

Janesville

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1992

I'm going down to Janesville in the morning
Try to catch a job as a hired hand
I'm going down to Janesville without warning
Some folks say that it's the Promised Land

This withered town with fields of brown has finally worn me down
My hopes have dried up and they've blown away
Janesville has a river where the water tastes like wine
And they say the sun shines every day

I'm going down to Janesville in the morning
Try to catch a job as a hired hand
I'm going down to Janesville without warning
Some folks say that it's the Promised Land

Now I don't know but I've been told it never does get cold
In Janesville it's springtime all year 'round
They say the soil is rich just like chocolate in your hands
Drop a seep and the plants jump from the ground

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Some folks say that it's the Promised Land

It might be true or untrue but what else can I do
There's nothing left here to be done
If I don't leave tomorrow I might never get away
Lookout Janesville here I come

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I'm A Painter Too

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1988

I was standing on a twelve foot ladder I was painting my neighbor's porch
I had brown paint on my hands and clothes when my sister passed walking to church
Her son he shouted hey look there's Billy he's painting the Gallagher's place
I thought you said he was a guitar player so why's he got that paint on his face
My sister waved her hands and stammered she didn't know just what to say
So I said I play guitar at night and I paint houses during the day

I'm guitar player but I'm a painter too
Sometimes there's things you have to do
So I'm a painter too

An hour later I was still there painting when Maryann drove by in her car
She pulled over her friends teased her they said look there's your rock-n-roll star
I was hurt but she was mad and she said he's painting for the baby and me
And I'd rather have a lover on a ladder than a crush on a star on TV
Some day I'm gonna climb down that ladder and wash my hands off one last time
But until my guitar can pay it's own way I'll smell like paint and turpentine

I'm guitar player but I'm a painter too
Sometimes there's things you have to do
So I'm a painter too

Somewhere In The Night

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1988

Two thin headlights lead me down the road
Into a night that's black and icy cold
It's 3 am there's no other cars around
And this song inside my head is the only sound
The stores are locked up tight
I'm all alone somewhere in the night

Three years in prison sure can change a man
It slows him down and makes him understand
I'd lie in my cell at night and think of you
And about the things I did and did not do
I swore I'd make 'em right
Someday soon somewhere in the night

Well it seems I've lived my life without a spark
I've been banging into walls in the dark
And I'm looking for a woman who can shine the light
And I know she's out there somewhere in the night

Well today I drove by your house in town
And your neighbor said that you hadn't been around
And that lady next door said she wasn't sure
But she heard that you headed for the shore
So I flicked on the highbeam lights
And went looking for you somewhere in the night

And when I find you girl you're gonna see I'm a different man
I'm gonna show you the calluses on my hands
I've climbed down off the tavern stools
And I've traded in my gun for a box of tools
Yeah and I'm gonna find a brand new life
I know it's out there somewhere in the night

Well it seems I've lived my whole life without a spark
I've been banging into walls in the dark
And I'm looking for a woman who can shine the light
And I know she's out there somewhere in the night

Down In Paradise

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1990

At the end of the bus line near the beltway in west Baltimore
There's a place they call Paradise
And it was the end of the line for some good ole friends of mine
Yeah their lives rolled just like a pair of dice

Now we all lived in row homes with tidy gardens and small backyards
And windows full of hungry eyes
Born to run we drove around up and down the same ole town
Yeah we never did get too far from Paradise

CHORUS:

Once we were chasin' something and now something's chasin' us
Still we run through the night
I may travel far and wide but I promise I will never leave my friends behind
Down in Paradise

We sat on the hoods of our cars and I sang and I played my guitar
And we looked into the young girls eyes
We drank our beer every Saturday night and sometimes there'd be a fight
And the cops they'd chase us all through Paradise

Now my ole pals they were so crazy but true
Yeah they would drive all night for you
And their friendship it never had a price
And now some of us we're feeling stuck
We got too many bills we got too little luck
Yeah we wonder why it's called Paradise

CHORUS

Like Billy D who smiled and Penny who ran wild
And Koch who played guitar and Stepp who went too far
There was Connolly who was cool and Jack who sang the blues
And Donnie who we lost on the road

I put my guitar on my shoulder and rolled on down the road

Hitting the curbs just like a pair of dice
And I made friends in every town oh but I never settled down
Cause there's only one place I call Paradise

Bang

by Billy Kemp © copyright 1997

Timing is everything this I know
And you can get down or get back up
And that's all there is to it
Did you know there's a full moon over your bed every night
Yes indeed it's the kind of thing
That once you've seen it'll always be there
And until someone's lived with you
You don't really know

You think that until you have cried
You'll always be smiling
Ain't that the truth
But when you've had a warning
There's no excuse
Is there some kind of connection
That isn't so
Obviously you should be
Looking from a different angle

Step a bit this way
Step a bit that way
and then Bang
It's right there in front of you

Step a bit this way
Step a bit that way
and then Bang
It's right there in front of you

And when you are picking through
The trash can looking for your number
Just remember
It does really matter

Springs

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1992

Down in Springs where the colors burst with pride
And fill the empty days
Not like here where colors run and hide
And even the air is grey

Blue is the color of the sky
Gold are the birds as they fly
Blackest night blackest night I've seen
Whitest light whitest light so clean
Down in Springs

Down in Springs where the buds and leaves explode
And sunlight shakes the ground
I will move down that candy colored road
Far from this muted town

Red is the color of the barn
Green are the fields around the farm
Blackest night blackest night I've seen
Whitest light whitest light so clean
Down in Springs

Down in Springs every color can be found
They flicker flame and flash
In my barn the paint goes 'round and 'round
A slippery splish and splash

Yellow is the color of her dress
Pink is the roundness of her breast
Blackest night blackest night I've seen
Whitest light whitest light so clean
Down in Springs

You're Too Old

by Billy Kemp © copyright 1994

You're too old to be riding a Harley
You're too old to be getting high
You're too old to be wearing those bluejeans
You're too old to be wondering why
You're too old to ride that roller coaster
You're too old to learn how to fly
You're too old to be taught some new tricks
But you're still too young to die
You're still too young to die

When you gonna cut your hair
When you gonna dress your age
When you gonna get a life

You're too old to be going out with that girl
You're too old for another love-sick sigh
You're too old to be driving a fast car
You're too old to give it one more try
You're too old to be listening to that song
You're too old to have a gleam in your eye
You're too old not to know right from wrong
But you're still too young to die
You're still too young to die

CHORUS

You're too old to be moving a Marshall
You're too old to be gigging nine to two
You're too old to be sleeping so late
And you're too old to be new
You're too old to be turning back now
You're too old to set your sights so high
You're too old to be wearing a tattoo
But you're still too young to die
You're still too young to die

When you gonna cut your hair
When you gonna dress your age
When you gonna get a life

When I Get Out Of Line

by Billy Kemp © copyright 1998

Just like those sailor boys
Moods like tides they come and go
Monday for sure Tuesday don't know
Just like a distraught lover
Trying to make that climb
From down so low to so sublime

Gonna rock n roll to a crazy tune
Gonna wax and wane howl at the moon
Gonna fill your cup when there's no more wine
Just help me find my place when I get out of line

Just like new lovers
Overflowing with desire
There's a burning inside passion like wildfire
Just like a gambler
Singing the same blues
Looking for tomorrows paper
Ending up with yesterdays news

Gonna rock n roll to a crazy tune
Gonna wax and wane howl at the moon
Gonna fill your cup when there's no more wine
Just help me find my place when I get out of line

Oh baby help me when I'm
Out of touch and out of time
Oh baby help me when I'm
Out of sight and out of mind

Gonna rock n roll to a crazy tune
Gonna wax and wane howl at the moon
Gonna fill your cup when there's no more wine
Just help me find my place when I get out of line

Promises To Keep

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1988

It's a bad night to be driving up to Emmittsburg
I'll call it off and go back home but I gave my word
Why do we drive this beat-up van to these funky bars
When we only make a hundred bucks to play our guitars

These old wipers ain't helping much in this snow tonight
I could call and tell a lie but I just would not feel right
To strand those kids up in that town on a Friday night
With nothing but a jukebox and a chance to fight

Oh Dougie it's cold tonight the snow is falling
I know you want to sleep
Dougie we can't stop now we got miles to go
And promises to keep
Miles to go and promises to keep
Miles to go and promises to keep

Week after week year after year we play the bars
I love the songs I love the crowds I'm getting kind of tired
Mama says if we took a job down at the factory
We could stay home every weekend and watch tv

But remember what we promised when we were young
We would always try to live the life of the songs we sung
Hey Dougie bang on that heater try to make it work
We'll have to push to make it there by eight o'clock

Oh Dougie it's cold tonight the snow is falling
I know you want to sleep
Dougie we can't stop now we got miles to go
And promises to keep
Miles to go and promises to keep
Miles to go and promises to keep

Can't Stop Thinking About You

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1985

I tried to stay at home tonight to watch Hillstreet Blues and drink
But your perfume's on the sofa baby and your hair is in the sink
I walked down to the corner to the double seven diner
Oh we ate there so often baby every bite was a reminder
I tried everything but no matter what I do
I can't stop thinking about you

I walked a little farther down to the Sunset Bar and Grille
But when my lips touched that bottle baby I felt your kiss and it's thrill
I went to see a movie at the Uptown Star Bijou
Oh the actress had your hairdo and she walked the same way too
I tried everything but no matter what I do
I can't stop thinking about you

Oh baby I keep thinking about you
Oh baby I keep thinking about you
I tried everything but no matter what I do
I can't stop thinking about your sweet loving baby

I jumped into my Chevy I drove out on highway eighty eight
I pulled up behind this big ole Cadillac and your name was on his license plate
And every traffic light left me stunned and paralyzed
Each one was red as your lips baby or it was green as your eyes
I tried everything but no matter what I do
I can't stop thinking about you

So I pulled off onto the back roads baby but your memory followed me
I heard your voice in the cold wind as it was blowing through the trees
I looked up into the night sky when I finally stopped the car
I saw your face in the full moon I saw your body in the stars
I tried everything but no matter what I do
I can't stop thinking about you

Oh baby I keep thinking about you
Oh baby I keep thinking about you
I tried everything but no matter what I do
I can't stop thinking about you

I Wish You Well

by Billy Kemp and Geoffrey Himes © copyright 1982

I wish you that you weren't walking out that door
I wish your bags weren't piled up here on the floor
I wish you would change your mind once more
I wish I could snap my fingers and break this spell

But since you're leaving baby baby baby baby
I wish you well

I wish you well even though I really wish that you would stay
I wish you well even though it's really hard for me to say
I'll wish you well even as you go away
You say it's best only time will tell

But since you're leaving baby baby baby baby
I wish you well

You better go now your taxi just arrived
And I don't want you to see me break down and cry

I wish you well even though I really wish that you would stay
But since you're leaving baby baby baby baby
I wish you well

Since you're leaving baby baby baby baby
I wish you well

