

A woman in a cowboy hat is shown from the back, playing an acoustic guitar. She is silhouetted against a dramatic, fiery background of orange and yellow flames. The scene is set in a field with a wooden fence and trees. The overall mood is intense and dramatic.

77
el Deora

Sirens

•1.

(Ain't I a)
Handsome Fool?

(3:50) (Tani)
Pedal steel: DP;
Bkgd vox: KG, KK

There are good reasons why complicated machines are given feminine names.

She's goin' nowhere tonight
But I tell you friend,
that's alright
She turns heads
just sittin' here
So I'll have me
another beer
I know she ain't right for me
All my friends
can clearly see
That I'd be better off if my
taste ran more sensibly

I'm not sensible
And not reliable
Or economical
I might have a few quirks
but I'm worth a little work

I'm not practical
And not dependable
And I'm stranded
at the junction
of form and function
Tunin' the dial
between comfort and style
I can't afford the fuel
but she makes me look cool
Ain't I a handsome fool?

The steak is on the grill
She's my new purple pill
She slow in the curves
But she's fast just sittin' still

She's built for comfort,
I concede
But tonight she's
dressed for speed
Hey, I'm a sucker for style
And she's got style
by the mile

But it takes a lot of cash
To move all that
style and class
Two tons and twenty feet
of chrome and glass

chorus

•2.

This Record Sucks

(2:29) (Tani)

Old songs bring back old memories. Sometimes the tunes were better than the times... What's the hearing equivalent of 20/20 hindsight?

Spoken: *So I'm just sitting at the bar. Minding my own business. Enjoying a little peace and quiet, when I hear a couple of quarters rattle their way down the coin slot of the juke box. -Two buttons pressed. A couple of clicks. The needle hits the groove, and I think to myself...*

Oh! I love this tune
Though I haven't heard it in a blue moon
It used to be our special song
When our lovin' was so strong
It started out so right. Yeah!
How could it go so wrong?

Now they're comin'
back to me
The reasons why
we couldn't be
The weekly fights
we fought each day
The silent nights
That divorcee
And this stupid song
behind it all
Man, this record sucks!

Man, this record sucks.
What did I ever see in you?
This song just
makes me think
Of all you put me through
This record sucks. This
record sucks. This record
sucks.

Now that tune's
stuck in my head.
Just when I thought
that our love was dead
Out of mind and out of view
This song was done
and we were through
Hey, I'm so over it. Yeah!
Why aren't I over you?



– one with a fresh look
And I'll forget the past and
throw the hurt away

Well –the A's have got just
one name but it's scratched
out 20 times.
That Alison was always
movin' round.
The B's are not much better
– they're worn out to the let-
ter, with the names of girls I
lost before I found.

chorus

My relationship with Kitty
was one long extended
fight.
We broke up nearly every
single day
By the point that she last
left me, it suited me just fine
I grabbed the book and tore
out all the K's

•3.

My Old Address Book

(2:55) (Tani)
Pedal steel: DP

The tattered little book's
pages are about as frayed
as my nerves. "The number
you have dialed is no longer
in service."

My old address book
-it's got that stressed look
And you can tell that it has
seen a better day
I'll buy a new book



•4.

Bad Boy

(3:57) (Tani)

Guitar: DG;

Bkgd vox: KG, KK

Do me right or do me wrong,
but if you're gonna do me
wrong, -at least do it the
right way.

Bad boy.
Bad boy do me good.
Bad boy.
Bad boy do me good.
I need someone who can
do me like a bad man would

I took 2 hours
getting dressed so I'd be
ready on time.
Now I've been waiting on
the porch 2 hours while
my blood pressure climbs,
every time I hear that clock
on the wall chime

chorus

He finally gets around
to callin' sayin' that he's run-
nin' late.

Seems he and his buddy
got stopped on the inter-
state.
Now he only gets one call
so our date will have to
wait.



•5.

Is This Gonna Hurt?

(4:03) (Tani)

Piano: JP;

Drums: TS

Some things just seem too
good to be true and you
find yourself waiting for
the other shoe to drop...

This feels so good.
It's so long since I had
so much attention
It's been a while, since I
felt a spark worthy of men-
tion

When you're alone
-you don't always realize
That you're lonely
-and I've been lonely
My heart is on my sleeve
Tell me please
Is this gonna hurt?

Is this gonna hurt?
I can brace myself a little if
I know
Is this gonna hurt?
Though I know that it won't
soften up the blow

I'm not afraid to try at love
and lose
Though I try to appear
strong - I still bruise
Before we take this any
further -let me choose
Is this gonna hurt?
Is this gonna hurt?
Is this gonna hurt?

I watch your eyes
As your lips pronounce
each word I long to hear
You flatter me
And your flattery
seems so sincere

But my heart -
is telling me there's aching
on the way -
and I turn away
I know I should beware
- but I don't care
This is gonna hurt

•6.

The Devil in My Ear

(3:11) (Tani)

Bkgd vox: KG, KK

Countin' flowers on the wall
-that don't bother me at all.
Playin' solitaire till dawn,
with a deck of fifty-one.

There's a pay phone
in the hall
Just like there is
on every floor
I hear it ringing
through the wall
Then there's a
banging on my door

Somebody yells
the call's for me
And I set down
this glass of gin

I've got a feeling
- Yes siree
Trouble's calling me again

She's pouring honey
in my ear
Sweet little lies
I love to hear
I'm gonna do things
I'll regret
Gonna give more than I get
And watch my
money disappear

I check just how much
cash I've got,
so I know how much
I'm gonna lose.
I know it's all
gonna get shot
on shootin' dice
and shots of booze

chorus

My common sense
should interfere
But she's sounding
so sincere
I'll forget what's
right from wrong
When I hear
that siren's song

From the devil in my ear
Why can't I learn
from my mistakes?
I'm so sure that I want to
Not when they're
so much fun to make,
and there're so many
left to do



•7.

3:30 in the Afternoon

(2:22) (Wayne)

Busy day planned. Smokin',
drinkin', pinin', whinin'...
There is a lot of pressure as-
sociated with the demands
of a broken heart.

•8.

Lucky Tonight

(3:28) (Tani)

Mandolin: SK

There are different kinds of luck... he doesn't know what kind of lucky he is. A fetishistic, hillbilly noir lament of unrealized revenge.

There's a pretty little pistol with a pearl white handle with your letters in the bottom of my purse. Well, that pretty little pistol could do a lot of damage, but the letters would prob'ly do you worse

You don't know how close you are to never walkin' out that door, then somehow you get lucky again....

But then you hold me
-Oh yeah
And then you kiss me
-Oh yeah
And then you squeeze me
-Oh yeah
I know that I should fight it

but it feels so right
It looks like you're getting' lucky tonight

That gold plated lighter engraved with our initials, you said symbolized our flame of love
Well that gold plated lighter's gonna keep that fire burning, along with everything you're part of

All your thieving and your lying
All my heartbreak and my crying
All add up to the end for you

chorus

That exquisite little bottle of perfume that you gave me
So expensive that it was obscene
That exquisite little bottle poured on that pile of letters
So much sweeter than the smell of gasoline

As I watch you in the light of the flames that ignite

I remember the way that you...



•9.

The Same

(3:42) (Tani)

Organ: JP;

Mandolin: MT

How dark is the night?
How heavy's the rain?
How cold is the light
And sharp is the pain?

I've been here before
But not like tonight
It's too close to home.
It cuts to the bone.
And it's hard to imagine
That it can ever be all right.

I can take a punch.

I can stand the pain.
I can shake it off,
and get back up again.
And I know this will pass
And we'll relight the flame
But we can't erase what we know now -and for us
It'll never be the same

Time marches on
The memory fades
But the past's never gone
And the debt's never paid

I've been here before
But not like tonight
Close turns to far
Wound turns to scar
And it's hard to imagine
That it had ever been all right



•10.

Color Me Gone

(4:27) (Tani)

Drums: TS;

Bkgd vox: KG, KK

Couple of suitcases in the trunk, half a pack of cigarettes, a full tank of gas. She is so outta here...

Take the key to my apartment
There's a week left on the rent
The cash that I poured in that pit could not have been worse spent

Take the stereo and records
Take the brand new tv set
Take it all for all I care
The hell out is what I get

Color me gone
I'm movin' on
Into the night
Gonna drive 'til dawn.
I've spent my time
I'm overdrawn
I'm in the red
Color me gone

There's coffee in the cupboard
The fridge still has some beer
If I can't fit it in the trunk
Well, then it is staying here

There's two rooms full of memories
But nothing I hold dear
Anything I've left is yours
Cuz I'm so out of here

chorus

The road tonight is quiet
The horizon beckons me
Two lanes of lonely black top
As far as I can see

There's a point out in the distance
That's where I'm headed to
Doesn't matter where it is
The change is overdue

chorus

•11•

Fire on the Mountain

(3:14) (Tani)
Bkgd vox: KG, KK

I caress the object of my desire, but the object is illusion and desire the source of my suffering.

There's a fire on the mountain
And it'll be here by the break of day
There's a fire on the mountain
Grab what you can carry away

Grab the baby. Grab the cash. Grab the photos. Grab the stash. Grab the beauty. Grab the grace. Grab the things you can't replace

chorus

Grab the memories. Grab the vision. Grab your illusions. Grab your religion. Grab your history. Grab

your past. Grab the things you think will last.

Grab the clubs. Grab the diamonds. Grab the Fillmore and the Ryman. Grab tradition, superstition, intuition, inhibition Grab the Martin and the Tele to your soft white underbelly
Down the back stairs in the night air. Can you hear it comin' there there there's a fire....

Grab the here. Grab the now. Grab the know. Grab the how. Grab the sweat. Grab the tears. Grab the things that disappear.

chorus



•12•

Cryin' Over You

(2:39) (Orbison-Melson)
Pedal steel: DP;
Drums: TS;
Bkgd vox: KG, KK

A darker, minor-key tribute on the classic Orbison piece. The lyrics and melody are all true. The chords and arrangement have been changed to protect the innocent.

•13•

(He's Lookin' Cute in That) Orange Jumpsuit

(2:34) (Tani)
Lap steel: DP

They say women love a man in uniform. Of course, not all uniforms are created equal.

Why, oh why am I attracted to this guy?
They warned me that he's trouble and he'll only make me cry
But my, oh my, he got to me

by-and-by
But getting' by the law, well, I guess he's not that sly

He's looking cute
-in that orange jumpsuit
He's been a vision in prison
Since they caught him with that loot
He's lookin' cute
-in that orange jumpsuit, but I've got nothing to wear that isn't blue.

I was charmed
-but he was armed
He lands in jail
-I throw his ball
The judge says "Son, your fun is done.
You're lookin' at a century in the penitentiary"

Nine long years
till he comes up for review
Three thousand lonely nights what am I s'posed to do?
All my tears -all the hurtin' I've been through
I should be runnin' for the door but one thing still rings true



•14•

Wash Your Hands

(4:30) (Tani)
Pedal steel: DP

July 10. 9pm. 88 degrees. 77% humidity. You could see that Pierre did truly love the mademoiselle...

Has it been a hard day, honey?
Yeah, I've had one too.
I just got in the door,
Not ten minutes before you.
Go wash your hands now baby.
Supper is gonna be a while.

I've spent all day just thinkin'
No, -make that missin' you

and how I think we've found in each other,
a love that's strong and true
Go wash your hands now baby
Supper is gonna be a while

I got you something special
Just to show you that I care
Just give me a couple of minutes baby, then you can come upstairs
Find some quiet music
On the clock radio
Pour us a couple of glasses of wine
And turn the lights down low

chorus

Josephine had Napoleon
Juliet had Romeo
Cleopatra had Marc Antony
Bonnie had her Clyde Barrow
And we have each other
A little nation of two
Undivided -forever united
Just me and you

•15•

Workin'

(4:08) (Tani)

Organ: JP;

Bkgd Vox: KG, KK

Having a job sounded great when I was broke, -only because it allowed me to do the things I really wanted to do, which was generally anything but working...

Well, the job ain't bad. It pays the alimony. It bought my ex-wife's lawyer's daughter her new pony. I work all day like a bee in a hive. Hey, at least it keeps me out of the bars till five.

I really needed this job when I was really hurtin', Spendin' days bellyachin' and the nights tear jerkin'. For all the rewards, one thing's certain. The best part of workin' ain't workin'.

Forty hours workin' and forty hours sleepin'. That's too much sowin' and not enough reapin'. I take a long lunch and a double coffee break. Hey, they're shuttin down the line for a rattlesnake shake.

chorus

I got a brand new start on a brand new life. I bought a brand new car for my brand new wife. I used my two week vacation and a pile of sick days. Gotta stop by the office – ask the boss for a raise...

chorus



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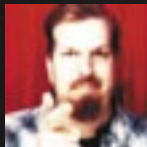
Jenn Courtney: Vocals
Maurice Tani: Vocals, Guitar
Keith Bahjat: Bass
Christopher Fisher: Drums
Steve Kallai: Fiddle
with guests
Dave Gleason: Guitar
Katie Guthorn: Vocals
Kathy Kennedy: Vocals
David Phillips: Steel Guitar
Jim Pugh: Piano, Organ
Trey Sabatelli: Drums



Courtney



Tani



Bahjat



Fisher



Kallai