



## a very dull boy

words & music by eric bazilian

There's a very dull boy that lives next door  
And he don't even know what it is he's fighting for  
He's counting on you to show him the score  
Cause he don't want to be a very dull boy anymore

*So admit it was wrong to sell your soul for a song  
Playing with the heart like it was a toy  
Johnny, Johnny, you're a very dull boy*

There's a very dull boy that lives next door — *and he don't even know it*  
And he don't even know what it is he's fighting for  
He's counting on you to show him the score — *but he's afraid to blow it, yeah*  
Cause he don't want to be a very dull boy anymore

*Can't you see, ooh yeah, what you are, oh yes indeed  
it's more than just your guitar — and I just love to play it  
playing with the heart of the angels above  
Johnny, Johnny, — what? get ready for love*

*Life is yours for the taking*  
Ooh, but it feels like my hands are tied sometimes  
*no you're never gonna stop, never give up chasing*  
No, I'm never gonna give up chasing a dream  
*until the end of time — Until the end of time*

Yeah, I'm the very dull boy that lives next door — *it's better now that you know it*  
But now I think I know what it is I've been fighting for — *it's still the same as it was*  
Yeah, so now I'm counting on you to help me figure out the score  
*just take the ball and throw it, go ahead*  
Cause I don't want to be a very dull boy — *Johnny, Johnny, you're ready for love, yeah*  
Anymore — *you're gonna know when you know it*  
I know there's something out there still worth fighting for — *still the same as it was*  
Just tell me what you want me to do to settle up the score, yeah  
*just take the ball and throw it, go ahead*  
Cause I don't want to be a very dull boy anymore  
*Johnny, Johnny, you're ready, you're ready for love, yeah*  
Oh, I'm ready — *Johnny, Johnny*  
I'm really ready — *Johnny, Johnny, you're ready*  
Ready for love  
I'm ready for your love, baby — *Johnny, Johnny, you're ready for love, yeah*  
I'm ready for love  
And I ain't gonna be a very dull boy anymore



## lucky to be

words & music by eric bazilian

I barely made it out of high school  
And I can hardly hang on to a job  
I've got a tattoo of a bleeding Jesus  
And I don't even believe in God

I'm lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky* — whatever  
*lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
I'm just lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky* — whatever  
I'm just lucky to be  
*What you wanna be, what you wanna be*

I burn a little rubber on the back roads  
A little faster than I ought  
The Highway Patrol tries to pull me over  
But I always end up getting caught

I'm lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky* — whatever  
*lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
I'm lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky* — whatever  
So here's looking at you, — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
Just looking at me, — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
We're just lucky to be, — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
Lucky to be — whatever  
*What you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be...*

I spend my mornings with Regis  
My afternoons are spent with Mash  
I'd sell my soul to the Devil for a widescreen  
If he could come up with the cash, yeah...

I'm lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky* — whatever  
*lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
I'm just lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky* — whatever  
So here's looking at you — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
Just looking at me — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
We're just lucky to be — *lucky lucky, yeah, lucky lucky*  
Lucky to be — whatever  
*What you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be...*



## insomnia

words & music by eric bazilian

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep and should I die  
Before I wake I pray the Lord my soul to take, yeah

Insomnia, it's just another word for being lonely  
Insomnia, it's just the way I feel come on and hold me  
Come on and hold me, yeah, hold me

Sleep, come fill my weary eyes  
Love, make my spirit rise  
Yeah, help me realize that all I need is you, I really do  
You need me, too, yeah

Insomnia, it's just another word for being lonely  
Insomnia, it's just the way I feel come on and hold me  
Yeah, come on now hold me  
Yeah, come on now hold me  
Ooh, come on and hold me  
Hold me...

Now I lay me down beside you  
Tasting every breath you take  
At least I try to be there when you wake  
Yeah, just to feel you hold me — *hold me*  
Yeah, come on now — *hold me* — come on now — *hold me*  
*Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah*

Insomnia, it's just another word for being lonely  
Insomnia, it's just the way I feel come on and hold me  
Insomnia, yeah it's just another word for being lonely, I'm lonely  
Insomnia — I'm lonely, insomnia, insomnia



## since you ask

words & music by eric bazilian

Since you ask, let me refresh your mind  
On a thing or two  
Number one, we're not the same  
Number two, no one's to blame for the past  
And since you ask, one and one is two  
Number three, forgive someone  
For the things they might have done, since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*  
Since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*

Since you seem already to know everything  
I might say to you  
Better I should shut my mouth  
Cause the conversation's going south, since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*  
Oh, since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*

But know that I love you  
Know that I'm on your side  
I couldn't leave you if I tried to  
Oh...

Oh no, it ain't easy  
And know that it takes some time  
Nobody loves you more than I do

Since you ask, let me refresh your mind  
One and one is two  
Number three is in her bed  
Number four, number five driving you out of your head  
You wanted to know so I said what I said since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*  
Oh, since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*  
Oh, since you ask  
*since you ask, since you ask, since you ask*  
Yeah, since you ask



**feeling your pain**

*words & music by eric bazilian*

I'm feeling your pain

I'm feeling your pain

We all need some sympathy sometimes  
To stroke our wounded ego and make our spirits rise  
Come and lay beside me  
Come on and play beside me  
I won't bite you, baby, I'm just like you, baby

I'm feeling your pain

I'm feeling your pain

Culture teaches us that we must hide  
Leading to depression, and sometimes suicide  
Come and hold me tightly  
No, I won't take you lightly  
Please don't leave me, now I know you need me, baby

I'm feeling your pain

I'm feeling your pain

And when your heart is filled with turpentine  
Remember that the road is always long and serpentine

Years of my experience have shown  
Much as we believe that we've learned from life and grown  
Sometimes we're a hero  
Sometimes we're less than zero  
There's no logic to it, brains won't get you through it

I'm feeling your pain

I'm feeling your pain

I'm feeling your pain

I'm feeling your pain



## **a pocket full of nothing**

*words & music by eric bazilian*

Everyone's a winner when the market is good  
Pork belly futures, oil and wood  
Internet ventures we know nothing about  
But there's one thing we'll never live without

A pocket full of nothing, some nickles and dimes  
Owing all the people all of the time  
Interest rates are falling, the market is dead  
The margin man is calling you're over your head

Everyone's an expert on the ins and the outs  
But no one really knows what all this shit is about  
Higher expectations, going deeper in debt  
But what you never want is what you always get

A pocket full of nothing, some nickles and dimes  
Owing all the people all of the time  
Interest rates are falling, the market is dead  
The margin man is calling you're over your head, yeah  
You're in way over your head

Remember what was happening back in Twenty-nine  
The Street was going crazy, and bodies were flying  
Yeah, well, you can call it what you want to, ambition or greed  
It's never gonna stop because it's like a disease

A pocket full of nothing, some nickles and dimes  
Owing all the people all of the time  
Interest rates are falling, the market is dead  
The margin man is calling you're over your head  
A pocket full of nothing, you try to believe  
As much as you may give it's double you will receive  
Got caught up in the action, you're deep in the red  
You got no satisfaction, you're over your head  
You're over your head



**ella fitzgerald**

*words & music by eric bazilian*

Ella Fitzgerald, Ella Fitzgerald  
Where is she when we need her the most?

Growing up I thought that David Crosby was the son of Bing  
All those Crosbys looked alike to me  
Elvis Presley was the King, but John and Paul were everything  
Until one fateful night I chanced to see

Ella Fitzgerald, Ella Fitzgerald  
Where is she when we need her the most?  
She's just a ghost

Fingers hopping wildly cross the buttons of my radio  
All this crap just sounds the same to me  
What is music, I don't know  
I thought I did some years ago  
When late one night I saw her on TV

Oh, Ella Fitzgerald, Ella Fitzgerald  
Where are you when we need you the most?  
You're just a ghost

The crowd was going crazy and the sweat was dripping down her face  
Syllables of joy in place of words  
Maybe that ain't rock and roll  
But Ella's still the Queen Of Soul  
And next to her the rest all sound absurd

Oh, Ella Fitzgerald, Ella Fitzgerald  
Where are you when we need you the most?  
Oh, Ella Fitzgerald, Ella Fitzgerald  
Raise my glass to you as if to toast  
Here's to your ghost...



## **too much of my time**

*words & music by eric bazilian*

This time must be the last time I ever fall in love  
I've already wasted too much of my time  
And time is the one thing there's just too little of

We've had our summer now it's turning cold  
Time to pack up all our things and go back home  
Schools will be starting, and jobs begin again  
Songs we've sung will take on such a different tone  
Ooh, baby

This time must be the last time ever I fall in love  
Cause I've already wasted too much of my time  
And time is the one thing there's just too little of

Gonna take a ride to the other side  
Baby, you and I really gotta try, try, try  
I haven't been the same since I met you  
No I'll never, never, ever forget you, yeah

Friends can be lovers, lovers can be friends  
Time will tell if we'll go on or if we'll end  
And if I should ever hurt you, as I surely will  
Please just rest assured that, yes, I love you still  
Ooh, baby

This time must be the last time ever I fall in love  
Cause I've already wasted too much of my time  
And time is the one thing there's just too little of  
Yeah, time is the one thing there's just too damn little of



## **lump of clay**

*words & music by eric bazilian*

First there was a lump of clay  
Added some, and took some more away  
I'm not trying to say that I am God  
But sometimes it just feels that way

I had a friend who had an oven, he kept that sucker hot  
I put the things I made into it, somehow I forgot  
Burn, baby, burn

First there was a lump of clay  
Added some, and took the rest away  
I'm not trying to say that I am God  
But sometimes it just feels that way, yeah  
Shaping and creating things  
Seeing what tomorrow brings  
All night long, yeah  
For some purpose I don't know  
It's been this way since long ago when

First there was a lump of clay  
Added some, and took some more away  
I'm not trying to say that I am God  
But sometimes it just feels that way

I got a wheel, I've got my oven  
And over time I've learned  
Sometimes things work out all right  
And sometimes they just burn  
Burn, baby, burn, yeah  
Shaping and creating me, what I am is what I'll be  
All life long, yeah  
For some reason I don't know  
Gave up searching long ago but  
Now I've got a lump of clay  
Adding some, and taking some away  
I'm not trying to say that I am God  
But when I dig my hands into a lump of clay  
Adding some and taking some away  
Yeah, I feel like God  
With nothing more than just my little lump of clay  
Just a lump of clay



## **hallelujah and amen**

*words & music by eric bazilian*

When the wine was gone we turned to whiskey  
When the whiskey was gone we turned to wine  
Now the wine is gone and there's no whiskey  
As we kiss our Salad Days so far behind

*Hallelujah* and Amen  
*Hallelujah*, here's to my friends  
*Hallelujah*, *Hallelujah*

When the cake was gone we turned to candy  
Now the candy's disappeared but I feel fine

*Hallelujah* and Amen  
*Hallelujah*, here's to my friends  
*Hallelujah*, oh yeah, *Hallelujah*, oh yeah *and Amen*

Each new beginning *and Amen*  
Comes from something's end, yeah, yeah, *jajamen*  
Everything that dies might even somehow live again

When they clear the dust of civilization  
And the roses and such have gone to seed  
When the lights have all gone out we'll turn to candles  
Yeah, that's light enough for all of us to see

*Hallelujah* oh, and another amen  
*Hallelujah*, yeah, another one for my friends  
*Hallelujah*, I got a bucket full of hallelujah  
*Hallelujah*, a big old hallelujah  
Yeah, amen  
*Hallelujah*  
Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, *Hallelujah*  
I got a bucket full of hallelujah  
*Hallelujah*, a big old bucket full of love  
*Hallelujah*, a whole lot of love, for you and me  
*And Amen*