

## **Closer To The Truth (1999)**

### **Dreaming**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

Mostly I'm just following my feet,  
I don't plan a lot.  
I like surprises in my day.  
And I don't mind sitting all alone,  
gives me time to think, to dream of houses in the trees.  
Dreaming, I see bridges spanning spaces between red oak trees,  
connecting houses in the leaves.  
Someday my room will rock and shiver with the wind.  
One day I'll eat my dinner in a tree.

For the dream to live there comes a time when you have to work,  
time to roll the sleeves up on your shirt.  
And sometimes if you think of what's involved, it can hurt your head.  
A labor of love can be the hardest labor.  
Dreaming, building bridges spanning spaces between red oak trees,  
connecting houses in the leaves.  
Someday my room will rock and shiver with the wind.  
One day I'll write my songs up in a tree.

If you find me following my feet far out on a limb,  
forgetting things I should have known,  
you can laugh but don't be surprised by that blank stare in my eyes,  
I'm just making plans for my new home.  
Dreaming, I see bridges spanning spaces between red oak trees,  
connecting houses in the leaves.  
Someday my room will rock and shiver with the wind.  
One day I'll eat my pie up in the sky.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming.  
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming (softly).  
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming.  
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**Old Things**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

Cars with fins baby, kerosene lamps,  
pick up trucks and phonographs, polyester pants,  
baseball cards, comic books, ancient 8 track tapes,  
a lunch box with a cover from the Planet of the Apes.

Do you like old things? I surely hope you do.  
You're not getting any younger and I'm getting older too.

Now I don't mind progress but it's hard to get attached  
to a new idea that's obsolete the moment it gets hatched.

Porcelain poodles, jewelry made from paste,  
records from the big bands that play on 78s.  
Ooh, there's nothing better than the smell of a used bookstore.  
We'll get lost between the covers, don't make 'em like us no more.

Do you like old things, honey? I surely hope you do,  
'cause you're not getting any younger and I'm getting older too.

I don't mind progress but it's hard to get attached  
to a new idea that's obsolete the moment it gets hatched.

As we travel on beyond the summertime of life,  
old people can provide a peep into the other side.  
Cranky and forgetful, watching every dime,  
she can cook without a book, bakes cakes like Duncan Hines.

Well do you like old things, the things you really trust?  
Baby, my mama needs place to live and she's moving in with us.

She's the genuine article, a treasure from the past.  
Just think of it, free baby-sitting!  
Now what more could you ask?  
Oh just think of it, free baby-sitting!  
What more could you ask?

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**Closer To The Truth**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

Driving the winding roads of Tennessee,  
saw an anchor on a mountain a thousand miles from any sea.  
Can't be too careful, never know what you might need.  
You know Noah went from fool to celebrity.

I'm getting further from the things I thought I knew,  
But I'm Closer To The Truth (1999).  
There's a distance to be crossed,  
And it's the space between me and you.

There's a silver mist curtain this morning in the pines.  
This road's a river running through this life of mine.  
I'm getting tired but I can't sleep, too many miles in front of me.  
You're the only place I really want to be.

I'm getting further from the things I thought I knew,  
But I'm Closer To The Truth (1999).  
There's a distance to be crossed,  
And it's the space between me and you.

I'm getting further from the things I thought I knew,  
But I'm Closer To The Truth (1999).  
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I'm getting further from the things I thought I knew,  
But I'm Closer To The Truth (1999).  
There's a distance to be crossed,  
And it's the space between me and you.  
And it's the space between me and you.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**  
**Keep It on the Positive Side**  
**Grimwood/Idlet ©1998 Troutoons (BMI)**

You've had a bad day,  
your first mistake was getting up.  
You've had a bad, bad day now,  
broke your favorite coffee cup.  
Staring at your breakfast,  
you were already feeling fed up.  
Nobody's smiling, no one will look you in the eye  
and you're feeling like you're good friends have gone and left you high and dry.  
Sometimes it's tough to laugh about it, tough to keep it on the positive side.

And you're tired, so tired, dog tired, dead tired,  
sick and tired of being tied to that ball and chain.  
You think it couldn't get worse?  
Oh, when you're tired, so tired, flat tired, retired, sick and tired,  
well that's when it starts to rain. That's when it really starts to rain.

You're feeling better, got through the day and you survive.  
If you can just hang on 'till you get home you might find some peace and quiet.  
If your living room was a movie they'd call it Tornado Meets a Double Wide.

And you're tired, so tired, dog tired, dead tired,  
sick and tired of being tied to that ball and chain.  
You think it couldn't worse?  
Oh, when you're tired, so tired, flat tired, retired, sick and tired,  
well that's when it starts to rain. That's when it really starts to rain.

You had an ace up your sleeve,  
But you wore the wrong shirt.  
Tricky, sticky details threw you sharp breaking curves.  
Salt in your coffee, sugar on your eggs,  
Mustard on your new tie,  
The dog bites instead of begs  
And it's been a bad, bad day,  
But you can't say you didn't try.  
As long as you can laugh about it,  
You can keep it on the positive side.  
Just keep it on the positive side.  
Got to keep it on the positive side.

## **Closer To The Truth (1999)**

### **Dangerous**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1998 Troutoons (BMI)**

Dangerous, thunder and lightning.  
Dangerous, midday sun. Dangerous, life can be frightening.  
Dangerous, dangerous, dangerous, saving I love you.  
Dangerous, three little words. Dangerous,  
Boulders above you.  
Dangerous, dangerous.

The bigger you get, the harder you fall.  
It may be trite but true.  
There's a tag on every blessing to remind us of a curse.  
Things that make life better might just as well make it worse.  
Dangerous, food that you're eating.  
Dangerous, pills you take.  
Dangerous, lying and cheating.  
Dangerous, dangerous.

There's story every dog should know.  
Every educated dog will tell you so.  
There was a pit bull named Brutus who chased automobiles.  
Sometimes they'd run over his head.  
I can't imagine how that feels.  
But he finally learned his lesson about danger in the end.  
If a car would ever hit him he'd never chase that particular car again.

Dangerous, radial tires.  
Dangerous, four wheel drive.  
Dangerous, near-sighted drivers.  
Dangerous.

Dangerous, cats and canaries.  
Dangerous, fools with guns.  
Dangerous, life can be scary.  
Dangerous, dangerous.  
Dangerous, cash in the sock drawer.  
Dangerous, stocks and bonds.  
Dangerous, glitter and glamour.  
Dangerous, dangerous.

The older I get, the dumber I feel and it's causing me concern.  
I haven't quit chasing automobiles, even ones that hit me.  
New tricks are hard for old dogs to learn.

Dangerous, dangerous, yeah dangerous.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**  
**Big Boys in Bad Shape**  
**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

Big boys in bad shape,  
fast cars with bad brakes,  
anybody's guess what it takes anymore.  
Tough guys in a tight fit,  
loose lips sink ships  
but nobody knows what to say anymore.  
Wake up in the morning invent the wheel every day.  
Once you get it rolling you just watch it roll away.  
Watch it roll, roll, roll away. Watch it roll.

Talk show with a top spin,  
hard sell for the big win,  
make it all up as you're going along.  
Top dog in a tight jam,  
good job for the ad man,  
brand new version of the same old song.  
You tell me it's important then you tell me that it's not.  
Once a wheel gets rolling you know it's hard to make it stop.  
Watch it roll, roll, roll away. Watch it roll.

There's a world out here and no one's watching.  
It's a beautiful world spinning out of control.  
We put our faith in heroes.  
Where do they put theirs?  
Watch them stumble like children as they tumble down the stairs.

Decoy on a duck pond,  
sit still it won't be long,  
they'll come flocking 'round here any day.  
Fill your pockets with fool's gold,  
we got the mother lode,  
can't take it with you, can't give it away.  
Wake up in the morning, invent the wheel every day.  
Once you get it rolling you just watch it roll away.  
Watch it roll, roll, roll away. Watch it roll.  
Watch it roll.  
Roll, roll, roll away. Watch it roll.  
Watch it roll.  
Roll, roll, roll away. Gonna watch it roll.  
Watch it roll.  
Roll, roll, roll away, Gonna watch it roll.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**Alberta Postcard**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

Oh my nose froze, from my head down to my toes froze.  
Went sliding in white snow down the streets of Calgary.  
We saw sun dogs, stayed all day till we saw moon dogs,  
home to a fire of burning birch logs, a night of quiet revelry.

It's not always this cold. Guess we got lucky this time.  
But 35 below's impressive to a southern boy and  
memories like this will always be frozen in time.

Oh my nose froze, from my head down to my toes froze.  
It was cold in that Alberta snow.  
Wouldn't have had it any other way.

Tell me stories, tell me stories 'bout your dry rain.  
I see the lightning and I smell the rain, falls but it never hits the ground.  
Hear how the snow squeaks, tires are grinding and groaning down city streets,  
people out and about and on their feet, put on those goober boots and go.

It's not always this cold. Guess we got lucky this time.  
But 35 below's impressive to a southern boy and  
memories like this will always be frozen in time.

Oh my nose froze, from my head down to my toes froze.  
It was cold in that Alberta snow.  
Wouldn't have had it any other way.

Out of Canmore on the road to Banff, Alberta postcard,  
I can't believe where I am.  
Sugar frosted forest, wind sculpted First Face  
and the big horn sheep climbing all over the place.

Oh my nose froze, from my head down to my toes froze,  
went sliding in white snows, down the streets of Calgary.  
Oh my nose froze, from my head down to my toes froze.  
It was cold in that Alberta snow.  
Wouldn't have had it any other way.  
Wouldn't have had it any other way.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**But I Do**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

When it comes to miracles  
or to madness of the heart,  
you get lost, don't know where to start.  
You never play foolish games,  
played the fool too much before.  
You've grown up, won't act like that anymore.

You don't need someone to hold you tight.  
You don't need someone to kiss good night.  
You don't need someone to make it right,  
but I do. I do.

Say you never cry at movies,  
won't let 'em pull those strings.  
It's a trick, won't fall for that kind of thing.  
No drives out in the country,  
no walking barefoot in the park,  
work all day, sleep whenever it gets dark.

You don't need someone to hold you tight.  
You don't need someone to kiss good night.  
You don't need someone to make it right,  
but I do. I do.

When we were young, so innocent and brave,  
we flew our hearts like kites in the wind.  
Some got lost, some got broken.  
Got harder to put 'em back together again.  
And I know you don't believe in love anymore.  
I know you think it's an overrated deal.  
You think nothing can impress you anymore,  
but I will. I will.

You don't need someone to hold you tight.  
You don't need someone to kiss good night.  
You don't need someone to make it right,  
but I will. I will.



## **Closer To The Truth (1999)**

### **There You Go**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

There you go making faces in the mirror,  
funny faces no one ever sees.  
There you go taking chances,  
taking for granted what no one else believes.  
There you go running errands.  
There you're standing in a line.  
There you go looking for a good time,  
turning dollars into dimes.  
There you go.  
There you go.  
But for the grace of God, there you go.

There you go, you're out of money,  
out on a limb and out of luck.  
There you go, man this ain't funny  
but it's like water,  
like water off a duck.  
There you go being stubborn.  
There you're acting like a fool.  
There you go singing in the shower  
and howling at the moon.  
There you go.  
There you go.  
But for the grace of God, there you go.

The lines upon your face become a puzzle.  
With the years I know the aches begin to pain.  
It's a long road behind, a short road ahead.  
We can't stay the same.  
We can't stay the same.

There you go jumping to conclusions,  
you're assuming losers never win.  
There you go making resolutions,  
falling down, getting up, falling down again.  
There you go with your day dreams,  
they don't ever disappear.  
There they dazzle  
and they sparkle like crystal chandeliers.  
There you go, you don't give up.  
There you go, you don't give in.  
There you go dancing with disaster  
if you think it'll help a friend.  
There you go. There you go.  
But for the grace of God, there you go.  
There you go.  
There you go.  
There you have it.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**After You've Gone**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

When I first met you, you were perfect.  
I couldn't believe how perfect you could be.  
But over the years you've gotten perfecter  
and with smug satisfaction look down your perfect nose at me.  
Now, I can read the writing on the wall.  
I know our relationship's in danger.  
And before you know it, I'll be all alone again and you'll become a perfect stranger.

After you've gone, no one can tell me how to act.  
I'll do exactly as I please.  
After you've gone, I'll be my own man as soon as I can get up off my knees.  
The minute you go stepping out that door, I'll throw my socks and underwear all over the floor.  
After you've gone, the lawn will be a jungle.  
Call me Tarzan and I'll call you Gone.

After you've gone, I'll leave the toilet seat up.  
I'll stop recycling and start smoking cigarettes.  
After you've gone, there'll be a holiday.  
I'll take my Keough Plan to Reno and invest.  
I'll shave and leave my whiskers in the sink.  
No, I'll stop shaving, I'll grow a beard. That's what I think.  
After you've gone, if you think I'll miss you, you'll be wrong, baby, after you've gone.

After you've gone, your precious potted plants will DIE!  
They'll turn to sticks and twigs and dirt.  
After you've gone, I'll be a bachelor again.  
I'll order double helpings of dessert.  
My buds Curly, Moe and Larry will be welcome here when you and all your potpourri have disappeared.  
After you've gone, I'll have more closet space to take your place after you've gone.  
Nothing can take your place, I'll have more closet space  
After you've gone.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**Almost September**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1997 Troutoons (BMI)**

Moonlight shines on the water.  
I can see it from the beach house deck.  
Cool breeze coming off of the Gulf of Mexico, aloe vera for my sunburned back.  
Walked on the beach in the brown sugar sand.  
Felt like walking in an hourglass.  
Seashells, sand dollars, pick up memories as the good times pass.  
It's almost September.  
There's a change in the wind.  
It's almost September.  
Never gonna be this way again. No, no.

Salt spray in the hot afternoon.  
Mullet jump in Galveston Bay.  
Feel the waves, the heart of the ocean.  
It'd be so easy to get carried away.  
On a towel eating sandy sandwiches watching the beach parades.  
Old men with beer-bellies and faded tattoos, young girls behind those dark, dark shades.  
It's almost September.  
You can feel it in the wind.  
It's almost September.  
Never gonna be like that again. No, no.

Sea gulls dive into diamonds.  
Oil rigs decked out like Christmas trees.  
A man 'o war cuts like a sail through the surf.  
Baby oil gets the tar from the bottom of my feet.  
The sun posed for a final postcard.  
Lit a campfire and sang some songs.  
Hot dogs and cold ice cream might just be perfect but it don't last long.  
It's almost September.  
There's a change in the wind.  
It's almost September.  
Will it ever be like that again? No, no.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**

**Would It Be So Bad?**

**Grimwood/Idlet ©1999 Troutoons (BMI)**

Would it be so bad if she were beautiful?  
Is it asking too much to ache like I want to ache?  
Would it be so bad if she were to be nice  
and to say something sensible once or twice?  
I know it shouldn't be important but it would sure be great  
to get what you ask for and not tempt fate.

Would it be so bad if she still thought about real love?  
And I'm thinking maybe we could even have a thing or two in common.  
If I'm dreaming this deep, could she be really, really rich?  
I know it'd be a problem but I could get over it.  
I know it shouldn't be important but it would sure be great  
to get what you ask for and not tempt fate.

Cleopatra, Mona Lisa, all the way to Marilyn Monroe.  
Well, I've seen them.  
They happen.  
Some things are worth waiting for.

For a really long time I've been living here all alone.  
Sometimes I make contact but it never lasts long.  
But I'm taking my time, I don't want to mess it up.  
Won't catch me drinking my wine from a bottle or a paper cup.

I know it shouldn't be important but it would sure be great  
to get what you ask for.  
I know it shouldn't be important but it would sure be great  
to get what you ask for and not tempt fate.

**Closer To The Truth (1999)**  
**The Sun and Moon and Stars**  
**(Vince Bell) Black Coffee Music/Bug Music (BMI)**  
**Administered by Bug Music**

The sun and moon and stars, they make the winds blow.  
It took me twenty years to understand.  
But lost to me is how the lives of friends go like autumn leaves in Oklahoma winds.  
But it made me strong to be on my own.  
It never did me no harm, no, to live all alone.  
But now and then in the color of the evening,  
drunken in a bar room,  
yeah with a fan turning  
I come to miss a few.

This afternoon was cloudy and the rains came,  
the third day of my first stay San Miguel.  
It seems lately as I'm doubling for storm bait,  
I've been followed like a shadow since the Dells.  
But it made me strong to be on my own.  
It never did me no harm, no, to live all alone.  
But now and then in the color of the evening,  
drunken in a bar room,  
yeah with a fan turning  
I come to miss a few.

Dear friendships and relations see what I have done for you,  
I've gathered all my fingers in one place.  
But they breathe a breath that's stiff and stale  
since they've tooled the song for me.  
I guess mechanics never really set the pace.  
But now, but now I'm back and I'm strong.  
Never did me no harm  
to be on my own and to live all alone.  
But now and then in the color of the evening,  
drunken in a bar room,  
yeah with a fan turning  
I come to miss a few.