

Tape Deck

Jack Johnson

From my tape deck there's a recklessness
Inflections of the world we want
All my friends, my rusty truck
We're just specks of love, directionless
Call this band just what we want
We can change the name from month to month
Four guitars and zero drums
We sounded folk but we wanted to be punk
In a world post punk

My friend had an old guitar
He took some lessons didn't get very far
An Ibanez with one knob stuck
Said, "You can have that thing for fifty bucks"
Laura got a bass but it got no amp
Borrowed skills but never gave it back

Luke is just learning how to strum
But since he was the worst
We made him play the drums
Play the drums

You may find
In the palm
Of your hand
There's a flame
As it burns
As it climes
As it turns
To a blaze
Well this flame
It won't last
Here it comes
Hold it close
Cause this blaze
Can be fast
Set it free now there it goes

Luke's mom said that after school
We could rehearse in the living room
But that sure didn't last too long
Guess she didn't know we'd play Fugazi songs
We played these songs in the talent show
And all of the girls would be in the front row
But in the end we just chickened out
Because we can't sing
We can only shout
Only shhhh

You may find
In the palm
Of your hand
There's a flame
As it burns
As it climes
As it turns
To a blaze

Well this flame
It won't last
Here it comes
Hold it close
Well this blaze
Will be fast
Set it free now there it goes