered in this man-made hell.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

DRAW THE CURTAINS by Peter Krug

Well, hello, baby. I bet you're sure surprised to see me
If you're wondering how I got here
Remember, I never gave you back your key.
I can tell you're glad to see me.
I can see it in your eyes
I almost telephoned you
But I wanted it to be a surprise.

CHORUS:

So draw the curtain , honey, so the neighbors can't see
What's about to happen
'Cause it's just between you and me.
I want to show you just how good good loving can be.

I spent the whole afternoon just lying here on your bed
With thoughts of absolutely nothing but you
Running through my head.
I've been waiting for this moment for a long, long time
Trying to live without your loving
Has been driving me out of my mind.

CHORUS:

When I left this town, I thought for sure I was leaving you behind.
I've been a hundred different places,
But I just couldn't shake you out of my mind.
I've been with other women and it wasn't the same.
With you it's for real, babe
With everybody else it's just a game.

CHORUS:

So come on in, baby. Come on in and close the door.
You'd better lock that door behind you.
I don't think I need to tell you what for.
Why don't you put that special record on the stereo.
Draw those curtains and turn the lights way down low.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

IT MAKES ME ACHE TO GO by Peter Krug

I used to own a house in Texas.
I paid the mortgage and the taxes.
I patched the roof and I fixed the plumbing, too.
But it was too close to the highway,
Cars and trucks all going my way.
After a while I got to feeling blue.

CHORUS:

And it's raining here tonight in California
But I'll bet the moon is out in Mexico
And there's a bright, new sun a-rising
Just beyond that far horizon
Rolling hills and sunny skies
And, don't you know, it makes me ache to go.

I had a wife in Oregon.
She promised me from that time on
I would never know a lonely day.
But staying too long in one place
Was something I could never face.
I can't help it, I was born that way.

CHORUS:

[bridge]

'Cause a rambler's heart is a bird in flight.
Here or there it may alight
And stay a while, but never quite
Long enough to call it home
And a rambler's soul is the Devil's toy
He can never know the joy
Of a home and a wife and a family.
He's just bound to roam.

Now, a preacher trusts in the strength of the Lord
And a miser trusts in his money hoard.
A fool, he trusts in the government
And a bum, he trusts in wine.
I trust the pavement 'neath my heels,
The rocking cars and the screaming wheels
that carry me where I belong, a little further down the line.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

GUNFIRE IN THE NIGHT by Peter Krug

The church bells are ringing. Young people are singing
In the plaza to the sound of guitars.
Lovers are walking. Old women are talking
While old men enjoy their evening cigars.
Mothers watch their children run in the last light of the sun.
In the treetops birds are singing all around.
But as the first stars appear, the peace turns to fear
As the evening calm is shattered by the sound

Of gunfire near the edge of the town
Gunfire in the fading light
Chilling with fear hearts of all those who hear
Gunfire in the night.

At once the promenade ends. Friends bid farewell to friends
And in a moment there is no one on the square.
Mothers clutching childrens' hands hurry home fast as they can.
Soon the cobbled streets are empty and bare.
Behind adobe walls people tremble as night falls
With no hiding place and nowhere to run.
Though it all makes no sense, still they've got no defense
From the strangers with the foreign-made guns

And there is gunfire near the edge of the town
Gunfire ...

From Peru to Angola, Kampuchea, Sri Lanka,
From Afghanistan to El Salvador
You'll find those who have little caught in the middle
Of some brutal little brush-fire war.
In games without rules the players are tools
Of some super power's global enterprise.
And to further their aims, they feed fuel to the flames.
The proxy fights, the innocent dies.

And there is gunfire ...

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

HARD TO SAY NO [TO A WOMAN LIKE YOU] by Peter Krug

When I came by today,
You know, I didn't plan to stay
More than an hour or two
Well, wouldn't you know,
That was two days ago
And it's another morning waking up with you.

Chorus:

'Cause it's so hard to say no
To a woman like you
You know how much I love the things you do.
My heart says to stay
When my head says to go
Yes, you make it so hard to say no.

You were looking, oh, so fine
When we had that glass of wine
You dropped a hint, but I just passed it by
Then we had a little smoke
And we told a couple of jokes.
All I meant to do was just kiss you good-by.

Chorus:

Now, I was supposed to be
Down in Nashville, Tennessee
Day before yesterday
How will I explain
Why I wasn't on that plane?
Ain't it funny how the time just slips away?

I keep heading for the door,
But I keep turning back for more
If I don't get moving soon I will be sunk
'Cause some little men in grey
Just towed my car away
And there were seven pounds of home-grown in the trunk.

Final Chorus:

But it's so hard to say no to a woman like you
You know how much I love the things you do
My heart says to stay when my head says to go
'Cause you make it so hard, yes, you make it so hard
Yes, you make it so hard to say no.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE GIRL INSIDE HIS HEAD by Peter Krug

He was just a young boy, barely in his teens
When he first met the girl inside his head.
In the silence of the midnight hour
On the wings of secret dreams
She'd come slipping through the darkness to his bed.
She understood his every need, his rapture and his pain
And the longing that his words could not convey.
Though she was just a fantasy of all his dreams fulfilled
He swore that they would meet again one day.

Every woman that he passes now, he looks into her eyes
And asks himself, can this one be the one?
He reaches out for brilliance, and when the brilliance dies
He just packs up all his dreams and moves along.
Searching in the city, in the country, in the town
Leaving a trail of grief and tears
Of those he loved and left to wonder where they let him down
As he journeys on through dark and empty years.

And that girl inside his head, she still beckons him along
With the memory of the dreams that he once knew.
So many other lovers, they have come and they have gone
And still his lonely search is not through.
Like seeking in the ashes of a fire that has died,
Like following a dried-up river bed,
He can't quit his searching, though many times he's tried
He's still looking for that girl inside his head.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

SUNNY CALIFORNIA by Peter Krug

I'm leaving in the morning on a west-bound train
Rolling through the city in the drizzling rain
Leaving aggravation, consternation and pain
For that sweet and sunny place where I can ease my brain
I'm rolling to the coast, out there where I belong.
I've been burning with a yearning, been away too long.
I'm cruising from confusion, and I'm singing a song
With a feeling, sweet and strong.

I'm going to sunny California, where people treat you right.
I want to go where the oranges grow and the sun shines, day and night
Out in sunny California, where all the people are crazy.
Sunny California is the only place for me

I know that some people say folks are crazy out there.
They can say what they want to, I don't care
Back east, people are corny and square
And the climate ain't fit for a polar bear
I want to go to California, where the girls are sweet
Just to watch the Hari Krishnas dancing up and down the street.
I want to boogie on the beaches to a bongo beat
All winter long in my bare feet

'Cause out in sunny California, it's just a paradise
I want to stay where the palm trees sway
When the east coast is covered with ice.
Out in sunny California, where all the people are crazy
Sunny California is the only place for me.

[bridge:]

Everybody's meditating, trying to save the whales
Scientology, and valium when all else fails.
Though I don't want to bore you people with a lot of details
The governor sleeps on a bed of nails

Now, if your neighbors are complaining 'bout your odd uncle Ray
Cause his lunatic behavior's getting weirder each day
And folks are giving thoughts to having him put away
Before you do something drastic, heed the words that I say
Buy him a one-way ticket to the place he'll like best,
A sunny sanitarium way out in the west.
Just put him on a Greyhound and we'll do the rest
We guarantee you will be impressed.

'Cause out in sunny California the loonies fit right in.
If you're mad as a hatter, it really doesn't matter,
Out there that's no great sin.
Out in sunny California, where all the people are crazy
Sunny California is the only place for me.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE KEY TO YOUR HEAD by Peter Krug

I've got a key to your apartment and a key to your car,
Not every woman lets you go that far.
I've got a toothbrush in your bathroom and a place in your bed.
Tell me, why won't you trust me
With the key to your head?

Now, whenever I ask you what you think or how you feel,
You just change the subject, and it gets unreal
The way you close down to those things I have said
Tell me, why won't you trust me
With the key to your head?

Now, when we make love, you make me feel so good
But somehow you don't treat me like a lover should
How can we be so close and yet so far apart?
You let me touch everything but your heart.

Now, when we play and we're laughing, everything is alright.
It's all cool, just so we keep it light
But if I tell you I love you ...ooh, trouble ahead
Tell me, why won't you trust me
With the key to your head?

I don't know what you think you're gaining just by being so cool
With all the love I've got to give you, don't you be a fool.
You know the soul needs loving like a flower needs the sun
You've got to lay it all on someone, and, baby, I'm the one.

Now, for Christmas you gave me a color TV
For my birthday you can give me something absolutely free.
You talked about a stereo but, honey, instead
I'd rather you entrust me with the key to your head.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

WATCHING TEEVEE by Peter Krug

I used to go out most every night. I used to run around on the town.
Drinking brewski until I got tight, dancing till the bars closed down.
I used to party. I used to have fun. I used to have that joie de vivre.
I used to boogie, but all that is done since I got myself a teevee

Now I'm watching teevee, Cheers and Night Court and Family Ties
The five year mission of the Enterprise
Documentaries 'bout the Eskimo, the Bugs Bunny and Tweety Show.
Oprah, Geraldo and Donahue, Joan and Johnny and Arsenio, too
Wheel of Fortune and Jeopardy,
All day, all night, watching Teevee. [2]

I used to travel. I used to read books. I used to go to concerts and plays.
I used to stroll through the mountains by babbling brooks
All sorts of doings filled my days.
I had a life-style, exciting and rich, filled with cultural activity.
But all that ended, son of a gun, when I got myself a teevee.

Now I'm watching teevee, Preachers preaching 'bout the power of God.
Julia Child with fillet of cod,
Nature shows about the grizzly bear, rock and roll people in their underwear.
Every bad movie that has ever been made,
Can you believe it, what these people get paid?
The whole thing's an unsolved mystery,
All day, all night watching teevee. [2]

Some people drink whiskey. Some people smoke grass.
Some people like to sniff cocaine,
But my addiction is to sit on my couch and let the telly numb my brain.
They've got a treatment for the junkie and the drunk,
For gambling or obesity
But if you're hooked on the telly, well, brother, you're sunk.
God save us from the damned teevee.

'Cause I'm watching teevee, Laverne and Shirley and the Jeffersons,
Leave It To Beaver and My Three Sons,
Werewolves, vampires and aliens, desperadoes fighting Indians,
Miami Gangsters with their uzi guns,
Basketball, football and twenty K runs
It's more entertaining than reality,
All day, all night, watching teevee [2]

Two in the morning and I'm lying in bed.
Insipid garbage is a'filling my head.
I watch that screen until my eyes turn red.
I am an active member of the walking dead.
I get disgusted and it makes me feel mean.
I thing I'm going to put my foot right through that screen.
But first I think I'll watch a little Dynasty,
All day, all night, watching teevee [3]

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE by Peter Krug

You read the morning news.
You get the morning blues.
You read about pain and strife and fear and care.
Here's a riot. There's a war.
You've heard it a hundred times before.
Things are falling about about everywhere.
I hear everybody say
That this old world's in a terrible way
And what the hell can just one person do?
Well, one gesture, though it's small,
Does more than none at all.
So give a little more to the people near to you.

CHORUS:

'Cause a little bit of love can be a candle in the night
A little bit of love gives a little bit of light.
A little bit of love is like an island in a dark and raging sea.
It makes this sad and troubled world
Just a little bit of a better place to be.

You say you'd like to see
This world become a better place to be,
But it's all so vast that you can see no way.
One thing you can do is seize
The little opportunities
That fall into your life from day to day.
If anger twists your head around,
You've got to learn to turn it down.
It's anger's fires that feed the seeds of hate.
And if you're tangled up in fear,
It's hard to think or see or hear.
We're victims of the evil we create.

CHORUS:

Though it may sound naive,
I truly do believe
That faith and trust and love can bring us through,
But the change has got to start
Way down deep inside the hearts
Of ordinary folks like you and me,
'Cause every little bit of hate
Serves to perpetuate
The powers that lock this world in slavery,
But if you're loving and you're kind
And you keep an open mind
You can help to make this troubled world more free

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

I DON'T MIND IF I'M NOT YOUNG ANYMORE by Peter Krug

Sometimes when I hear things young people say
I can't understand how they can feel that way.
Some things that they so zealously believe
Just seem to me so painfully naive,
But I can't criticize them when I think of way back when,
And all my youthful foolishness and dumb things I did then.
I sure would hate to have to go through all that stuff again
And I don't mind if I'm not young anymore.

CHORUS:

I don't mind if I'm not young anymore.
Those youthful follies seem like such a bore
So many things are better than they've ever been before
That I don't mind if I'm not young any more.

When I was young, I often was dismayed
To think my strength and youth might someday fade.
I wondered what the coming years might bring.
Would I be worn out, no good for anything?
But now that I am older, I like to take things slow.
I enjoy much more the things I do and places that I go
'Cause my life is so much richer from the things I've come to know
And I don't mind if I'm not young anymore.

CHORUS:

When I was young, I worried frequently
If those around me truly cared for me.
If trouble came, would they still be around?
Would they stick by me or let me down?
But now I've been through good and bad times, and my true friends are still
here.
The wind of life has winnowed out the false and insincere.
After all these years it's good to know I've got no cause for fear.
And I don't mind if I'm not young anymore.

CHORUS:

With the passion and the energy of youth
I once searched the world for meaning and for truth.
My restless heart would not be satisfied
Till every single challenge had been tried.
But now that I am older, I no longer run around
Questing after knowledge, esoteric and profound.
I'm contented with the plain and simple wisdom I have found.
And I don't mind if I'm not young anymore.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

RAFAEL MORALES IS MISSING by Peter Krug

Rafael Morales is missing.
He's not been seen for a couple of days.
In the middle of the night some men came to his door
And they took him away.
In the night his children are crying.
We can all imagine their pain.
And Señora Morales has such haunted eyes.
She doesn't know if she'll see him again.

CHORUS:

He has disappeared.
No one knows where he's gone
And year after year, this goes on.

We do not know why he was taken.
He was not a political man.
All of the neighbors of the family
Are doing what they can.
Maybe he knew the wrong person.
Maybe his words were misunderstood.
Or maybe someone downtown just made a mistake,
But we fear he is gone for good.

CHORUS:

He was not the leader of a union.
He did not oppose the government.
We do not know where he has been taken to
Or why those men were sent.
But, like many of his neighbors before him,
Rafael has been taken away.
We are all helpless to learn his fate.
We can do nothing but pray.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

THE WORKING HAND by Peter Krug

In the dark of the night, in the heat of the sun
Countless hands form the vast machine
By which our world is run.
In the field and factory, in the mine and the mill,
The hands that shape our world are never still.

CHORUS:

The working hand, the working hand,
We owe it all to the skill of the working woman,
To the strength of the laboring man
This world so grand could crumble just like sand
If not for the ceaseless labor of the working hand.

The clothes we wear, the food we eat
The homes we live in, the cars we drive,
Right down to the shoes upon our feet
The many wonders at our command,
We owe them all to the toil of the working hand.

On the plains of Asia ten thousand years ago
Skillful fingers fashioned the clothes and shelter
That kept out the wind and snow
We have built great cities in this same way
It was true in ancient times and it's still true today.

CHORUS:

In the steel glass towers above the busy street,
Where the goods of the world are traded,
Where the wealthy and powerful meet,
When they buy and sell, do they understand
That they themselves are a product of the working hand?

CHORUS:

And I have heard it said that in some future year
The machine will rule in the working place
And the human disappear
But I cannot believe there could come such a day
When the need for the working hand would pass away.

CHORUS:

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG
I WANT TO BE KILLED BY A JEALOUS HUSBAND
AT THE AGE OF ONE HUNDRED AND ONE by Peter Krug

I don't want to die in a steaming, wet jungle,
Blown apart by a cannon shell.
I don't want to crash in a hot-rod Lincoln
Or drown in a wishing well.
I don't want to die in the blazing desert,
Parched by the burning sun.
I'd rather be killed by a jealous husband
At the age of one hundred and one.

I don't want to fall from the top of a building
And go smash on the hard concrete.
I don't want to die in a gangster shoot-out
In the middle of a Chicago street.
I don't want to perish from the plague or pneumonia
Or the dread Asiatic flu.
I'd rather be killed by a jealous husband
At the age of a hundred and two.

[bridge]
Well, I don't really want to go at all,
But someday everybody's got to die
So let me be killed by a jealous husband
Just so long as his suspicions are justified.

I don't want to hang or be gassed or beheaded
Or shot by a firing squad.
I don't want to be hit by a bolt of lightning,
Struck down by the wrath of God.
I don't want to crash on some distant planet
Or down at the bottom of the sea.
I'd rather be killed by a jealous husband
At the age of a hundred and three.

[bridge]
Well, I don't really want to die at all,
But someday everybody's got to go.
So let me be killed by a jealous husband,
Just so long that everything that he suspects is so.

I don't want to be eaten by rats or mosquitoes
Or pecked into pieces by quail.
I don't want to starve in a desert island
Or rot in a foreign jail
I don't want to be clawed by a Bengal tiger
Or gored by a wild boar
I'd rather be killed by a jealous husband
At the age of a hundred and four.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

LIFE GOES ON by Peter Krug

Cities burn in mindless conflagration.
Refugees crowd the highways in their flight
Falling prey to disease and to starvation,
Stumbling onward, freezing in the night.
And with destruction all around, life goes on
On the burning battleground, life goes on.
In the ashes of despair, life goes on.
Though death is everywhere, life goes on.
And when the cannon fire dies,
From the ruins new hopes arise
To desolation, then, hope replies and life goes on

People toil beneath the yoke of cruel oppression.
Every day they stare repression in the face.
Men and women rise and struggle for their freedom.
People fall and die and others take their place.
And in this man-created hell, life goes on.
In the lonely prison cell, life goes on.
In the camps and in the jails, life goes on.
Though the light of freedom fails, yet life goes on.
As tyrants rise, so tyrants fall.
The free respond to call
And, wonder, wonder if it all, life goes on.

The humble of the earth are battered but unbeaten.
Ten thousand times they fall, ten thousand times they rise.
Though suffering and despair their every dream defeating
Still, something deep in each of them keeps reaching for the skies.
People laugh. People cry. Life goes on.
Children grow. Old folks die. Life goes on.
Thought each night the old day dies, life goes on.
With each new dawn the sun will rise and life goes on
When from the tree the leaves are torn,
From her bare limbs, new leaves are born.
Though each of us our dead must mourn, yet life goes on.

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

I'M GONNA GET DRUNK TONIGHT by Peter Krug

A man is at the door. He says he wants his rent.
I don't know what to tell him, 'cause my pay's all spent.
I had to stand in line till nearly six-fifteen
Just to buy a little gasoline.
My job has got me down and now my T.V.'s broke.
My wife is acting crazy. Man, it ain't no joke.
Only one thing I can do to set everything right.
I'm gonna get drunk tonight. [2]

I got a stack of bills that I just cannot pay.
Trying to raise the kids with one more on the way.
A man is coming 'round to repossess my car.
It's all just gone too far.
I read the evening news. I want to fall through the floor
The world is going to hell. I just can't take any more
Only one thing I can do to set everything right.
I'm going to get drunk tonight. [2]

Now, when a rich man needs a vacation, he can pack it off to paradise
With some pretty young thing to treat him like a king
And he can well afford the price.
But when a poor man's overcome with aggravation,
There's only one way to ease his pain.
At the local saloon he can fly to the moon
And wash his troubles down the drain.

I'm feeling so discouraged. Life is passing me by.
Nothing's going right and I just don't know why
It feels like stormy weather all over town
And everybody's wearing a frown.
But I'll worry 'bout tomorrow when tomorrow comes.
The blues are going to come and hang me by my thumbs.
But by closing time my troubles will be out of sight
I'm gonna get drunk tonight [2]

Hey, mister bartender, fill my glass. I intend to tie one on.
And keep pouring them down till my head spins 'round and all my troubles are
gone.
This life don't make no sense at all. I'm going to drink until the pain goes away
Though tomorrow I'll feel like my brain's been peeled
That's a price I'm more than willing to pay.

You know, when I was a kid, I had a million dreams .
I don't know where they went. They flew away, it seems.
My joy has gone away and it has left me here.
With a life as flat as last night's beer.
I shouldn't be complaining, though. That's just the way it goes.
Leaning on the bar until it's time to close.
Well, I might break down or I might pick a fight.
But I'm gonna get drunk tonight [2]

THE SONGS OF PETER KRUG

REACHING OUT FOR THE FURTHER SHORE by Peter Krug

In Jackson, Mississippi we were locked up in jail
But we still had the courage to sing
'Cause you carry your prison around inside your head
When you say you don't believe in anything.

CHORUS:

And I'm reaching out for the further shore
When the sun comes up I will be gone.
I just can't help believing that there's got to be more.
And so I'm traveling on .

When I'd stood all the pleasure that my body could bear
In white powder, women and wine
I saw that that kind of pleasure was like smoke before the wind.
It was something I could never call mine

CHORUS:

Like blind lizards in their caves of steel
They never see the light of day,
Yet they keep on trying to tell me that my dreams aren't real,
But I can't hear the words that they say.

CHORUS:

Because my mind is fixed on the further shore ...

Hindu and Buddhist, Sufi and Sikh
Moslem, Christian and Jew.
The lamps are many, yet the light is one.
It's the light that shines inside me and you.