



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, what you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna be, what you wanna 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