

Mike's Country Song

You can't have all my time
cause it's not mine to give
gotta work eight hours every day
Then I'll sleep seven more
fifteen out of twenty-four
doesn't leave much time for love

Q: Banjo, Vocal
M: Guitar, Vocal
J: Bass
D: Spoons



OK, My Love

You say there is no reason
for what passes through my brain
I say it's just the season
and something to do with rain
Then I say, "Just ignore me
cause I'm a little messed up"
and you say, "OK, my love"

You say life's not exciting
but I say I disagree
cause I did a little experiment
and I let life happen to me
And you know: nothing happened
responsibility fell on me
And you say, "OK, well, we'll see"

You say there's no right season
to get married in
I say for some strange reason
I've always kind of liked the Spring
So you say we should wait
until we're married before we screw
I say OK, darling, it's all up to you
Then you say, "Just ignore me
cause I'm a little messed up"
And I say, "OK, my love"

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Arch-top
J: Bass
D: Washboard

I Wanna Forget That You Were Mine

And now it seems that in my room
the walls have faded
to a shade of gloom
I don't know how
this could be true
I thought that time had made
a ghost of you

And I have grieved now
for two months time
the last time this happened
it was more like nine
I don't want to hurt again for that
long length of time
I just want to forget
that you were mine

I thought that dreams
would mean escape
but they hurt just as bad
as wide awake
Because you are there
holding him
and while I die
you just sit there and grin

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Bass
J: Arch-Top
D: Tide Bottle



Flamin' Hair

The first night of my life
I got drunk and you're there
with your flamin' hair
You're puking in the john
and you're falling apart
so I take your hand
and you take my drunken heart

And I was a sucker for your locks of red
they got in my eyes
and started messing with my head

We're falling off of the couch
and we're falling in love
and so I pray to God above
that in the morning it will all be all right
and this won't last just for one night

But you speak of drugs that I can't believe
I want to make you stop
but then, who's life do I lead?

And yet, my concern
you greeted it with dignity
I cared for you and you respected me

Our relationship grew with the heat of a rash
and you still have got my pants
And of all the things that I know are wrong
I'm still afraid that the attraction is still strong

And to add to the list
we were both on the rebound
but that never stopped us from going to town

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Arch-top
J: Bass
Scott Berndt: Traps

(You've Got Me) Rolled Up Your Sleeve

There's a part of me
that burns for you
it's a flaming heart heating a stew
it's a bloody hatchet
to cleave you in two
So why don't you set me free?
You've got me rolled up your sleeve

There's a part of me
that years for you
it's a bad actor missing his cue
it's a Guston painting
of a big pinkish shoe
So why don't you set me free?
You've got me rolled up your sleeve

If there were only two roads
to walk down
I would gladly choose yours
and if there were only
two rooms to enter
I would gladly choose your door
and if there were only
two bottles to drink from
I would gladly
take a pull off of yours
So why don't you set me free?
You've got me rolled up your sleeve

Q: Guitar, Vocal

Jon; Kristine; Craig and Eric Ching; Tom Spartz; Jeff Moonska-Records; Jeff's folks; the Flynns; Amy; Danny; Cousint Lonny; Sarah, KL, Rene, Kelly, and Pam (Quillan's one-and-only Honky-Tonk Angel), without whom most of these songs would neither have been written nor performed; Kate Norris; Mom and the Bear; Grandfolks; Marvelous & Alice; John Cleveland; Marcus & the Bad Cousin; Anne; all of Dan's parents; the Hed dungeon crew: Wee-Del, Rocker, and Chainsaw; Linda Monick-Isenberg; Paula Sethre; Kurt Nordwall; the shitheads at Rapid Oil Change; the Bird; Eric Bear and Kia from the Fine Line; David Ricker and Rob from the Turf Club; Mike at Cheapo Records; Hollywood, Jacob Sinn, Jefferson Koegeel, Al Brewer, Matt and Page, and the rest of the Drigglers, new and old; Lynn and Nacho; Ali; Tim and Elizabeth Trudeau; Paul Doescumfast, Scott Burnthole, Corey Asmsterson, and Kris Goldenschauer; FW&M: Tony, Joe, Peter and Andy; Mona Boone: John, Dan, Kent and Ryan; Ken and Barb; the Slettehaughs and the Valdez; family members and friends that have passed away: Mike's Father, Phil Spartz, John Gunderson, Mike Griffin, and Bill Kralick: may they rest in peace

thank you.



Thanks go to:

Accident Clearinghouse is:

Produced by:
Jon Tranberry and AC

Recorded by:
Jon Tranberry
(with marginal assistance
from Jeff Montzka)

Recorded, Mixed and Mastered at:
Ouibetough Studios
Champlin, MN

Sleeve by:
Jeff Tranberry and Quillan Roe

Band Photos by:
Dave "Capital D" Molnar

All songs written and ©1996:
Accident Clearinghouse except
"What Was Your Name
in the States?" Traditional
with additional Lyrics by AC

Contact us at:
612.425.5174

P.O. Box 534
Anoka, MN 55303

tberry@bitrefinery.com
www.bitrefinery.com/ac/ac.html

Jeff Tranberry, Dan Gerber, Quillan Roe and Mike Brady



The Simple-Hearted
Sounds of
*Accident
Clearinghouse*

Featuring 19 All-New Country-and-Western Hits:

- The Road Is Rocky
- First Dance
- Drive Away
- High Mileage
- Calendar Year
- I Gotta Forget
- I Got Friends
- Flamin' Hair
- Count Me Out
- Mike's Country Song
- OK, My Love
- Different Life
- Big City Trouble
- (You Got Me) Rolled Up Your Sleeve
- Never To Rise
- 4AM In January
- The Night That Daddy Got His Gun
- What Was Your Name In The States?
- I Wanna Forget That You Were Mine

Volume I Saginaw Sweetheart

Calendar Year

First Dance

The Road Is Rocky

Drive Away

Count Me Out

High Mileage

What Was Your Name In The States?

4AM In January

Different Life

I Got Friends

Never To Rise

I Gotta Forget

The Night That Daddy Got His Gun

And he's waiting there on that island
and those are tears he's crying
for a wife he can't reach
cause salvation is half concentration
and three-fourths perspiration
and her name is Penelope

He knows there's no hoping to reach through the air
and to find that his hand
has landed on something bare

So now he's singing somewhat untimely
"Hook, line, and tie me to the counter of the bar"
But while he's sinking into his drinking
he's dreaming and thinking about riding in his car

He's driving and driving
to find the end of the road
even though he's not sure
that's somewhere he wants to go

There's no use in complaining
he knows the reasons why
Fate is a fickle mistress
and now she's passing him by

They say Jesus looks after drunks and babies
so he's thinking maybe He'll come and find me here
But while he's sinking into his drinking
the Savior is thinking "Buy that man a beer"

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Banjo
J: Bass
D: Washboard

Sitting in the sun I want to
smell you, want to smell you
but it's cold outside
and I don't have gasoline
You are far away
in a place where it's warm
Sure we've never met
but I know our love is real

Don't lead me on
because I get hurt easy

Panties 'round your knees is
how I see you, how I see you
I've got no clothes
to call my own so with you
I'm always bare
is that a physical condition
or just a state of mind?
I don't know, I'm not sure
and with you I don't care

I trust in you
please trust in me
I can see the future
please take that first dance
with me

I'm scared
please take my hand
give me a chance
give me that first dance

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Mandolin
J: Bass
D: Washboard



Leaving behind the bright city lights
the country's where I go
I've got to find some peace of mind
so I turn down a lonesome dirt road
And when the moon is full
and the whiskey runs dry
a man can tell a lot by
the road that he drives
they say to him
"Son, this is the path you will fly
until you choose to choose
or until you choose to die"

Trying to find an answer to my pain
I know what I have to do
got to close the door
and look inside
got to find something
called the truth
And I know the road is rocky
I know cause my feet are bare
I wish that I didn't have to hurt
but sometimes you got to hurt
to find that you're there

And I know the light is shining
I know cause my chest is bare
It reflects off of my pale skin
bounces around in the dark
to find the answers there

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Banjo
J: Bass
D: Washboard

If it's just your heart talking to me
I think you'd better spit that muffle free
cause everything you say
comes out way too strong
and I think I'm getting it all wrong

If it's just your tongue trying to explain
I think you'd better quit
cause its causing us more pain
Time came along and drove us apart
and now there's nothing we can do
about this change of heart

But I could drive my problems away
and not live to see another day
so why don't you just let me be
in this bottle I picked out just for me

If it's just your brain licking your wounds
I know how you feel
cause I've got them too
But I know how to deal
with all the pain and fear
I just anesthetize it all with beer

If it's just your heart trying to speak
it's hard to hear
cause we're feeling so weak
We gave our hearts to each other
and now I ask for what
so we could throw them in the dust

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Mandolin
J: Bass
D: Tide Bottle

Sitting in my room
watching the TV
Waiting in my room
for something to grab me
La-dee-da-dee-da
La-dee-da-dee-da

Sitting in my room
with the covers pulled up o'er me
I got my bottle close
cause my baby done left me
If this is what love's all about
Count me out



Sitting in my room
with the covers pulled up o'er me
There are monsters in my room
and they're waiting to grab me
If this is what life's all about
Count me out

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Arch-top
J: Bass
D: Spoons

Green eyes, red hair
don't you, don't you dare
go break my heart again, not again
But if you shoot up
I swear that would be enough
to crack the crank-case
on my personal engine

Small life, big dreams
living beyond your means
it's enough to break you, especially
after all the shit you been through
But if you give up
I swear that would be enough
to make me hate you
because life isn't win or lose

Jeff plays Farrar on the stereo
I wonder how far I would go
It's a sad song and I think of you
these feelings after date number two

Green eyes, red hair
don't you, don't you dare
go break my heart again, not again

And this has been
the strangest week of my life

One girl leaves me then I meet you
Life's done a number all over you
and your years they are high mileage
but I think I have some answers for you

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Bass
J: Mandolin
D: Tide Bottle

What was your name in the states?
Was it Johnson or Thompson or Bates?
Did you murder your wife
then fly for your life?
Say what was your name in the states?

What did you do to her?
Was it something like bloody murder?
Was it something you can bet
you'll always regret?
Say what did you do to her?

What did you do with her corpse?
Did you feed it to your horse?
Was it on hallowed ground
or an alley in town?
Say what did you do with her corpse?

Can you hear the sirens growing near?
Can you hear them
with your murderous ear?
I think you'd better run
in your three-quarter ton
Say can you hear the sirens growing near?

Can you hear the sirens growing near?
I think you'd better run from here
before I hand them your life
for my sister your wife
Say can you hear the sirens growing near?

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Banjo
J: Bass
D: Washboard

She went to the bathroom
and I crawled out the door
I left a note on her pillow
"Thank you
but I can't take any more"

Now sometimes
when we meet on the street
we pretend to be friends
I don't know
maybe she still means it
but it makes me
nauseous just the same
because that night that she
went into the bathroom
I didn't want a fuck
but when she offered
my confused head her body
I forgot all about love

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Bass
J: Mandolin
D: Tide Bottle



Now you come from
a different life than I
but I know how to deal
without getting high
cause chemicals will smile
and offer up their hand
they'll take away your pain
and take you to the Promised Land

But Love ain't something
you can run from
there's nowhere
you can ever hope to hide

It's not a game for winners
it's not a game for losers
it's not a game

Now I am running with the Devil
we're in a foot-race
to see who claims your soul
now I want to offer you all of my love
but the Devil wants to put you
in his Hell-hole

But Love ain't something
you can count on
in the sense that
it's a concept you can't pin down
You can't rope it in with a promise
cause it lives all around every town

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Arch-top
J: Bass
D: Washboard

It's a hard life but I drink
I'd feel all right
if I could just learn to play solos
and I got friends
who say that we'll be rock-stars
if we can just wait awhile

And I know it'll be a long time

And Jeff was there
the day that Dave's dad died
and he was with me
when Christina dumped me

And I know that it's just bad luck

I've got friends
who say life's not picturesque
if you're not dressed for it

And I got friends
who say that they'll stick by me
and they're still here
watching my color TV
and that sweater
is still in the corner
from that party
two months ago

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Bass, Vocal
J: Banjo
D: Washboard

If you want to go down
in the North Woods the waves do pound
And if you don't want to be found
the waves will swallow you like the ground

And never to rise
the world will never see your eyes
and never to be seen the world will never
know the strength of dreams

What can't be seen
the world will oft times label it obscene
But what is in your heart
don't worry child
because that is not a part

But never to be heard
now "silence" becomes the only word
and never to be known
there's a part of you you've got to show

Trying to be understood
ain't off as easy as it should
But if you persevere
there are one or two maybe who can hear

So never be afraid
and your reward will be duly paid
and never to run
you've got to face, dear, the rising sun

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Arch-top
J: Bass
D: Tide Bottle



Woke up this morning
to a brand new life
and I was surprised, I was surprised
So I choked down some cereal
and I missed your light
but I won't cry, cause I can't cry

So pass the bong: I need a hit
I gotta forget shit

I got no one to play for
except my boys
and that's not OK, that's not OK
I got nothing to look forward to
not even divorce
oh, what a rotten day
what a rotten day

So don't bogart the joint:
I need a hit
I gotta forget shit

I stuffed all our memories
in a cardboard box
and my glass is tall, my glass is tall
I found all these things
that I forgot
and I want them all
Lord, I want them all

So pass the pipe: I need a hit
I gotta forget shit

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Banjo
J: Bass
D: Tide Bottle

The night that my sister got raped Daddy got his gun
there were three boys to kill but he only got one
The police man came and took my dad away
said, "Sir, from the gallows you will sway"

So Daddy went to court said, "What about my girl?"
The judge said, "Sir, that don't justify murder
Besides, she was drunk and in my opinion
probably asked for what was done"

So I pray and I pray and I pray and I pray
that the Devil takes those boys away

So the Judge went ahead
and sentenced my Dad to death
while those two living boys just got a slap on the wrist
And my sister cried because they'd go free
while Daddy died and her life was scarred
by those boys three

When Daddy hung the dead boys Pa he came up to me
said, "Son, do you still love your murdering pappy?"
I looked him in the eye and I said,
"Sir, do you still love your boys what raped my sister?"

And I pray and I pray and I pray and I pray
that Jesus takes my Dad away

Their crimes are unpunished, those boys are still loose
while it should have been their necks
what broke in that noose
And my sister was only fourteen years young
the night that daddy got his gun

Q: Guitar, Vocal
M: Banjo, Vocal
J: Bass
D: Washboard