

STAYTRUE STREET

RELEASED IN 2004 ON ORDNUNG & HARTMANN RECORDS, BERLIN, GERMANY

PRODUCED BY WAYNE GRAJEDA AT FURRY HEADPHONES WEST STUDIO, SANTA MONICA, CA
MASTERED BY PETER KAYE & WAYNE GRAJEDA

COVER ART: SUSANNE BLANK

DESIGN: ELISE WHITTEMORE

THE PLAYERS

WAYNE GRAJEDA - vocals, guitars, keyboards, drum & bass programming

ROBERT WILLIAMS - vocals, acoustic guitar, mandolin

DAVID PAVLOVITCH - keyboards

JOE KUČERA - saxophone

GABY MICHEL - backing vocals

THE LYRICS

LILLY JANE

ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

I was out on the highway late last night
From Memphis bound for heaven
The headlights were flashing messages
That were only meant for me
They were telling me a man's got to Burma Shave
And that Jesus died for my sins
Well darling this must be true
'Cause how else in the world could a sinner like me
End up in the arms of an angel like you

Oh Lilly Jane
What can I do
To sanctify this union
Between the spirit and mundane
If I turned my head to heaven
And screamed out your name
Would you not fade away

I've been on this bus for all my days
Like the rest of my tribe
Sometimes they let you sit in the front
But you never get to drive
And often times I ask myself
The sense of this long journey
But sometimes it's clear as day
When I'm allowed inside your solitude
All my troubles seem to fall away

Oh Lilly Jane
What can I do
To sanctify this union
Between the spirit and mundane
If I turned my head to heaven
And screamed out your name
Would you not fade away

There are noises in the air tonight
There are signals everywhere
But what always seems to make it through
Though it's often soft as wind
Is the sound of your voice
Calling my name

Oh Lilly Jane
What can I do
To sanctify this union
Between the spirit and mundane
If I turned my head to heaven
And screamed out your name
Would you not fade away

NUMBER 17 STAYTRUE STREET
WAYNE GRAJEDA

Cinzano sign lights the smoky atmosphere
Kurfurstendamen
The mannequin stands inside the door
Whispers come on in
Oh lady, please can you stay with me
It's arranged so easily
On a crowded Berlin Go-In night
At number 17 Stay True Street
Number 17 Stay True Street

Someone's leaving, trippin' down the alley way
This gypsy night
The painter's found that there's no easy way
But is he right
Refugees - Ira Lee and Leo Jones
Hamburg dancers on the road
If you don't like it you don't have to stay
At number 17 Stay True Street
Number 17 Stay True Street
Number 17 Stay True Street

Four fifteen in the morning
The lady and her game's too much to hold
Oh I'm oh so stoned without you
Lilly Jane I've loved you so infrequently
But I cannot leave you in the cold
It's the oldest story ever told

Me and whiskey puttin' on our ramblin' shoes
Oh Marseilles Harbor
The Miracle Man is looking for a home
He'll look no farther
Listening to the hustler with his shuck and jive
A conversation with a ghost
Call him the salesman now that you know
At number 17 Stay True Street
Number 17 Stay True Street
Number 17 Stay True Street

LIVE FROM JUMBO'S CLOWN ROOM
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS, JOHN CARTER VAUGHAN
& WAYNE GRAJEDA

On a dark winter's night, in a long ago rhyme
You Edward B. Sharp was lookin' fine
With a hand-rolled cigarette dangling from his lips
And a six-string engine slung low on his hips
In his eight-inch snake-skin high heeled shoes
The kid was really sublime
When a voice from a doorway said "Come in here boy,
I want to show you a real good time

There were blues and shock and jazz and gags
A dancer, a ventriloquist, some Russians in drag
A broken piano, a hole in the wall
Smoky dark corners that whispered their call
And Looie the Lip in his lavender wig
Was the consummate ringmaster's ringmaster
Now the lights are dimmed as the curtain ascends
On Jumbo's magnificent circus of freaks

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
A dream with an opium twist
A puzzling puzzle in free-form verse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
A sailor with a Chinese tattoo
Lonesome cowboys kiss Turks, ride a dog called Big Nurse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

That was long ago and far away
Now the room's gone dark, Jumbo's gone astray
Eddie's life is full of stress and needless significance
Back then it was simple, it made no difference
Sometimes he wishes he could just disappear
Sneak back through the curtain of time
Slip away for the evening with an old friend or two
Back into Jumbo's ragout of taboo

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
You can leave with whomever you please
You might sing the chorus or you might sing the verse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

Live from Jumbo's Clown Room
A dream with an opium twist
A puzzling puzzle in free-form verse
In Jumbo's parallel universe

POSTCARD DAY
WAYNE GRAJEDA

Late at night
When I imagine I'm not by myself
The world is right
And I can make a heartbreak heal
Tomorrow looks to be blonde weather
When silence slips away
I can wake up on a postcard day

Dreams die hard
I raise my fist into the air and shout
My heart
Into the chasm of despair
Oh Diogenes I'll know you
I'll shine my lamp your way
And we'll be honest on a postcard day
A postcard day

I won't have to answer questions
Or pad my resume
'Cause I'm not working on a postcard day

I've got the blues
I feel the reds and all the other hues
I'll do my time
Take it on the chin and say I'm fine
But one day I'll get the message
I'll be sent on my way
To be delivered on a postcard day

INFREQUENTLY
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Anyway I can get it
I'm gonna take it anyway
Cause we give our love
So infrequently

And anytime is the right time
Of the night time or the day
For a love that's given
So infrequently

It used to be anywhere
we would make it we would
And you swore your love
Undyingly

But anymore I don't know
Whichever way you or I may go
So I'll take your love
Given infrequently
Given infrequently
Given infrequently

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WHAT AM I DOING
WAYNE GRAJEDA

To change my world I set up a time table
To get a girl but as yet I'm unable
I'm gonna get her yet
Soon as I drag myself out of bed

Like to get a job but I'm afraid they won't hire
I could say I've looked but I'd be a damn liar
But I'm qualified
To dig a hole where I can hide

So tell me
What am I doing
And why am I so lonely and blue and
Who am I fooling
No one but myself
What am I doing
Fooling no one but myself

I used to have a home I left it in the last town
Once I had a car but I guess it broke down
What do I care
'Cause I ain't going anywhere

A self respecting man would have tried a lot harder
Guess it's time to change and I could be a late starter
I'll get my end in gear
As soon as I finish this ice cold beer

What am I doing
And why am I so lonely and blue and
Who am I fooling
No one but myself
What am I doing
And why am I so lonely and blue and
Who am I fooling
Fooling no one but myself

I should have been a star, I never had the makeup
A capitalist Czar, I couldn't wake the shake up
In reality
No one's writing this script but me
What am I doing

And why am I so lonely and blue and
Who am I fooling
No one but myself
What am I doing
And why am I so lonely and blue and
Who am I fooling
Fooling no one but myself

LIKE A MAN
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Am I such a big jerk
Just because I turn and walk away
When people criticize me I rarely stop to listen or obey
Thirteen complaints before I've had breakfast
So what if my socks don't belong on the floor
Now you say you want me to grow up and take it like a man

Am I really so bad
I'm only mad when someone tells me no
The trouble is this seems to happen to me almost everywhere I go
I always thought it was absolutely normal
To stand up and shout when I didn't get my way
Now you're trying to tell me to shut my mouth and take it like a

Like a man, take it like a man
Like a man, take it like a man
When you gonna grow up and take it like a man

Like a man, take it like a man
Like a man, take it like a man
When you gonna grow up and take it like a man

Is it really abnormal
To view the world as negatively skewed
Full of crooks, fools, and mad men what else could any sane person
conclude
Do you really think I hate my father
Dear Doctor Dick I think you misunderstand
When you keep telling me to grow up and take it like a

Like a man, take it like a man
Like a man, take it like a man
When you gonna grow up and take it like a man

METAL TO METAL
WAYNE GRAJEDA

He's got a history of jealousy
She's got a tendency to flirt
You'd think that they would have something better to do
The neighbors hear 'em most every night
They're certain something will happen
But they don't realize they're having fun
He's crazy for her, she's crazy for him
It's crazy to think they'll ever give in
Ever ever ever, ever ever ever, ever ever ever

Metal to metal
They like it that way
Metal to metal
That's how they'll stay
Metal to metal
They call it a life
Oh ho yea ya ya ya

It's come unglued in a foreign land
War lords are working the factions
Prophets predict this a banner year
The violence vendors are stocked and stoked
The truth is missing in action
Just got to keep the job force on the line
Everyone is concerned
Everyone is afraid
Everyone's in denial
When blood money is made
Ever ever ever, ever ever ever, ever ever ever

Metal to metal
They like it that way
Metal to metal
That's how they'll stay
Metal to metal
They call it a life
Oh oh yea ya ya ya

The preacher weeps to a sold out house
He's on the red line to heaven
You'd best believe he knows of what he speaks
The devil's duty is everywhere
You'd better circle your wagons
And find a way to save your sinner's soul
With a message of love
A message of peace
A prayer warrior's word
Will never cease
Ever ever ever, ever ever ever, ever ever ever

Metal to metal

He'll get you to pray
Metal to metal
He'll get you to pay
Metal to metal
He calls it his life
Oh ho ya ya ya ya

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LARRY
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

What in the world do you think is the matter with Larry
Lately he's taken to sitting alone in the dark
Or watching the girls in the morning in front of the cafe
Stay true

What in the world do you think can be done about Larry
Nowadays he's spending his afternoons down at the gym
Pumping at iron and watching his hair in the mirror
Turn thin
It's turning thin

His wife and his children they can't comprehend
By turns they find him funny and scary
But me I understand so perfectly, I do
Still I haven't a clue that is I don't know what to do
'Bout Larry
About Larry
'Bout Larry
'Bout Larry

Wayne got a sports car and Chris got a penis enhancement
And Melvin and Eddie decided they're probably gay
And Franky left town and took off with a much younger woman
Named May
Her name was May

Our wives and our children they don't comprehend
By turns they find us funny and scary
But we all understand so perfectly, don't we
Still we haven't a clue that is we don't know what to do
'Bout Larry
About Larry
'Bout Larry
'Bout Larry

WOULDN'T IT BE SO NICE
WAYNE GRAJEDA

Don't you know I'm troubled
Pilot on my plane
Now I find my ticket's only borrowed
I keep making calls but the answer's just the same
Party's not at home but try tomorrow
But I could wait all my life for tomorrow

I've been climbing up the walls
All because of you
The way you made me fall
It's just not decent
I've been down to city hall
There ain't a thing that they can do
But put me in a stall
And find a reason
But I could look all my life for a reason

I just want to know what you're doing
To make my life such a ruin
And doesn't it show
And wouldn't it be so nice if you let me know?

Mama says "Keep trying"
Pa says "Keep the faith"
You say "Keep in mind I'm thinking of you"
Well, I'm thinking of you too
Like a fish that wants the bait
A fish has got to bite to get its food
The question is who's eating who?

I just want to know what you're doing
To make my life such a ruin
And doesn't it show
And wouldn't it be so nice if you let me know?

The question is who's eating who?

I just want to know what you're doing
To make my life such a ruin
And doesn't it show
And wouldn't it be so nice if you let me know
Ya know ya know ya know ya know
wouldn't it be so nice if you let me
If you let me know
And wouldn't it be so nice if you let me know?
And wouldn't it be so nice if you let me know?

BRAND NEW ME
ROBERT SCOTT WILLIAMS

Sometimes I just want to holler out
Loud at the top of my lungs
Won't somebody please let me out
Of this tired old TV rerun

Everyday unfolds in the same old way
We walk into the same old scenes
Side by side in a lock-step gait
Baby let's break free
Of these same old routines

Make a brand-new me for a brand-new you
When the changes come down
We'll ride them through
Like a river moves, we can move to
Here's a brand-new me for a brand-new you

Make a brand-new me for a brand-new you
When the changes come down
We'll ride them through
Like a river moves, we can move to
Here's a brand-new me for a brand-new you

Times may be rough and the spirits mean
Burdens may bend us but still
Let's stand up from under the weight of the rock
We can do this thing
By the force of our own wills

Make a brand-new me for a brand-new you
When the changes come down
We'll ride them through
Like a river moves, we can move to