

# NEVER DONE - LYRICS

## Here's to the Moments

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She sang her songs on the street corners,  
One after another till she thought her best years were gone  
Her two minds collided, and the pain subsided  
changing the road she was on  
took the one less traveled, ditched the robe and the gavel,  
put the compass in the trunk of her car  
Made a couple wrong turns, got some breaks, got burned  
Now and then she even felt like a star

Here's to the moments  
you don't see coming  
every limelight, not quite, 2020 hindsight  
all adds up to something  
here's to the moments

Staring out the window, washing up the dishes,  
chasing her thoughts 'round the yard  
like a couple rowdy kids slinging mud at each other,  
wasn't supposed to be this hard  
Put the needle on the record, hung on every sad word,  
Dancing right out of the dark  
Soaring to the rafters till her happy ever after  
Stops tuggin' on her ricochet heart

Here's to the moments you don't see coming  
every heart ache, handshake, split second make or break  
all adds up to something  
here's to the moments

This moment we live in could be all that we have  
till the next moment gives you your first second chance  
and if that doesn't work, there's the one after that ...

Here's to the moments you don't see coming  
every misstep, train wreck, promise that he never kept  
all adds up to something  
here's to the moments you don't see coming  
every sucker punch, free lunch, almost had a slam dunk  
all adds up to something  
here's to the moments

## Pardon My Dust

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Pardon my dust, I am still under construction  
And it takes a bit of self-destruction along the way  
And though I get thrown off the scent  
on this endless path to improvement  
I detect a little movement most every day

All I know is the day will come when I'm finally done cause I'll be 6 feet underground.

Sometimes my brains feels like the highway from Detroit to Chicago  
Everything down to a crawl so I can't think straight  
With all the traffic shifts and detours  
Exhaustion has me on all fours  
When it's too damn much to negotiate

All I know is the day will come when I'm finally done cause I'll be 6 feet underground.

When I'm twisted in knots like a tangled ball of twine  
Or some out of control vine that's hanging on  
To a dying tree for life It's time to call it a night,  
but i refuse to think I might be too far gone

Don't misunderstand, I am not in any hurry  
To complete this earthly journey I've been on  
It's just a fact, it will end, I hope every hour till then  
I will gracefully amend where i went wrong

All I know is the day will come when I'm finally done and I'll be 6 feet underground.

So please pardon my dust, I am still under construction  
It takes a bit of self-destruction along the way

## Never Done

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that list of things I've been meaning to do is hiding in a notebook  
on a shelf under a stack of unread magazines  
Opened the window and paper started flying,  
my computer crashed and I forgot to hit save  
I spilled the milk now I can't stop crying at the television screen  
our work here is never done

made real good friends with the wine sippin',  
so it's time for a little bit of bud nippin'  
I was only 2 years old when I got run over by a car  
now wait just a minute you say but it's true,  
Even walked home so my mom tells it to me,  
that poor man behind the wheel well it nearly stopped his heart

our work here is never done

one rotten tomato buried in the ground  
grew up and gave us a whole new crop  
if only I hadn't killed the basil in the window sill  
but that Roma needs nothing just salt and pepper  
it's pretty damn cool when things are simple  
together we'll devour each other till we've had our fill

our work here is never done

Still haven't found the meaning of life  
or love or this song for that matter  
but I guess the whole point is to keep on looking and enjoy the ride  
like that 1976 Olds cutlass  
man that was the best place for kisses  
and learning and hurting and remembering feeling so alive

our work here is never done

when the wind kicks up and paper starts flying  
or your computer crashed and you forgot to hit save  
you spilled the milk and you can't stop crying  
and it feels like your last chance to find something to say

## Stupid Things

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I used to wear super tight pants on purpose  
I used to like shopping at the army surplus  
I used to have a perm they don't grow out well  
so I used to use a whole lotta sticky hair gel  
I moved each year into a new apartment  
worked three jobs just to pay the darn rent  
used to have mornings in hell from the wine  
and I used to be reckless with their hearts and mine

I used to be obsessed with John Hughes movies  
used to fool myself that I was more than a groupie  
I used to put cream and sugar in my coffee  
Used to write a lot of songs, working in an office  
I smoked when I drank, drank when I smoked  
Used to spend, spend, spend when I was flat broke  
I used to think everyone was thinking 'bout me  
I used to pray a lot harder cause i used to believe

I used to do a lot of things and some of them were stupid  
A thing or two or three I don't know how I got away with  
It's a wonder I'm still standing here today  
but hey, nobody's perfect and I guess I turned out okay

Used to sing barracuda and crazy on you  
I used to live on Cheezits and I still do  
Used to buy more clothes than I'd wear in a year  
I used to be a lot less fussy about beer  
I used to climb trees and hang up side down  
Used to bake in the sun till my skin turned brown  
I used to drive drunk, shoulda got caught  
I was in a bowling league, yeah who would have thought

I used to do a lot of things and some of them were stupid  
A thing or two or three I don't know how I got away with  
It's a wonder I'm still standing here today  
but hey, nobody's perfect and he thinks I turned out okay

I used to like jelly much better than honey  
I used to think credit cards were free money  
I used to pick boys that would please my dad  
I used to pick boys that would make me feel bad  
I used to have sex so I would feel loved  
Used to think there was a puppet master above  
I used to want to be like Rizzo in Grease

Used to think forgiveness had to come from a priest

These days pray cause I still believe  
in the power of prayer and getting down on my knees  
The humility kicks my ass every time  
And I try to be more kind  
I try to be more kind  
with their hearts and mine

## Imitation of Happy

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when there's nothing you can do  
and nothing he can say  
to turn off all the noise  
inside your head  
dial up a friend  
let them do the talking  
listen to their song

When you wander round the house  
looking for your keys  
you can't even remember  
where you were going  
time to take a walk  
smile at a stranger  
lay down in the snow  
Some days all we can do is our best imitation of happy

When the weight upon your heart  
is more than you can bear  
and the tears you try to hide  
just start falling  
Don't ignore the pain  
Take all the time you need  
To let your feelings flow

Some days we don't have to do our best imitation of happy  
Most days we are fine  
Some days we're even better  
most days aren't like this

the days when all we can do is our best imitation of happy

# Repair

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well now aren't we a pair  
you in yoga pants and that storybook hair  
me in my camouflage with angst to spare  
well now aren't we a pair

we've got a comfy routine  
different as pineapple and collard greens  
i am the maid to your sandcastle queen  
yeah we got a comfy routine

there was this time when you finally needed me  
i lit up, lit right up and forgot, forgot my own melancholy  
even though nothing about you, nothing about you needed repair  
you knew whenever you reached for me i would be there

i know life isn't fair  
you with your head in the clouds unaware  
and i'm on the ground feeling utterly square  
yeah, i know life isn't fair

I can see what this is this about  
you're sipping champagne and i'm on my third stout  
i take big deep breath you let it all hang out  
yeah, I see what this is about

cause there was this time when you finally needed me  
i lit up, lit right up and forgot, forgot my own melancholy  
even though nothing about you, nothing about you needed repair  
you knew the moment you called to me i would be there

there's not much left to be said  
there's a hole in my heart that continues to spread  
you've got the patch, the needle and thread  
so there's not much left to be said

cause there was this time when you finally needed me  
i lit up, lit right up and forgot, forgot my own melancholy  
even though nothing about you, nothing about you needed repair  
you knew the whenever you reached for me i would be there

# Splinter

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You're a cozy sitting room  
she's a vacant warehouse  
Near her drafty broken windows  
you attempt to light her furnace  
But there is no fuel, and the match burns out so you can barely see her face

You're the transparent drapes  
she's a wall of concrete  
You shuffle across her fractured wooden floor  
in your bare feet  
What you wouldn't give for a big bear rug with her body rolled up in your heat

She gets under your skin, her  
love is like the deepest splinter  
you can't get out  
you can't get out

You're the worn-out welcome mat  
she's a dead bolt lock  
you hold your ear up to the steel door after you knock  
but she wouldn't let you linger, and she gave the middle finger to the world

a splinter always catches its victim unaware  
as it hunkers down, buried deep and fights like hell to stay there  
though you poke and dig and bleed  
it's impossible to reach

She gets under your skin,  
but you endure the deepest splinter  
you can't get out  
you can't get out

She gets under your skin, oh  
how you love the deepest splinter  
you can't get out  
you can't get out

You're a cozy sitting room  
she's a vacant warehouse  
Near her drafty broken windows  
you attempt to light her furnace  
But there is no fuel, and the match burns out so you no longer see her face

# Who Am I

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words don't come easy  
when you don't see the point  
The ones who you want to reach  
Can't hear through their own noise  
Who am i anyway  
What use is my voice

I don't bother anyone  
Mind my own nest  
Am i part of the problem  
If i don't shake my fist  
Who am i anyway  
can't we just coexist

I know nothing's that simple  
When there's too much to lose  
walking around blindly  
In my privileged shoes  
Who am i anyway  
What the hell can i do

Avoiding the question  
And the look in their eyes  
frozen in silence  
Amid their battle cries  
Who am i anyway  
If i'm not willing to try  
Who am i  
Who am i

Words don't come easy  
They get caught on my tongue  
So I'll borrow from the poets  
And the much smarter ones  
who am i anyway  
i'm a song to be sung  
And there's work to be done

# Thread

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Thread, every color you can imagine  
Thread, winding through the machine  
Thread, stitching us together  
cotton, lace, and leather  
held tight at the seams

Thread, hidden in the fabric  
Thread, closing the space  
Thread, binding us together  
for now if not forever  
some things you can't replace

hold that needle as still as you can  
focus on the eye, like Momma's steady hand  
If you miss don't give up try again  
trust in the power of one single...

thread, first step in the mending  
thread, barely holding on  
thread, sewing us together  
maybe just a little better  
you won't believe how strong

hold that needle as still as you can  
focus on the eye, like Momma's steady hand  
If you miss don't give up try again  
trust in the power of one single thread

every color you can imagine  
hidden in the fabric  
first step in the mending

## Out of Mind

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Tearing it up on Michigan stages  
Jackson to Roseville, shooting for the stars  
Back then my days belonged to the 9-5 bosses  
to pay the bills but the nights were all ours  
Me in my leather and platform shoes  
And I know that had all the right moves  
PA speakers and guitar amps  
held together with duct tape and clamps  
are too heavy to lift these days I find  
they're out of sight out of mind

I picked up this rug from Sears  
for 100 dollars a hundred years ago  
this third hand couch has seen its share of  
naps, kisses, fights and stupid tv shows  
There's a great big dumpster in the drive  
with remnants of our changing lives  
broken lamps, an 8-track player  
old bookcases beyond repair  
no regrets or ol lang syne  
just out of sight, out of mind

can't go back or hit rewind  
so we learn to leave it all behind  
now you see it now you don't  
the way our best years come and go

now I sit down with a pencil and a plan just see if I can make God laugh  
the hours tick away and all I've got is a couple chords and my epitaph  
words don't come so easily  
these days I'm sick of my own feelings  
all I'm trying to do is move  
a heart or two and it's gotta groove  
I'm giving it all I've got so I'm not  
out of sight and out of mind