

Hide Another Mistake
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

over and over
they just say no sir
and now it's a big blur
I hid it up my sleeve

you gotta believe me
hey I need it badly
and they never see me
those sentimental fools

and I got the west coast sunshine
but it don't mean a thing

I'm getting over like I knew that I would
I'm feeling older than a younger man should
but one of these days i'll finally make good
and hide another mistake

I'm out on the sidewalk
I'm put in a headlock
I tried but I can't stop
i put it in my shoe

and I got the west coast sunshine
but it don't mean a thing

I'm getting over like I knew that I would
I'm feeling older than a younger man should
but one of these days i'll finally make good
and hide another mistake

this is a model tongue
this is the start of what's already done
this is the part that you eat when there's nowhere to turn

chorus 2x

All 'Cause of You
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

I've been sinking through the drain of love
lift my eyes to skies of up above
listen to me this is how I feel
since I knew you all my thoughts are real
you're the only one i wanna do
everything's new
and it's all 'cause of you

I've been moving cause my heart is true
telling everyone I know bout you
tell your mama that you won't be home
let your daddy know you're not alone

all I wanna do is make you mine
I said i'd love you honey anytime
don't believe the things they say about me
and all those things you know i'd never be
you're the only one i wanna do
everything's new
and it's all 'cause of you

now honey, honey, honey I can walk, walk, walk
I caught you kneeling in the alley with the baby talk
now listen to me baby if you can't sit still
I know your sister will

there ain't no blood on my hands love
there ain't no blood on my hands love
there ain't no blood on my hands love
the sun is up and I understand it's me

Nobody Cares
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

open your ears this is a story
it isn't clear is he a fool or a god?
but I don't care who knows it
and I don't care who sees
lift up my head and roll into a dream

get out the way he's never sorry
lives in a play he knows it's always your fault
but I don't care who knows it
and I don't care who saw
I turn my head and hope that it'll stop

'cause nobody cares what you've been through
and nobody cares how much you do
and nobody cares what kind of drugs your on
I can't take anymore fun

help on the way isn't she pretty
it's a new day he feels like a comic book god
but I don't care who knows it
and I don't care who sees
lift up my head and roll into a dream

'cause nobody cares what you've been through
and nobody cares how much you do
and nobody cares what kind of drugs your on
I can't take anymore fun

but then you shake
and then you moan
come to find out
your'e alone
but then you choke
you got another thing stuck in your throat
then you find out
you were home

chorus 2x

Bowls

Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

don't believe anybody else
fantasy falling for yourself I, I

don't believe anything you like
got to keep pulling at your life I, I

I feel like I'm 18
with the bowls on the scene
and the big poster wet dream
wating for my by the way
praying for a runaway

I had songs in my throat
I had the t.v. remote
and when a box would come
I could always ask for some
lazy eyes would just slip out from their lids

please don't tear off my head
the things that I said
only make me see god

and if I keep calling from the back
turn to see anybody crack I, I

I got my knees stuck up in my head
then you know all the things I said I, I

Head Cut Off

Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

fallin to fall
made you feel small
showed up to crawl away

say what you said
made up my head
no one is led astray

now my bed is burning
running around with my head cut off
and the big ones see my churning
giving it up like i've had enough

I know it's wrong
made it too long
now it's a song to play

all of my time
made out of rhymes
not all the lines can stay

all of those mountains burn for today

call off your cop
beg him to stop
show him your not that way

Battle Scar

Written by Keith Slettedahl, Adam Merrin, Brandon Jay
Kerok Music, BMI

I know you can and you should but you won't dear
took out a part of your heart when they don't cheer
was it a medal you got when you woke there?
on your own dear

when you were young you were hung up and lied to
every man with a plan got inside you
was it the bottle you dropped when they found you?
on your own dear

and it's clear right on the page
this is your battlescar
and it's clear, clear as the day
you got your battlescar
hey I know, ya I know, ya I know

now that you're tossed on a sea of emotion
every cut is as deep as the ocean
was it a drag when you woke up so lonesome?
on your own dear

the fun that you don't really need
opens you up like books
and pays you a lot to talk
when you don't even know
this scar will fade in time

Coming Home
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

Won't you be good to yourself
Don't you feel like coming home
It'll be good
It'll be like coming home

Blend all your days into weeks
Keep all your thoughts to yourself
It'll be good
It'll be like coming home

Because you need a place to stay
And I've been feeling dead since you went away
You better believe what I tell you cuz you're coming home

Won't you bring light to my day
Won't you be somebody new
It'll be good
It'll be like coming home

And tell me that you wanna be
With nobody else but me
It'll be good
It'll be like coming home

Because you need a place to stay
And I've been feeling dead since you went away
You better believe what I tell you cuz you're coming home

But oh, it's not a joke
It's got a butler, and a maid, and a stove
It's nothing new
It's up to you
And when I feel it
I hope you feel it too
Did you hear it
Yeah I heard it
And I think she's coming home to me

La la la la la la...

You Belong to Me
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

I treat it like a high school dance
waiting in the wings for my big chance
but I would only stare at my shoes
you belong to me I belong to you

I could tell an antique lie
full of all the things I want to hide
but that would only lead to the truth
you belong to me I belong to you

but I'm lazy and I'll pull you down
where you won't want to be
and I'm tasting what's pouring out of you
what am I supposed to do?

I could play a trick so strange
cover up my ears and pray for rain
but that would only give you the blues
you belong to me I belong to you

Haunt You

Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

I got a lot of something you ought to try
I'm gonna haunt you for the rest of your life
I got a lot of catching up left to do
just for me and for you

at the heart of something I wanna say
I'm gonna haunt you for the rest of your days
I got a lot of things that I'm gonna prove
just for me and for you

rollin and a reelin with your friends down the stairs
knockin on the ceiling just to see if I'm there
when you see me bleeding don't you know that I care

I got a lot of something you oughta be
I'm gonna haunt you till you want me to leave
I got a lot things that I'm gonna do
just for me and for you

Jesus is Good

Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

reading bones in a record
silly tunes break
hoping to shake
out of bounds up and down pick a cliché

any thought is a lesson
beating 'em through
eating time too
smoking crack in the back waiting for you

feet slide and heat slide and breeze before me
making trouble out of junk
feet slide and heat slide and singing sorry
staying home just like a monk

but Jesus is good
the angels all screamed he could
but I'm waiting here just to leave
all this life's just too much to believe

making art like a beggar
looking for crumbs
asking for some
easing out your teasing mouth you sit back and hum

getting high off a record
laying back too
hoping to prove
on the phones easy moans all in the grooves

Everybody Loves Me
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

everybody loves me but me ooh ooh ooh eee
feel so big but then I'm small
wrote the writing on the wall
and I'm just looking out for me

everybody needs me but me ooh ooh ooh eee
I got the big old fashioned head
I can't believe what It just said
and it's just looking out for me

but when my heart was good I knew I had it coming
my love was long and sick and tired of running
and i'd get hot just thinking about my dreams

feeling hazy like tired and lazy like
anybody can
feel the need to know where I need to go
there's gotta be a plan
now I'm older too and all I wanna do
all I need to know
does it got to be so slow

someone to say hey you're o.k. see

Not Enough
Written by Keith Slettedahl
Kerok Music, BMI

got a new revelation
wrote on the wall
ya I got a new inspiration
watching you fall

I put a hole in your pocket
that you never saw
ya I put a hole in your pocket
you never saw

so now you wanna get back all your love
that you say is coming in from above
and you promise that you got a new tune
well that's not enough

I got a new concentration
cause you never call
ya I got a new invitation
watching you crawl

so now you wanna get back all your love
that you say is coming in from above
and you promise that you got a new tune
but you never even know what to do

what's the point of talking if that's not enough