

RECLINERLAND

CHORDS AND LYRICS

DON'T YOU KNOW THERE ARE LONELY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD?

Hey there, cute girl, with the wild curly hair
Laughing and smooching with your boyfriend over there
Gushing and giggling like a crushed out little girl
Don't you know there are lonely people in the world?

Hey there, beautiful, with the turtleneck on
Rubbing against the boy whose arm you came in on
Your eyes like roses and your lips like crushed pearls
Don't you know there are lonely people in the world?

Don't you know how hard it is to trawl the bars for nights on end?
Don't you know how it sucks to pretend you give a fuck about your married friends?
And don't you think it's a sin
to rub it in?

All you post-coital couples crowding the breakfast joints
With your bed head and your flushed cheeks, yeah I get the point
You're in love your in love like strawberry swirl
Don't you know there are lonely people in the world?

All you fresh young marrieds with your babies running around
Can't you keep your hands to yourselves when I'm around?
Your cooing and cuddling how it makes me want to hurl
Don't you know there are lonely people in the world?

Do you know how it feels to believe something's real and then come to find out
At the end of the day there is nothing you can say to stop her from walking out
The more your heart is devout, the easier it is to rip out.

Don't you know how hard it is to trawl the bars for nights on end
Don't you know how it sucks to pretend you give a fuck about your married friends?
And don't you think it's a sin
to rub it in?

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WANT SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T WANT YOU AND YOU'LL DIE A LITTLE EVERY DAY

I was drawn and quartered in Dusseldorf
I was beheaded in Berlin
I faced the firing squad in Florence
I was laid to rest in Lintz

I was poisoned in Polermo
I was skinned alive in Split
I was shot down in St. Petersburg
I got the rack in Reykjavik

I was axed in Amsterdam
Boiled in oil in Bucharest
I was crucified in Cape Town
I had my brains bashed in in Brest

I was gored in Glasgow
I caught the plague in Prague
I was lit on fire in London
I was crushed in Qaqortoq

No matter where I wander
You have the power to stop my breath
Every time you cross my mind
I die another death

I can't escape the black-eyed dog
However far I run away
Want somebody who doesn't want you
And you'll die a little every day

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LORD, HOW I DREAD THE WEEKEND

Monday all the birds take their places.
On branches buttered by the rising sun.
Tuesday I'm up early with a smile on my face:
The day's begun!

But, Oh, Lord, how I dread the weekend
How I wish it would never come.
Lord, how I dread the weekend
Here it comes, here it comes
Here the loneliness comes.

Wednesday pretty gray clouds cover up the sunrise
I feel the cool sweet raindrops on my face.
Thursday throws out yellow light as the breaking sun
Takes his rightful place.

But, Oh, Lord, how I dread the weekend
How I wish it would never come.
Lord, how I dread the weekend
Here it comes, here it comes
Here the loneliness comes.

Friday I say farewell to the children's faces.
I waste away adrift in the Saturday sun.
I haunt the bars and sit alone in all the same places
'Til Monday comes.

Oh, Lord, how I dread the weekend
How I wish it would never come.
Lord, how I dread the weekend
Here it comes, here it comes
Here the emptiness comes.
Here it comes, here it comes
Here the loneliness comes.
Here it comes here it comes
Here it comes

ALL THE KIDS ARE OUT TONIGHT (BACK HOME)

I came to this world when a clumsy bird
Dropped me accidentally from the sack
in his mouth.

I went into a freefall and hit ground
East of San Francisco and a little to the
south.

When I landed in a bundle at my
parents' door

I expected to have landed on European
shores

But clearly the bird must have missed
somehow.

Hadn't he meant to drop me in Paris?
London? Moscow?

I grew up feeling all the time
Like I was stranded in a land that wasn't
really mine.

Still I went to prom, made songs with
my friends,

Rolled 20-sided die and
Worshipped R.E.M.

All the kids are out tonight
Sitting on Camaros starting fights.
All the kids are out tonight
Sitting on Camaros starting fights.
Spending quarters, making out,
Tripping through the strip malls. School
is out!
Back home.

Now here I am
In the Fatherland
I'm walking through the black woods
nobody's hand in my hand.
The skyline down in Mainhattan town
Shines beyond the cornfields as the sun
is going down.

I mount my bike
And begin to ride
Without a light the path is white with
black on either side
My crooked cranks make a clanking
sound

As they chink against the chain guard
on their way up and around
I cross the highway with its stream of
lights
Running underneath me like a marathon
of fireflies
The dark trees part
Bringing shadows down
The sky looks like the asphalt on a
parking lot in my town.

All the kids are out tonight
Sitting on Camaros starting fights.
All the kids are out tonight
Sitting on Camaros starting fights.
Getting lost in each other's eyes
Riding flattened boxes down the hills at
night.
Back home.

Someday I'll return on a silver bird
I'll make my way through baggage
claim and out into a cab.
For now the wrinkled blanket of the
Taunus hills
Swells with rain,
As my train rolls through fields of
daffodils.
Jet trails slice
Through the whitegray sky
The empty seat next to me is full of
ghosts and memories.
But all my thoughts
Are far away
Playing kickball in the cul-de-sacs of the
old McUSA.

All the kids are out tonight,
Sitting on Camaros, starting fights.
All the kids are out tonight,
Sitting on Camaros, starting fights.
Forging songs in garages from noise.
Here's to the antics of the girls and
boys!
Back home.

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I TALKED TO THOUSANDS OF GIRLS AT THE PUB LAST NIGHT

We were hanging with Martin and the night was young so we wandered to an Irish pub.
It was good to hear my mother tongue.

An Australian girl took my entry fee, She had a very light accent. I asked her if she was
from Tennessee.
She said, "No."

I talked to thousands of girls at the pub last night.
I was feeling pretty desperate but I passed it off as though I was all right.
But they could tell.
Everybody could tell.

A British beauty with a surly Scot took after Audrey Tatou in *He Loves Me, He Loves
Me Not*.
She loved me not.

I asked two gorgeous Americans to tell me their names, they said, "No sprecken zee
Doitch!" when the waiter came, though he spoke English to them.
I told him I was Canadian.

I talked to thousands of girls at the pub that night I was feeling pretty desperate but I
passed it off as though I was all right.
But they could tell.
Everybody could tell.

Some South African girls on the parquet floor started dancing to the *Rebel Yell*. They
wanted more, more, more.
More, more, more.

By the time we left I was feeling annoyed, with each and every beautiful girl it seemed
There was a boy.
Looking overjoyed.

I talked to thousands of girls at the pub last night,
But I left like an injured bird at the end of a long flight.
They could tell.
Everybody could tell.

I talked to thousands of girls at the pub that night I was feeling pretty desperate but I
passed it off as though I was all right.
But they could tell.
Everybody could tell.

I WOULD'VE BEEN FINE STAYING HOME TONIGHT

I would've been fine staying home tonight
But, miracle of miracles, you gave me your number the other day.
Now we're sitting here in this small café
Miracle of miracles you're smiling at me in the candlelight.

Please don't say you've got a fiancé
Or a boyfriend waiting at home
Please don't say you've got a kid on the way
Or that you're doing a semester in Rome.

Because I would've been fine staying home tonight
But, miracle of miracles, now you're throwing your head back in a laugh.

(solo)

Please don't say you blew your parents away
Or that you've come from a violent home.
Please don't say there'll ever come a day
When they discover your ex-lover's bones.

Because I would've been fine staying home tonight
But, miracle of miracles, you're touching your napkin to your mouth.

Now we're stepping out having closed the place
Miracle of miracles you're turning toward me with something to say.
You're taking a break to get over someone else.
You're still not ready to date. You're taking some time to yourself.

I don't know what to say as you walk away
I'm standing on the sidewalk surprised.
I've been looking forward to this date all day.
You're disappearing before my eyes.

I would've been fine staying home tonight.
There's no such thing as miracles here out on this dark road all alone.

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THOUGHTS FROM A BENCH IN THE HAUPTWACHE

How can there be so many people and no one for me?

How can there be so many people?

Makes you feel like just a number

Running in the human race.

You feel like just a number

Running in last place.

In the galleries, the shops and cathedrals is there no one for me?

How can there be so many people?

Under the trees, the cranes and the steeples is there no one for me?

How can there be so many people?

But you've snubbed so many in my time

You've turned so many down

To think if you'd only picked one

She'd still be around.

Into the sea of trenchcoats and collars they pour through the streets.

How can there be so many people?

On like a stream of scrambling beetles they flow past me.

How can there be so many people?

Makes you feel like just a pin prick,

A miniscule speck of dust.

One of any number of grains of sand

crawling on the earth's crust.

How can there be so many people and no one for me?

How can there be so many people?

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WHAT GIRL WANTS A MAN WHO'S ALWAYS WAITING FOR THE BUS?

What girl wants a man who's always waiting for the bus?
It's hard to look debonair with the rain in your thinning hair.
Fixing my eyes on the horizon,
In search of the yellow marquee.
Weary, weather beaten, and wizened,
I'm stuck here
Waiting for the 40
To carry me homeward.
What girl wants a man like me?

What girl wants a man who forgets his umbrella
On a wet night like tonight with no bus in sight,
Locking eyes with a girl in the window
Of a small black Peugeot passing by?
She turns to the driver, her beau.
Together,
They each wear one earpiece
From a pair of ear bud headphones.
I wonder what kind of music she likes.

If there's such a girl in the world please introduce me.
We could stand here looking odd
Like two p's in "iPod"
Fixing our eyes on the horizon.
Here comes the yellow marquee.
With fingers entwined we could wait here
Together.
bus lumbers up to us,
Sliding its doors open,
We could snuggle in the old people seats.
What girl wants a man like me?

THE BACHELOR AT THE FAIR

Right this way, folks!
Step up to the stage, folks!
Don't be shy
The carnival is here! Feast your eyes
On the faces,
Exhibits, and races.
Not to mention the rides.
What a setting for a budding groom and
bride!
But hold the phone!
Who's that standing by the Tilt-A-
Whirl?
He's all alone.
Is there a more peculiar freak anywhere
Than the bachelor at the fair?

Holding his head down,
He enters the fairgrounds.
He stops at a food stand
Checks out the band, and
Averting his gaze
From the couples on the midway,
(They're looking so proud)
He wonders aloud
Why he's the only boy
Without a girl for whom to win
A great stuffed toy;
Ah, but the solitude's enough of a bear
For the bachelor at the fair.

From the Merry-Go-Round
Come the coupling sounds

Of his amorous peers.
Our bachelor blocks his ears.
When a girl in a green blouse
There by the funhouse
Catches his eye,
But looks away the moment her guy
Slides into sight,
Takes her hand, and whisks her away
Into the night.
This as the couples to coo in midair
Above the bachelor at the fair.

The sky grows dark
As he heads to the car park.
He stops at a stall
Where he sees they're selling alcohol.
A "Cheers!" and a clink;
And all the couples set to drinking.
He orders a tall one.
After he's all done
He watches from his stool.
All the couples laugh and chatter away.
And keeping his cool
He pantomimes a toast in air,
Here's to the bachelor at the fair!

But hold the phone.
Does any of this ring a bell?
He's not alone.
Come on, admit it, you've all been
there!
You've been the bachelor at the fair.

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THE GIRL I WILL MARRY

The girl I will marry is a Scorpio.
She's got a voice like Feist and lips like
Brigitte Bardot.
With cheeks like Cate Blanchett, eyes
like Zooey Deshanel.
She's got the MILFy "come hither" look
of Kim Cattrall.

All my friends will envy me.
They'll pat me on the back and tell me
I'm lucky.
They'll plot my death secretly.
They'll take a look at their own wives
and wish they were free.
When they see
The girl I will marry.

She's Evangeline Lilly but with straight
red hair
She's kind of Keira Knightly with a
Grace Kelly flair
She's Scarlet Johansson with a little
weight on.
She's Charlotte Gainsbourg and Kristin
Dunst rolled into one.

All my friends will boil and fume.
Even as they toast to the bride and
groom
Their wives'll think "Slut!" my friends:
"Va voom!"
Her beauty will threaten everyone in the
room,
Except me.
The girl I will marry.

Oh, my family who wondered why I
waited so long

Will take one look at the girl I will marry
and see that they were wrong
When they teased me and scolded me,
Cajoled me and told me I'd never settle
down.
They will see I was only waiting
For the right girl to come around.
And look at me now!

She's got a sigh like Jane Birkin in "Je
T'aime Moi Non Plus"
She's Emma Watson on the day that
she turns 22.
She's Veronika Lake mixed with Olivia
Wilde.
Take Gwyneth Paltrow but give her
Audrey Hepburn's smile.

She's Natassja Kinski mixed with Emily
Blunt
She's got France Gall's figure and
Sasha Grey's cunt
She's Natalie Portman in Kate Winslett's
skin
She's Elizabeth Mitchell bred with
Emilie de Ravin.
She's Nicole Kidman...

The girl I will marry is out there
somewhere.
I'll collide with her someday, find her
slipper on the stair.
For now I'll attend another wedding
tonight.
By all means, friends, flirt and laugh
with your wives.
(Your beautiful wives.)

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