

Willie Dixon Said

Tom Cochrane

Junkyard pilot and his sidekick derelict
Blactop halle bop microbus news do you get it?
Dialect comes so slick that you can't predict the news
Water it down like butternut blues

Black smoke's lightening comin' up the trees
Wrap it up nice put a bow round it please
Telly myself again and again and again
Get out of this son - state of mind we're in

Like Willie Dixon said
got to find me a place, To clear my head
Halle bop, halle bop I said
Gonna halle bop me gonna hail me a cab

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Justice lies somewhere behind...between
The have nots and the plasticine lies
Black spit twilight holograph scene
Conjured up images of apocalypse steam

Words never spoken wait on the lips
On the door step of a woman's millenium hips
Big bang wash clothes delirium
Nostradamus' imposter and one last run

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Haze falls away revealing dreams
Like writing a letter to myself it seems
Garage sales, paper trails, e-mails
Junk mail there for the plans that fail

God I miss you, I miss you real bad
The only thing real that I've ever had
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