

DAVID ROOS FOR SALE BY OWNER



the lyrics

A Knack For This (Acres Of Subdivisions)

We got the wild, wide future
and it's roaring loud inside our hearts
We catch these patterns of light before they disintegrate
We got water, electricity, we know how it all starts
We got mysterious green hills we want to investigate

When we open up our eyes, we never stare into the sun
We make sure everything that we own is protected
Extra levels, extra layers, we know how it all starts
We got acres of subdivisions we need to populate again

We got a knack for this, a certain kind of talent
For changing direction, and landing on all four feet
A little something held back, a little hidden knowledge
We got a knack for this, we got a knack for this
And more than just a little luck

And you got to believe, this is not the first time
We've been keeping score
And like before, by the time that we get through this
We'll be coming to collect, scattering dirt and leaves
So we can cover up our tracks



Underneath A Typographic Milky Way

We set sail in this cereal bowl
Chasing words and letters in the usual way
Spend the day exploring stories we've been told
Drop our anchor at the end of day

Spend our day exploring with the charts we stole
Cast our net into the milk
Drop our anchor at the end of a good pirate's day
And close our eyes and fall asleep and
Dream beneath this milky way

Chasing random letters, using maps and charts we stole
Chasing random letters, using charts and maps we stole

Wearing tanks of oxygen, we explore the boundaries of this cereal bowl
At the end of a good pirate's day, we sail for home
Leaving a wake of words and random letters
Underneath a typographic milky way



Scottsdale

I was a weedy white boy living in Scottsdale
Thrown up in the desert from the belly of a whale
10 speed tire on a frying pan subdivision sidewalk
Banana seat boy scout, brave and loyal

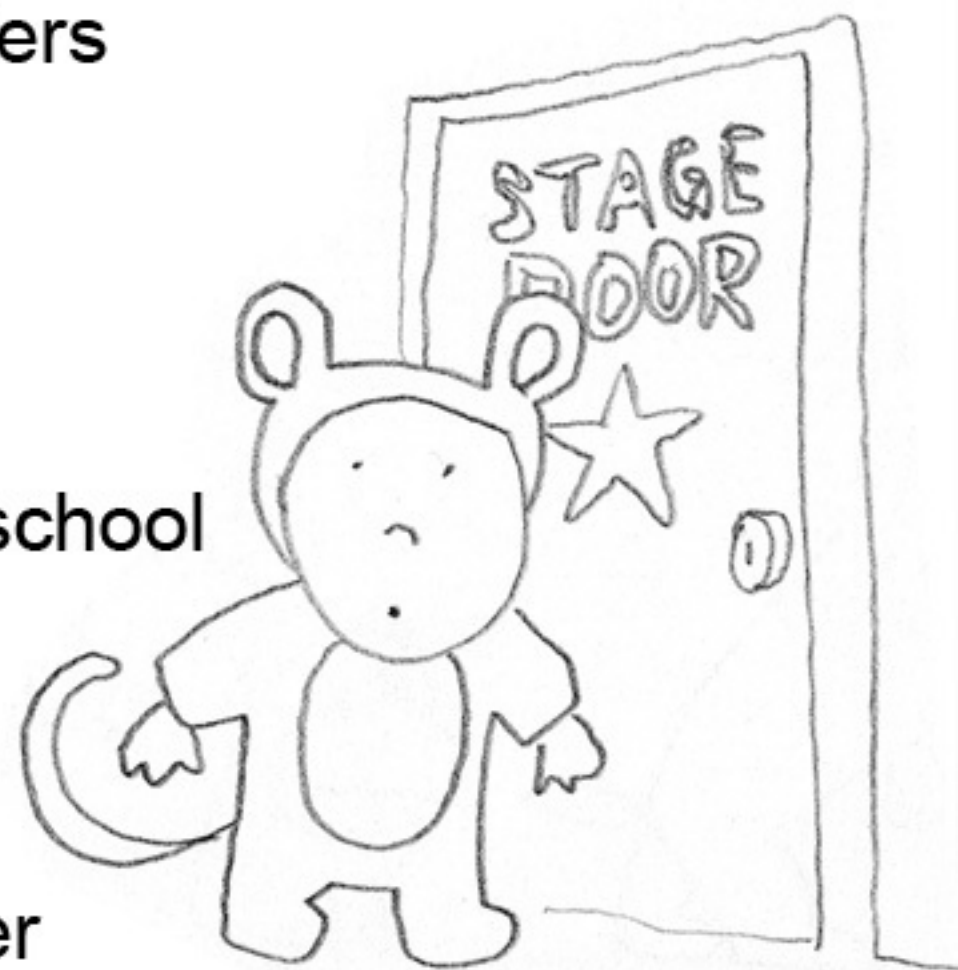
A blood orange sky in the middle of winter
A blood orange guy with a mouthful of cactus splinters

One year my mom got work with the Navajo nation
So I left to go to school on the reservation
In Scottsdale, I thought I was hip
In Scottsdale, I thought that I was cool
I was all but invisible to these kids at my new high school

So I tried to copy their walk, learn the lingo
Tried to imagine myself as something more
than an uptight, milk-fed, nervous loser
I was looking for a cure, some kind of miracle eraser
in the passenger seat of mom's powder blue AMC Pacer

I was a weedy white boy from Scottsdale
Weedy white boy

If you stay in the desert, the desert will own you
Til you're a weedy old man
Vacuuming his front yard in suburban Arizona



Break Free (Pretty Colors On The TV)

Mama's in the kitchen, boarding up windows
Papa's in the back yard trying to get in
Mama's got a mission made of nails and plywood
Papa's got a mission made of Pepsi and gin
I'm just sitting here
Pretty colors on the TV
Trying to break free

Crawling through the desert looking for water
Floating on the water always looking for land
Broken glass, bottle tops, bullets and paper
Looking for something right here in my hands
I'm just sitting here
Pretty colors on the TV
Trying to break free



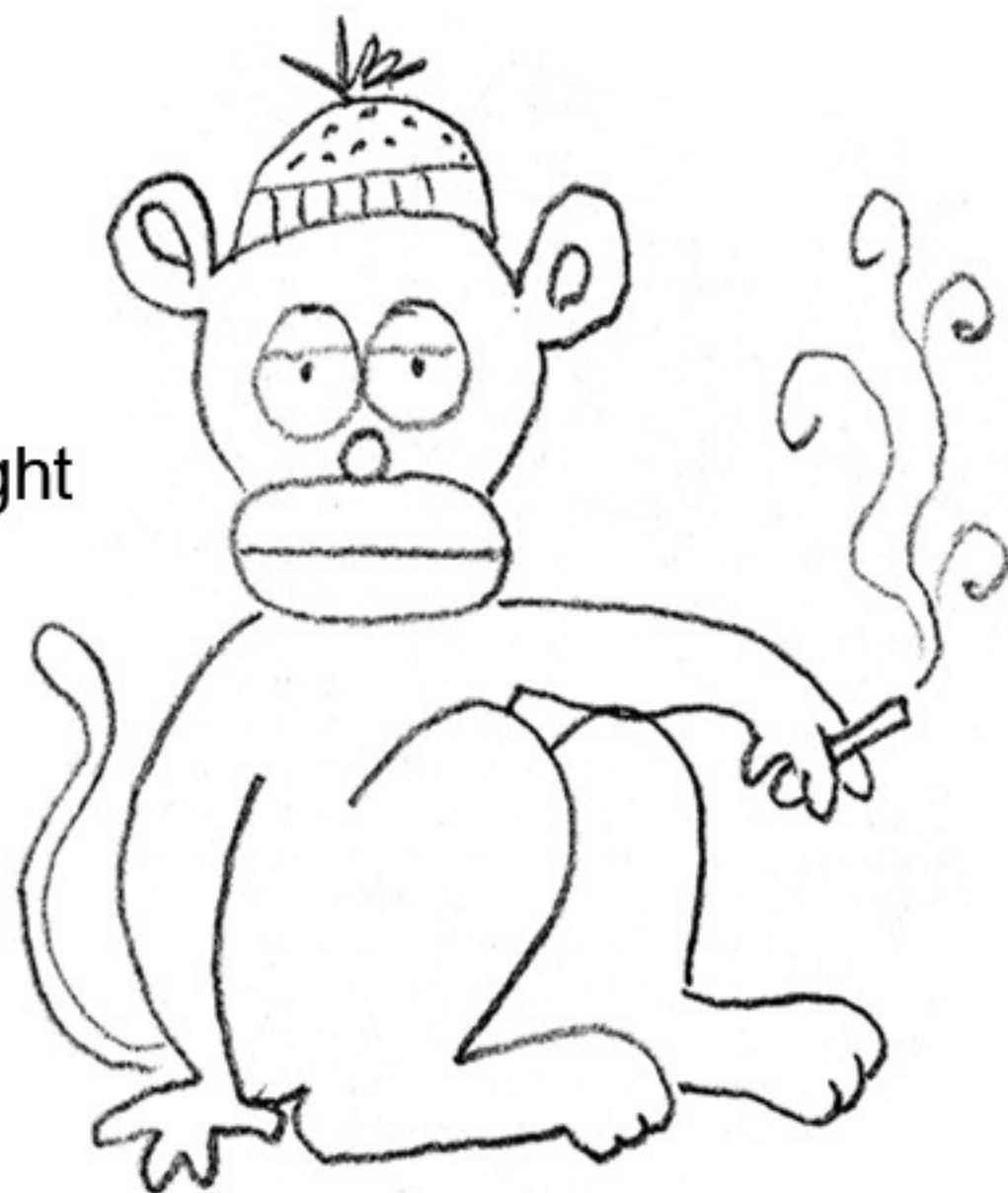
Offering (Cool Water For The Fire Dragon)

Cool water for the fire dragon
A guess at what is in most need
One nail that will hold the weight
An offering for those who do and don't believe

Silver cup of juniper oil
A handful of fresh, but bitter herbs
Close your eyes and open them
Close your eyes and open them up

Smoke will rise and cover the sky
Smoke will rise and cover up the sky
Smoke will rise, and cover up the sky tonight

So it's written, and so it will be done
Print up extras to hand out to everyone
One if by land, two if by sea
And one in the middle, if they don't agree
Count again, if you find yourself trailing
Try again, if you find yourself wondering



Tiny Bones

Breathing in the miracle cure
The one that turns all time back
Breathing in what passes for light
Abandon not all hope, within these walls
Abandon nothing you might need

Catch this quick, as it bounces off the satellite
Put your hands up
And just be

It isn't that it can't happen here, it just doesn't happen everywhere
Takes a little time to recognize the things you've seen every day

Here in this same place
Where bodies end and begin
I keep hearing 70's pop
Whenever I call you friend



When we walk onto the street, we're always walking on mounds of tiny bones
When we look into the sky, we're always seeing through blood
We walk onto the water when we're rising up above
When we walk onto the earth, we're always walking on top of tiny bones

Here in this same place
Where bodies end and begin
I keep hearing 80's rock
Don't stop believin'

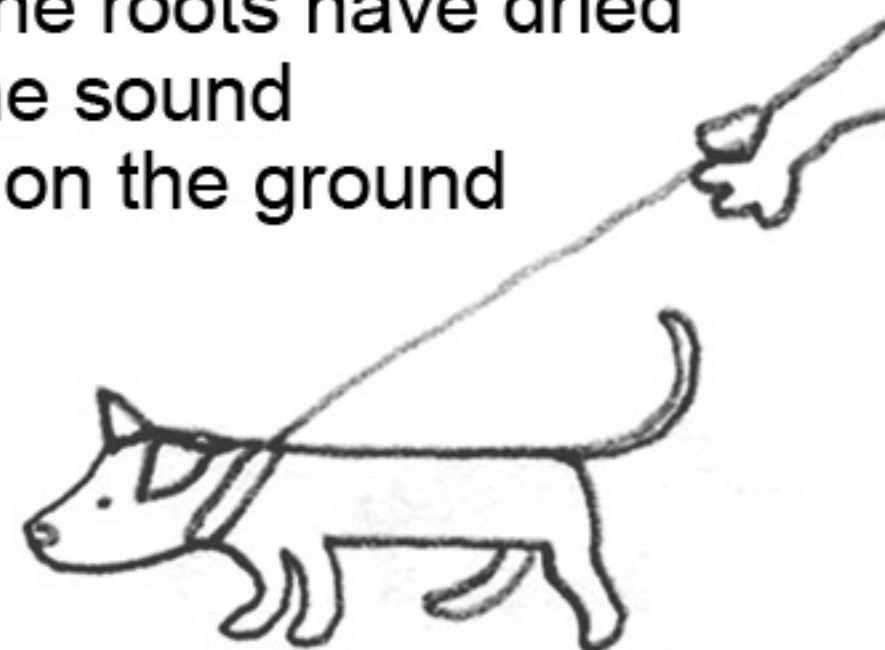
Temporary Archipelago

There's a gap in the fence, the sheep might get out
They could find their way out onto the road, there is no doubt
But with no car, there's really no place they can go
And with no sense of direction, they've got to take things kind of slow

There's a tear in the heavens, the stars come spilling out
Pouring out into the night black in a tumbled fiery cloud
They form a constellation overhead, a temporary archipelago
There's an avalanche warning, so we better keep our voices low

Line up two points to see your way clear

There's a certain kind of quiet that comes only in the wintertime
Only when the crows have gotten all that's left, and the roots have dried
Settled on a branch, in a beak, we are listening for the sound
That will set us into flight as we leave some feathers on the ground



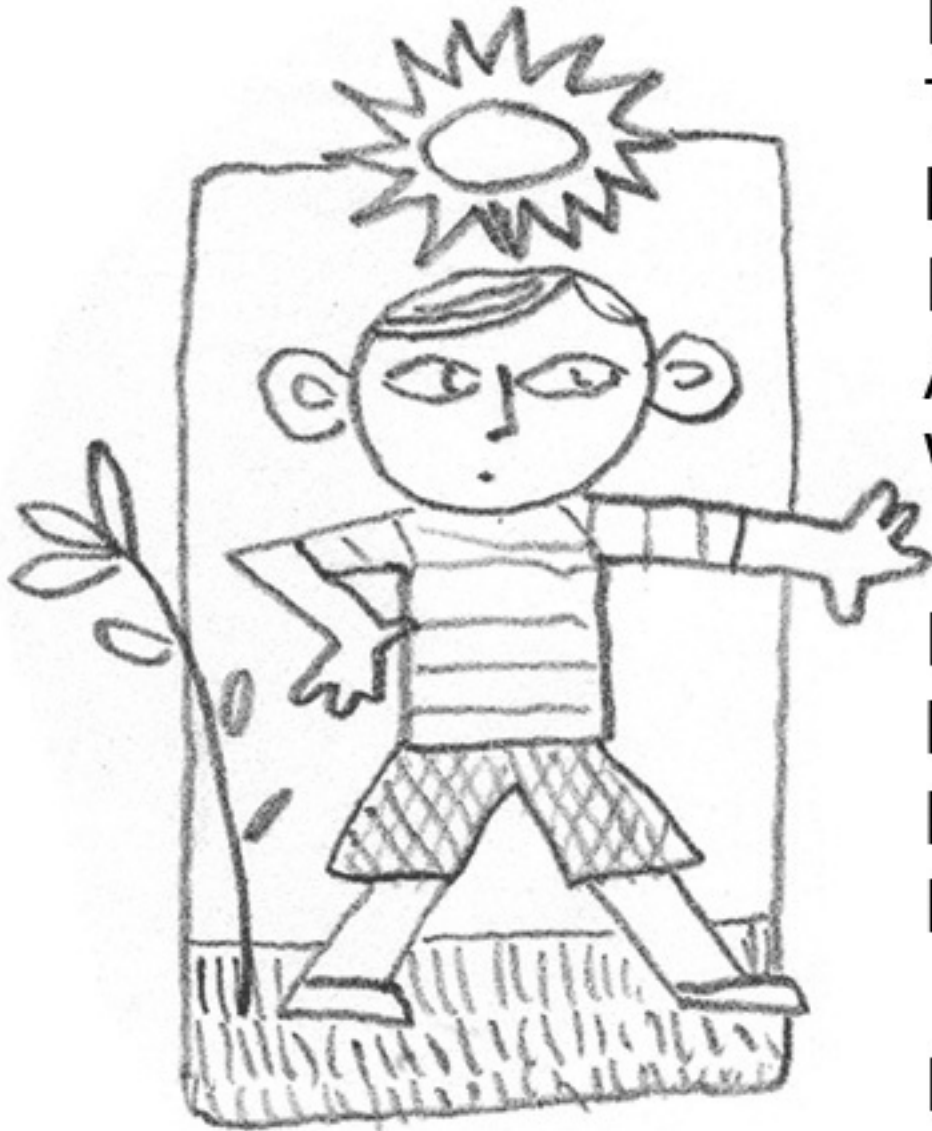
Social Studies

I never really had to learn how to start a fire
So I never had to spend any time putting one out
Seems the sun always shows up
About the time you start looking for matches
And the rain seems to come along
About the time it should be getting dark

I never really had to learn how to write my name
The page was always filled in
by the time it got passed to my row
I just make an X and pass it along
And never think about the next time
When I will draw my two lines, just as I've done before

I never learned to fish, never learned to climb a tree
Never took a trip to see the town where I was born
Never rode a horse, but one time I came in first place
Hit the finish line and kept on going

I never really had to learn
How to pray
Although I'm often on my knees
Anyway



Animal Skin

Sew me up in an animal skin and throw me into the river
From the middle of an iron bridge
Place me on a simple bamboo raft
And float me on the circling water
Toward a gentler current, toward a gentler current
Tie me onto a raven's tail
And clap your hands like this
To encourage a magnificent flight
Set flame to the juniper branch
Bound with knots of colored cloth
And turn your head as a row of sparks makes its way to your downturned eye



I will dig a hole, deep into the sand
I will not look up until I hit the bottom
Not until the time I reach the rocky layer
That separates us from what came before

Build a platform out of dry wood
Build it taller than the highest eye that will look this way
Make it strong enough to hold the weight
Of a lifetime that no longer carries much
Listen for the horn, and listen for the drum
Listen for the chorus of voices
And listen for a last ringing bell
And wait to be carried away

I'll hardly even notice, I'll hardly even notice
Animal skin can swim, animal skin can swim

A Machine For Living

A machine designed for living is a wonder to behold
A desert dream ranch in every direction
Color coordinated, climate controlled
In the future we'll learn to amalgamate
All our hopes (and dreams) into one
Set up shop, use a different name
Trade future worries for what others before us, have done

Every thing will glow from within
Everything will be spinning

Keep a copy, in case they start running out
We'll need more than several, at least that's what we're told
Availability, but limited interest
If you don't see it on the shelf, it must be sold

Every thing will glow from within
Everything will be spinning

A machine designed for living, a kind of habitat to behold
Suburban dream ranch in every direction
Color coordinated, climate controlled
In the future we'll learn to amalgamate
All our hopes (and dreams) into one
Set up shop, under a different name
Trade future worries for what others, before us, have done



By Heart

*"Boise will be glad to get those boys, believe me.
They'll be a good thing for their school out there.
They'll show the other kids what's what!
Maybe they can start a judo class in school, eh? How 'bout that...
Oh boy, I don't know. Sure love to see those boys..."*

The telephone will keep on ringing
Until it's taken down from the wall
Even when it's boxed up and given to another
Friends and strangers will continue to call

When the snow finally melts from a red brick driveway
You find all the papers that were missing since last fall
The photos and the captions always read the same way (as they do today)
The passing of a month or more rarely matters at all

Time to tie up all the boats in all the land-locked counties
We've been expecting this thing from the very start
Time to splice up all the wires, and cart away the downed trees
We've all been learning this by heart

Take little steps, and hang on to the wall
Give a sideways glance to the ones you know
Take stock, take cover and take care
Take a little bit and always ask for a little more to go



Ashes

Got no memory, got no heart
Got my wallet out, but it's not time to pay
Stack the newspapers in the trunk
Burn what doesn't fit, let the ashes all blow away

It's quiet here, it's an empty place -- Let ashes all blow away

(All sales final) No exceptions here
(All sales final) Nothing comes back
All sales final (what have we heard)
No exceptions here (what have we seen)
All sales final (who have we been)
Nothing comes back (what did we dream)

Time to rest, time to work – Time to listen to gospel radio (88.5)
Keeping Mary's son alive (just in time for your weekday drive)
News and weather will keep it all together (Will keep the sun coming up)
Keep the clouds from rolling out, rolling out
(Will keep the sun coming up, keep the clouds from rolling out)

Thank you we appreciate your business, is there anything we can do
to make your stay more pleasant, more relaxing, more fun
More fulfilling in the long run
More like how you pictured it would be when you put your head on your pillow
and said your prayers and closed your eyes.
Now what can we do to make it more like that
How can we make it more like that – What can we do

What can we hear, what can we see, who can we be, what can we dream
To make it all just a little more like that, we want to make it all just a little more like that

A one-way ticket on a two-way train
There's a crack in the ceiling and it's looking like rain
It's just too much trouble to patch it up again, it's just too much trouble

No matter what you've heard, no matter what you've seen
No matter who you've been no matter what you've dreamed --- All sales final
No deposit, no regrets, no plastic, no paper, no candy cigarettes
Just gospel hour, 3 AM... lonely radio static



Measure Twice

All signs pointed to the same place
near a tree growing by the freeway
After the rain lets up for just a bit
we're sure to see them digging

If not for the headlights of passing cars
we'd be invisible sitting high up in the branches
With a piece of a broken bottle
we carve our names into the bark

Measure twice and you can cut just one time
Use only what you need cause you can save the rest
Take a picture so it lasts a little longer
Take a deep breath so your words come out strong

After some rain, there's sure to be some curiosity
When the ground is dry, it's safe to start again



Alligator Banjo

My sister called to wake me up
Yeah, something 'bout a waterline
Somewhere, some water is rising
But when I close my eyes, the river looks dry

Alligator banjo
Wrapped up in a sheet
Balance on the gas station roof
Swim down a river street

Alligator banjo
Holding it way up high
Today the sun was rising up
From an angry part of the sky

Alligator banjo
Broken D string

Hurricane gospel choir, hurricane gospel choir
Tugging at the end of a line



Dinosaur Bones

Turn the lights on, the shadows have grown
To the longest point, and then disappear
It's cool and quiet
And we can feel what settles beneath our feet tonight
That this connection to all that has been
Could be covered for so long, and then reappear
It makes me wonder
And makes me want to see,
If there is anything else under there

I'm spending most of my time digging up dinosaur bones
Brushing off the dirt and the dust
From these pieces of dried-up calcium
Separating the stacks, from the first bit of bone to the last
Label what is already there, and count them all
And then begin replacing them

Deeper water, not worth the bother
If you're lying on a sandbar on a windless day
Changing patterns, and various translations will add a few additional ingredients
Put away that pick and shovel, unless you are the devil
And you've come along bringing, the things of which we're singing
Controversy, we've seen it all before
And so I hang a sign, outside my front door



For Sale By Owner

Saw a sign on a house, 'bout a thousand years ago
7775, yeah I forget the rest
A thousand trails from a thousand stars will light up this sky tonight
And we will sleep, and we will dream

Sweet and sour is the color of the sky on an endless day
Infinity cyan with a drop of two of cyanide
Get your sunglasses on, find the keys to the car and take a spin around the culdesac
Saw a sign on a house

Sell the house, this is a scary place
Forward all the mail, to a better place
The new residents will never suspect what they're likely to find
The new residents will be stumbling on pieces of a puzzle that we left behind

Which walls are hollow, you'll never know til you go back in
Well, you first—I'll follow
Go ahead, let the fun begin
By the time we get back out to the corner
There'll be a new sign—For Sale By Owner
And we will sleep, and we will dream

So put a new bulb in the night light
And cover your eyes
All things will be just as they were
Go to sleep, I can tell you're getting tired



Ladybird

Four score, and seven year ago
Back when things really mattered – long before the war
Walked a cow to school – little brother was the Earthquake Baby

Seven seas, seven wonders – no waiting line
Seven brides for seven brothers – yeah, that's what we ordered
Now you wanna know – what is this really, what is this really

Now you wanna know, really wanna know
Now you wanna know, really gotta know
Asking everyone – what is this really

Mrs. Krimble's Fairy Cakes – Aquafina water
Little fuzzy furry head – shaped just like an otter
Performing for a squirrel on a fence – with your bear trap bark box

If you got a problem, park yourself right here
And give me one twenty – yeah, for every hour
Cause you know I wanna hear, wanna hear all about it

Wanna hear all about it, really wanna hear
Now I wanna hear, really gotta hear
Cause I think you know, I wanna hear all about it

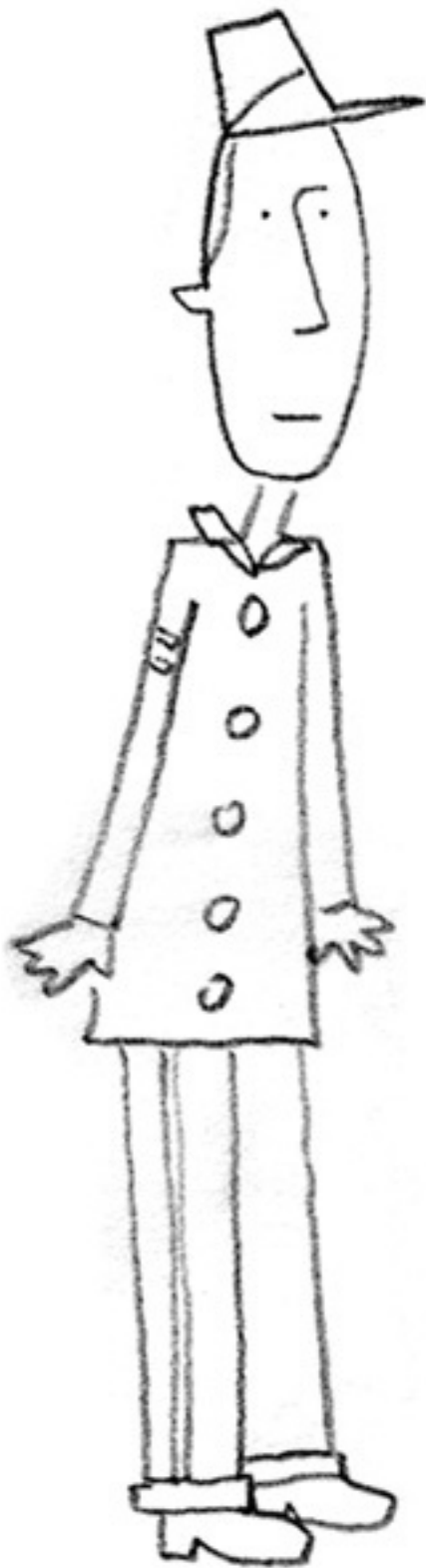
Finish what you start – yeah, never leave it hanging
Put a dime in the cup -- Always tip your caddy

(Ladybird, ladybird fly away home...)
Never leave for tomorrow, what you can lose today

Tiny planets formed – just as we were warned
Powder monkey ran away – right back to the farm
The walls were covered in newspaper, cause we didn't wanna paint 'em

Cover up the old color – cover up any sign of wear or tear
Add an extra layer, maybe two
Hey that's what we're here for

Ladybird, ladybird fly away home
Ladybird, ladybird fly away home
Fly away home, cause you know you kinda wonder
You know you kinda wonder



Incidentally

I should probably maybe just let you know

Incidentally

That I come from a place that is covered up in snow

For maybe ten months out of every year

Before the river starts to run – Before the surface begins to crack

There's an impenetrable layer of ice – Protecting what is underneath

Incidentally

If you want to make sure you have a little water in the morning

You have to make sure to let a little water trickle all night

Tiger on one forearm, dragon on the other

Tiger on one forearm, dragon on the other

If you happen to ask

Or if you happen to discover

There's a trick to making the seasons all change

From one season to another

It has to do with finding the right rope

And it has to do with holding on

And it has to be long and strong enough

And it has to reach clear around the other side

And it can't slip an inch as the world is turning

Incidentally

I should probably maybe just let you know

Incidentally

That I come from a place that is covered up in snow



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All words & music by David Roos
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