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Written by John Sieger

Published by Stwangtoons/MCM BMI

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The Wrong Side Of The Tracks

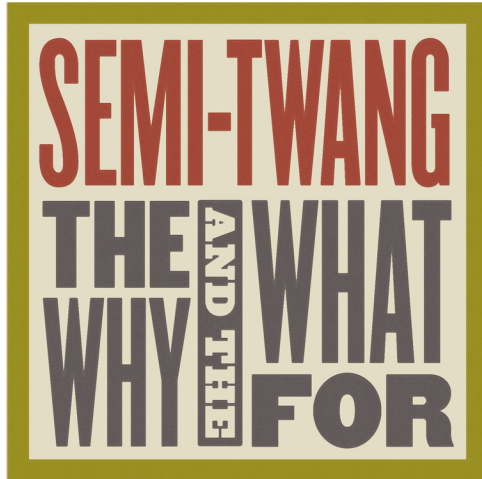
There are flowers
And there are weeds
Nags and thoroughbreds
Lap dogs living the life of ease
And mutts that won't get fed
There are mansions on the hill
And shacks in shanty town
Bluebloods tryin' to look away
When poor folks come around

You can wish upon a star
but that won't change your luck
Drop some coin down in that well
And wish that you had a buck

Some folks can fit everything they own
In a dimestore paper sack
But a man can't help if he was born
On the wrong side of the tracks

You can't move a mountain
If the mountain sits on you
And there is no accountin'
For the things some people do

They drop some coin down on the ground
And tell you how you should act
No a man can't help if he was born
On the wrong side of the tracks



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52 Jokers

The lion's head is mounted on the wall
The bearskin rug beneath you starts to crawl
Oh 52 Jokers — They all know your name

On silver trays the champagne flows like wine
You rock the cash bar trying to numb your mind
Oh 52 Jokers — Find you just the same

Laugh track's cranked up through a Marshall stack
And everything you think is feeding back
Oh 52 Jokers — They all criticize

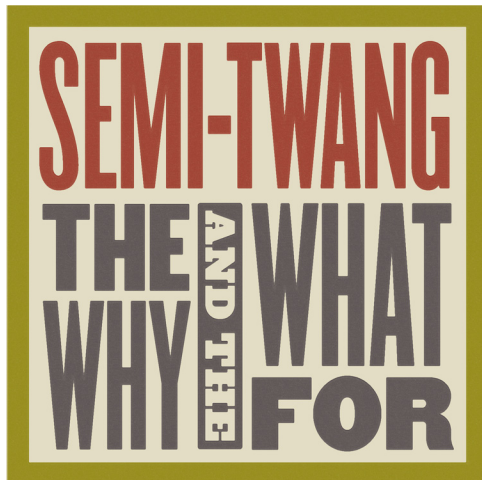
Another toast — another glass
Another dance — just might be your last

Best man's weaving — he's half in the sack
The band just tried to murder Paint It Black
Oh 52 Jokers — Cut you down to size

The lights are spinning way above your head
The chandelier now hanging by a thread
Oh 52 Jokers — Wearing joker capes

The Mickey Finn is kicking in you feel
Like lying down and quitting this whole deal
Oh 52 Jokers — there is no escape

Another toast — another glass
Another dance — just might be your last



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Au Contraire

Au contraire
I beg to disagree
You say it wasn't you
I know it wasn't me

Au contraire
We're not seeing eye to eye
And now I must point out
What you have let slip by

Just a little thing
Far as you're concerned
But I feel like
Yes I'm getting burned

Au contraire
Please let me call your bluff
You're selling me thin air
I believe I've had enough

Au contraire
Looking in the horse's mouth
And now I see the truth
I see that I want out

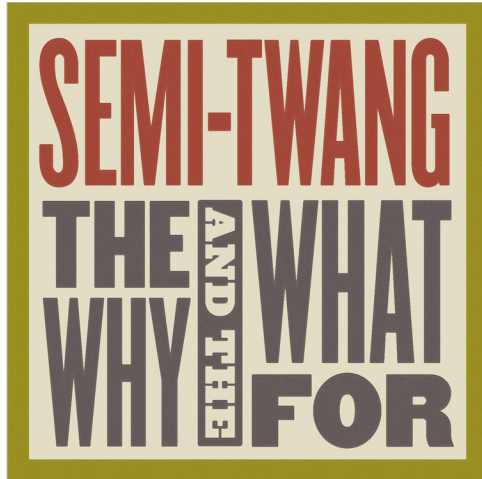
You just walk away
With what you haven't earned
I'll just chalk it up
One more thing I've learned

Au contraire
Just one minute of your time
While we add up two and two
And try to make it rhyme

Au contraire
Let's just make that au revoir
Now it's the longest day
And it's the saddest hour

People treat you well
Everywhere you go
But the way you act
Man you'd never know

Au contraire...



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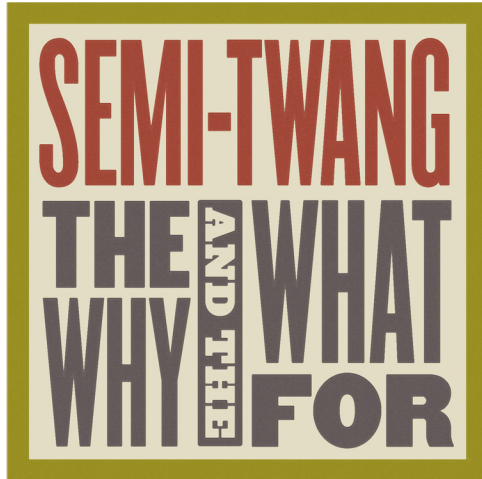
The More She Gets The More She Wants

Not content
Not content with her old haunts
The more she gets
The more she gets the more she wants
Practicing
Those jibes and taunts
The more she gets
The more she gets the more she wants

Coming out
Coming out a debutante
The more she gets
The more she gets the more she wants
Like a flag
Unfurled she flaunts
The more she gets
The more she gets the more she wants

Losing sleep
Losing sleep looking gaunt
Cause what she gets
What she gets she don't want
She steps in line
Right near the front
The more she gets
The more she gets the more she wants

The more she gets the more she wants
The more she gets the more she wants
The more she gets the more she wants



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You Love Everybody

When you think of
Everyone you hated
seems so easy
to be jaded
But you love everybody
You love everybody
You love everybody

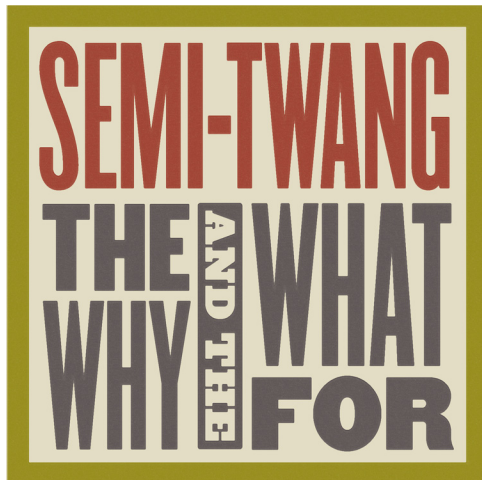
Like the first one
In your head
Like the last one
Up in your bed
But you love everybody
You love everybody
You love everybody

Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Whooh!

Tell me baby
Honey please
Don't you want
Want a man like me?
If you love everybody
You love everybody
You love everybody

Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah
Whooh!

I know it
And you know I know it



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Contents Under Pressure

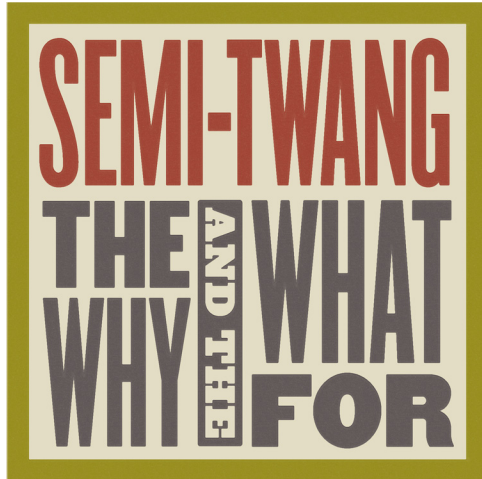
Sign on your head — contents under pressure
Someday you're gonna blow sky high
People gonna point and say my my
The one that blew he was the quiet kind
Let it go now — let it go

Something's got to give— contents under pressure
Why you want to live like you do
Building up inside of you
The big explosion it's overdue
Let it go now — let it go

Pointing out the one you'll get
You can't forgive — you surely can't forget — oh no

Saying you won't budge — contents under pressure
How can you hold a grudge for so long
It tears you up — it brings you down
The gauge on your head it's spinning round
Let it go now — let it go

Everyday you walk the ledge
So afraid that you might lose your edge



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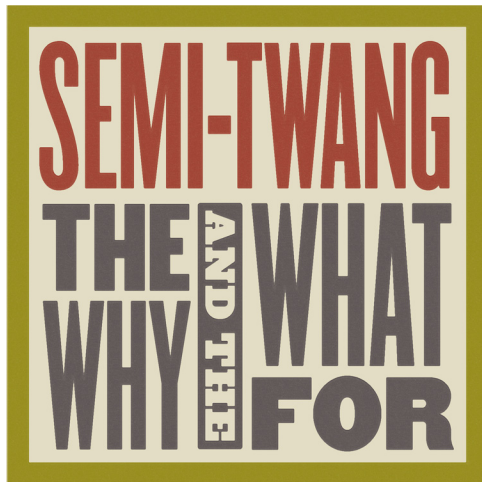
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Love Interest

Yeah she's my love interest
Yes she's a real princess
I can call her when I'm low
And she'll be there
She will I know
She'll be there
She will I know

And we're nocturnal creatures
Going to a double feature
Says she's gonna meet me at the show
And she'll be there
She will I know
She'll be there
She will I know

Did I neglect to mention
She's got all my attention?
And if there's somewhere that we want to go
She'll be there
She will I know
She'll be there
She will I know
She'll be there
She will I know
She'll be there
She will I know



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Making Everybody Cry

Is anybody in their right mind?
Or has this great big world gone mad?
There's people treating people unkind
They're making everybody sad

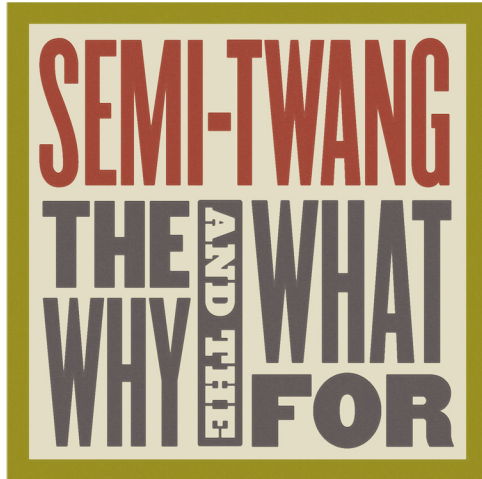
Did anybody see what happened?
Or was it just too much to face?
With all our troubles overlapping
It makes the world a sadder place

And I wonder why
It is this way
The way it is and it's always been
And it's going to stay

Now everybody make your own bed
You know that's where you're going to lie
I ask you keep these words in your head
Stop making everybody cry

And I wonder why
It is this way
The way it is and it's always been
And it's going to stay

Now everybody make your own bed
You know that's where you're going to lie
I ask you keep these words in your head
Stop making everybody cry
Stop making everybody cry



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Miss Watson

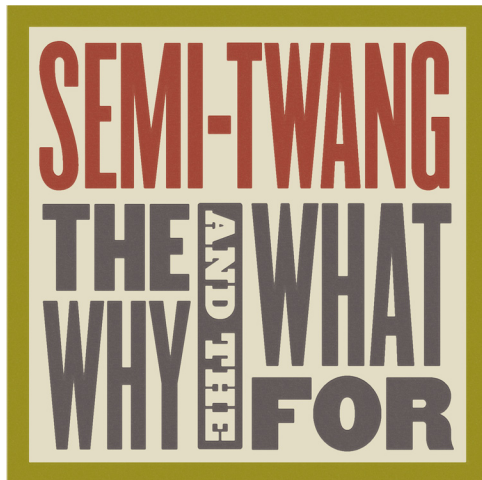
Elementary Miss Watson
Let's discuss this in my Datsun
You want love I believe I got some
Elementary Miss Watson

Young Miss Livingston I presume
Let's slip out and take a look at the moon
My head is reeling from your perfume
Young Miss Livingston I presume

Alas Miss Yorick I know her well
Down on the beach playin' with her shells
I hear the ocean she hears wedding bells
Alas Miss Yorick I know her well

Elementary Miss Watson
Let's discuss this in my Datsun
You want love I believe I got some
Elementary Miss Watson

Miss Watson
Miss Watson
I believe you got some
Out in your Datsun
And you know I want some
Miss Watson
Miss Watson
Miss Watson



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A Handsome Man

The reason why I'm walking 'round
Without a bloody trail
A handsome man
A handsome man
A handsome man can't go to jail

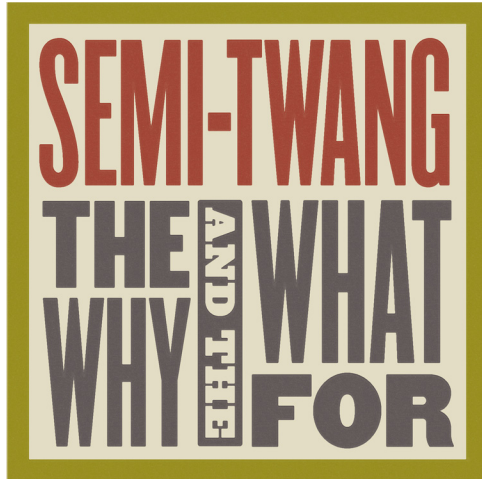
Take a look at your average con
He's ugly without fail
A handsome man
A handsome man
A handsome man can't go to jail

Every single time
For every single crime
He's gonna get away
He's never gonna pay

Open up them iron doors
And give me back my bail
A handsome man
A handsome man
A handsome man can't go to jail

Every single time
For every single crime
He's gonna get away
He's never gonna pay

Open up them iron doors
And give me back my bail
A handsome man
A handsome man
A handsome man can't go to jail



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Dark Out

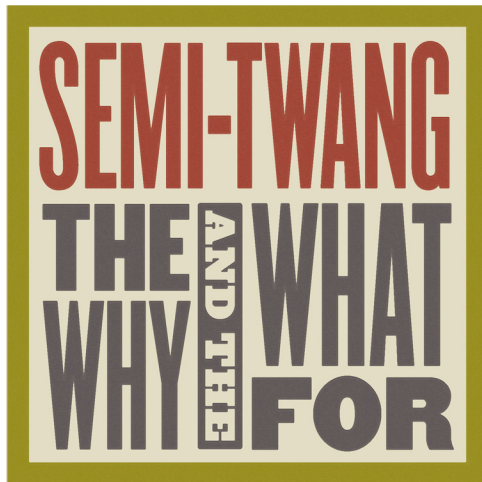
Dark out
It's dark out
Left me in no-man's land and it's dark out

Talk out
Baby talk out
Say you don't need a scene and so you walk out
Yeah you walk out

One little thing you ought to know
One little thing before you go
Oh I love you like anything
And it's dark out

Dark out
It's dark out
Left me in no-man's land and it's dark out

Talk out
Baby talk out
Say you don't need a scene and so you walk out
Yeah you walk out
And it's dark out
Yeah dark out



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Foghorn

Everything is true
That you thought was false
Things come out to get you
When the nightbird calls
And when the foghorn blows
Gonna tear down these walls

Sittin' by myself
At the end of the pier
Cryin' man oh man
Get me outta here
Cuz when the foghorn blows
Gonna shed another tear

To the ships at sea it's a long long way to go
Lyin' on the waves you can't see the shore
Listen to the foghorn blow
Blow baby blow

It's an S.O.S.
From some poor S.O.B.
It's a distress signal
From some soul lost at sea
And when the foghorn blows
They'll be comin' after me

To the ships at sea it's a long long way to go
Lyin' on the waves you can't see the shore
Listen to the foghorn blow
Blow baby blow

Everything is true
That you thought was false
Things come out to get you
When the nightbird calls
And when the foghorn blows
Gonna tear down these walls