

Reinventing the wheel

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ORIGINAL CLICHÉ

All your fresh ideas are stolen
And your road less traveled by
Is just a worn out path broken in
With the blind leading the blind
You're a pioneer of nothing
'cause you reinvent the wheel
That's been reinvented a million times
before you came along
You're like a broken record song

You can blame it on your daddy
For the role he never played
You can curse the ground he walked upon
And choose to walk the same
Neglecting those who love you
While you trust the ones who don't
And you smoke the grass that's greener
'til it all goes up in flames
And you're too far gone to change

But the price of being cool
Is to make the same mistakes
You're story's nothing new
Just an original cliché

You say that no one understands you
So you walk the world alone
Trying so hard to be different
That you're really just a clone
In a community of loners
Like a blindfold to the eyes
So you don't recognize
The chalky human outline on the floor
That says it's all been done before

'cause the price of being cool
Is to make the same mistakes
You're story's nothing new
Just an original cliché

You see it takes time for the circle
To make its way around
All that stuff you're getting high on
Will only bring you down

Because the price of being cool
Is to make the same mistakes
You're story's nothing new
Just an original cliché

NOBODY WANTS TO WORK

It took me ten good years to break in this old hat
It has a black sweat ring and the bill is cracked
It's all frayed in the front and duct taped in the back
There's so much that this hat has been through

In the window of the Abercrombie store
There's a product line I'm sure you've seen before
Brand new baseball caps made to look already worn
What is this world coming to

Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to work for it
If it don't come easy, it ain't worth the wait
Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to work for it
Welcome to the new old-fashioned way

I love the music that I grew up on
When the business was all about the song
These days it's just one throw up against the wall
If you don't stick, that's it – you're through

Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to work for it
If it don't come easy, it ain't worth the wait
Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to work for it
Welcome to the new old-fashioned way

I see it all the time
In the cardboard sign
That says I won't work for food
But I'd be happy to take your dime
Or the billboard for
A quick and cheap divorce
We don't try to fix anything anymore

Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to work for it
If it don't come easy, it ain't worth the wait
Nobody wants to work
Nobody wants to work for it
Welcome to the new old-fashioned way

HOW PRECIOUS LIFE IS

We moved the desk out of the office
Took down the college picture frames

Painted all the walls yellow
Because it goes with anything
Put those guards on all the outlets
Found a safer car to buy
Did it all for your protection
And your mama's piece of mind

I couldn't see it 'til now
You were teaching us then
How precious life is

I saw you in that picture
When they said you were a boy
Though I swore I had no preference
Those words filled my heart with joy
My mind raced ahead a decade
It had us camping near a fire
Where you'd tell me all your troubles
And I'd make everything alright

I couldn't see it 'til now
You were teaching us then
How precious life is

God willing if we have another child
I'll see it for the miracle it is
I'll be hanging on to every blessed breath
'cause I can't forget
How precious life is

I thought I knew what pain was
But I really had no clue
Until the hope was disappearing
And there was nothing we could do
I was too tired to shout in anger
Too scared to run and hide
I just stared there at your mother
And thanked God she was alive

I couldn't see it 'til now
You were teaching us then
How precious life is

DESPERATE MAN

I know I just display my foolish pride
When I try to be an island to myself
You must be tired of all the stuff that I still hide
Because I just can't seem to trust anyone else
It's a lonely way to live
Such a lonely way to live

I'm a desperate man
I'm in desperate need
Of your saving hand
To come and rescue me

You've been more than patient all this time
If it were me I would have given up long ago
The first time that you pulled me from the mire
And I brushed you off to dig another hole
It's a sad way to live
Such a sad, sad way to live

I'm a desperate man
I'm in desperate need
Of your saving hand
To come and rescue me

I used to be the strong one
The self-sufficient fool
I thought I needed no one
But the plain and simple truth
Is I'm a desperate man

I'm a desperate man
I'm in desperate need
Of your saving hand
To come and rescue me

ROAST BEEF

He had roast beef for his last meal
His brothers went to market and to home
He was cut off from his family
Because he wanted to find freedom on his own
He saw his big chance for an escape
In helicopter rotating blades
And said goodbye to the pigsty
Quick as a guillotine he was gone

All his brother's jealous hearts were broken
'Cause something was afoot there in that shoe
But they all stuck together
'Cause there's nothing they could do

He went from right there in the middle
To smack dab in the center of attention
He was picked up, he was cradled
He was given his own freezer bag to live in
And for the first time in his long life
He felt the sunshine on every side
So he set sail like a hangnail
And waved back to the shore goodbye

His brothers always said it was so crowded
Well maybe now they'd finally have some space
But they were out of balance there without him in his place

So he came back from vacation
Out of family obligation
And rejoined with those four vandals
For the sake of wearing sandals

Now we can't say he did not try
He gave up all his chances to be free
But once you've felt that kind of sunshine
You can't go back to the way you used to be
So when I look down and remember
Something's missing in the middle
May it always be a symbol
One day that will be me

ALRIGHT HERE

You don't have to be a martyr
I already know that you're strong
You don't have to stand unguarded

In the eye of the storm
You don't have to send a message
Cause there's nothing to prove
Nothing to hide
Nothing to lose

Everybody's got their limits
There's only so much you can take
You can dam it up inside you
But one day it's gonna break
When the water overwhelms you
And you've lost the strength to swim
You don't have to be a hero
And keep it all in
You can weep like a baby
You can sink like a stone
You can break and go crazy
Alright here in my arms
You're alright here in my arms

Ever since you were a child
You had a picture in your dreams
Of how you wanted things to turn out
Of what you'd like your life to be
Now you're living with an image
That you hardly recognize
You don't have to gloss it over
Like everything's fine

You can weep like a baby
You can sink like a stone
You can break and go crazy
Alright here in my arms
You're alright here in my arms

THAT GUY

He scoped out the market
All the women and kids
With so many distractions
Nobody noticed him
Nobody noticed him
He had a jacket a size too big
A skullcap on his head
And a couple of homemade bombs
He duct taped them to his chest
He taped them to his chest

God loves that guy
God loves that guy

He followed his heart
To a co-worker's bed
He could have salvaged his marriage with kids
But he chose to leave instead
He chose to leave
He thought it was love
But it was just a mirage
So he sits in his idling car
Parked in a closed garage
Inside a closed garage

God loves that guy
God loves that guy

Me on the other hand I can write somebody off
Like the last check for a student loan
I can love when it's convenient
But it's not always convenient
It's not always the easy road
I want to look past the outside to the well-meaning heart
To the good they forgot that they had
Teach me to love, teach me to love
Teach me to love like that

He messed up again
Wanted to disappear
But he can't 'cause he's easy to find
I see him in the mirror
I see him in the mirror

God loves that guy
God loves that guy
Teach me to love, teach me to love
Teach me to love like that
Love like that

MORE OF A MAN

I took my granddad's .22
When I was in the 2nd grade
I shot a deer right in the heart
And rubbed his blood upon my face

The summer when I turned sixteen
I got up each day before the dawn
I was building barns and bailing hay
Worked harder than the day was long

Now I'm 30 and I have three kids
I watch Dora the Explorer in the morning
I feel a sad truth sinking in
Maybe I was more of a man back then

It used to be that my daily fare
Was chicken fried steak and barbecue
I had Dr. Pepper every meal
And ice cream when the day was through

Now I'm watching my cholesterol
My metabolism is obviously slowing
Tonight its salad once again
Surely I was more of a man back then

I used to watch Jean Claude Van Damme
Killing guys on the silver screen
Now every night with the kids in bed
We watch Gilmore Girls on DVD
Surely I was more ...

So I suck in my protruding gut
On our monthly dinner night
You're saying something about the kids
As I watch these young men pass me by

I remember I was just like them
I was lonely but I called it independent
And if lonesome is what manly is
Baby I was more of a man back then

ENOUGH TIME

If I added ten seconds to every minute
And added ten minutes to every hour
Then added ten hours to the length of each day
There still wouldn't be enough time

Or if I had the power to hold back the sun
To keep it from rising and bringing its light
I'd stretch out this night for as long as I could
But it still wouldn't be enough time

Yeah I could lie in these covers
Growing old with each other
For the rest of forever
But it still wouldn't be enough time
It still wouldn't be enough time

We could take off our watches and stop all the clocks
Unplug the phone and turn the radio on
And dance on these hardwoods until kingdom come
But it still wouldn't be enough time

Yeah I could lie in these covers
Growing old with each other
For the rest of forever
But it still wouldn't be enough time
It still wouldn't be enough time

HOLY GROUND

A good half-inch of dust had built up on the pews
There were pieces missing from the stained glass dove
There was a broken lock on one of the basement doors
You could open if you pushed it hard enough
It was wintertime
The streets were cold as hell
They laid their sleeping bags
Along the altar rail

It was holy ground
It was holy ground
It was holy ground

As the word got out the sanctuary filled
With folks who had no other place to call their home
At night they'd share a meal and pass a bottle around
Something they were all accustomed to alone
The piano's out of tune
Some keys don't even work
But one guy could play a song
Out of the hymnal book

It was holy ground
It was holy ground
It was holy ground

The local priest soon got word
Of the vagrants in the empty church
He was told to go to the house of God
And clear them out because after all
It was holy ground

He was met at the door by a man with open arms
Saying "welcome to the one place we belong"
He saw the shiny floors beneath the sleeping bags
He could hear the sound of laughter down the hall
Later on that night
As they broke the bread
He asked them if there's room
For an extra bed

'cause it was holy ground
It was holy ground
It was holy ground

GIVE IT TIME

She locks the door every time I walk out
Even if I'm only taking out the trash
Her need to feel secure used to drive me mad
Now it's one of the things I've grown to love

She swears she needs eight hours of sleeping
But can't fall asleep until I am in bed
An early bird moved in to the night owl's nest
And it's one of the things I've grown to love

So give it time, give it time
You have to wait through the winter cold
For the spring sunshine
I'm the soil she's the seed
Give it time and the flowers just grow on me

Sometimes I felt like giving up forever
When we're fighting in some little civil war
But when we lay the weapons down
We find we're closer than before
And that's one of the things I've grown to love

So give it time, give it time
You have to wait through the winter cold
For the spring sunshine
I'm the soil she's the seed
Give it time and the flowers just grow on me

Don't throw in the towel

Love is nothing like what I expected
I had no idea it would expect so much of me
But it's worth committing to
And if you don't believe

Just give it time, give it time
You have to wait through the winter cold
For the spring sunshine
I'm the soil she's the seed
Give it time and the flowers just grow on me